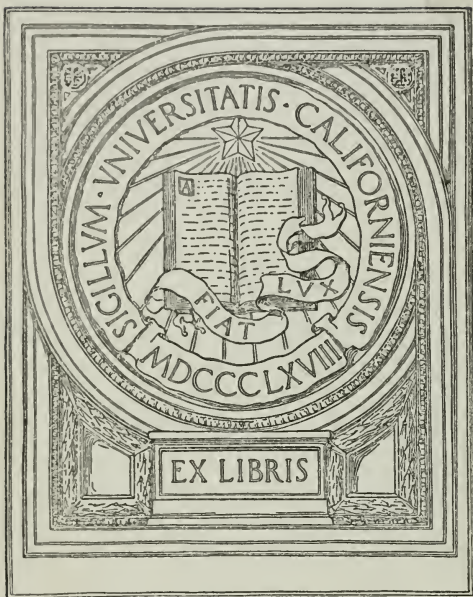


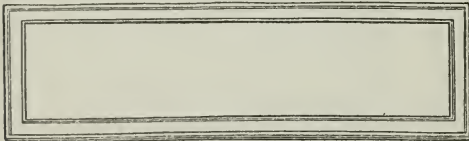
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THE ALDINE EDITION
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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
SAMUEL ROGERS.

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
SOCIETY



G. Richmond R.A.

J. H. Jeans

Samuel Rogers.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
SAMUEL ROGERS.



WITH A MEMOIR
BY EDWARD BELL, M.A.

TRIN. COLL., CAMBRIDGE.



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MAIN



H could my mind, unfolded in my page,
Enlighten climes and mould a future age
There as it glowed, with noblest frenzy fraught,
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought ;
To Virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
And bid the tear of emulation start !
Oh could it still, through each succeeding year,
My life, my manners, and my name endear ;
And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just !—
Yet should this Verse, my leisure's best resource,
When through the world it steals its secret course,
Revive but once a generous wish suppress,
Chase but a sigh or charm a care to rest ;
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy ;
Blest were my lines, though limited their sphere,
Though short their date, as his who traced them here.

1793.

458644



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS edition of the Poems of Samuel Rogers has been reprinted by permission, from the one last published, which gives the latest alterations or additions made by the author. An occasional variation amongst the many given by earlier editions has been noted at the foot. For the materials of the Memoir the writer is very greatly indebted to the biographical notice by Mr. Samuel Sharpe (the nephew of the poet) which is prefixed to the last edition: the "Recollections, by Samuel Rogers" (edited by Mr. Wm. Sharpe), and the "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers" [edited by the Rev. A. Dyce], have also been largely consulted. A few errors in names or dates have been corrected for the present re-issue of the Aldine edition.

Oct. 1891.



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MEMOIR OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE following short biographical notice of Samuel Rogers does not pretend to do more than state the chief facts connected with his birth and parentage, and record those circumstances and incidents in his life which may be considered to have had a direct bearing on the production of his poems, and the attainment of the high position amongst his contemporaries, which he undoubtedly acquired.

It is seldom the lot of a man who has risen to any degree of distinction, to have had from his birth the path of life made easy to him; to have had it in his power to pursue the even tenour of his way untrammelled by poverty, free from opposition, and with intellect unclouded by ill-regulated passions, thwarted ambition, or physical ills. The subject of this memoir was, however, one of these fortunate exceptions. He was the son of high-principled, prudent, and at the same time wealthy parents; he was also provided by nature with a liberal, sympathetic, and many-sided mind, with strong impulses towards the attainment of

continually higher levels of culture; and an ardent admiration for all that seemed good and beautiful, whether on the face of nature or in the actions of mankind. These advantages and qualifications, combined with some literary ability and a mild and unblamable ambition, if they were not enough to make a great man, did not allow him to remain undistinguished. While still young he became the most popular of living English poets. He was thus enabled to gain the respect and friendship of all the greatest and most eminent of his contemporaries. In after life he became noted for his knowledge of art. He formed a fine collection of pictures and antiquities, and became a recognized authority on all questions related thereto; and in his old age, though he long outlived most of his own contemporaries, his friendship was no less sought than formerly; nor was it less readily extended, more especially to young men—aspirants in literature or art—to whom it was ever his delight to lend if needful a helping hand.

To indicate to what extent Rogers was indebted to the accident of birth we must go back to his grandfather, Thomas Rogers, who in the year 1763 lived at a house named "The Hill," near Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, in which town he carried on the business of a glass manufacturer. He was wealthy, and held a good position in the county, being intimate with the neighbouring gentry, amongst whom were Lord Stamford and the first lord Lyttelton, and he was, like most of them, a high Tory. The poet Shenstone was also amongst his friends.

In addition to the business at Stourbridge, he was in partnership with a certain Daniel Radford, who was a large warehouseman in Cheapside, London; and this partnership had afforded an opening

in London for his only son, Thomas Rogers, the younger, who devoted his attention to the City warehouse, while his father remained at The Hill with five unmarried daughters. Their mother, who had died before this date, was the daughter of Richard Knight, of Downton, and aunt to R. Payne Knight, the well-known collector of works of art, who thus was closely related to the poet Rogers.

An important consequence of the residence of Thomas Rogers the younger in London was, that he fell in love with, and in the year 1760 married, Mary Radford, the only child of his father's partner; and one of the children of this union was Samuel Rogers, who was born on the 30th of July, 1763.

It is necessary to say a few words about his mother's family. Her father, Daniel Radford, was a son of Samuel Radford, a linen-draper of Chester, and of Eleanor, a sister of the Rev. Matthew Henry, the well known Nonconformist divine, author of "The Exposition of the Bible." Their father, the Rev. Philip Henry, was a man of good family, but chiefly distinguished as being one of the honourable band of clergy, who, on the passing of the Act of Uniformity in the reign of Charles II., resigned their livings and became the founders of the English Presbyterians. Daniel Radford retained in all their strength the principles which his grandfather had professed. He came to London when young, and having by his own efforts and industry raised himself to a position of repute, he married Mary Harris, the daughter of an East India merchant, who lived at Newington Green, and whose wife was a daughter of Dr. Coxe, physician to Queen Mary. Probably in consequence of this marriage, Daniel Radford

settled at Newington Green; and afterwards Thomas Rogers, when he married Mary Radford, likewise settled there, becoming, in fact, for the first years of married life an inmate of his father-in-law's house, in which three of his sons, including Samuel, were born.

We thus see that the family of the poet, though not highly connected, was of good social standing, and a fair representative of the substantial upper middle class which is specially distinguished by energy, activity, and honourable dealing. Besides this, in the child of the parentage we have related, there converged various special lines of intellectual activity, severally distinctive of his forefathers. Through one grandmother he was connected with the Knights, through the other with the Coxes, of whom one was William Coxe, a traveller and historian, another Peter Coxe, a poet. Through Daniel Radford he inherited the shrewdness, self-reliance, and honesty of a successful merchant, and what was better, a share in the religious liberality and independence of thought, for the sake of which his ancestor had not hesitated to give up the good things of this world.

The religious principles which Thomas Rogers had espoused with his wife, consisted in the eschewing of all formal articles of faith, and the encouragement of such freedom of thought and inquiry on theological topics as was not inconsistent with sincere piety and a due observance of worship. And they were not less strong in Thomas Rogers because they had been adopted, instead of being inherited from his father. He became a man of mark in the Dissenting community which was gathered together about the locality in which his wife's father had so long resided. He was chairman of the committee of the Presbyterian col-

lege at Hackney, with which many men of ability have been connected. He was also one of the trustees of the chapel on Newington Green, in which, a century before, Defoe had sat, and which after his time retained some note in connexion with the name of Mrs. Barbauld, whose husband was for some time a preacher there. At the time of which we write, the preachers at Newington Green were Dr. Joseph Towers in the morning and Dr. Richard Price in the afternoon. They were both authors and men of repute in their own day; the latter especially being noted for his philosophic and liberal views on political as well as religious questions.

In these associations Samuel Rogers' early years were passed uninterruptedly. The quiet household was not, however, unduly serious; and the children, of whom there gradually came to be eight, were not debarred from the usual amusements and entertainments common in well-to-do families. His parents adopted with success a system of training which now would be considered liberal; and was then, probably, unusually indulgent. "In my childhood," Rogers would say in after years, "after doing anything wrong, I used always to feel miserable from a consciousness of having done it; my parents were quite aware of this, and therefore seldom reproved me for a fault, leaving me to reprove myself."¹

When ten years old, he was sent to school for the first time, the preceptor under whose care he was placed being a Mr. Cockburn, of Hackney. Here he met with William Maltby, known afterwards as the successor of the celebrated Greek scholar Porson in the librarianship of the London

¹ "Table-Talk," p. 2.

Institution. Maltby was his junior by two years, and a confidential friendship sprang up between them, destined to last for more than eighty years.

After leaving this school he probably attended another, also at Hackney, for a short time; but the teacher to whom he was most indebted was James Burgh, a Scotchman of marked character, and of some repute as a moral and political writer. He had been educated for the ministry at St. Andrew's; but he relinquished this design, and, after trying trade unsuccessfully, he came to London and became a corrector of the press. After this he was an assistant in the Grammar School at Great Marlow, where he wrote a pamphlet called "Britain's Remembrancer," which ran through five editions. The next year he opened a school at Newington, which he conducted with success for nineteen years, when ill-health compelled him to retire, and he went to live at Hackney.¹ Thither Samuel Rogers and his brothers used to go to study with him as private pupils, and though they remained under him but a short time, his wise and enlightened opinions, combined with the capacity which he possessed of imparting instruction agreeably, no doubt helped to implant in the minds of his pupils views in relation to many social questions, which were much more sound and unprejudiced than popular. He advocated the liberty of the press and reform in Parliamentary representation; and when the unjust policy of the Government had brought on the American War of Independence, he was one of those whose opinions were on the side of the colonists. On this question Thomas Rogers also held

¹ See "Cooper's Biographical Dict."

similar opinions, and was careful to impart them to his children. We are told how one night, after reading the Bible to his family, he "closed the book and explained to his children the cause of the rebellion, adding that our nation was in the wrong, and that it was not right to wish the Americans should be conquered."¹

The quiet influences of Newington Green were varied occasionally by visits to Worcestershire, where Samuel, with some of his brothers and sisters, would go to visit their grandfather and aunts at The Hill. In the churchyard of Old Swinford, he could see the tombstones of former members of his family, and his grandfather's house and the neighbouring scenery doubtless supplied many of the allusions in "The Pleasures of Memory."

In the year 1776, when Samuel was thirteen years old, his mother died. It is easy to believe that the loss of the parent, through whom the strong principles and earnest religious feeling had been brought into the family, was not a light one; but, happily, it was not so early as to make that influence ineffectual. She left eight children, of whom one died in a few months; of the remaining seven—consisting of four sons, Daniel, Thomas, Samuel, and Henry, and three daughters, Martha, Maria, and Sarah—two, Thomas and Maria, died in the prime of life, while the rest lived to a good old age; and not one failed to testify practically to the good principles in which they had been brought up.

Daniel, the eldest brother, was sent to Cambridge, as a preparation for one of the Inns of Court. Thomas, the second, became a clerk in the

¹ "Memoir," by S. Sharpe.

banking business, on which his father had entered soon after his marriage, in conjunction with two gentlemen named Welch. The banking house was near Cornhill, on part of the site now occupied by Exchange Buildings. Here Samuel also was destined to pursue his daily avocation, though his first youthful aspirations had been somewhat different, as appears from the following extract:—

“ In my boyhood, my father one day called me and my brothers into his room, and asked us each what profession we wished to follow. When my turn came, I said (to my father’s annoyance) that I should like “ to be a preacher;” for it was then the height of my ambition to figure in a pulpit ;—I thought there was nothing on earth so *grand*. This predilection, I believe, was occasioned chiefly by the admiration I felt for Dr. Price, and for his preaching. He was our neighbour, and would often drop in to spend the evening with us in his dressing gown ; he would talk and read the Bible to us till he sent us to bed, in a frame of mind as heavenly as his own. He lived much in the society of Lord Lansdowne and other people of rank ; and his manners were extremely polished. In the pulpit he was great indeed—making his hearers forget the *preacher* and think only of the subject.”¹

To follow in the steps of Dr. Price was evidently the object of his ambition ; but he allowed himself to be guided by his father’s wishes, who in the year 1780 was busy contesting a parliamentary election for Coventry, and afterwards defending a petition against his return, and who was probably anxious to leave at least two of his sons to supply his place in the business. The mercantile duties which he now assumed were not, however, such as to interfere with the carrying out of the literary designs which he had already formed.

For some years before his health had not been

¹ “ Table-Talk,” p. 3.

strong, and he had suffered from a weakness in the eyes, on account of which he had spent some time in each year at either Margate or Brighton, for the benefit of sea-bathing. He took advantage of these holidays to pursue a sedulous course of reading, principally English. He was at no time an exact classical scholar. Latin, French, and arithmetic were learnt at school, under Mr. Burgh's instructions; and it appears from the notes to his Poems that he could read the Latin poets with appreciation, and that he acquired in later life some knowledge of Italian. But Greek he never read—and Greek authors became known to him afterwards through translations.

At the age of eighteen his desire was to form a correct style in English, and with this object in view, Goldsmith's and Gray's poems and Johnson's prose essays were continually in his hands. He used to read Gray as he walked down to business in the morning. He also greatly admired the first part of Beattie's "Minstrel."¹

His admiration for the great Doctor (who was still surviving) was very great, and he was ambitious of making his personal acquaintance. "My friend Maltby and I," he used to say, "when we were very young men, had a strong desire to see Dr. Johnson, and we determined to call upon him and introduce ourselves. We accordingly proceeded to his house in Bolt Court, and I had my hand on the knocker, when our courage failed us, and we retreated. Many years afterwards I mentioned this circumstance to Boswell, who said, 'What a pity that you did not go boldly in! He would have received you with all kindness.'"² As Dr. Johnson died in 1784, eight years before the

¹ "Table-Talk," 35, 40.

² "Table-Talk," p. 9.

publication of "The Pleasures of Memory," which first gave Rogers a recognized literary position, he had no favourable opportunity of making his acquaintance, and his desire remained ungratified.

The first result of his literary aspirations was a paper which he sent to "The Gentleman's Magazine" entitled "The Scribbler," in the beginning of 1781. It was written in imitation of Johnson's "Rambler." The subject was Virtue; and though it had no great merit, and was no doubt mainly a reproduction of ideas acquired under the influence of Dr. Price's eloquent discourses, it was accepted by the editor, to the young writer's great delight, and appeared with his initials, S. R., at the foot.

It was followed during the same year by seven other similar contributions; all of which, if they do not evince much originality on the part of the writer, at least testify both to his industry and to the high ethical aim which he assigned, from the first, to the use of the pen.

He now determined to devote his attention to poetry, and accordingly in the year 1786 appeared one of the small quarto volumes then in fashion, entitled "An Ode to Superstition, and other Poems." He had probably made earlier attempts, and the volume published was a careful selection from his work of the preceding five years. In this, as in all future publications, he devoted the greatest care to the composition and choice of words, doing little at a time, and re-reading and correcting frequently. On this account even a small poem occupied him from the commencement to its completion a seemingly altogether disproportionate time; and the "Ode to Superstition," which consists of only 156 lines, was in his hands two years before it was sufficiently finished to satisfy himself. The other poems

comprised in this first volume were, "To a Lady on the death of her Lover," "A Sailor," "The Alps at Daybreak," and "A Wish." All these are amongst his reprinted works except the first, which he afterwards excluded, perhaps fastidiously, as being of less merit than the rest. Some of these subjects are obviously not referable to the author's personal experience, and must be looked upon as of the nature of academic performances, but all are written with no less care than the longer ode, and are remarkable as free from either the extravagance of thought or crudeness of execution common to most early poetical essays. They contain distinct evidence of his admiration for Gray's poems. The "Ode to Superstition," for instance, in respect to diction, rhythm, and the use of personification, may be compared with "The Bard;" and one of the shorter pieces, "The Sailor," is in the same metre as the celebrated "Elegy in a Country Churchyard;" but at the same time there is a total absence of anything like plagiarism either of ideas or expressions.

Rogers received most welcome encouragement in this first step by a favourable notice in the "Monthly Review," which, as he afterwards ascertained, was written by Dr. Enfield, a Dissenting teacher and writer of some repute. In consequence of this he did not hesitate to avow the authorship amongst his friends, and no doubt speedily set about the longer poem, which first gave him celebrity.

Before its completion, however, several events occurred, which must be noticed. In the year 1788, he had the misfortune to lose his second brother, Thomas, who was his senior by only eighteen months. Both Thomas and Samuel

were partners with their father in the bank, and the nearness of their ages had made them companions in other pursuits besides their daily business duties. In the poem he was then writing, Samuel thus speaks of his brother's death:—

“ Oh thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share,
 From Reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care ;
 With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know
 The humble walks of happiness below :
 If thy blest nature now unites above
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
 Correct my views and elevate my soul ;
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
 Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned.
 Grant me like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
 Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
 To meet the changes Time and Chance present
 With modest dignity and calm content.”¹

This event deprived his father of his chief adviser, and consequently threw increased responsibility on Samuel. His eldest brother, Daniel, was at Lincoln's Inn, and the youngest, Henry, was still at school; and he therefore assumed a more important position in his own family, at the same time that literary aspirations led him to seek the acquaintance and gain the respect of a wider circle. His first literary friends were such as his father's religious and political opinions gave him an opportunity of knowing. Dr. Price and Dr. Towers, who preached at the chapel on Newington Green, were amongst them, and also Dr. Andrew Kippis, one of the tutors at New College, Hackney. He also became acquainted with Mrs. Barbauld by sending her a

¹ “ Pleasures of Memory,” part ii,

copy of his "Ode to Superstition." The following letter, dated from Hampstead, where she and her husband resided before coming to Newington Green, was written soon after the friendship commenced:—

"To Mr. Samuel Rogers, Jun.

"DEAR SIR,—We are obliged to you for much elegant amusement through the books, which we safely received, and which we shall beg leave to keep a little longer. Your visit was so short, that we wish to think of anything which may induce you to make a longer, and as we are to have an assembly at the Long Room, on Monday next, the 22nd, which they say will be a pretty good one, I take the liberty to ask whether it will be agreeable to you to be of our party, and in that case we have a bed at your service. I could, I am sure, have my petition supported by a round robin of the young ladies of Hampstead, which would act like a spell to oblige your attendance; but not being willing to make use of such compulsory methods, I will only say how much pleasure it will give, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

"A. L. BARBAULD."¹

Whether the invitation was accepted we know not, but Rogers certainly used to attend the Hampstead assemblies, which were frequented by a great deal of good company, and in after life he used to recall how he had "danced four or five minuets in one evening."²

In the following year, 1789, he considerably enlarged his literary acquaintance by a visit to Edinburgh. The journey, which was the longest he had yet taken, was performed on horseback, with one servant. Many eminent men then resided in the Scotch metropolis: Adam Smith, Robertson the historian, Henry Mackenzie (author of "The Man

¹ From "Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld." By A. L. Le Breton.

² "Table-Talk," p. 102.

of Feeling" and other tales at that time popular), Dr. Blair, &c. To some of these he carried letters of introduction from Dr. Kippis and Dr. Price; and all, especially Robertson, received him kindly. With Mackenzie he made an agreement to correspond, and letters passed between them for several years afterwards. He also formed an acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi, who were living at the hotel at which he stayed. "They called upon me on learning from the landlord who I was, and that Adam Smith, Robertson, and Mackenzie had left cards for me. I was afterwards very intimate with the Piozzis, and visited them often at Streattham. The world was most unjust in blaming Mrs. Thrale for marrying Piozzi; he was a very handsome, gentlemanly, and amiable person, and made her a very good husband."¹

But it was not his good fortune to meet with the greatest Scotch poet then living. Robert Burns had already published his first volume; but notwithstanding the temporary enthusiasm which it had excited, his fame was so far from established that, though Rogers was making a tour under the advice of his Edinburgh friends, and passed within thirty miles of Dumfries, where Burns was living, he was not told to call upon him. He never ceased to regret this omission.

Two years after this visit, England, like the rest of Europe, was plunged into excitement by the outbreak of the French Revolution. The Bastille had fallen, and Louis XVI. was a prisoner in his own capital. Parties in England were keenly sympathizing with a struggle which, so far, had not foreshadowed the ghastly drama into which it was afterwards merged; and the Dissenters were

¹ "Table-Talk," p. 45.

naturally allied with that party which looked with hope rather than fear to what seemed to indicate the speedy regeneration of a great nation. With these views Rogers in the month of January, 1791, made a short journey to Paris in the company of his friend Boddington. They received a general invitation from Lafayette, and at his table met several distinguished men, who afterwards came to an untimely end.¹ But in spite of some uneasiness and a foreboding of the impending excesses which began to make themselves felt amongst those to whom they had introductions, Rogers did not yet discern cause for alarm, and in letters home expressed his pleasure at observing "so many thousands beating as it were with one pulse in the cause of liberty and their country, and crowding every public walk to speak openly those noble sentiments which before they hardly dared to think of."² He did not remain long, and had time only to take a hasty view of the magnificent collection of pictures in the Palais Royal, which belonged to the ill-fated father of Louis-Philippe. He had hitherto given little attention to the subject of the fine arts, of which he afterwards became a liberal patron; but only a few weeks before his departure for Paris he had heard Sir Joshua Reynolds deliver his last lecture in the Royal Academy,³ and from this period probably may be dated the commencement of his art cultivation. In any case it is not to be doubted that when a few years afterwards the Orleans Collection was brought to England, and sold by his relative, Peter Coxe, the auctioneer, he had not only a better opportunity of viewing it, but also increased knowledge to enable him to appreciate it.

¹ "Table-Talk," p. 41. ² "Memoir," by S. Sharpe, p. xxvii.

³ "Table-Talk," p. 18-20.

In the next year, 1792, he published "The Pleasures of Memory." The two parts appeared together, and the poem at once achieved success. However it may be estimated now, when new schools of poetry have effected a revolution in taste and the most material changes in criticism, it must be allowed that at the time when it appeared, success was not unmerited. Amongst all contemporary English poets, Cowper alone had acquired a reputation so well deserved, and no other had successfully vied with Goldsmith in the popularity which more than twenty years before he had so speedily gained. Goldsmith, and not Gray, had this time been Rogers' model, and with good effect. The placid strain of liberal and yet moral thought, dictated by humane and sympathetic feelings, and expressed in carefully written verse, was more than enough to give "The Pleasures of Memory" a high rank in the class of ethical idylls amongst which "The Traveller" and "Deserted Village" have still so wide a popularity. Rogers was proud that his work should be ranked with these, and records his pleasure on hearing that Este (a reader at Whitehall well known in his time) had spoken of him as "a child of Goldsmith."¹

Other praise was not wanting. "The Monthly Review" criticized the book favourably, saying that "correctness of thought, delicacy of sentiment, variety of imagery, and harmony of versification are the characteristics which distinguish this beautiful poem in a degree that cannot fail to ensure its success."² It was also commended privately by Hayley, author of "The Triumphs of Temper," &c., as the gratified writer was informed by Cadell,

¹ "Table-Talk," p. 58.

² "Memoir," by S. Sharpe, p. xxviii.

the bookseller;¹ and though Hayley was overrated as a poet he was an accomplished man, and his opinion was necessarily thought highly of.

The sale of the volume was consequently most rapid. Second, third, and fourth editions were successively published before the end of the next year; and to the last he added two new short pieces, "On a Tear" and "An Italian Song," as well as all previously published with the "Ode to Superstition," excepting only the lines "To a Lady on the Death of her Lover," which he thus withdrew from circulation.

Up to this time Rogers had continued to live at his father's house in Newington Green; but in 1793 Thomas Rogers died; and by this event Samuel's circumstances were altered. A partial dispersion of the family had already taken place. Daniel, the barrister, had married and retired to an estate in Worcestershire, which he had inherited. Martha, the eldest, was also married to a gentleman named Towgood; and Maria was soon to become the wife of Sutton Sharpe. Sarah and Henry remained unmarried, and continued to live at Newington. Samuel was now thirty years of age, and found himself the possessor of a large fortune and the principal interest in the banking house. This was the time, if ever, at which he also would have married; but it does not appear that he was ever so inclined. Greater men than he have looked askance at matrimony as an impediment to success in life, and it is easily credible that the fair start in literature which he had just made, the social advancement which it promised, and the designs which he cherished for self-

¹ "Table Talk," p. 57. Mason also praised the poem, see "Table Talk," p. 17.

culture by travel and by the indulgence of his growing taste for art, were sufficient to deter him from accepting the less ambitious lot of married life, in the quiet community amongst which his relatives mostly lived.

Through his friend William Maltby he had become acquainted with Richard Sharp, a man of much natural ability, of an acute and critical mind, and with social qualities which gained him welcome admittance into literary and fashionable circles. Rogers soon became intimate with him, and it was perhaps at his instigation that, on Thomas Rogers's death, he took chambers in the Temple, and, while partly living at Newington Green, used the chambers for the purpose of meeting his friends. For during his father's lifetime the men whose friendship he had been glad to gain were mostly such as a similarity of religious and political opinions had brought into contact with the family at Newington Green. Amongst these were Dr. Priestley, who paid a visit to Thomas Rogers before setting off for America; Gilbert Wakefield, who after renouncing the orders of the Church of England was for a short time one of the lecturers at the Hackney College; Horne Tooke, and William Smith, the advocate of the interests of Dissenters in Parliament; under such influences Samuel probably took an active interest in the politics of the day.

“In the year 1792,” says Mr. S. Sharpe, “when a society was formed for obtaining a reform in Parliament under the name of Friends of the People, Mr. Rogers and his father both belonged to it, together with his brother-in-law Mr. John Towgood, and they signed the address to the nation which was then put forth by Charles Grey, James Mackintosh, Samuel Whitbread, Philip Francis,

Thomas Erskine, R. B. Sheridan, and others, who all thought that the way to save our constitution was to reform its abuses, and that a violent revolution like that in France was more likely to be brought on than avoided by the obstinacy of the Tories."

But after his father's death he found opportunities of mixing with a larger circle, and obtained introductions to people of rank and of all shades of political opinion; and his active political sympathies gave way more and more to impulses towards general mental culture, and the social distinction which could hardly fail to follow. At this time he began first to show a practical appreciation of the pleasure to be derived from art, an advance in cultivation partly due to his sister's marriage with Sutton Sharpe, who, while engaged in commercial pursuits, was at the same time an educated admirer of the fine arts. Through him he was introduced to Flaxman, Shee, Opie, Fuseli, Bewick, and other artists: he began to decorate his chambers with casts from the antique and engravings after Raphael, and published an edition of his poems illustrated by Westall and Stothard. The poem called "An Epistle to a Friend" (published 1798), on which he was now engaged, affords evidence of the progress his mind was then making. It is a poetical address, in imitation of a classical model, to his friend R. Sharp, setting forth the advantages of simple tastes and a country life over the pleasures of town; but it is noticeable that while the "Pleasures of Memory" does not contain a single allusion to painting or sculpture, the "Epistle to a Friend" manifests a keen perception of the innocent pleasure which may be derived through both. In other respects the "Epistle" may be regarded rather as an apology

to his friend for a country life than an expression of his own actual tastes, for he began to reside more continuously in town. In the year 1793 he sold the house at Newington, and for the future lived alone in London. He had before this made the acquaintance of Mrs. Siddons, as appears from an epilogue written in 1795 to be spoken by her at one of her benefit-nights, and this friendship lasted till her death. After his settlement in London his circle of acquaintance gradually grew very extensive indeed. At the house of W. Smith he first met Charles James Fox. A friendship was speedily formed between the poet and the highly gifted statesman, which lasted till the death of the latter in 1806. He had other friends who were distinguished members of the same political party—Grattan, the orator, Macintosh, the lawyer, and Erskine, of whose powerful defence of Horne Tooke, when the latter was tried for treason, Rogers was a deeply interested hearer. Tooke's imprisonment was in the year 1794. After his release he resided at Wimbledon, and thither Rogers would go to visit him on Sundays, and listen to the delightful conversation of him

“ Who best interprets to mankind
The ‘ winged messengers ’ from mind to mind.”

But his circle of friends was in no way restricted by politics or party. (It is to his credit that he neither modified the liberal opinions nor disavowed the religious tenets in which he had been educated; but his reputation and position as a philosophic poet, and his real liberality of mind, procured him admittance into social circles in which the claims of either political or religious party-feeling cease to be paramount as the bond of association. And Rogers was not out of place in the society of people

of rank. In this respect his tastes differed from those of his father, who had constantly shunned the aristocratic acquaintance which the elder Thomas Rogers of Worcestershire, by virtue of his Tory principles, and the important position he held in his neighbourhood, had been able to cultivate. In any case it would have been difficult for the poet to hold himself aloof when ladies of rank sought his friendship. At Lady Jersey's he became a frequent visitor and intimate friend, and there met the most distinguished men and women of the day. Lady Crewe, one of the most prominent characters in society at the commencement of this century, was also among his friends. But the most important friendship of his life was that with Lord and Lady Holland. The goodness of heart, the unprejudiced mind, the liberal opinions and talent of the one; the hospitality, frankness, and high spirit of the other, have often enough been told, and it need scarcely be repeated that these qualifications, combined with the high social rank of the owners, made Holland House at once the pleasantest and most distinguished centre in London literary society. Rogers was fortunate when he gained admittance to it, but Lady Holland was not amongst his earliest acquaintances in the great world. According to the editor of the "Table Talk," Mr. Richard Sharp once said to him, "When do you mean to give up the society of Lady Jersey?" Mr. Rogers replied, "When you give up that of Lady Holland"—little thinking then that she was eventually to be one of his own most intimate friends. In the year 1796 he became a fellow of the Royal Society, an honour which though reserved less exclusively than now for men of intellectual eminence, was, as it has always been, a considerable social distinction. Nine years later,

when his name was proposed at the Literary Club, established by Johnson and Reynolds, and which still maintains its prestige, he was less fortunate. He attributed his failure to Malone, but his political and religious opinions afford a sufficient explanation of his want of success in gaining admission to an exclusive society of which the majority have always been Tories.

As Rogers's health was still delicate he was advised to spend the winter of 1799-1800 in the warmer air of Devonshire. On his way thither, and also on his return, he visited Gilbert Wakefield, then in unjust imprisonment in Dorchester Gaol for a political libel.

He made Exmouth his place of residence; and employed his time chiefly in reading English translations of Euripides, Herodotus, and Thucydides. Such studies were probably suggested by the interest he began to take in Greek art, the beauties of which quickly seized his imagination. At that time the classic genius of Fuseli, and the rising talent of Flaxman, which was turned to such good account by the enterprise and ingenuity of Wedgwood, were doing much to make popular and to reproduce the excellence in form attained in antique masterpieces; and Rogers, with the readiness of æsthetic apprehension which characterized him, was one of the first to be imbued with a special admiration for ancient art, and with the desire of rightly estimating the influences under which such excellence had been attained. And the splendid and well-chosen collection which he subsequently acquired testified to the energy and profit with which he turned to this new direction in self-cultivation.

It was probably with the desire of turning his artistic tastes to a practical end that soon after

his return from Devonshire he gave up his chambers in the Temple. He lived for a time in lodgings, but in the year 1803 he removed to a house in St. James's Place, which in the meanwhile had been built and decorated under his own directions; and there he continued to reside till his death, more than fifty years afterwards.

In the year 1802 the temporary cessation of hostilities between England and France again opened Paris to foreign visitors. It was then a spectacle such as can never be witnessed again. Buonaparte, as first consul, and the most successful general of modern times, was at the height of his power. The Louvre, overflowing with his trophies—invaluable works of art brought from the renowned museums of the conquered capitals of Europe,—was crowded with admiring and astonished spectators, gathered together from all nations of Europe, more especially from England. Here Rogers met many English artists, amongst whom were Benj. West, P. R. A., Fuseli, Opie, and Flaxman. Townley, the well-known collector, and Rogers' brother-in-law Sutton Sharpe were also there. But his chief pleasure was in meeting Fox, whose natural taste for art was considerable; Rogers spent many pleasant hours with him either at the Louvre, or in the society of other distinguished men.¹ All his friends, however, left Paris before he did. He remained three months, spending most of his time at the Louvre, studying the finest relics of ancient sculpture, or the masterpieces of Italian and Flemish painters. The lines on the torso of Hercules were written at this time.

In the January of the next year (1803) he paid

¹ See "Recollections," pp. 20-28. Also, "Table Talk," p. 86.

a visit to Fox at St. Anne's.¹ Later in the year he made a second tour in Scotland, with his sister Sarah. "During our excursion we fell in with Wordsworth, Miss Wordsworth, and Coleridge, who were at the same time making a tour in a vehicle that looked very like a cart. Wordsworth and Coleridge were entirely occupied in talking about poetry; and the whole care of looking out for cottages where they might get refreshment and pass the night, as well as of seeing their poor horse fed and littered, devolved upon Miss Wordsworth. She was a most delightful person,—so full of talent, so simple-minded, and so modest! If I am not mistaken, Coleridge proved so impracticable a travelling companion that Wordsworth and his sister were at last obliged to part from him."²

Rogers was prevented from going as far as he intended by an accident which happened to his sister. On their return the house in St. James's Place was rapidly approaching completion. As a town house it was most pleasantly situated, retired and quiet in front, with a fine westward view at the back over the Green Park. The interior decoration showed the results of his recent art studies. The ceiling, cornice, and mantelpiece of the drawing-room were designed by Flaxman. Round the staircase was a frieze copied from that of the Parthenon, which had not at that time been brought to England by Lord Elgin. There was a cabinet designed by Stothard; and in the dining-room a sideboard carved from one of Mr. Hope's designs by a man who when he had risen to fame as Sir Francis Chantrey one day reminded Rogers that he had himself, when a journeyman carver, come to the house to take the order for the carving.

¹ See "Recollections," pp. 28-45. ² "Table Talk," p. 205.

The walls of the rooms, too, in time became decorated with copies of antique sculpture and with valuable paintings, which their owner from time to time had bought with much judgment as various collections passed through the auctioneer's hands; and the most valuable of these, bequeathed by Rogers, are now on the walls of the National Gallery.

It is difficult to imagine more attractive assemblages than those which the owner of this splendidly furnished mansion, with his extensive acquaintance amongst the most eminent of his contemporaries, was able to call together. Before the completion of the house, Fox stipulated that he should be invited to the first dinner party; and when the statesman occupied an official residence in St. James's Palace he was a near neighbour and probably a frequent guest of the hospitable poet. Rogers generally invited his friends, or those whose friendship he wished to make, to breakfast; and in later years an invitation to breakfast in St. James's Place was a recognized form of introduction to the best literary society of the day.

The lines "Written in Westminster Abbey," hardly convey the extent of the loss which he, as a private friend, sustained by the sudden death of Charles James Fox in the year 1806. In the same year he had to lament the death of his sister, Maria Sharpe. In the poem called "Human Life," published thirteen years afterwards, he has touchingly recorded the grief which he experienced on this latter occasion.¹

Before this time, however, we have to relate the appearance of another work of some importance. In 1810 he had completed, and printed for private circulation, the poem of "Columbus." When, therefore, two years later, he decided on submitting it to

¹ See p. 20.

the judgment of the public, it hardly appeared as a new work ; and it wanted besides, the additional zest which former poems had acquired by their anonymous publication. To these causes partly may be attributed the less favourable reception with which it met ; but there are other reasons also in the poem itself which will help to account for its want of success. A new generation of poets had arisen, and England was already beginning to share in the new poetical revelation to which Germany had already given the initiatory impulse. Burns, Scott, Moore, Byron, and Wordsworth, widely apart in genius, and insufficiently or partially estimated as they severally were, represent influences which could not be without perceptible resultant effect on the new generation of readers, to whom any literary man must appeal. Rogers, intimate with younger writers than himself, could not fail to notice the change, and in "Columbus" are signs that he recognized a necessity for a new style. The poem consequently differs widely from the "Pleasures of Memory," but not successfully ; it departs from the quiet moralizing tone and regular numbers of the school in which its writer had studied ; and by attempting flights of imagination, and in some parts a theatrical style of composition and diction foreign to the genuine bent of the author's talent, fails to do him justice.

The next year he was more fortunate : the little poem of the pastoral sort entitled "Jacqueline" appeared in a volume with "Lara" by Lord Byron, with whom Rogers was on familiar terms, having been of service to him by placing him in friendly communication with Lord Holland. Neither author put his name to the book, but no secret was made of their joint authorship ; and

the publication was so successful that Murray, the publisher, who is said to have paid the poets at the rate of half-a-guinea a line for the first edition, found the bargain very profitable.

The year after this, 1814, is memorable for the temporary restoration of the Bourbon monarchy in France, and the enforced retirement of Buonaparte to Elba. The continent was again open to travellers, and Rogers took advantage of the peace to visit Italy with his sister Sarah. He went with a mind well prepared by reading and artistic taste, and fully awake to the historical and classical associations of his road as he passed through Switzerland across the Simplon to Milan and Venice. He did not compose much during this journey, but kept a carefully written diary for future reference. He passed through Bologna to Rome, and visited Naples, where Murat was then reigning. Rogers was kindly received by both him and his queen. He then turned his face homewards, and had reached Florence, in the spring of 1815, when he was startled by the intelligence that Napoleon had escaped from Elba and that Europe was again in arms. He hurried home through the Tyrol and Germany, passed through Brussels, which was occupied by Wellington's army, and Ghent, where Louis XVIII. had found a refuge, and arrived in England at the end of April.

The result of this tour was a poem called "Italy," but the first part was not published till seven years afterwards. Rogers had first to complete a poem which had probably been commenced as soon as "Columbus" was out of his hands. This was "Human Life," which appeared in 1819. He represents various scenes from the cradle to the grave in the career of an Englishman of gentle birth

and liberal training, so described as to show all the good which might be found in what the poet believed to be the ideal of man in the present age. The life which he depicts is that at which he himself aimed, and which in the given circumstances he would not have been far from attaining. In the opinion of the writer himself this was his best poem, and in respect to the moral and liberal tendency of thought, combined with harmonious versification and carefully chosen expression, it affords the best example of his distinctive talent. Belonging to the same class of poems as the "Pleasures of Memory," it is more mature in thought, and at the same time freer in versification. It represents the same mind enlarged both in depth and breadth.

In the same volume appeared the "Boy of Egremont," which is of little importance, and "Lines written at Pæstum," which were almost his first attempt in blank verse. These lines evince the feelings with which he had visited the scenes of classic and mediæval greatness; they were the firstfruits of his late tour in Italy, and the forerunners of the volume which he published in 1822 under the title of "Italy: a Poem; part the first."

This work was sent forth anonymously, and with such regard to secrecy that the author's intimate friends and even his publisher were kept in ignorance, and Rogers himself went out of England at the time of its publication.¹ The object of this secrecy was probably to enable him to test the real value of his literary position. He had long held a high place in public estimation, and the very large circle which he included amongst his personal friends necessitated that everything

¹ Rogers also disguised facts a little by taking the reader across the Great St. Bernard instead of the Simplon Pass, which was the route he actually pursued.

that came avowedly from his pen should to some extent be prejudged or partially estimated. In this poem he had taken a new direction, great care had been expended on it, and much time during the eight years that had elapsed since his visit to Italy had been devoted to its composition. It is easy to appreciate the motive which prompted a man never too self-confident, to submit his work to an unbiassed judgment.

The result was not very definite. One review attributed it to Southey, but neither the "Edinburgh" nor "Quarterly" noticed it. It is strange that the secret of its authorship was not solved till Rogers himself owned it, for the already published "Lines written at Pæstum" might have easily indicated the author. Like these the pieces are in blank verse; and in this respect, as well as in greater freedom of metre, they certainly at first sight differ widely from his other longer compositions. Rogers's taste was gradually diverging from the ordinary restrictions of versification. He had never used any but the simplest arrangements of rhyme, and was altogether opposed to the complicated construction of the sonnet. In the second part of "Italy" we find him occasionally forsaking rhyme altogether, and relating one or two episodes in prose.

During its composition he paid a second visit to Italy, again crossing the Simplon, travelling as far as Naples, and returning through Pisa, Genoa, Turin, and Paris. The new volume appeared in 1828, and this time he acknowledged himself in the title-page as its author. The sale of neither part was large. Fifty years ago continental travel was much less frequent than now; such a subject as Italy appealed only to a few, who were either rich enough to travel, or sufficiently cultivated to

have derived an interest in its historical associations or manifold riches of art. The result was therefore, on the whole, disappointing to Rogers ; but instead of leaving the volumes to their fate as they stood, he kept back the unsold copies, and immediately prepared to re-issue them in what he rightly judged would be a more popular, though a more expensive form. By the year 1830 he had brought out a magnificent edition of the two parts of "Italy" in one volume, illustrated chiefly by Turner and Stothard. Four years later he published a similar edition of his other poems. The care he bestowed on these volumes was extreme. He personally superintended the work of the artists, suggesting subjects and proposing alterations, and spared no expense to secure a result that should be in all respects satisfactory to himself. He spent about £7,000 on each volume, but the sale was so large, that the whole outlay was returned to him in time.

After the publication of "Italy" he wrote very little. A short piece addressed to Lord Grey on the passing of his Reform Bill, another on the abolition of slavery, a few still shorter fragments in blank verse, added to from time to time, and published under the title of "Reflections," comprise the whole. He was at no time a ready writer, as may be judged from the long periods which elapsed between the publication of his successive productions, and he was moreover an exceedingly fastidious critic of his own performances, often altering and improving them even after they had gained the full approbation of such friends as were consulted during their composition. As he grew old he read his own works more constantly than anything else, and took pleasure in continually trying to improve them. The number of

different editions of his poems is marvellous, and almost each edition presented some variation, though sometimes it is very trifling, from that which preceded it. All are printed with the greatest care, and the mere mechanical work of revising the proof-sheets must have taken up considerable time.

But though the last twenty-five years of his life were almost unproductive in a literary sense they were far from being ill-occupied. The enlargement of his collection of works of art and archæological treasures gave him constant and active employment in attending sales; and the cultivation of the society of his friends, of whom no one ever had a larger number, became to him a pleasant occupation. The list of men distinguished in art, letters, or politics who had at various times assembled round his table would comprise many of the most eminent in history; but Rogers kept no record of these occasions, save those on which he had been the means of healing quarrels or settling the differences of friends at variance.¹ The most eminent of his friends in later life was the Duke of Wellington, whom he visited at Strathfieldsaye in 1834. In his "Recollections" Rogers has preserved some interesting anecdotes taken from the conversation of the great commander. In the same interesting volume² are reminiscences of the conversation of Fox, Burke, Grattan, Porson, Tooke, Talleyrand, Erskine, Lord Grenville, and an anecdote referring to his last interview with Sir Walter Scott but two days before he set out for Naples.

¹ Memoir by S. Sharpe, p. lxiii.

² "Recollections by Samuel Rogers" (edited by William Sharpe), 2nd ed. 1859.

But it was not only amongst those already great that he was glad to form friendships. He was always ready to lend a helping hand to young men of talent whose circumstances might be unfavourable. Many have been indebted to him for encouragement, or for advantageous introductions which have proved of paramount importance, at the outset of their careers. It is known, too, that several well-known men died largely indebted to him, both directly and indirectly, for pecuniary assistance.¹

With so large a circle of friends, no man perhaps had fewer enemies. Some few men of less liberal opinions, and not personally intimate with him, doubtless disliked his principles and underrated his writings. To specify any is not necessary, but it will be noticed by readers of the "Table Talk," often referred to, that there was a coolness if nothing more between Rogers and the managers of the "Quarterly Review." He had when it was first projected declined to become a contributor; and a reader familiar with the style of literary reviewing which in its early days that now famous periodical frequently adopted, need not attribute a dislike on Rogers's part simply to a difference in political opinion. Some unfriendliness arose between him and Ward (afterwards Lord Dudley), in consequence of a disparaging review of "Columbus," written by the latter, which appeared in the "Quarterly Review." The quarrel was only a temporary one and they were afterwards on friendly terms; but an epigram which Rogers and Sharp had composed on Ward was much quoted, and though it is not known that Rogers ever wrote another, he gained partly through this a reputation for caustic remarks which was quite at variance

¹ See "Table Talk," pp. 107, 184.

with the character known to his most intimate friends.¹

On this point Henry Crabb Robinson's testimony is worth quoting. Referring to an occasion on which he had breakfasted with Rogers alone, he says, "I left him with feelings of enhanced respect. There was very little of that severity of remark for which he is reproached. Candour and good sense marked all he said. . . . On moral subjects and religion Rogers shows much seriousness. He spoke of the much greater distinctness with which he could recollect his faults than his kind actions. 'Every man has his kind moments; of course I as well as others, and it is distressing I cannot recollect them.'"²

No one perhaps was more free from jealousy than Rogers. Some of his contemporaries he perhaps failed to estimate as highly as others have done, and in the same passage from which we have just quoted Robinson describes him as rating Wordsworth's merits below the standard claimed for that poet by his admirers; but in no instance has Rogers used his pen to detract from the estimation in which any of his fellow-poets were held. He was altogether averse to anonymous reviewing, and the only criticism he ever wrote was a portion of one article in the "Edinburgh Review." In the notes to his own poems he, on the contrary, sometimes almost goes out of his way to praise the work of other writers. He tried to discover merit everywhere and in everything, and it is needless to say that for all the beauty of nature, and the harmony

¹ This is rather clearly shown by a passage in the "Memoir of Mary Somerville" (who only met Rogers once), p. 223.

² H. C. Robinson's Diary, vol. iii. p. 72.

of natural law, he had a quick discernment, and was enthusiastic in the expression of his admiration.

In his old age he was fond of children, and he then regretted that he had not married, and taken upon himself the duties which he recognized as the first imposed by nature. The last lines he wrote were those at the conclusion of the short "Reflections," beginning, "Hence to the altar."

In the year 1850, the poet Wordsworth died, and Rogers at the age of eighty-seven became almost the only survivor of the poets who belong to the first part of the nineteenth century. Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Wordsworth, Moore, and Byron, all of whom had risen to fame within his recollection, were now all dead. The office of poet-laureate, which became vacant by Wordsworth's death, was offered to him by the Prince Consort, but it was declined on the plea of his great age, and the appointment was conferred on Mr. Tennyson. Rogers, however, held or had held three unpaid offices under government: he was one of the trustees of the National Gallery, one of the commissioners in the rebuilding the Houses of Parliament, and one of the commissioners for inquiring into the management of the British Museum. For the last few years of his life he spent three months every winter at Brighton with his sister Sarah, who alone survived of the brothers and sisters. She died only a year before him.

At the age of eighty-six Rogers met with an accident by which he broke his leg. He had previously been of active habits, to which the great age which he attained, notwithstanding his delicate youth, may be attributed. Henceforward he was confined to his bed and armchair. During the last eighteen months of his life, when his

mental powers were fast failing, a niece devoted herself to him. He died in his ninety-third year at his residence, No. 22, St. James's Place, and was buried, in accordance with his own wish, in the same grave with his brother Henry and his sister Sarah, in Hornsey churchyard.

After his death his valuable collection of works of art, antiquities, and library were sold by auction, except three pictures which he left to the nation. The sale lasted twenty-two days, and produced a very large sum of money, which was in fact about three-quarters of his whole property.

It is not necessary to attempt in conclusion any general criticism of Rogers's poems. They are of such a nature as to speak plainly for themselves, and bear their own significance stamped on them in characters that all may read. They have enjoyed a popularity of the widest kind. Besides the many thousands of authorized impressions, they have had the distinction of being pirated at least once; and English editions have been published both in France and America. Translations also have appeared in German and Italian. The standing Rogers thus gained amongst his fellow-poets was no fictitious one. Byron's admiration was undoubtedly genuine when he ranked him higher than himself, or any of the newer school;¹ but though his judgment on this point was less trustworthy than poetic instinct, it is true, as he doubtless felt, that in some respects he might have followed in the older poet's footsteps without disparagement to his genius or detriment to his fame.

Nevertheless Rogers as a poet belongs to a school of the past. He may still be popular with many,

¹ Moore's "Life of Byron," *passim*.

as Pope, Dryden, Gray, and Goldsmith will ever be popular, but he ranks after these, and stands distinctly apart from the poets of the nineteenth century. "Rogers is the only poet of the old school," was said by W. Schlegel in 1814,¹ and the saying remains true. He was the last of his school, and as such he holds a rank which if not exalted is sufficient to give him a distinct, honourable, and permanent place in the history of English literature.

¹ See H. C. Robinson's *Diary*, vol. i. p. 454.



ALPHABET



THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

IN TWO PARTS.

1792.

. Hoc est
Vivere his, vitâ posse priore frui.
MART.





THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

Dolce sentier,
Colle, che mi piacesti,
Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena;
Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme,
Non, lasso, in me.

PETRARCH.

ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART.

THE Poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the Memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause; and the subject proposed is then unfolded with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that our ideas flow in continual succession, and introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to us, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another, which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects; hence also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original; and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he, who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigour and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness; and, as such, it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.



WILIGHT'S soft dew's steal o'er the
village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the
scene.

- Stilled is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales, and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?

Mark yon old Mansion frowning thro' the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.¹
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown
court,

awk - Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When all things pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, thro' the fractured pediment revealed,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest.

Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!

¹ [The picture seems drawn partly from the house in Newington Green where the Poet was born, and partly from the Hill near Stourbridge, where his father was born. This latter house he used to visit in his youth while his aunts lived there.—EDITOR.]

That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly
hung,

Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;

When round yon ample board, in due degree,

We sweetened every meal with social glee.

The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;

And all was sunshine in each little breast.

'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound ;

And turned the blindfold hero round and round.

'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring ;

And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.

Giants and genii chained each wondering ear,

And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.

Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,

Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood :

Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,

With startling step we scaled the lonely tower ;

O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,

Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its
sleep.

Ye Household Deities ! whose guardian eye

Marked each pure thought, ere registered on
high ;

Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,

And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,

Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.

The storied arras, source of fond delight,

With old achievement charms the wildered sight ;

And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,

On the dim window glows the pictured crest.

The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart.

The clock still points its moral to the heart.

That faithful monitor, 'twas heaven to hear,

When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near ;

And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
 Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time?
 That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
 Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive
 thought;
 Those muskets, cased with venerable rust;
 Those once-loved forms, still breathing thro' their
 dust,

Still, from the fran. in mould gigantic cast,
 Starting to life—all whisper of the Past!
 As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
 What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
 How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
 We watched the emmet to her grainy nest;
 Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
 Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
 How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
 The bark now silvered by the touch of Time;
 Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
 Thro' sister elms that waved their summer-shade;
 Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
 To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene;
 The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
 Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
 Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.
 Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below
 To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know;
 Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
 When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
 Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
 The sage's precept and the poet's song.
 What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
 When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight
 steals!

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,

Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
 Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
 Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses
 grey,

Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
 Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
 Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn ;
 Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
 When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
 Some little friendship formed and cherished here
 And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
 With golden visions and romantic dreams !

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
 The Gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed ;
 Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
 Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw ;
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
 The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
 Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
 Whose dark eyes flashed thro' locks of blackest
 shade,

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog
 bayed :—

And heroes fled the Sibyl's muttered call,
 Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.
 As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
 And traced the line of life with searching view,
 How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and
 fears,

To learn the colour of my future years !

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my
 breast ;

This truth once known—To bless is to be blest !

X

We led the bending beggar on his way,
 (Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey)
 Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
 As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
 And sighed to think that little was no more,
 He breathed his prayer, "Long may such good-
 ness live!"

'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
 Angels, when Mercy's mandate winged their flight,
 Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell,
 The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, fare-
 well!

It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
 The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon grey stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
 Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
 Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
 When the heart danced, and life was in its spring,
 Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
 That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth!

The glow-worm loves her emerald-light to
 shed

Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
 Oft, as he turned the greensward with his spade,
 He lectured every youth that round him played;
 And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,¹
 Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here
 alone

I search the records of each mouldering stone.
 Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
 Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth!

¹ [In the churchyard of Old Swinford, near Stourbridge, where are
 tombs of the Poet's forefathers.—ED.]

Whose every word enlightened and endeared ;
 In age beloved, in poverty revered ;
 In Friendship's silent register ye live,
 Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,
 When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
 What spells entrance my visionary mind
 With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined ?

Ethereal Power ! who at the noon of night
 Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight ;
 From whom that musing, melancholy mood
 Which charms the wise, and elevates the good ;
 Blest Memory, hail ! O grant the grateful Muse,
 Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
 To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
 And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
 Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
 Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !
 Each stamps its image as the other flies.
 Each, as the various avenues of sense
 Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
 Brightens or fades ; yet all, with magic art,
 Control the latent fibres of the heart.
 As studious Prospero's mysterious spell
 Drew every subject-spirit to his cell ;
 Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
 As judgment dictates or the scene inspires.
 Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
 Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
 And thro' the frame invisibly convey
 The subtle, quick vibrations as they play ;
 Man's little universe at once o'er-cast,
 At once illumined when the cloud is past.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore ;

From Reason's faintest ray to Newton soar.
 What different spheres to human bliss assigned!
 What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
 Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
 Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought!

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
 And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
 Turns on the neighbour's hill, once more to see
 The dear abode of peace and privacy;
 And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
 The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the
 breeze,

The village-common spotted white with sheep,
 The church-yard yews round which his fathers
 sleep;

x All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
 And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
 Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
 And, with the sons of Science, woo'd the gale
 That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of
 sail;

So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
 Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
 And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
 While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
 Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
 Long watched the streaming signal from the
 mast;

Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
 And fairy-forests fringed the evening-sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
 Rose on her couch and gazed her soul away.
 Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering
 height,

That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
 But now the morn with orient hues pourtrayed

Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade :
 All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
 And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the
 wing !

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
 As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
 And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
 Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
 Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's
 sigh ;

This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
 For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
 Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
 When exile wore his blooming years away,
 To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
 When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
 For this he roused her sanguinary laws ;
 Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,
 And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart ;
 Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
 Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale
 Glance thro' the gloom and whisper in the gale ;
 In wild Vacluse with love and Laura dwell,
 And watch and weep in Eloïsa's cell.
 'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought
 Where Ilium stood and where Pelides fought,
 Sate at the helm himself. No meaner hand
 Steered thro' the waves ; and, when he struck
 the land,
 Such in his soul the ardour to explore,
 Pelides-like, he leaped the first ashore.
 'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb
 We bless the shade and bid the verdure bloom ;
 So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time,

On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime ;
 When at his feet, in honoured dust disclosed,
 The immortal Sage of Syracuse reposed.
 And as he long in sweet delusion hung,
 Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung ;
 Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
 His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves ?
 In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
 His moral thunders o'er the subject soul ?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :
 We gaze on every feature till it lives !
 Still the fond lover sees the absent maid ;
 And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !
 Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
 When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep :
 Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
 The father's features in his infant face.
 The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
 Won by the raptures of a game at play ;
 He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
 Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What tho' the iron school of War erase
 Each milder virtue and each softer grace ;
 What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
 Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast ;
 Still shall this active principle preside,
 And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
 Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
 If chance he hears the song so sweet, so wild,
 His heart would spring to hear it when a child,¹
 Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
 And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

¹ [If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild
 Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled.—*Ed.* 1839.]

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm :
 Say why Vespasian loved his Sabine farm ;
 Why great Navarre, when France and freedom
 bled,

Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.

When Diocletian's self-corrected mind

The imperial fasces of a world resigned,

Say why we trace the labours of his spade

In calm Salona's philosophic shade.

Say, when contentious Charles renounced a throne

To muse with monks and meditate alone,

What from his soul the parting tribute drew ?

What claimed the sorrows of a last adieu ?

The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast

Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppressed.

Undamped by time, the generous Instinct X
 glows

Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows ;

Glow in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,

On every form of varied life imprest.

The social tribes its choicest influence hail :—

And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,

The war-worn courser charges at the sound,

And with young vigour wheels the pasture round,

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale

Leaned on his staff to lengthen out the tale ;

Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,

From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed.

When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,

And on the scathed oak warred the winter-wind ;

When not a distant taper's twinkling ray

Gleamed o'er the furze to light him on his way ;

When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,

And the big rain-drops told the tempest near ;

Then did his horse the homeward track descry,

The track that shunned his sad, inquiring eye ;

And win each wavering purpose to relent,
 With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
 That his charmed hand the careless rein resigned,
 And doubts and terrors vanished from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose altered form
 Was borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;
 And who will first his fond impatience meet?
 His faithful dog's already at his feet!

Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from the door,
 Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
 His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
 With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—
 And see, the master but returns to die!
 Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
 The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
 The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
 These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
 Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
 The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
 Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her
 flight?

Monarchs have gazed, and nations blessed the
 sight.

Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains
 rise,

Eclipse her native shades, her native skies:—
 'Tis vain! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,
 And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls at-
 test,

And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.

When, with the silent energy of grief,

With looks that asked, yet dared not hope relief,

Want with her babes round generous Valour clung,

To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,

'Twas thine to animate her closing eye ;
 Alas ! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
 Crushed by her meagre hand when welcomed
 from the sky. }

Hark ! the bee winds her small but mellow
 horn,

Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.

O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,

And many a stream allures her to its source.

'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,

Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,

Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind ;

Its orb so full, its vision so confined !

Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell ?

Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell ?

With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue

Of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew ?

Hail, Memory, hail ! thy universal reign

Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.



THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

Delle cose custode e dispensiera.

TASSO.

ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses; and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals; but, with respect to man, she has a higher province; and is often busily employed, when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colours all the prospects of life; for we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is possible from what is past. On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, who with the boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials which she has collected and still retains.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life. Events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory is most perfect; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a Tale illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture that superior beings are blessed with a nobler exercise of this faculty.



SWEET Memory, wafted by thy gentle
gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my
sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart
 What charms in Genius and refines in Art;
 Thee, in whose hands the keys of Science dwell,
 The pensive portress of her holy cell;
 Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
 Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

They in their glorious course the guides of
 Youth,

Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;
 Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
 The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
 These still exist, by Thee to Fame consigned,
 Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee gay Hope her airy colouring draws;
 And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
 From Thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
 Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening-
 ray,

And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
 When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
 Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows:
 Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
 With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, who bids the world adieu,
 Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
 Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
 Some social scene, some dear, familiar face:
 And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
 Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
 Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
 To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
 The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,
 Weave the light dance and swell the choral song;
 With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
 And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
 To each soft note return as soft a sigh,

And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.
 But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,
 Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
 Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
 Is Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
 And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
 Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;
 Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
 The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!
 But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
 Go, see the captive bartered as a slave!
 Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
 And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long re-
 signed,

Lo! Memory bursts the twilight of the mind.
 Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
 When the rude scourge assumes its base control;
 And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
 The full reflection of her vivid hues.
 'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
 Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;
 Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew
 The simple transports that with freedom flew;
 Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,
 And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
 The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
 And chant the rude, traditionary verse
 With those, the loved companions of his youth,
 When life was luxury, and friendship truth.
 Ah, why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?
 Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create!
 A little world of clear and cloudless day,
 Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay;
 A world, with Memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,
 The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
 When Sleep has locked the senses in her chain.
 When sober Judgment has his throne resigned,
 She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
 And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
 From Her each image springs, each colour flows.
 She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!
 Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
 In that dead hour of night to Silence given,
 Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying
 round

With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
 From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,
 And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
 Tho' far below the forkèd lightnings play,
 And at his feet the thunder dies away,
 Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,
 While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
 With Memory's aid, he sits at home, and sees
 His children sport beneath their native trees,
 And bends to hear their cherub-voices call,
 O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
 Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
 Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
 And mould the coinage of the fevered brain?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam sup-
 plies,

There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
 He, whose arresting hand divinely wrought
 Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
 And round, in colours of the rainbow, threw
 Forms ever fair, creations ever new!

But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of Fame,
 The spectre Poverty unnerved his frame.
 Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;

And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
 Yet still how sweet the soothing of his art!
 From the rude wall what bright ideas start!
 Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
 With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
 And whence these scenes, these images, declare,
 Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,
 Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.

He, who, thro' Nature's various walk, surveys
 The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
 Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,
 Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
 May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
 Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
 Or wake the Spirit of departed Time.

Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,
 A blooming Eden in his life reviews!

So rich the culture, tho' so small the space,
 Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.

But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
 Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!

The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran,
 Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
 By truth illumined and by taste refined?

When age has quenched the eye and closed the
 ear,

Still nerved for action in her native sphere,

Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue

Some long-loved image vanished from her view;

Dart thro' the deep recesses of the Past,

O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber east;

With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,

And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove the impatient mother flies,

Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;

Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,
 Long on the wood-moss stretched in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined
 The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.
 Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;
 And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
 When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,
 He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were
 done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious
 pile,
 And ask the shattered hero, whence his smile ?
 Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich—Go,
 And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave ! — *bad*
 A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
 Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail !
 That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
 Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
 The battle's havoc and the tempest's rage ;
 Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
 Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece, *X*
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease : *1405 X*
A softer tone of light pervades the whole, *X*
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul. *X*

Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pur-
 sued
 Each mountain-scene, majestically rude ;
 To note the sweet simplicity of life,
 Far from the din of Folly's idle strife ;
 Nor there awhile, with lifted eye, revered
 That modest stone which pious Pembroke reared ;
 Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
 The silent sorrows of a parting hour ;
 Still to the musing pilgrim points the place
 Her sainted spirit most delights to trace ?

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,
 O'er his dead son the gallant Ormond sighed.
 Thus, thro' the gloom of Shenstone's fairy grove,
 Maria's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
 Awes us less deeply in its morning-hour,
 Than when the shades of Time serenely fall
 On every broken arch and ivied wall ;
 The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace !
 And as the sparks of social love expand,
 As the heart opens in a foreign land ;
 And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
 The stranger greets each native of his isle ;
 So scenes of life, when present and confest,
 Stamp but their bolder features on the breast ;
 Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,
 However trivial, and however rude,
 But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
 With every claim of close affinity !

But these pure joys the world can never know ;
 In gentler climes their silver currents flow.
 Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
 When the hushed grove has sung its parting lay ;
 When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,
 Comes slowly on to meet the evening-star ;
 Above, below, aërial murmurs swell,
 From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell !
 A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
 Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
 So oft the finer movements of the soul,
 That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay control,
 In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,
 And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies !

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,
 (Preserved in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime)
 When Nature smiled, and o'er the landscape threw

Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue,
 A blithe and blooming Forester explored
 Those loftier scenes Salvator's soul adored ;
 The rocky pass half-hung with shaggy wood,
 And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood ;
 Nor shunned the track, unknown to human tread,
 That downward to the night of caverns led ;
 Some ancient cataract's deserted bed. }

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose,
 And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows ;
 Ere the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
 Gazed on the tumbling tide of dread Lodore ;
 And thro' the rifted cliffs, that scaled the sky,
 Derwent's clear mirror charmed his dazzled eye.
 Each osier isle, inverted on the wave,
 Thro' morn's grey mist its melting colours gave :
 And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
 Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brushed the orient dew,
 From rock to rock the young Adventurer flew ;
 And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,
 When lo, a path the smile of welcome wore.
 Imbowering shrubs with verdure veiled the sky,
 And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye ;
 Save when a bright and momentary gleam
 Glanced from the white foam of some sheltered
 stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening tolled,
 And on the moor the shepherd penned his fold ;
 And on the green hill's side the meteor played ;
 When, hark ! a voice sung sweetly thro' the shade.
 It ceased—yet still in Florio's fancy sung,
 Still on each note his captive spirit hung ;
 Till o'er the mead a cool, sequestered grot
 From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot.
 A crystal water crossed the pebbled floor,
 And on the front these simple lines it bore,

Hence away, nor dare intrude !
 In this secret, shadowy cell
 Musing Memory loves to dwell,
 With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,
 To taste that peace the world denies.
 Entranced she sits ; from youth to age,
 Reviewing Life's eventful page ;
 And noting, ere they fade away,
 The little lines of yesterday.

Florio had gained a rude and rocky seat,
 When lo, the Genius of this still retreat !
 Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace
 The pensive softness of her angel-face ?
 Can Virgil's verse, can Raphael's touch impart
 Those finer features of the feeling heart,
 Those tend'rer tints that shun the careless eye
 And in the world's contagious climate die ?

She left the cave, nor marked the stranger there ;
 Her pastoral beauty and her artless air
 Had breathed a soft enchantment o'er his soul !
 In every nerve he felt her blest control !
 What pure and white-winged agents of the sky,
 Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,
 Inform congenial spirits when they meet ?
 Sweet is their office, as their natures sweet !

Florio, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,
 Till thro' a vista's moonlight-chequered shade,
 Where the bat circled, and the rooks reposed,
 (Their wars suspended, and their councils closed)
 An antique mansion burst in solemn¹ state,
 A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.
 Nor paused he there. The master of the scene
 Saw his light step imprint the dewy green ;
 And, slow-advancing, hailed him as his guest,

¹ [Awful.—*Ed.* 1839.]

Won by the honest warmth his looks expressed.
 He wore the rustic manners of a Squire ;
 Age had not quenched one spark of manly fire ;
But giant Gout had bound him in her chain, -u.c.p. lib^o
 And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing
 Power !

Winged with delight Confinement's lingering hour.
 The fox's brush still emulous to wear,
 He scoured the county in his elbow-chair ;
 And, with view-halloo, roused the dreaming hound
 That rung, by starts, his deep-toned music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confined,
 His aged hunters coursed the viewless wind :
 And each, with glowing energy pourtrayed,
 The far-famed triumphs of the field displayed ;
 Usurped the canvass of the crowded hall,
 And chased a line of heroes from the wall.
 There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,
 And many a smile and many a story drew !
 High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,
 And their fantastic branches wildly flung.
 How would he dwell on the vast antlers there !
 These dashed the wave, those fanned the moun-
 tain-air.

All, as they frowned, unwritten records bore
 Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong ?—His only child,
 His darling Julia, on the stranger smiled.
 Her little arts a fretful sire to please,
 Her gentle gaiety and native ease
 Had won his soul ; and rapturous Fancy shed }
 Her golden lights and tints of rosy red. }
 But ah ! few days had passed, ere the bright }
 vision fled ! }

When Evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue,

And her deep shades irregularly threw ;
 Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,
 Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove ;
 Whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered rite
 Amused the fisher's solitary night ;
 And still the mitred window, richly wreathed,
 A sacred calm thro' the brown foliage breathed.

The wild deer, starting thro' the silent glade,
 With fearful gaze their various course surveyed.
 High hung in air the hoary goat reclined,
 His streaming beard the sport of every wind ; .
 And, while the coot her jet-wing loved to lave,
 Rocked on the bosom of the sleepless wave ;
 The eagle rushed from Skiddaw's purple crest,
 A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimmed with dewy ray
 The few fine flushes of departing day.

O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,
 And her broad lights on every mountain flung ;

When lo ! a sudden blast the vessel blew,

And to the surge consigned the little crew.

All, all escaped—but ere the lover bore

His faint and faded Julia to the shore,

Her sense had fled !—Exhausted by the storm,

A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form ;

Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired ;

'Twas life's last spark—it fluttered and expired !

The father strewed his white hairs in the wind,

Called on his child—nor lingered long behind :

And Florio lived to see the willow wave,

With many an evening-whisper, o'er their grave.

Yes, Florio lived—and, still of each possessed,

The father cherished, and the maid caressed !

For ever would the fond Enthusiast rove,

With Julia's spirit, thro' the shadowy grove ;

Gaze with delight on every scene she plan

Kiss every floweret planted by her hand,

Ah! still he traced her steps along the glade,
 When hazy hues and glimmering lights betrayed
 Half-viewless forms; still listened as the breeze
 Heaved its deep sobs among the aged trees;
 And at each pause her melting accents caught,
 In sweet delirium of romantic thought!
 Dear was the grot that shunned the blaze of day;
 She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
 The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
 Murmured of Julia's virtues as it fell;
 And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,
 In Florio's ear breathed language not its own.
 Her charm around the enchantress Memory threw. ⁺
 A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too!

But is Her magic only felt below?

Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow;
 To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,
 She yields delight but faintly imaged here: *in x rtic*
 All that till now their rapt researches knew,
 Not called in slow succession to review;
 But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
 At once presented to their glad survey!

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled;
 And dawning light its dazzling glories spread;
 Each chain of wonders that sublimely glowed,
 Since first Creation's choral anthem flowed;
 Each ready flight, at Mercy's call divine,
 To distant worlds that undiscovered shine;
 Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
 And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship,
 soar;

No more to part, to mingle tears no more!
 And, as the softening hand of Time endears *Time*
 The joys and sorrows of our infant-years,
 So there the soul, released from human strife,
 Smiles at the little cares and ills of life;

Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ;

As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours !

X } Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;
 To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
 And heaven and nature opened to their view !
 Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
 A smiling circle emulous to please ;
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
 And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

Oh thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share

From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;¹

With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know
 The humble walks of happiness below ;

X } If thy blest nature now unites above
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
 Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;
 Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no dis-
 guise,

Y } Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
 To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
 With modest dignity and calm content.
 When thy last breath, ere Nature sank to rest,
 Thy meek submission to thy God expressed ;
 When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
 A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;
 What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,

¹ [Written on the death of his brother Thomas, who was about the same age as himself, and who died in the year 1788.—ED.]

Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!



NOTES ON THE FIRST PART.

Page 5, line 21.

Ye Household Deities, &c.

THESE were imagined to be the departed souls of virtuous men, who, as a reward of their good deeds in the present life, were appointed after death to the pleasing office of superintending the concerns of their immediate descendants. MELMOTH.

Page 6, line 11. .

How oft, when purple evening tinged the west.

Virgil, in one of his Eclogues, describes a romantic attachment as conceived in such circumstances; and the description is so true to nature, that we must surely be indebted for it to some early recollection. "You were little when I first saw you. You were with your mother gathering fruit in our orchard, and I was your guide. I was just entering my thirteenth year, and just able to reach the boughs from the ground."

So also Zappi, an Italian Poet of the last Century. "When I used to measure myself with my goat, and my goat was the tallest, even then I loved Clori."

Page 7, line 10.

Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear.

I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my Youth, where are they?"—And an echo answered, "Where are they?" From an Arabic MS.

Page 9, line 19.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!

When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to possess some relic of its ancient grandeur, Poussin, who attended him, stooped down, and

gathering up a handful of earth shining with small grains of porphyry, "Take this home," said he, "for your cabinet; and say boldly, *Questa è Roma antica.*"

Page 10, line 13.

The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep.

Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth, by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually stealing over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, "What!" they replied, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a foreign land?"

Page 10, line 20.

So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu.

He wept; but the effort that he made to conceal his tears concurred with them to do him honour: he went to the mast-head, &c.—See COOK'S *First Voyage*, book i. chap. 16.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville.—See *Les Jardins*, chant ii.

Page 10, line 28.

So Scotia's Queen, &c.

Elle se leve sur son lict et se met à contempler la France encore, et tant qu'elle peut.—BRANTÔME.

Page 11, line 4.

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire.

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol;¹ and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for the Bard of Gray.

¹ "It was on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing there, while the bare-footed fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea first started to my mind."—*Memoirs of my Life.*

Page 11, line 8.

Hence home-felt pleasure, &c.

Who can enough admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch, who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters?—"As to myself, I live in a little town; and I chuse to live there, lest it should become still less."—*Vit. Demosth.*

Page 11, line 10.

For this young Foscari, &c.

He was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion was good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and, as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

Page , li ne 18.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart.

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*.—JOHNSON.

Page 11, line 23.

And watch and weep in Eloïsa's cell.

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

Page 11, line 24.

'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought.

Alexander, when he crossed the Hellespont, was in the twenty-second year of his age; and with what feelings must the Scholar of Aristotle have approached the ground described by Homer in that Poem which had been his delight from his childhood, and which records the achievements of him from whom he claimed his descent!

It was his fancy, if we may believe tradition, to take the tiller from Menœtius, and be himself the steersman during the passage. It was his fancy also to be the first to land, and to land full-armed.—ARRIAN, i. 11.

Page 11, line 30.

As now at Virgil's tomb.

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Posilipo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro inspirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the Muses.

Page 11, line 32.

So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time.

When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription.—*Tusc. Quæst. v. 23.*

Page 12, line 14.

Say why the pensive widow loves to weep.

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she sheds tears over the bow of Ulysses.—*Od. xxi. 55.*

Page 12, line 30.

If chance he hears the song so sweet, so wild.

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; cet air si chéri des Suisses qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort de la jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes,

désertier ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays.—ROUSSEAU.

The maladie de pays is as old as the human heart.
Juvenal's little cup-bearer

Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
Et casulam, et notos tristis desiderat hœdos.

And the Argive in the heat of battle

—dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Nor is it extinguished by any injuries, however cruel they may be. Ludlow, write as he would over his door at Vevey,¹ was still anxious to return home; and how striking is the testimony of Camillus, as it is recorded by Livy! "Equidem fatebor vobis," says he in his speech to the Roman people, "etsi minus injuriæ vestræ quam meæ calamitatis meminisse juvat; quum abessem, quotiescunque patria in mentem veniret, hæc omnia occurrebant, colles campique, et Tiberis, et assueta oculis regio, et hoc cœlum sub quo natus educatusque essem. Quæ vos, Quirites, nunc moveant potius caritate sua, ut maneatis in sede vestra, quam postea quum reliqueritis ea, macerent desiderio."—V. 54.

Page 12, line 35.

Say why Vespasian loved his Sabine farm.

This emperor constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret.*—SÜET. in *Vit. Vesp.* cap. ii.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente formâ priore*, infinitis ædificiis circumdedit.—*Hist. August.* 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu, that, when he built his magnificent palace on the site of the old family château at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born.—*Mém. de Mlle. de Montpensier*, i. 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

Omne solum forti patria est, quia Patris.

“To a friend,” says John, Duke of Buckingham, “I will expose my weakness: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects.”—See his Letter to the D. of Sh.

This is the language of the heart, and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope’s letters—“I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child.”

The author of *Telemachus* has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of Alibée, Persan.

Page 13, line 1.

Why great Navarre, &c.

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.—*Mém. de Sully.*

Page 13, line 3.

When Diocletian’s self-corrected mind.

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. “If,” said he, “I could shew him the cabbages which I have planted with my own hands at Salona, he would no longer solicit me to return to a throne.”

Page 13, line 7.

Say, when contentious Charles, &c.

When the Emperor Charles the Fifth had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of Justé, he stopped a few days at Ghent to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his birth, and the objects familiar to him in his early youth.

Page 13, line 8.

To muse with monks, &c.

Monjes solitarios del glorioso padre San Gerónimo, says Sandova.

In a corner of the Convent-garden there is this inscription. En esta santa casa de S. Gerónimo de Justé se retiró á acabar su vida Cárlos V. Emperador, &c.—PONZ.

Page 13, line 31.

Then did his horse the homeward track descry.

The memory of the horse forms the ground-work of a pleasing little romance entitled, "Lai du Palefroi vair."—See *Fabliaux du XII. Siècle*.

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

. . . Va mansueto a la douzella,

* * * * *

Ch' in Albracca il servìa già di sua mano.

Orlando Furioso, i. 75.

Page 14, line 25.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest.

During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.—THUANUS, lv. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.—*Hist. Nat.* x. 37.

Page 15, line 4.

Hark! the bee, &c.

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye cannot see many inches before her.

NOTES ON THE SECOND PART.

Page 17, line 17.

They in their glorious course.

TRUE Glory, says one of the Ancients, is to be acquired by doing what deserves to be written, and writing what deserves to be read; and by making the world the happier and the better for our having lived in it.

Page 17, line 11.

These still exist, &c.

There is a future Existence even in this world, an Existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us.¹

It is a state of rewards and punishments; and, like that revealed to us in the Gospel, has the happiest influence on our lives. The latter excites us to gain the favour of God, the former to gain the love and esteem of wise and good men; and both lead to the same end; for, in framing our conceptions of the Deity, we only ascribe to Him exalted degrees of Wisdom and Goodness.

Page 18, line 31.

Ah, why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?

The highest reward of Virtue is Virtue herself, as the severest punishment of Vice is Vice herself.

Page 20, line 2.

Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.—See the *Rake's Progress*, plate 8.

¹ De tous les biens humains c'est le seul que la mort ne nous peut ravir.—BOSSUET.

Page 20, line 22.

Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!

The following stanzas¹ are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this Poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing them here.

Pleasures of Memory!—oh! supremely blest,
 And justly proud beyond a Poet's praise;
 If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
 Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!
 By me how envied!—for to me,
 The herald still of misery,
 Memory makes her influence known
 By sighs, and tears, and grief alone:
 I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong
 The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.
 She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,
 Of fair occasions gone for ever by;
 Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,
 Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die;
 For what, except the instinctive fear
 Lest she survive, detains me here,
 When "all the life of life" is fled?—
 What, but the deep inherent dread
 Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
 And realize the hell that priests and beldams feign?

Page 21, line 25.

Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued.

On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby there stands a small pillar with this inscription:

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

¹ By Henry F. R. Scame, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Page 22, line 2.

O'er his dead son the gallant Ormond sighed.

“I would not exchange my dead son,” said he, “for any living son in Christendom.”—HUME.

The same sentiment is inscribed on an urn at the Leasowes. “*Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!*”

Page 26, line 1.

Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove.

A small island covered with trees, among which were formerly the ruins of a religious house.

Page 26, line 18.

When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew.

In a mountain-lake the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies; and the water no sooner swells, than it subsides.—See BOURN'S *Hist. of Westmoreland*.

Page 27, line 15.

To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere.

The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once.—LOCKE.



AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

1798.

Villula, et pauper agelle,
 Me tibi, et hos una mecum, quos semper amavi,
 Commendo.

PREFACE.

EVERY reader turns with pleasure to those passages of Horace, and Pope, and Boileau, which describe how they lived and where they dwelt; and which, being interspersed among their satirical writings, derive a secret and irresistible grace from the contrast, and are admirable examples of what in painting is termed repose.

We have admittance to Horace at all hours. We enjoy the company and conversation at his table; and his suppers, like Plato's, "*non solum in præsentia, sed etiam postero die jucundæ sunt.*" But, when we look round as we sit there, we find ourselves in a Sabine farm, and not in a Roman villa. His windows have every charm of prospect; but his furniture might have descended from Cincinnatus; and gems, and pictures, and old marbles, are mentioned by him more than once with a seeming indifference.

His English imitator thought and felt, perhaps, more correctly on the subject; and embellished his garden and grotto with great industry and success. But to these alone he solicits our notice. On the ornaments of his house he is silent; and he appears to have reserved all the minuter touches of his pencil for the library, the chapel, and the banqueting-room of Timon. "*Le savoir de notre siècle,*" says Rousseau, "*tend beaucoup plus à détruire qu'à édifier. On censure d'un ton de maître; pour proposer, il en faut prendre un autre.*"

It is the design of this Epistle to illustrate the virtue of True Taste; and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life. True Taste is an excellent Economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means: while False Taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare; and reminds us, in her works, of the Scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.

An Invitation—The Approach to a Villa described—Its Situation—Its few Apartments—Furnished with Casts from the Antique, &c.—The Dining-Room—The Library—A Cold-bath—A Winter-walk—A Summer-walk—The Invitation renewed—Conclusion.



WHEN, with a Réaumur's skill, thy
 curious mind
 Has classed the insect tribes of human-
 kind,
 Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,

Its subtle web-work, or its venom'd sting ;
 Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours,
 Point out the green lane rough with fern and
 flowers ;

The sheltered gate that opens to my field,
 And the white front thro' mingling elms revealed.

In vain, alas, a village-friend invites
 To simple comforts and domestic rites,
 When the gay months of Carnival resume
 Their annual round of glitter and perfume ;
 When London hails thee to its splendid mart,
 Its hives of sweets and cabinets of art ;
 And, lo, majestic as thy manly song,
 Flows the full tide of human life along.

Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
 On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell ;
 The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,
 Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen ;
 And the brown path-way, that, with careless flow,
 Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
 Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
 Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
 Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass
 Browsing the hedge by fits the panniered ass ;
 The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
 Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight ;
 And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,
 With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
 Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,
 Rich in its groves, and glens, and village spires ;
 Its upland-lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
 Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung :
 And through the various year, the various day,
 What scenes of glory burst, and melt away !

When April-verdure springs in Grosvenor-
 square,
 And the furred Beauty comes to winter there,

She bids old Nature mar the plan no more ;
Yet still the seasons circle as before.

Ah, still as soon the young Aurora plays,
Tho' moons and flambeaux trail their broadest blaze ;
As soon the sky-lark pours his matin-song,
Tho' Evening lingers at the Masque so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray,
As tapers shine their little lives away ;
There let her practise from herself to steal,
And look the happiness she does not feel ;
The ready smile and bidden blush employ
At Faro-routs that dazzle to destroy ;
Fan with affected ease the essenced air,
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.
Be thine to meditate an humbler flight,
When morning fills the fields with rosy light ;
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,
Repose with dignity, with Quiet fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold ;
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
Small change of scene, small space his home re-
quires,
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What tho' no marble breathes, no canvass glows,
From every point a ray of genius flows !
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will ;
And cheaply circulates, thro' distant climes,
The fairest relics of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art ;
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine ;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's grace !

Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls ;
And my low roof the Vatican recalls !

Soon as the morning-dream my pillow flies,
To waking sense what brighter visions rise !
O mark ! again the coursers of the Sun,
At Guido's call, their round of glory run !
Again the rosy Hours resume their flight,
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light !

But could thine erring friend so long forget
(Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)
That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,
Lo ! here the lost restores, the absent brings ;
And still the Few best loved and most revered
Rise round the board their social smile endeared ?

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours ;
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers !¹
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams ;
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.
—Ah, most that Art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls ;²
Which gathers round the Wise of every Tongue,
All on whose words departed nations hung ;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet ;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat !

Tho' my thatched bath no rich mosaic knows,
A limpid spring with unfelt current flows.
Emblem of Life ! which, still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away !
The shadowy walls record, with Attic art,
The strength and beauty which its waves impart.
Here Thetis, bending, with a mother's fears

1

apis Matinæ

More modoque

Grata carpentis thyma . . . —HOR.

² Postea verò quàm Tyraunio mihi libros disposuit, mens addita videtur meis ædibus. —CIC.

Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears.
There Venus, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,
As her fair self reflected seems to rise!

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,
And all the dull impertinence of life,
These eyelids open to the rising ray,
And close, when Nature bids, at close of day.
Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows ;
There noon-day levees call from faint repose.
Here the flushed wave flings back the parting
light ;

There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.
When from his classic dreams the student steals,¹
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
To muse unnoticed—while around him press
The meteor-forms of equipage and dress ;
Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand
A very stranger in his native land !
And (tho' perchance of current coin possest,
And modern phrase by living lips exprest)
Like those blest Youths, forgive the fabling page,
Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,
Spent in sweet slumbers ; till the miner's spade
Unclosed the cavern, and the morning played.
Ah, what their strange surprise, their wild delight !
New arts of life, new manners meet their sight !
In a new world they wake, as from the dead ;
Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled !

O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,
Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge
health ;

Long, in this sheltered scene of lettered talk,
With sober step repeat the pensive walk ;

¹ Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis, statuâ taciturnius exit
Plerumque . . .—HOR.

Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,
 The cheap amusements of a mind at ease ;
 Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,
 And many an idle hour—not idly passed.

No tuneful echoes, ambushed at my gate,
 Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.
 Vain of its various page, no Album breathes
 The sigh that Friendship or the Muse bequeathes.
 Yet some good Genii o'er my hearth preside,
 Oft the far friend, with secret spell, to guide ;
 And there I trace, when the grey evening lours,
 A silent chronicle of happier hours !

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
 And bids her berries blush, her carols flow ;
 His spangling shower when Frost the wizard
 flings ;

Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
 O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
 And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves ;
 —Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,
 What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,
 Screened from the arrowy North ; and duly hies
 To meet the morning-rumour as it flies ;
 To range the murmuring market-place, and view
 The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.¹

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms thro' the
 vale,
 And her wild music triumphs on the gale,
 Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile ;²
 Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,
 Framing loose numbers, till declining day
 Thro' the green trellis shoots a crimson ray ;
 Till the West-wind leads on the twilight hours,
 And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

¹ Fallacem circum, vespertinumque pererro
 Sape forum.—HOR.

² Tantôt, un livre en main, errant dans les preries . . —BOILEAU.

Nor boast, O Choisy, seat of soft delight,
 The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.
 Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power !
 Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour,
 Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,
 Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene,
 To hail our coming. Not a step profane
 Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain ;
 And, while the frugal banquet glows revealed,
 Pure and unbought¹—the natives of my field ;
 While blushing fruits thro' scattered leaves invite,
 Still clad in bloom, and veiled in azure light ;—
 With wine, as rich in years as Horace sings,
 With water, clear as his own fountain flings,
 The shifting side-board plays its humbler part,
 Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught
 With mental light, and luxury of thought,
 My life steals on ; (O could it blend with thine !)
 Careless my course, yet not without design.
 So thro' the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,
 The light raft dropping with the silent tide ;
 So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
 The busy people wing their various flight,
 Culling unnumbered sweets from nameless
 flowers,
 That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,
 Caught thro' St. James's groves at blush of day ;
 Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings
 Thro' trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.
 Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,²
 Tho' skilled alike to dazzle and to please ;
 Tho' each gay scene be searched with anxious eye,
 Nor thy shut door be passed without a sigh.

¹ Dapes inemptas, . . .—Hor.

² Innocuas amo delicias doctamque quietem.


If, when this roof shall know thy friend no
more,
Some, formed like thee, should once, like thee,
explore ;
Invoke the lares of his loved retreat,
And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim-feet ;
Then be it said, (as, vain of better days,
Some gray domestic prompts the partial praise,)
“ Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest ;
Reason his guide, and Happiness his guest.
In the clear mirror of his moral page
We trace the manners of a purer age.
His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,
Scorned the false lustre of licentious thought.
—One fair asylum from the world he knew,
One chosen seat, that charms with various view !
Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)
Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas ! in vain.
Thro' each he roves, the tenant of a day,
And, with the swallow, wings the year away !”



NOTES.

Page 41, line 22.

Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass.

OSMO of Medicis took most pleasure in his Apennine villa, because all that he commanded from its windows was exclusively his own. How unlike the wise Athenian, who, when he had a farm to sell, directed the crier to proclaim, as its best recommendation, that it had a good neighbourhood!—*Plut. in Vit. Themist.*

Page 41, line 32.

And through the various year, the various day.

Well situated is the house “longos quæ prospicit agros.” Distant views contain the greatest variety, both in themselves, and in their accidental variations.

Page 42, line 23.

Small change of scene, small space his home requires.

Many a great man, in passing through the apartments of his palace, has made the melancholy reflection of the venerable Cosmo: “*Questa è troppo gran casa a sì poca famiglia.*” —*MACH. Ist. Fior. lib. vii.*

“*Parva, sed apta mihi,*” was Ariosto’s inscription over his door in Ferrara; and who can wish to say more? “I confess,” says Cowley, “I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast.”—*Essay vi.*

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, “Small as it is,” he replied, “I wish I could fill it with friends.”—*Phædrus, iii. 9.*

These indeed are all that a wise man can desire to assemble; “for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.”

Page 42, line 26.

From every point a ray of genius flows!

By these means, when all nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas.—ADDISON.

It is remarkable that Antony, in his adversity, passed some time in a small but splendid retreat, which he called his Timonium, and from which might originate the idea of the Parisian Boudoir, that favourite apartment, *où l'on se retire pour être seul, mais où l'on ne boude point.*—STRABO, l. xvii. PLUT. in *Vit. Anton.*

Page 43, line 6.

At Guido's call, &c.

Alluding to his celebrated fresco in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome.

Page 43, line 13.

And still the Few best loved and most revered.

The dining-room is dedicated to Conviviality; or, as Cicero somewhere expresses it, "*Communitati vitæ atque victûs.*" There we wish most for the society of our friends; and, perhaps, in their absence, most require their portraits.

The moral advantages of this furniture may be illustrated by the story of an Athenian courtesan, who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye on the portrait of a philosopher, that hung opposite to her seat; the happy character of wisdom and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly left the room; and, retiring home, became ever afterwards an example of temperance, as she had been before of debauchery.

Page 43, line 14.

Rise round the board.

"A long table and a square table," says Bacon, "seem things of form, but are things of substance; for at a long table a few at the upper end, in effect, sway all the business." Perhaps Arthur was right, when he instituted the order of the round table. In the town-house of Aix-la-Chapelle is

still to be seen the round table, which may almost literally be said to have given peace to Europe in 1748. Nor is it only at a congress of Plenipotentiaries that place gives precedence.

Page 43, line 18.

Read ancient books, or dream inspiring reams.

Before I begin to write, says Bossuet, I always read a little of Homer; for I love to light my lamp at the sun.

The reader will here remember that passage of Horace, *Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno*, &c. which was inscribed by Lord Chesterfield on the frieze of his library.

Page 43, line 19.

And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there.

Siquidem non solum ex auro argentove, aut certe ex ære in bibliothecis dicantur illi, quorum immortales animæ in iisdem locis ibi loquuntur: quinimo etiam quæ non sunt, finguntur, pariuntque desideria non traditi vultus, sicut in Homero evenit. Quo majus (ut equidem arbitror) nullum est felicitatis specimen, quam semper omnes scire cupere, qualis fuerit aliquis.—*PLIN. Nat. Hist.*

Cicero, in the dialogue entitled Brutus, represents Brutus and Atticus as sitting down with him in his garden at Rome by the statue of Plato; and with what delight does he speak of a little seat under Aristotle in the library of Atticus! "Literis sustentor et recreor; maloque in illa tua sedecula, quam habes sub imagine Aristotelis, sedere, quam in istorum sella curuli!"—*Ep. ad Att. iv. 10.*

Nor should we forget that Dryden drew inspiration from the "majestic face" of Shakspeare; and that a portrait of Newton was the only ornament of the closet of Buffon.—*Ep. to Kneller. Voyage à Montbart.*

In the chamber of a man of genius we

Write all down:

Such and such pictures;—there the window;
 the arras, figures,
 Why, such and such.

Page 43, line 23.

Which gathers round the Wise of every Tongue.

Quis tantis non gaudeat et glorietur hospitibus, exclaims Petrarch.—Spectare, etsi nihil aliud, certè juvat.—Homerus

apud me mutus, imò verò ego apud illum surdus sum. Gaudio tamen vel aspectu solo, et sæpe illum amplexus ac suspirans dico: O magne vir, &c.—*Epist. Var. lib. 20.*

Page 44, line 3.

As her fair self reflected seems to rise!

After line 4, in a former edition.

But hence away! you rocky cave beware!
A sullen captive broods in silence there!
There, tho' the dog-star flame, condemned to dwell
In the dark centre of its inmost cell,
Wild Winter ministers his dread controul
To cool and crystallize the nectared bowl.
His faded form an awful grace retains;
Stern tho' subdued, majestic tho' in chains!

Page 44, line 6.

These eyelids open to the rising ray.

Your bed-chamber, and also your library, says Vitruvius, should have an eastern aspect; usus enim matutinum postulat lumen. Not so the picture-gallery: which requires a north light, uti colores in ope, propter constantiam luminis, immutata permaneant qualitate. This disposition accords with his plan of a Grecian house.

Page 44, line 20.

Like those blest Youths.

See the Legend of the Seven Sleepers.—GIBBON, c. 33.

Page 44, line 29.

with knowledge health.

Milton "was up and stirring, ere the sound of any bell awaked men to labour or to devotion;" and it is related of two Students in a suburb of Paris, who were opposite neighbours, and were called the morning-star and the evening-star—the former appearing just as the latter withdrew—that the morning-star continued to shine on, when the evening-star was gone out for ever.

Page 45, line 6.

Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.

Mr. Pope delights in enumerating his illustrious guests. Nor is this an exclusive privilege of the Poet. The Medici Palace at Florence exhibits a long and imposing catalogue. "Semper hi parietes columnæque eruditis vocibus resonauerunt."

Page 46, line 6.

Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene.

At a Roman supper statues were sometimes employed to hold the lamps.

—aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per aedes,
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris.

LUCR. ii. 24.

A fashion as old as Homer!—*Odyss.* vii. 100.

On the proper degree and distribution of light we may consult a great master of effect. Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sarà quello, che renderà le particole de' corpi molto grate.—*Tratt. della Pittura di LIONARDO DA VINCI*, c. xli.

Hence every artist requires a broad and high light. Michael Angelo used to work with a candle fixed in his hat.—*CONDIVI, Vita di Michelagnolo*.—Hence also, in a banquet-scene, the most picturesque of all poets has thrown his light from the ceiling.—*Æn.* i. 726.

And hence the "starry lamps" of Milton, that

. . . . from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic,
. . . . yielded light
As from a sky.

Page 46, line 16.

Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.

At the petits soupers of Choisy were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, afterwards carried to perfection by Lorient, the Confidante and the Servante; a table and a side-board, which descended, and rose again covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious Court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life.—*Vie privée de Louis XV.* ii. 43.

Between line 22 and line 23 were these lines, since omitted :

Hail, sweet Society! in crowds unknown,
 Though the vain world would claim thee for its own
 Still where thy small and cheerful converse flows,
 Be mine to enter, ere the circle close.
 When in retreat Fox lays his thunder by,
 And Wit and Taste their mingled charms supply ;
 When Siddons, born to melt and freeze the heart,
 Performs at home her more endearing part ;
 When He,¹ who best interprets to mankind
 The winged messengers from mind to mind,
 Leans on his spade, and, playful as profound,
 His genius sheds its evening-sunshine round,
 Be mine to listen ; pleased yet not clate,
 Ever too modest or too proud to rate
 Myself by my companions, [self-compelled
 To earn the station that in life I held.] 1839.²

They were written in 1796.

Page 46, line 21.

So thro' the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide.

An allusion to the floating bee-house, which is seen in some parts of France and Piedmont.

Page 46, line 28.

Caught thro' St. James's groves at blush of day.

After line 4, in the MS.

Groves that Belinda's star illumines still,
 And ancient Courts and faded splendours fill.

See the *Rape of the Lock*, Canto V.

Page 47, line 18.

And, with the swallow, wings the year away !

It was the boast of Lucullus that he changed his climate with the birds of passage.

How often must he have felt the truth here inculcated, that the master of many houses has no home !

¹ [When He; meaning Horne Tooke, the author of the *Diversions of Purley*, or *Επεα πτερόεντα*, whom the Poet visited at Wimbledon. — ED.]

² [These lines were printed in the edition of 1839, but were afterwards erased by the author. In the copy in the British Museum the correction, "By my own strength to earn the place I held," has been suggested in pencil by the author.]

THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

1812.

Chi se' tu, che vieni—?
Da me stesso non vegno.

DANTE.

PREFACE.

THE following Poem (or, to speak more properly, what remains of it) has here and there a lyrical turn of thought and expression. It is sudden in its transitions, and full of historical allusions; leaving much to be imagined by the reader.

The subject is a voyage the most memorable in the annals of mankind. Columbus was a person of extraordinary virtue and piety, acting, as he conceived, under the sense of a divine impulse; and his achievement the discovery of a New World, the inhabitants of which were shut out from the light of Revelation, and given up, as they believed, to the dominion of malignant spirits.

Many of the incidents will now be thought extravagant; yet they were once perhaps received with something more than indulgence. It was an age of miracles; and who can say that among the venerable legends in the library of the Escorial, or the more authentic records which fill the great chamber in the *Archivo* of Seville, and which relate entirely to the deep tragedy of America, there are no volumes that mention the marvellous things here described? Indeed the story, as already told throughout Europe, admits of no heightening. Such was the religious enthusiasm of the early writers, that the Author had only to transfuse it into his verse; and he appears to have done little more; though some of the circumstances, which he alludes to as well-known, have long ceased to be so. By using the language of that day, he has called up Columbus "in his habit as he lived;" and the authorities, such as exist, are carefully given by the Translator.

INSCRIBED ON THE ORIGINAL
MANUSCRIPT.



UNCLASP me, Stranger; and unfold,
With trembling care, my leaves of gold,
Rich in Gothic portraiture—
If yet, alas, a leaf endure.

In Rábida's monastic fane
I cannot ask, and ask in vain.

¹ The original in the Castilian language, according to the Inscription that follows, was found among other MSS. in an old religious

The language of Castile I speak ;
 Mid many an Arab, many a Greek,
 Old in the days of Charlemain ;
 When minstrel-music wandered round,
 And Science, waking, blessed the sound.

No earthly thought has here a place,
 The cowl let down on every face ;
 Yet here, in consecrated dust,
 Here would I sleep, if sleep I must.
 From Genoa when Columbus came,
 (At once her glory and her shame)
 'Twas here he caught the holy flame.
 'Twas here the generous vow he made ;
 His banners on the altar laid.

Here, tempest-worn and desolate,¹
 A Pilot, journeying thro' the wild,
 Stopt to solicit at the gate
 A pittance for his child.
 'Twas here, unknowing and unknown,
 He stood upon the threshold-stone.
 But hope was his—a faith sublime,
 That triumphs over place and time ;
 And here, his mighty labour done,

house near Palos, situated on an island formed by the river Tinto, and dedicated to our Lady of La Rábida. The Writer describes himself as having sailed with Columbus ; but his style and manner are evidently of an after-time.

¹ We have an interesting account of his first appearance in Spain, that country which was so soon to be the theatre of his glory. According to the testimony of Garcia Fernandez, the Physician of Palos, a sea-faring man, accompanied by a very young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the Convent of La Rábida and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While they were receiving this humble refreshment, the Prior, Juan Perez, happening to pass by, was struck with the look and manner of the stranger, and, entering into conversation with him, soon learnt the particulars of his story. The stranger was Columbus ; the boy was his son Diego ; and, but for this accidental interview, America might have remained long undiscovered ; for it was to the zeal of Juan Perez that he was finally indebted for the accomplishment of his great purpose. See Irving's History of Columbus.

And his course of glory run,
Awhile as more than man he stood,
So large the debt of gratitude!

One hallowed morn, methought, I felt
As if a soul within me dwelt!
But who arose and gave to me
The sacred trust I keep for thee,
And in his cell at even-tide
Kneelt before the cross and died—
Inquire not now. His name no more
Glimmers on the chancel-floor,
Near the lights that ever shine
Before St. Mary's blessed shrine.

To me one little hour devote,
And lay thy staff and scrip beside thee;
Read in the temper that he wrote,
And may his gentle spirit guide thee!
My leaves forsake me, one by one;
The book-worm thro' and thro' has gone.
Oh haste—unclasp me, and unfold;
The tale within was never told!



PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THERE is a spirit in the old Spanish Chroniclers of the sixteenth century that may be compared to the freshness of water at the fountain-head. Their simplicity, their sensibility to the strange and the wonderful, their very weaknesses, give an infinite value, by giving a life and a character to every thing they touch; and their religion, which bursts out every where, addresses itself to the imagination in the highest degree. If they err, their errors are not their own. They think and feel after the fashion of the time; and their narratives are so many moving pictures of the actions, manners, and thoughts of their contemporaries.

What they had to communicate, might well make them eloquent; but, inasmuch as relates to Columbus, the Inspiration went no farther. No National Poem appeared on the subject; no Camoëns did honour to his Genius and his Virtues. Yet the materials, that have descended to us, are surely not unpoetical; and a desire to avail myself of them, to convey in some instances as far as I could, in others as far as I dared, their warmth of colouring and wildness of imagery, led me to conceive the idea of a Poem written not long after his death, when the great consequences of the Discovery were beginning to unfold themselves, but while the minds of men were still clinging to the superstitions of their fathers.

The Event here described may be thought too recent for the Machinery; but I found them together.¹ A belief in the agency of Evil Spirits prevailed over both hemispheres; and even yet seems almost necessary to enable us to clear up the Darkness,

And justify the ways of God to Men.

THE ARGUMENT.

COLUMBUS; having wandered from kingdom to kingdom, at length obtains three ships and sets sail on the Atlantic. The compass alters from its ancient direction; the wind becomes constant and unremitting; night and day he advances, till he is suddenly stopped in his course by a mass of vegetation, extending as far as the eye can reach, and assuming the appearance of a country overwhelmed by the sea. Alarm and despondence on board. He resigns himself to the care of Heaven, and proceeds on his voyage.

Meanwhile the deities of America assemble in council; and one of the Zemi, the gods of the islanders, announces his approach. "In vain," says he, "have we guarded the Atlantic for ages. A mortal

¹ Perhaps even a contemporary subject should not be rejected as such, however wild and extravagant it might be, if the manners be foreign and the place distant—major é longinquo reverentia. L'éloignement des pays, says Racine, répare en quelque sorte la trop grande proximité des temps; car le peuple ne met guère de différence entre ce qui est, si j'ose ainsi parler, à mille ans de lui, et ce qui en est à mille lieues.

has baffled our power; nor will our votaries arm against him. Yours are a sterner race. Hence; and, while we have recourse to stratagem, do you array the nations round your altars, and prepare for an exterminating war." They disperse while he is yet speaking; and, in the shape of a Condor, he directs his flight to the fleet. His journey described. He arrives there. A panic. A mutiny. Columbus restores order; continues on his voyage; and lands in a New World. Ceremonies of the first interview. Rites of hospitality. The ghost of Cazziva.

Two months pass away, and an Angel, appearing in a dream to Columbus, thus addresses him: "Return to Europe; though your Adversaries, such is the will of Heaven, shall let loose the hurricane against you. A little while shall they triumph; insinuating themselves into the hearts of your followers, and making the World, which you came to bless, a scene of blood and slaughter. Yet is there cause for rejoicing. Your work is done. The cross of Christ is planted here; and, in due time, all things shall be made perfect!"

CANTO I.

NIGHT—COLUMBUS ON THE ATLANTIC—THE VARIATION
OF THE COMPASS, &c.



ANY who, when age on age had rolled
away,
And still, as sunk the golden Orb of
day,
The seaman¹ watched him, while he lingered here,
With many a wish to follow, many a fear,
And gazed and gazed and wondered where he
went,
So bright his path, so glorious his descent,
Who first adventured—In his birth obscure,
Yet born to build a Fame that should endure,²
Who the great secret of the Deep possessed,

¹ [Seamen.—*Ed.* 1839.]

² In him was fulfilled the ancient prophecy,

. venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, &c.

SENECA in *Medea*, v. 374.

Which Tasso has imitated in his *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

Tempo verrà, che fian d'Ercole i segni
Favola, vile, &c. c. xv. 30

The poem opens on Friday the 14th of September, 1492.

And, issuing through the portals of the West,
 Fearless, resolved, with every sail unfurled,
 Planted his standard on the Unknown World?
 Him, by the Paynim bard descried of yore,
 And ere his coming sung on either shore,
 Him could not I exalt—by Heaven designed
 To lift the veil that covered half mankind!
 Yet, ere I die, I would fulfil my vow;
 Praise cannot wound his generous spirit now.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

'Twas night. The Moon, o'er the wide wave,
 disclosed

Her awful face; and Nature's self reposed;
 When, slowly rising in the azure sky,
 Three white sails shone—but to no mortal eye,
 Entering a boundless sea. In slumber cast,
 The very ship-boy, on the dizzy mast,
 Half breathed his orisons! Alone unchanged,
 Calmly, beneath, the great Commander¹ ranged,
 Thoughtful not sad; and, as the planet grew,
 His noble form, wrapt in his mantle blue,
 Athwart the deck a deepening shadow threw. }
 "Thee hath it pleased—Thy will be done!" he }
 said,² }
 Then sought his cabin; and, their garments }
 spread, }
 Around him lay the sleeping as the dead, }

In the original, *El Almirante*. "In Spanish America," says M. de Humboldt, "when *El Almirante* is pronounced without the addition of a name, that of Columbus is understood; as, from the lips of a Mexican, *El Marchese* signifies Cortes;" and as among the Florentines, *Il Segretario* has always signified Machiavel.

² "It has pleased our Lord to grant me faith and assurance for this enterprise—He has opened my understanding, and made me most willing to go." See his Life by his son, Ferd. Columbus, entitled, *Hist. del Almirante Don Christoval Colon*, c. 4 & 37.

His Will begins thus. "In the name of the most holy Trinity, who inspired me with the idea, and who afterwards made it clear to me, that by traversing the Ocean westwardly," &c.

When, by his lamp to that mysterious Guide,¹
 On whose still counsels all his hopes relied,
 That Oracle to man in mercy given,
 Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from
 heaven,

Who over sands and seas directs the stray,
 And, as with God's own finger, points the way,
 He turned; but what strange thoughts perplexed
 his soul,

When, lo, no more attracted to the Pole,
 The Compass, faithless as the circling vane,
 Fluttered and fixed, fluttered and fixed again!
 At length, as by some unseen Hand imprest,
 It sought with trembling energy—the West!²

“Ah no!” he cried, and calmed his anxious brow. }
 “Ill, nor the signs of ill, 'tis thine to show; }
 Thine but to lead me where I wished to go!” }

Columbus erred not.³ In that awful hour,
 Sent forth to save, and girt with Godlike power,
 And glorious as the regent of the sun,⁴
 An Angel came! He spoke, and it was done!
 He spoke, and, at his call, a mighty Wind,⁵
 Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,
 But deep, majestic, in its destined course,

¹ The compass might well be an object of superstition. A belief is said to prevail even at this day, that it will refuse to traverse when there is a dead body on board.

² Herrera, dec. I. lib. i. c. 9.

³ When these regions were to be illuminated, says Acosta, cum divino concilio decretum esset, prospectum etiam divinitus est, ut tam longi itineris dux certus hominibus præberetur.—*De Natura Novi Orbis*.

A romantic circumstance is related of some early navigator in the *Histoire Gén. des Voyages*, I. i. 2. “On trouva dans l'île de Cuervo une statue équestre, couverte d'un manteau, mais la tête nue, qui tenoit de la main gauche la bride du cheval, et qui montrait l'occident de la main droite. Il y avoit sur le bas d'un roc quelques lettres gravées, qui ne furent point entendues; mais il parut clairement que le signe de la main regardoit l'Amérique.”

⁴ Rev. xix. 17.

⁵ The more Christian opinion is, that God, with eyes of compassion, as it were, looking down from heaven, called forth those *winds of mercy*, whereby this new world received the hope of salvation.—Preambles to the Decades of the Ocean.

Sprung with unerring, unrelenting force,
From the bright East. Tides duly ebb'd and
flow'd ;

Stars rose and set ; and new horizons glow'd :
Yet still it blew ! As with primeval sway
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,
Move on the waters !—All, resigned to Fate,
Folded their arms and sate ;¹ and seem'd to wait
Some sudden change ; and sought, in chill sus-
pense,

New spheres of being, and new modes of sense ;
As men departing, though not doomed to die,
And midway on their passage to eternity.

CANTO II.

THE VOYAGE CONTINUED.

* * * * *

WHAT vast foundations in the Abyss
are there,
As of a former world ? Is it not
where

Atlantic kings their barbarous pomp displayed ;
Sunk into darkness with the realms they sway'd,
When towers and temples, thro' the closing wave,
A glimmering ray of ancient splendour gave—
And we shall rest with them.—Or are we thrown ”
(Each gazed on each, and all exclaimed as one,)
“ Where things familiar cease and strange begin,
All progress barred to those without, within ?
—Soon is the doubt resolved. Arise, behold—

¹ To return was deemed impossible, as it blew always from home.
Hist. del Almirante, c. 19. Nos pavidi—at pater Anchises—lætus.

We stop to stir no more . . . nor will the tale be told."

The pilot smote his breast; the watchman cried "Land!" and his voice in faltering accents died.¹ At once the fury of the prow was quelled; And (whence or why from many an age withheld)²

Shrieks, not of men, were mingling in the blast; And armed shapes of god-like stature passed! Slowly along the evening-sky they went, As on the edge of some vast battlement; Helmet and shield, and spear and gonfalon Streaming a baleful light that was not of the sun!

Long from the stern the great Adventurer gazed With awe not fear; then high his hands he raised. "Thou All-supreme . . . in goodness as in power, Who, from his birth to this eventful hour, Hast led thy servant over land and sea,³ Confessing Thee in all, and all in Thee, Oh still"—He spoke, and lo, the charm accurst Fled whence it came, and the broad barrier burst! A vain illusion! (such as mocks the eyes Of fearful men, when mountains round them rise From less than nothing) nothing now beheld, But scattered sedge—repelling, and repelled!

And once again that valiant company Right onward came, ploughing the Unknown Sea. Already borne beyond the range of thought, With Light divine, and Truth Immortal fraught,

¹ Historians are not silent on the subject. The sailors, according to Herrera, saw the signs of an inundated country (*tierras anegadas*); and it was the general expectation that they should end their lives there, as others had done in the frozen sea, "where St. Amaro suffers no ship to stir backward or forward."—*Hist. del Almirante*, c. 19.

² The author seems to have anticipated his long slumber in the library of the Fathers.

³ They may give me what name they please. I am servant of Him, &c.—*Hist. del Almirante*, c. 2.

From world to world their steady course they keep,¹
 Swift as the winds along the waters sweep,
 Mid the mute nations of the purple deep. }
 —And now the sound of harpy-wings they hear ;
 Now less and less, as vanishing in fear !
 And see, the heavens bow down, the waters rise,
 And, rising, shoot in columns to the skies,²
 That stand—and still, when they proceed, retire,
 As in the Desert burned the sacred fire ;
 Moving in silent majesty, till Night
 Descends, and shuts the vision from their sight.

CANTO III.

AN ASSEMBLY OF EVIL SPIRITS.

THO' changed my cloth of gold for
 amice grey³—
 In my spring-time, when every month
 was May,
 With hawk and hound I coursed away the hour,
 Or sung my roundelay in lady's bower.
 And tho' my world be now a narrow cell,
 (Renounced for ever all I loved so well,
 Tho' now my head be bald, my feet be bare,
 And scarce my knees sustain my book of prayer,
 Oh I was there, one of that gallant crew,
 And saw—and wondered whence his Power He
 drew,
 Yet little thought, tho' by his side I stood,

¹ As St. Christopher carried Christ over the deep waters, so Columbus went over safe, himself and his company.—Hist. c. 1.

² Water-spouts.—See Edwards's History of the West Indies, I. 12. Note.

³ Many of the first discoverers ended their days in a hermitage or a cloister.

Of his great Foes in earth and air and flood,
 'Then uninstructed.—But my sand is run,
 And the Night coming . . . and my Task not
 done! . . .

'Twas in the deep, immeasurable cave
 Of Andes,¹ echoing to the Southern wave,
 Mid pillars of Basalt, the work of fire,
 That, giant-like, to upper day aspire,
 'Twas there that now, as wont in heaven to shine,
 Forms of angelic mould and grace divine
 Assembled. All, exiled the realms of rest,
 In vain the sadness of their souls suppressed;
 Yet of their glory many a scattered ray
 Shot thro' the gathering shadows of decay.
 Each moved a God; and all, as Gods, possessed
 One half the globe; from pole to pole confessed!²

* * * * *

Oh could I now—but how in mortal verse—
 Their numbers, their heroic deeds rehearse!
 These in dim shrines and barbarous symbols reign,
 Where Plata and Maragnon meet the Main.³
 Those the wild hunter worships as he roves,
 In the green shade of Chili's fragrant groves;
 Or warrior-tribes with rites of blood implore,
 Whose night-fires gleam along the sullen shore
 Of Huron or Ontario, inland seas,⁴

¹ Vast indeed must be those dismal regions, if it be true, as conjectured (Kircher, *Mund. Subt.* I. 202), that Etna, in her eruptions, has discharged twenty times her original bulk. Well might she be called by Euripides (*Troades*, v. 222) the *Mother of Mountains*; yet Etna herself is but "a mere firework, when compared to the burning summits of the Andes."

² Gods, yet confessed later.—Milton.—"Ils ne laissent pas d'en être les esclaves, et de les honorer plus que le grand Esprit, qui de sa nature est bon.—Lafitau.

³ Rivers of South America. Their collision with the tide has the effect of a tempest.

⁴ Lakes of North America. Huron is above a thousand miles in circumference. Ontario receives the waters of the Niagara, so famous for its falls; and discharges itself into the Atlantic by the river St. Lawrence.

What time the song of death is in the breeze !

* * * * *

'Twas now in dismal pomp and order due,
While the vast concave flashed with lightnings
blue,

On shining pavements of metallic ore,
That many an age the fusing sulphur bore,
They held high council. All was silence round,
When, with a voice most sweet yet most profound,
A sovereign Spirit burst the gates of night,
And from his wings of gold shook drops of liquid
light !

Merion, commissioned with his host to sweep
From age to age the melancholy deep !
Chief of the Zemi, whom the Isles obeyed,
By Ocean severed from a world of shade.¹

I.

“ Prepare, again prepare,
Thus o'er the soul the thrilling accents came,
“ Thrones to resign for lakes of living flame,
And triumph for despair.
He, on whose call afflicting thunders wait,
Has willed it ; and his will is fate !
In vain the legions, emulous to save,
Hung in the tempest o'er the troubled main ;²
Turned each presumptuous prow that broke the
wave,
And dashed it on its shores again.
All is fulfilled ! Behold, in close array,
What mighty banners stream in the bright track
of day !

* * * * *

¹ La plupart de ces îles ne sont en effet que des pointes de montagnes : et la mer, qui est au-delà, est une vraie mer Méditerranée. — BUFFON.

² The dominion of a bad angel over an unknown sea, *infestandole con torbellinos y tempestades*, and his flight before a Christian hero, are described in glowing language by Ovalle — *Hist. de Chile*, IV. 8.

* * * * *

II.

‘No voice as erst shall in the desert rise ;
 Nor ancient, dread solemnities
 With scorn of death the trembling tribes inspire.
 Wreaths for the Conqueror’s brow the victims
 bind !

Yet, tho’ we fled yon firmament of fire,
 Still shall we fly, all hope of rule resigned ? ”

* * * * *

He spoke ; and all was silence, all was night !
 Each had already winged his formidable flight.

CANTO IV.

THE VOYAGE CONTINUED.

* * * * *



H, why look back, tho’ all is left behind ?

No sounds of life are stirring in the wind.—

And you, ye birds, winging your passage home,
 How blest ye are !—We know not where we roam.
 We go,” they cried, “ go to return no more ;
 Nor ours, alas, the transport to explore
 A human footstep on a desert shore !”

* * * * *

—Still, as beyond this mortal life impelled
 By some mysterious energy, He held
 His everlasting course. Still self-possessed,
 High on the deck He stood, disdaining rest ;
 (His amber chain the only badge he bore,
 His mantle blue such as his fathers wore)

Fathomed, with searchiug hand, the dark profound,

And scattered hope and glad assurance round ;
Tho' like some strange portentous dream, the Past
Still hovered, and the cloudless sky o'er cast.

At day-break might the Caravels¹ be seen,
Chasing their shadows o'er the deep serene ;
Their burnished prows lashed by the sparkling tide,
Their green-cross standards waving far and wide.
And now once more to better thoughts inclined,
The sea-man, mounting, clamoured in the wind.

The soldier told his tales of love and war ;

The courtier sung—sung to his gay guitar.

Round, at Primero, sate a whiskered band ;

So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land !²

Leon, Montalvan, (serving side by side ;

Two with one soul—and, as they lived, they died)

Vasco, the brave, thrice found among the slain, }
Thrice, and how soon, up and in arms again, }
As soon to wish he had been sought in vain, }

Chained down in Fez, beneath the bitter thong,

To the hard bench and heavy oar so long !

Albert of Florence, who, at twilight-time,

In my rapt ear poured Dante's tragic rhyme,

Screened by the sail as near the mast we lay,

Our nights illumined by the ocean-spray ;

And Manfred, who espoused with jewelled ring

Young Isabel, then left her sorrowing :

Lerma " the generous," Avila " the proud " ;³

Velasquez, Garcia, thro' the echoing crowd

Traced by their mirth—from Ebro's classic shore,

From golden Tajo, to return no more !

¹ Light vessels, formerly used by the Spaniards and Portuguese.

² Among those, who went with Columbus, were many adventurers, and gentlemen of the court. Primero was the game then in fashion.—See Vega, p. 2, lib. iii. c. 9.

³ Many such appellations occur in Bernal Diaz, c. 204.

CANTO V.

THE VOYAGE CONTINUED.

* * * * *



ET who but He undaunted could explore¹

A world of waves, a sea without a shore,

Trackless and vast and wild as that revealed
 When round the Ark the birds of tempest wheeled;
 When all was still in the destroying hour—
 No sign of man! no vestige of his power!
 One at the stern before the hour-glass stood,
 As 'twere to count the sands; one o'er the flood
 Gazed for St. Elmo;² while another cried
 "Once more good morrow!" and sate down and
 sighed.

Day, when it came, came only with its light.
 Though long invoked, 'twas sadder than the night!
 Look where He would, for ever as He turned,
 He met the eye of one that inly mourned.

Then sunk his generous spirit, and He wept.
 The friend, the father rose; the hero slept.
 Palos, thy port, with many a pang resigned,
 Filled with its busy scenes his lonely mind;
 The solemn march, the vows in concert given,³

¹ Many sighed and wept; and every hour seemed a year, says Herrera.—I. i. 9 and 10.

² A luminous appearance of good omen.

³ His public procession to the convent of La Rábida on the day before he set sail. It was there that his sons had received their education; and he himself appears to have passed some time there, the venerable Guardian, Juan Perez de Marchena, being his zealous and affectionate friend.—The ceremonies of his departure and return are represented in many of the fresco-paintings in the palaces of Genoa.

The bended knees and lifted hands to heaven,
 The incensed rites, and choral harmonies,
 The Guardian's blessings mingling with his sighs;
 While his dear boys—ah, on his neck they hung,¹
 And long at parting to his garments clung.

Oft in the silent night-watch doubt and fear
 Broke in uncertain murmurs on his ear.

Oft the stern Catalan, at noon of day,
 Muttered dark threats, and lingered to obey;
 Tho' that brave Youth—he, whom his courser
 bore

Right thro' the midst, when, fetlock-deep in gore,
 The great Gonsalvo² battled with the Moor,
 (What time the Alhambra shook—soon to unfold
 Its sacred courts, and fountains yet untold,
 Its holy texts and arabesques of gold)

Tho' Roldan, sleep and death to him alike,
 Grasped his good sword and half unsheathed to
 strike.

'Oh born to wander with your flocks,' he cried,
 "And bask and dream along the mountain-side;
 To urge your mules, tinkling from hill to hill;
 Or at the vintage-feast to drink your fill,
 And strike your castanets, with gipsy-maid
 Dancing Fandangos in the chestnut shade—
 Come on," he cried, and threw his glove in scorn,
 "Not this your wonted pledge, the brimming horn.
 Valiant in peace! Adventurous at home!

¹ "But I was most afflicted, when I thought of my two sons, whom I had left behind me in a strange country . . . before I had done, or at least could be known to have done, any thing which might incline your highnesses to remember them. And though I consoled myself with the reflection that our Lord would not suffer so earnest an endeavour for the exaltation of his church to come to nothing, yet I considered that, on account of my unworthiness," &c. —*Hist. c. 37.*

² Gonsalvo, or, as he is called in Castilian, Gonzalo Hernandez de Cordova; already known by the name of The Great Captain. Granada surrendered on the 2nd of January, 1492. Columbus set sail on the 3rd of August following.

Oh, had ye vowed with pilgrim-staff to roam ;
 Or with banditti sought the sheltering wood,
 Where mouldering crosses mark the scene of
 blood !—”

He said, he drew ; then, at his Master's frown,
 Sullenly sheathed, plunging the weapon down.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

CANTO VI.

THE FLIGHT OF AN ANGEL OF DARKNESS.

WAR and the Great in War let others
 sing,
 Havoc and spoil, and tears and trium-
 phing ;

The morning-march that flashes to the sun,
 The feast of vultures when the day is done ;
 And the strange tale of many slain for one !
 I sing a Man, amid his sufferings here,
 Who watched and served in humbleness and fear ;
 Gentle to others, to himself severe.

Still unsubdued by Danger's varying form,
 Still, as unconscious of the coming storm,
 He looked elate ; and, with his wonted smile,
 On the great Ordinance leaning, would beguile
 The hour with talk. His beard, his mien sublime,
 Shadowed by Age—by Age before the time¹
 From many a sorrow borne in many a clime,
 Moved every heart. And now in opener skies
 Stars yet unnamed of purer radiance rise !
 Stars, milder suns, that love a shade to cast,
 And on the bright wave fling the trembling mast !

¹ Hist. c. 3.

Another firmament ! the orbs that roll,
 Singly or clustering, round the Southern pole !
 Not yet the four that glorify the Night—
 Ah, how forget when to my ravished sight
 The Cross shone forth in everlasting light !¹ }

* * * * *
 * * * * *

'Twas the mid hour, when He, whose accents dread
 Still wandered through the regions of the dead,
 (Merion, commissioned with his host to sweep
 From age to age the melancholy deep)
 To elude the seraph-guard that watched for man,
 And mar, as erst, the Eternal's perfect plan,
 Rose like the Condor, and, at towering height,
 In pomp of plumage sailed, deepening the shades
 of night.

Roc of the West ! to him all empire given !²
 Who bears Axalhua's dragon-folds to heaven ;³
 His flight a whirlwind, and, when heard afar,
 Like thunder, or the distant din of war !

Mountains and seas fled backward as he passed
 O'er the great globe, by not a cloud o'er cast
 From the Antarctic, from the Land of Fire⁴

¹ The Cross of the South ; "una Croce maravigliosa, e di tanta bellezza," says Andrea Corsali, a Florentine, writing to Giuliano of Medicis in 1515, "che non mi pare ad alcuno segno celeste doverla comparare. E s'io non m'inganno, credo che sia questo il crusero di che Dante parlò nel principio del Purgatorio *con spirito profetico*, dicendo,

I' mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente
 All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle," &c.

It is still sacred in the eyes of the Spaniards. "Un sentiment religieux les attache à une constellation dont la forme leur rappelle ce signe de la foi planté par leurs ancêtres dans les déserts du nouveau monde."

² Le Condor est le même oiseau que le Roc des Orientaux. Buffon. "By the Peruvians," says Vega, "he was anciently worshipped ; and there were those who claimed their descent from him." In these degenerate days he still ranks above the Eagle.

³ As the Roc of the East is said to have carried off the Elephant. See Marco Polo.—Axalhua, or the Emperor, is the name in the Mexican language for the great serpent of America.

⁴ Tierra del Fuego.

To where Alaska's wintry wilds retire ;¹
 From mines of gold,² and giant-sons of earth,
 To grots of ice, and tribes of pigmy birth
 Who freeze alive, nor, dead, in dust repose,
 High-hung in forests to the casing snows.³

Now mid angelic multitudes he flies,
 That hourly come with blessings from the skies ;
 Wings the blue element, and, borne sublime,
 Eyes the set sun, gilding each distant clime ;
 Then, like a meteor, shooting to the main,
 Melts into pure intelligence again.

* * * * *

CANTO VII.

A MUTINY EXCITED.

WHAT tho' Despondence reigned, and
 wild Affright—
 Stretched in the midst, and, thro' that
 dismal night,
 By his white plume revealed and buskins white,⁴
 Slept Roldan. When he closed his gay career,
 Hope fled for ever, and with Hope fled Fear.
 Blest with each gift indulgent Fortune sends,
 Birth and its rights, wealth and its train of friends,
 Star-like he shone ! Now beggared and alone,
 Danger he wooed, and claimed her for his own.

¹ Northern extremity of the New World. See Cook's last Voyage.

² Mines of Chili ; which extend, says Ovalle, to the Strait of Magellan. I. 4.

³ A custom not peculiar to the Western Hemisphere. The Tunguses of Siberia hang their dead on trees ; "parceque la terre ne se laisse point ouvrir."—M. Pauw.

⁴ Pizarro used to dress in this fashion ; after Gonsalvo, whom he had served under in Italy.

O'er him a Vampire his dark wings displayed.¹
 'Twas Merion's self, covering with dreadful shade.²
 He came, and, couched on Roldan's ample breast,
 Each secret pore of breathing life possessed,
 Fanning the sleep that seemed his final rest; }
 Then, inly gliding like a subtle flame,
 Thrice, with a cry that thrilled the mortal frame,
 Called on the Spirit within. Disdaining flight,
 Calmly she rose, collecting all her might.³
 Dire was the dark encounter! Long unquelled,
 Her sacred seat, sovereign and pure, she held.
 At length the great Foe binds her for his prize,
 And awful, as in death, the body lies!

Not long to slumber! In an evil hour
 Informed and lifted by the unknown Power,
 It starts, it speaks! "We live, we breathe no more!
 The fatal wind blows on the dreary shore!
 On yonder cliffs beckoning their fellow-prey,
 The spectres stalk, and murmur at delay!⁴
 —Yet if thou canst (not for myself I plead!
 Mine but to follow where 'tis thine to lead)
 Oh turn and save! To thee, with streaming eyes,
 To thee each widow kneels, each orphan cries!
 Who now, condemned the lingering hours to tell,
 Think and but think of those they loved so well!"

All melt in tears! but what can tears avail?
 These climb the mast, and shift the swelling sail.
 These snatch the helm; and round me now I hear
 Smiting of hands, out-cries of grief and fear,⁵

¹ A species of Bat in South America; which refreshes by the gentle agitation of its wings, while it sucks the blood of the sleeper, turning his sleep into death.

² Now one,
 Now other, as their shape served best his end.

Undoubtedly, says Herrera, the Infernal Spirit assumed various shapes in that region of the world.

³ —magnum si pectore possit
 Excussisse deum.

⁴ Euripides in *Alcest.*, v. 255.

⁵ Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle.—DANTE.

(That in the aisles at midnight haunt me still,
 'Turning my lonely thoughts from good to ill)
 "Were there no graves—none in our land," they
 cry,

"That thou hast brought us on the deep to die?"

Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak
 His face he muffled—then the Hero spoke.

"Generous and brave! when God himself is here,
 Why shake at shadows in your mid career?

He can suspend the laws himself designed,

He walks the waters, and the wingèd wind;

Himself your guide! and yours the high behest,

To lift your voice, and bid a world be blest!

And can you shrink? to you, to you consigned

The glorious privilege to serve mankind!

Oh had I perished, when my failing frame¹

Clung to the shattered oar mid wrecks of flame!

—Was it for this I lingered life away,

The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey;²

Bowed down my mind, the gift His bounty gave,

At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave?

—Yet in His name whom only we should fear,

('Tis all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear)

Grant but three days"—He spoke not uninspired;³

And each in silence to his watch retired.

¹ His miraculous escape, in early life, during a sea-fight off the coast of Portugal.—*Hist.* c. 5.

² Nudo nocchier, promettitor di regni l
 By the Genoese and the Spaniards he was regarded as a man resolved on "a wild dedication of himself to unpathed waters, undreamed shores;" and the court of Portugal endeavoured to rob him of the glory of his enterprise, by secretly dispatching a vessel in the course which he had pointed out. "Lorsqu'il avait promis un nouvel hémisphère," says Voltaire, "on lui avait soutenu que cet hémisphère ne pouvait exister; et quand il l'eut découvert, on prétendit qu'il avait été connu depuis long-temps."

³ He used to affirm, that he stood in need of God's particular assistance; like Moses, when he led forth the people of Israel, who forbore to lay violent hands upon him, because of the miracles which God wrought by his means. "So," said the Admiral, "did it happen to me on that voyage." *Hist.* c. 19.—"And so easily," says a commentator, "are the workings of the Evil one overcome by the power of God."

At length among us came an unknown Voice !
 " Go, if ye will ; and, if ye can, rejoice.
 Go, with unbidden guests the banquet share.
 In his own shape shall Death receive you there." ¹

CANTO VIII.

LAND DISCOVERED.

TWICE in the zenith blazed the orb of
 light ;
 No shade, all sun, insufferably bright !
 Then the long line found rest—in
 coral groves

Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves :—
 And all on deck, kindling to life again,
 Sent forth their anxious spirits o'er the main.

" Oh whence, as wafted from Elysium, whence
 These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense ?
 These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,
 Tinging with vermeil light the billows blue ?
 And (thrice, thrice blessed is the eye that spied,
 The hand that snatched it sparkling in the tide)
 Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,²
 Symbol of social rites, and intercourse of soul ?"
 Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,
 Who course the ostrich, as away she wings ;
 Sons of the desert ! who delight to dwell
 'Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well ;
 Who, ere the terrors of his pomp be passed,
 Fall to the demon in the redd'ning blast.³

¹ This denunciation, fulfilled as it appears to be in the eleventh canto, may remind the reader of the Harpy's in Virgil.—*Æn.* iii. v. 247.

² *Ex ligno lucido confectum, et arte mirâ laboratum.*—P. MARTYR. dec. i. 5.

³ The Simoon.

The sails were furled: with many a melting close,
 Solemn and slow the evening-anthem rose,
 Rose to the Virgin.¹ 'Twas the hour of day,
 When setting suns o'er summer-seas display
 A path of glory, opening in the west
 To golden climes, and islands of the blest;
 And human voices, on the silent air,
 Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!

Chosen of Men!² 'Twas thine, at noon of night,
 First from the prow to hail the glimmering light;³
 (Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
 Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day!)
 "Pedro! Rodrigo!"⁴ there, methought, it shone!
 There—in the west! and now, alas, 'tis gone!—
 'Twas all a dream! we gaze and gaze in vain!
 —But mark and speak not, there it comes again!
 It moves! what form unseen, what being there
 With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?
 His instincts, passions, say, how like our own?
 Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?"

¹ *Salve, regina.* Herrera, I. i. 12.—It was the usual service, and always sung with great solemnity. "I remember one evening," says Oviedo, "when the ship was in full sail, and all the men were on their knees, singing *Salve, regina,*" &c. *Relacion Sommaria.*—The hymn, *O Sanctissima*, is still to be heard after sunset along the shores of Sicily, and its effect may be better conceived than described.

² I believe that he was *chosen* for this great service; and that, because he was to be so truly an apostle, as in effect he proved to be, therefore was his origin obscure; that therein he might resemble those who were called to make known the name of the Lord from seas and rivers, and not from courts and palaces. And I believe also, that, as in most of his doings he was guarded by some special providence, his very name was not without some mystery; for in it is expressed the wonder he performed; inasmuch as he conveyed to a new world the grace of the Holy Ghost, &c.—*Hist.* c. 1.

³ A light in the midst of darkness, signifying the spiritual light that he came to spread there.—*F. Col.* c. 22. Herrera, I. i. 12.

⁴ Pedro Gutierrez, a Page of the King's Chamber. Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, Comptroller of the Fleet.

CANTO IX.

THE NEW WORLD.

LONG on the deep the mists of morning
lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled
away,

Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods :
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous Man ;
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies ?
“ Glory to God ! ” unnumbered voices sung,
“ Glory to God ! ” the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hailed Creation’s primal morn,
And to the shepherds sang a Saviour born.

Slowly, bare-headed, thro’ the surf we bore
The sacred cross,¹ and, kneeling, kissed the shore.
But what a scene was there ?² Nymphs of ro-
mance,³
Youths graceful as the Faun, with eager glance,

¹ Signifying to the Infernal Powers (al inferno todo) the will of the Most High, that they should renounce a world over which they had tyrannized for so many ages.—Ovalle, iv. 5.

² “ This country excels all others, as far as the day surpasses the night in splendour.—Nor is there a better people in the world. They love their neighbour as themselves ; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable, their faces always smiling ; and so gentle, so affectionate are they, that I swear to your Highnesses,” &c.—*Hist.* c. 30, 33.

³ Dryades formosissimas, aut nativas fontium nymphas de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt.—P. MARTYR, dec. i. lib. v.

And an eminent Painter of the present day, when he first saw the Apollo of the Belvidere, was struck with its resemblance to an American warrior.—WEST’S *Discourses in the Royal Academy*, 1794.

Spring from the glades and down the alleys peep,
 Then head-long rush, bounding from steep to steep,
 And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,
 "Come and behold the Children of the Sun!"¹
 When hark, a signal-shot! The voice, it came
 Over the sea in darkness and in flame!
 They saw, they heard; and up the highest hill,
 As in a picture, all at once were still!
 Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,
 From citadels, with Heaven's own thunder fraught,
 Checked their light footsteps—statue-like they
 stood,
 As worshipped forms, the Genii of the Wood!
 At length the spell dissolves! The warrior's
 lance
 Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance!
 And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state!²
 Still, where it moves, the wise in council wait!
 See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,
 And ebon chair of many a serpent-fold;
 These now exchanged for gifts that thrice surpass
 The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.³
 What long-drawn tube transports the gazer home,
 Kindling with stars at noon the ethereal dome?
 'Tis here: and here circles of solid light
 Charm with another self the cheated sight;
 As man to man another self disclose,
 That now with terror starts, with triumph glows!

¹ So, in like manner, when Cortes and his companions appeared at the gates of Mexico, the young exclaimed, "They are Gods!" while the old shook their heads, saying, "They are those of whom the Prophets spake, and they are come to reign over us!"—Herrera.

² "The Cacique came to the shore in a sort of palanquin—attended by his ancient men.—The gifts, which he received from me, were afterwards carried before him."—*Hist.* c. 32.

³ The ring of Gyges, the lamp of Aladdin, and the horse of the Tartar king.

CANTO X.

CORA—LUXURIANT VEGETATION—THE HUMMING-BIRD—

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

* * * * *



HEN Cora came, the youngest of her
 race,
 And in her hands she hid her lovely
 face ;

Yet oft by stealth a timid glance she cast,
 And now with playful step the Mirror passed,
 Each bright reflection brighter than the last !
 And oft behind it flew, and oft before ;
 The more she searched, pleased and perplexed the
 more !

And looked and laughed, and blushed with quick
 surprise !

Her lips all mirth, all ecstasy her eyes !

But soon the telescope attracts her view ;

And lo, her lover in his light canoe

Rocking, at noontide, on the silent sea,

Before her lies ! It cannot, cannot be.

Late as he left the shore, she lingered there,

Till, less and less, he melted into air !—

Sigh after sigh steals from her gentle frame,

And say—that murmur—was it not his name ?

She turns, and thinks ; and, lost in wild amaze,

Gazes again, and could for ever gaze !

Nor can thy flute, Alonso, now excite

As in Valencia, when, with fond delight,

Francisca, waking, to the lattice flew,

So soon to love and to be wretched too !

Hers thro' a convent-grate to send her last
 adieu.

—Yet who now comes uncalled ; and round and
 round,
 And near and nearer flutters to the sound ;
 Then stirs not, breathes not—on enchanted
 ground ?

Who now lets fall the flowers she culled to wear
 When he, who promised, should at eve be there ;
 And faintly smiles, and hangs her head aside
 The tear that glistens on her cheek to hide ?
 Ah, who but Cora?—till inspired, possessed,
 At once she springs, and clasps it to her breast !

Soon from the bay the mingling crowd ascends,
 Kindred first met ! by sacred instinct Friends !
 Thro' citron-groves, and fields of yellow maize,¹
 Thro' plantain-walks where not a sun-beam plays.
 Here blue savannas fade into the sky.

There forests frown in midnight majesty ;
 Ceiba,² and Indian fig, and plane sublime,
 Nature's first-born, and revered by Time !
 There sits the bird that speaks !³ there, quivering,
 rise

Wings that reflect the glow of evening skies !
 Half bird, half fly,⁴ the fairy king of flowers⁵
 Reigns there, and revels thro' the fragrant hours ;
 Gem full of life, and joy, and song divine,
 Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine.⁶

'Twas he that sung, if ancient Fame speaks
 truth,

“ Come ! follow, follow to the Fount of Youth !

¹ *Ætas est illis aurea. Apertis vivunt hortis.*—P. MARTYR. dec. i. 3.

² The wild cotton tree, often mentioned in History. “Cortes,” says Bernal Diaz, “took possession of the country in the following manner. Drawing his sword, he gave three cuts with it into a great Ceiba, and said—”

³ The Parrot, as described by Aristotle, *Hist. Animal.* viii. 12.

⁴ Here are birds so small, says Herrera, that, though they are birds, they are taken for bees or butterflies.

⁵ The Humming-bird. Kakopit (*florum regulus*) is the name of an Indian bird, referred to this class by Seba.

⁶ Il sert après sa mort à parer les jeunes Indiennes, qui portent en pendans d'oreilles deux de ces charmans oiseaux.—BUFFON.

I quaff the ambrosial mists that round it rise,
 Dissolved and lost in dreams of Paradise!"
 For there called forth, to bless a happier hour,
 It met the sun in many a rainbow-shower!
 Murmuring delight, its living waters rolled
 'Mid branching palms and amaranths of gold!¹

CANTO XI.

EVENING—A BANQUET—THE GHOST OF CAZZIVA.



HE tamarind closed her leaves; the
 marmoset
 Dreamed on his bough, and played the
 mimic yet.

Fresh from the lake the breeze of twilight blew,
 And vast and deep the mountain-shadows grew;
 When many a fire-fly, shooting thro' the glade,
 Spangled the locks of many a lovely maid,
 Who now danced forth to strew our path with
 flowers

And hymn our welcome to celestial bowers.²

There odorous lamps adorned the festal rite,
 And guavas blushed as in the vales of light.³

There silent sate many an unbidden Guest,⁴
 Whose steadfast looks a secret dread impressed;
 Not there forgot the sacred fruit that fed

¹ According to an ancient tradition. See Oviedo, Vega, Herrera, &c. Not many years afterwards a Spaniard of distinction wandered everywhere in search of it; and no wonder, as Robertson observes, when Columbus himself could imagine that he had found the seat of Paradise.

² P. Martyr, dec. i.

³ They believed that the souls of good men were conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding in guavas and other delicious fruits. Herrera, I. iii. 3. Hist. del Almirante, c. 62.

⁴ "The dead walk abroad in the night, and feast with the living;" (F. Columbus, c. 62) and "eat of the fruit called Guannàba." P. Martyr, dec. i. 9.

At nightly feasts the Spirits of the Dead,
Mingling in scenes that mirth to mortals give,
But by their sadness known from those that live

There met, as erst, within the wonted grove,
Unmarried girls and youths that died for love !
Sons now beheld their ancient sires again ;
And sires, alas, their sons in battle slain !

But whence that sigh ? 'Twas from a heart
that broke !

And whence that voice ? As from the grave it
spoke !

And who, as unresolved the feast to share,
Sits half-withdrawn in faded splendour there ?
'Tis he of yore, the warrior and the sage,
Whose lips have moved in prayer from age to age ;
Whose eyes, that wandered as in search before,
Now on Columbus fixed—to search no more !
Cazziva,¹ gifted in his day to know
The gathering signs of a long night of woe ;
Gifted by Those who give but to enslave ;
No rest in death ! no refuge in the grave
—With sudden spring as at the shout of war,
He flies ! and, turning in his flight, from far
Glares thro' the gloom like some portentous star !
Unseen, unheard ! Hence, Minister of Ill !²
Hence, 'tis not yet the hour ! tho' come it will !
They that foretold—too soon shall they fulfil ;³
When forth they rush as with the torrent's
sweep,⁴

And deeds are done that make the Angels weep !

¹ An ancient Cacique, in his life-time and after his death, employed by the Zemi to alarm his people.—See Hist. c. 62.

² The Author is speaking in his inspired character. Hidden things are revealed to him, and placed before his mind as if they were present.

³ Nor could they (the Powers of Darkness) have more effectually prevented the progress of the Faith, than by desolating the New World ; by burying nations alive in mines, or consigning them in all their errors to the sword.—*Relacion de B. DE LAS CASAS.*

⁴ Not man alone, but many other animals became extinct there.

Hark, o'er the busy mead the shell proclaims ¹
 Triumphs, and masques, and high heroic games.
 And now the old sit round; and now the young
 Climb the green boughs, the murmuring doves
 among.

Who claims the prize, when winged feet contend;
 When twanging bows the flaming arrows send? ²
 Who stands self-centred in the field of fame,
 And, grappling, flings to earth a giant's frame?
 Whilst all, with anxious hearts and eager eyes,
 Bend as he bends, and, as he rises, rise!
 And Cora's self, in pride of beauty here,
 Trembles with grief and joy, and hope and fear!
 (She who, the fairest, ever flew the first,
 With cup of balm to quench his burning thirst;
 Knelt at his head, her fan-leaf in her hand,
 And hummed the air that pleased him, while she
 fanned)

How blest his lot!—tho', by the Muse unsung,
 His name shall perish, when his knell is rung.

That night, transported, with a sigh I said
 "'Tis all a dream!"—Now, like a dream, 'tis
 fled;


And many and many a year has passed away,
 And I alone remain to watch and pray!
 Yet oft in darkness, on my bed of straw,
 Oft I awake and think on what I saw!
 The groves, the birds, the youths, the nymphs
 recall,
 And Cora, loveliest, sweetest of them all!

¹ P. Martyr, dec. iii. c. 7.

² Rochefort, c. xx.

CANTO XII.

A VISION.

TILL would I speak of Him before I
 went,
 Who among us a life of sorrow spent,
 And, dying, left a world his monu-
 ment ;
 Still, if the time allowed ! My Hour draws near ;
 But He will prompt me when I faint with fear.
 . . . Alas, He hears me not ! He cannot hear !

Twice the Moon filled her silver urn with light.
 Then from the Throne an Angel winged his
 flight ;

He, who unfixed the compass, and assigned
 O'er the wild waves a pathway to the wind ;
 Who, while approached by none but Spirits pure,
 Wrought, in his progress thro' the dread obscure,
 Signs like the ethereal bow—that shall endure !¹

As he descended thro' the upper air,
 Day broke on day² as God himself were there !
 Before the great Discoverer, laid to rest,
 He stood, and thus his secret soul addressed.³

“ The wind recalls thee ; its still voice obey.
 Millions await thy coming ; hence, away.
 To thee blest tidings of great joy consigned,

¹ It is remarkable that these phenomena still remain among the mysteries of nature.

² E di subito parve giorno a giorno
 Essere aggiunto, come quei, che puote,
 Avesse 'l Ciel d' un altro Sole adorno.

Paradiso, I. 61.

³ Te tua fata docebo.—VIRG.
 Saprai di tua vita il viaggio.—DANTE.

Another Nature, and a new Mankind !
 The vain to dream, the wise to doubt shall cease ;
 Young men be glad, and old depart in peace !¹
 Hence ! tho' assembling in the fields of air,
 Now, in a night of clouds, thy Foes prepare
 To rock the globe with elemental wars,
 And dash the floods of ocean to the stars ;²
 To bid the meek repine, the valiant weep,
 And Thee restore thy Secret to the Deep !³

“ Not then to leave Thee ! to their vengeance
 cast,
 Thy heart their aliment, their dire repast !⁴
 * * * * *

To other eyes shall Mexico unfold
 Her feathered tapestries, and roofs of gold,
 To other eyes, from distant cliff descried,⁵
 Shall the Pacific roll his ample tide ;
 There destined soon rich argosies to ride. }
 Chains thy reward ! beyond the Atlantic wave
 Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy grave !⁶
 Thy reverend form⁷ to time and grief a prey,
 A spectre wandering in the light of day !⁸

¹ P. Martyr, Epist. 133, 152.

² When he entered the Tagus, all the seamen ran from all parts to behold, as it were some wonder, a ship that had escaped so terrible a storm.—*Hist.* c. 40.

³ I wrote on a parchment that I had discovered what I had promised ;—and, having put it into a cask, I threw it into the sea.—*Ibid.* c. 37.

⁴ See the Eumenides of Æschylus, v. 305, &c.

⁵ Balboa immediately concluded it to be the ocean for which Columbus had searched in vain ; and when, at length, after a toilsome march among the mountains, his guides pointed out to him the summit from which it might be seen, he commanded his men to halt, and *went up alone*.—*HERRERA*, I. x. 1.

⁶ I always saw them in this room, and he ordered them to be buried with his body.—*Hist.* c. 86.

⁷ His person, says Herrera, had an air of grandeur. His hair, from many hardships, had long been grey. In him you saw a man of an unconquerable courage, and high thoughts ; patient of wrongs, calm in adversity, ever trusting in God ;—and, had he lived in ancient times, statues and temples would have been erected to him without number, and his name would have been placed among the stars.

⁸ See the Eumenides of Æschylus, v. 246.

“ What tho’ thy grey hairs to the dust descend,
Their scent shall track thee, track thee to the
end ;

Thy sons reproached with their great father’s
fame,¹

And on his world inscribed another’s name !

That world a prison-house, full of sights of woe,
Where groans burst forth, and tears in torrents
flow !

These gardens of the sun, sacred to song,

By dogs of carnage,² howling loud and long,

Swept—till the voyager, in the desert air,³

Starts back to hear his altered accents there !⁴

“ Not thine the olive, but the sword to bring,
Not peace, but war ! Yet from these shores shall
spring

Peace without end ;⁵ from these, with blood
defiled,

Spread the pure spirit of thy Master mild !

Here, in His train, shall arts and arms attend,

Arts to adorn, and arms but to defend.

Assembling here, all nations shall be blest ;

The sad be comforted ; the weary rest ;

Untouched shall drop the fetters from the slave ;

And He shall rule the world He died to save !

“ Hence, and rejoice. The glorious work is
done.

¹ “ There go the sons of him who discovered those fatal countries,”
&c.—*Hist.* c. 85.

² One of these, on account of his extraordinary sagacity and
fierceness, received the full allowance of a soldier. His name was
Berezillo.

³ With my own eyes I saw kingdoms as full of people, as hives are
full of bees ; and now where are they ?—LAS CASAS.

⁴ No unusual effect of an exuberant vegetation. “ The air was so
vitiated,” says an African traveller, “ that our torches burnt dim, and
seemed ready to be extinguished ; and even the human voice lost its
natural tone.”

⁵ See Washington’s farewell address to his fellow-citizens.

A spark is thrown that shall eclipse the sun !
 And, tho' bad men shall long thy course pursue,
 As erst the ravening brood o'er chaos flew,¹
 He, whom I serve, shall vindicate his reign ;
 The spoiler spoiled of all ;² the slayer slain ;³
 The tyrant's self, oppressing and opprest,
 Mid gems and gold unenvied and unblest ;⁴
 While to the starry sphere thy name shall rise,
 (Not there unsung thy generous enterprise !)
 Thine in all hearts to dwell—by Fame enshrined
 With those, the Few, that live but for Mankind ;
 Thine evermore, transcendent happiness !
 World beyond world to visit and to bless."

On the two last leaves, and written in another hand, are some stanzas in the romance or ballad measure of the Spaniards. The subject is an adventure soon related.

Thy lonely watch-tower, Larenille,
 Had lost the western sun ;
 And loud and long from hill to hill
 Echoed the evening-gun,
 When Hernan, rising on his oar,
 Shot like an arrow from the shore.
 —" Those lights are on St. Mary's Isle ;

¹ See *Paradise Lost*, x.

² Cortes. A peine put-il obtenir audience de Charles-Quint : un jour il fendit la presse qui entourait le coche de l'empereur, et monta sur l'étrier de la portière. Charles demanda quel était cet homme ; " C'est," répondit Cortes, " celui qui vous a donné plus d'états que vos pères ne vous ont laissé de villes."—VOLTAIRE.

³ " Almost all," says Las Casas, " have perished. The innocent blood, which they had shed, cried aloud for vengeance ; the sighs, the tears of so many victims went up before God."

⁴ L'Espagne faisait comme ce roi insensé qui demanda que tout ce qu'il toucheroit se convertît en or, et qui fut obligé de revenir aux dieux pour les prier de finir sa misère.—MONTESQUIEU.

They glimmer from the sacred pile.”¹
 The waves were rough ; the hour was late.
 But soon across the Tinto borne,
 Thrice he blew the signal-horn,
 He blew and would not wait.
 Home by his dangerous path he went ;
 Leaving, in rich habiliment,
 Two Strangers at the Convent gate.

They ascended by steps hewn out in the rock ;
 and, having asked for admittance, were lodged
 there.

Brothers in arms the Guests appeared ;
 The Youngest with a Princely grace !
 Short and sable was his beard,
 Thoughtful and wan his face.
 His velvet cap a medal bore,
 And ermine fringed his broidered vest ;
 And, ever sparkling on his breast,
 An image of St. John he wore.²

The Eldest had a rougher aspect, and there was
 craft in his eye. He stood a little behind in a
 long black mantle, his hand resting on the hilt of
 his sword ; and his white hat and white shoes
 glittered in the moon-shine.³

“ Not here unwelcome, tho’ unknown.
 Enter and rest !” the Friar said.
 The moon, that thro’ the portal shone,
 Shone on his reverend head.
 ‘Thro’ many a court and gallery dim
 Slowly he led, the burial-hymn

¹ The Convent of La Rábida.

² See Bernal Diaz, c. 203 ; and also a well-known portrait of
 Cortes, ascribed to Titian. Cortes was now in the 43d, Pizarro in
 the 50th year of his age.

³ Augustin Zaratè, lib. iv. c. 9.

Swelling from the distant choir.
 But now the holy men retire ;
 The arched cloisters issuing thro',
 In long long order, two and two.

* * * * *

When other sounds had died away,
 And the waves were heard alone,
 They entered, tho' unused to pray,
 Where God was worshipped, night and day.
 And the dead knelt round in stone ;
 They entered, and from aisle to aisle
 Wandered with folded arms awhile,
 Where on his altar-tomb reclined
 The crosiered Abbot ; and the Knight
 In harness for the Christian fight,
 His hands in supplication joined ;—
 Then said as in a solemn mood,
 " Now stand we where Columbus stood ! "

* * * * *

" Perez,¹ thou good old man," they cried,
 " And art thou in thy place of rest ?—
 Tho' in the western world his grave,²
 That other world, the gift he gave,³
 Would ye were sleeping side by side!
 Of all his friends He loved thee best."

* * * * *

* * * * *

The supper in the chamber done,
 Much of a Southern Sea they spake,
 And of that glorious City⁴ won
 Near the setting of the Sun,
 Throned in a silver lake ;

¹ Late Superior of the House.

² In the chancel of the cathedral of St. Domingo.

³ The words of the epitaph,

" A Castilia y a Leon
 Nuevo Mundo dió Colon."

⁴ Mexico.

Of seven kings in chains of gold¹
 And deeds of death by tongue untold,
 Deeds such as breathed in secret there
 Had shaken the Confession-chair !

The Eldest swore by our Lady,² the Youngest by his conscience ;³ while the Franciscan, sitting by in his grey habit, turned away and crossed himself again and again. "Here is a little book," said he at last, "the work of him in his shroud below. It tells of things you have mentioned ; and, were Cortes and Pizarro here, it might perhaps make them reflect for a moment." The Youngest smiled as he took it into his hand. He read it aloud to his companion with an unflinching voice ; but, when he laid it down, a silence ensued ; nor was he seen to smile again that night.⁴ "The curse is heavy," said he at parting, "but Cortes may live to disappoint it."—"Ay, and Pizarro too !"

* * * A circumstance, recorded by Herrera, renders this visit not improbable. "In May, 1528, Cortes arrived unexpectedly at Palos ; and, soon after he had landed, he and Pizarro met and rejoiced ; and it was remarkable that they should meet, as they were two of the most renowned men in the world." B. Diaz makes no mention of the interview ; but, relating an occurrence that took place at this time in Palos, says, "that Cortes was now absent at Nuestra Señora de la Rábida." The Convent is within half a league of the town.

¹ Afterwards the arms of Cortes and his descendants.

² Fernandez, lib. ii. c. 63.

³ B. Diaz, c. 203.

⁴ "After the death of Guatimotzin," says B. Diaz, "he became gloomy and restless ; rising continually from his bed, and wandering about in the dark."—"Nothing prospered with him ; and it was ascribed to the curses he was loaded with."

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 61, line 12.

What vast foundations in the Abyss are there.

TASSO employs preternatural agents on a similar occasion,

Trapassa, et ecco in quel silvestre loco
Sorge improvvisa la città del foco.—xiii. 33.

Gli incanti d' Ismeno, che ingannano con delusioni, altro non significano, che la falsità delle ragioni, et delle persuasioni, la qual si genera nella moltitudine, et varietà de' pareri, et de' discorsi humani.

Page 61, line 14.

Atlantic kings their barbarous pomp displayed.

See Plato's *Timæus*; where mention is made of mighty kingdoms, which, in a day and a night, had disappeared in the Atlantic, rendering its waters unnavigable.

Si quæras Helicen et Burin, Achaidas urbes,
Invenies sub aquis.

At the destruction of Callao, in 1747, no more than one of all the inhabitants escaped; and he, by a providence the most extraordinary. This man was on the fort that overlooked the harbour, going to strike the flag, when he perceived the sea to retire to a considerable distance; and then, swelling mountain-high, it returned with great violence. The people ran from their houses in terror and confusion: he heard a cry of *Miserere* rise from all parts of the city; and immediately all was silent; the sea had entirely overwhelmed it, and buried it for ever in its bosom: but the same wave that destroyed it, drove a little boat by the place where he stood, into which he threw himself and was saved.

Page 62, line 1.

We stop to stir no more . . .

The description of a submarine forest is here omitted by the translator.

League beyond league gigantic foliage spread,
 Shadowing old Ocean on his rocky bed;
 The lofty summits of resounding woods,
 That grasped the depths, and grappled with the floods;
 Such as had climbed the mountain's azure height,
 When forth he came and reassumed his right.

Page 66, line 1.

No voice as erst shall in the desert rise.

Alluding to the oracles of the Islanders, so soon to become silent: and particularly to a prophecy, delivered down from their ancestors, and sung with loud lamentations (Petr. Martyr. dec. 3. lib. 7) at their solemn festivals (Herrera, I. iii. 4), that the country would be laid waste on the arrival of strangers, completely clad, from a region near the rising of the sun. Ibid. II. 5. 2. It is said that Caz-ziva, a great Cacique, after long fasting and many ablutions, had an interview with one of the Remi, who announced to him this terrible event (Hist. c. 62), as the oracles of Latona, according to Herodotus (II. 152), predicted the overthrow of eleven kings in Egypt, on the appearance of men of brass, risen out of the sea.

Nor did this prophecy exist among the Islanders alone. It influenced the councils of Montezuma, and extended almost universally over the forests of America. Cortes. Herrera. Gomara. "The demons, whom they worshipped," says Acosta, "in this instance told them the truth."

Page 66, line 7.

He spoke; and all was silence, all was night!

These scattered fragments may be compared to shreds of old arras, or reflections from a river broken and confused by the oar; and now and then perhaps the imagination of the reader may supply more than is lost. Si qua latent, meliora putat. "It is remarkable," says the elder Pliny, "that the Iris of Aristides, the Tyndarides of Nicomachus, and the Venus of Apelles, are held in higher admiration than their finished works." And is it not so in almost everything?

Call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold.

Page 67, line 11.

The soldier, &c.

In the *Lusiad*, to beguile the heavy hours at sea, Veloso relates to his companions of the second watch the story of the Twelve Knights.—L. vi.

Page 69, line 16.

Tho' Roldan, &c.

Probably a soldier of fortune. There were more than one of the name on board.

Page 70, line 6.

War and the Great in War let others sing.

Not but that in the profession of Arms there are at all times many noble natures. Let a soldier of the Age of Elizabeth speak for those who had commanded under him, those whom he calls "the chief men of action."

"Now that I have tried them, I would choose them for friends, if I had them not: before I had tried them, God and his providence chose them for me. I love them for mine own sake; for I find sweetness in their conversation, strong assistance in their employments with me, and happiness in their friendship. I love them for their virtue's sake, and for their greatness of mind (for little minds, though never so full of virtue, can be but a little virtuous), and for their great understanding: for to understand little things, or things not of use, is little better than to understand nothing at all. I love them for their affections; for self-loving men love ease, pleasure, and profit; but they that love pains, danger, and fame, show that they love public profit more than themselves. I love them for my country's sake: for they are England's best armour of defence, and weapons of offence. If we may have peace, they have purchased it: if we must have war, they must manage it," &c.

Page 72, line 13.

. . . *and, thro' that dismal night.*

"*Aquella noche triste.*" The night on which Cortes made his famous retreat from Mexico through the street of Tlacopan, still goes by the name of LA NOCHE TRISTE.—Humboldt.

Page 73, line 6.

Then, inly gliding, &c.

Many a modern reader will exclaim in the language of Pococurantè, "Quelle triste extravagance!" Let a great theologian of that day, a monk of the Augustine order, be consulted on the subject. "Corpus ille perimere vel jugulare potest; nec id modò, verùm et animam ita urgere, et in angustum coarctare novit, ut in momento quoque illi excedendum sit."—LUTHERUS, *De Missa Privata*.

The Roman ritual requires three signs of possession.

Page 74, line 13.

And can you shrink? &c.

The same language had been addressed to Isabella.—*Hist.* c. 15.

Page 78, line 21.

What long-drawn tube, &c.

For the effects of the telescope, and the mirror, on an uncultivated mind, see WALLIS'S *Voyage Round the World*, c. 2 and 6.

Page 80, line 21.

Reigns there, and revels, &c.

There also was heard the wild cry of the Flamingo.

What clarion winds along the yellow sands?
Far in the deep the giant-fisher stands,
Folding his wings of flame.

Page 82, line 7.

And sires, alas, their sons in battle slain!

War reverses the order of Nature. In time of peace, says Herodotus, the sons bury their fathers; in time of war the fathers bury their sons! But the Gods have willed it so. I. 87.

Page 84, line 2.

Who among us a life of sorrow spent.

For a summary of his life and character see "An Account of the European Settlements."—P. I. c. 8. Of Him it

might have been said as it was afterwards said of Bacon, and a nobler tribute there could not be—"In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole for him in a word or syllable, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."—B. JONSON.

Page 85, line 20.

A spectre wandering in the light of day!

See the Agamemnon of Æschylus, v. 82.

Page 86, line 15.

Here, in His train, shall arts and arms attend.

"There are those alive," said an illustrious orator, "whose memory might touch the two extremities. Lord Bathurst, in 1704, was of an age to comprehend such things—and, if his angel had then drawn up the curtain, and while he was gazing with admiration, had pointed out to him a speck and told him, 'Young man, there is America—which, at this day, serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death,' " &c.—BURKE in 1775.

Page 86, line 17.

Assembling here, &c.

How simple were the manners of the early colonists! The first ripening of any European fruit was distinguished by a family-festival. Garcilasso de la Vega relates how his dear father, the valorous Andres, collected together in his chamber seven or eight gentlemen to share with him three asparaguses, the first that ever grew on the table-land of Cusco. When the operation of dressing was over (and it is minutely described) he distributed the two largest among his friends; begging that the company would not take it ill, if he reserved the third for himself, *as it was a thing from Spain.*

North America became instantly an asylum for the oppressed; huguenots, and catholics, and sects of every name and country. Such were the first settlers in Carolina and Maryland, Pennsylvania and New England. Nor is South America altogether without a claim to the title. Even now,

while I am writing, the ancient house of Braganza is on its passage across the Atlantic,

Cum sociis, natoque, Penatibus, et magnis dis.

Page 86, line 19.

Untouched shall drop the fetters from the slave.

Je me transporte quelquefois au-delà d'un siècle. J'y vois le bonheur à côté de l'industrie, la douce tolérance remplaçant la farouche inquisition; j'y vois un jour de fête; Péruviens, Mexicains, Américains libres, François s'embrasant comme des frères, et bénissant le règne de la liberté, qui doit amener partout une harmonie universelle.—Mais les mines, les esclaves, que deviendront-ils? Les mines se fermeront; les esclaves seront les frères de leurs maîtres.—
BRISSOT,

There is a prophetic stanza, written a century ago by Bp. Berkeley, which I must quote, though I may suffer by the comparison.

Westward the course of empire takes its way.

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day.

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Page 89, line 12.

Where on his altar-tomb, &c.

An Interpolation.

Page 89, line 15.

Tho' in the western world His grave.

An Anachronism. The body of Columbus was not yet removed from Seville.

It is almost unnecessary to point out another in the Ninth Canto. The telescope was not then in use; though described long before with great accuracy by Roger Bacon.

JACQUELINE.¹

1813.

I.



WAS Autumn; thro' Provence had
ceased

The vintage, and the vintage-feast.
The sun had set behind the hill,

The moon was up, and all was still,
And from the Convent's neighbouring tower
The clock had tolled the midnight-hour,
When Jacqueline came forth alone,
Her kerchief o'er her tresses thrown;
A guilty thing and full of fears,
Yet ah, how lovely in her tears!
She starts, and what has caught her eye?
What—but her shadow gliding by?
She stops, she pants; with lips apart
She listens—to her beating heart!
Then, thro' the scanty orchard stealing,
The clustering boughs her track concealing,
She flies, nor casts a thought behind,
But gives her terrors to the wind;
Flies from her home, the humble sphere
Of all her joys and sorrows here,
Her father's house of mountain-stone,
And by a mountain-vine o'ergrown.
At such an hour in such a night,
So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,
Who would have seen, and not confessed
It looked as all within were blest?
What will not woman, when she loves?

¹ [This poem was first published in the same volume with Lord Byron's Lara. Neither author then put his name to his poem. The date is marked as 1814 in the author's handwriting, in the copy of ed. 1839, in the British Museum.—ED.]

Yet lost, alas, who can restore her ?—
 She lifts the latch, the wicket moves ;
 And now the world is all before her.

Up rose St. Pierre, when morning shone ;
 —And Jacqueline, his child, was gone !
 Oh what the madd'ning thought that came ?
 Dishonour coupled with his name !
 By Condé at Rocroy he stood ;
 By Turenne, when the Rhine ran blood.
 Two banners of Castile he gave
 Aloft in Notre Dame to wave ;
 Nor did thy cross, St. Louis, rest
 Upon a purer, nobler breast.
 He slung his old sword by his side,
 And snatched his staff and rushed to save ;
 Then sunk—and on his threshold cried,
 “ Oh lay me in my grave !
 —Constance ! Claudine ! where were ye then ?
 But stand not there. Away ! away !
 Thou, Frederic, by thy father stay.
 Though old, and now forgot of men,
 Both must not leave him in a day.”
 Then, and he shook his hoary head,
 “ Unhappy in thy youth !” he said.
 “ Call as thou wilt, thou call'st in vain ;
 No voice sends back thy name again.
 To mourn is all thou hast to do ;
 Thy play-mate lost, and teacher too.”

And who but she could soothe the boy,
 Or turn his tears to tears of joy ?
 Long had she kissed him as he slept,
 Long o'er his pillow hung and wept ;
 And, as she passed her father's door,
 She stood as she would stir no more.
 But she is gone, and gone for ever !
 No, never shall they clasp her—never !
 They sit and listen to their fears ;

And he, who thro' the breach had led
Over the dying and the dead,
Shakes if a cricket's cry he hears !

Oh ! she was good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her !
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.
When little, and her eyes, her voice,
Her every gesture said “rejoice,”
Her coming was a gladness ;
And, as she grew, her modest grace,
Her down-cast look 'twas heaven to trace,
When, shading with her hand her face,
She half inclined to sadness.
Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted ;
Like music to the heart it went.
And her dark eyes—how eloquent !
Ask what they would, 'twas granted.
Her father loved her as his fame ;
—And Bayard's self had done the same !

Soon as the sun the glittering pane
On the red floor in diamonds threw,
His songs she sung and sung again,
Till the last light withdrew.
Every day, and all day long,
He mused or slumbered to a song.
But she is dead to him, to all !
Her lute hangs silent on the wall ;
And on the stairs, and at the door
Her fairy-step is heard no more !
At every meal an empty chair
Tells him that she is not there ;
She, who would lead him where he went,
Charm with her converse while he leant ;
Or, hovering, every wish prevent ;
At eve light up the chimney-nook,
Lay there his glass within his book ;

And that small chest of curious mould,
 (Queen Mab's, perchance, in days of old,)
 'Tusk of elephant and gold ;
 Which, when a tale is long, dispenses
 Its fragrant dust to drowsy senses.
 In her who mourned not, when they missed her,
 'The old a child, the young a sister ?
 No more the orphan runs to take
 From her loved hand the barley-cake.
 No more the matron in the school
 Expects her in the hour of rule,
 To sit amid the elfin brood,
 Praising the busy and the good.
 The widow trims her hearth in vain.
 She comes not—nor will come again.
 Not now, his little lesson done,
 With Frederic blowing bubbles in the sun ;
 Nor spinning by the fountain-side,
 (Some story of the days of old,
 Barbe Bleue or Chaperon Rouge half-told
 To him who would not be denied ;)
 Not now, to while an hour away,
 Gone to the falls in Valombré,
 Where 'tis night at noon of day ;
 Nor wandering up and down the wood,
 To all but her a solitude,
 Where once a wild deer, wild no more,
 Her chaplet on his antlers wore,
 And at her bidding stood.

II.

THE day was in the golden west ;
 And, curtained close by leaf and flower,
 The doves had cooed themselves to rest
 In Jacqueline's deserted bower ;
 The doves—that still would at her casement peck,
 And in her walks had ever fluttered round

With purple feet and shining neck,
 True as the echo to the sound.
 That casement, underneath the trees,
 Half open to the western breeze,
 Looked down, enchanting Garonnelle,
 Thy wild and mulberry-shaded dell,
 Round which the Alps of Piedmont rose,
 The blush of sunset on their snows :
 While, blithe as lark on summer-morn,
 When green and yellow waves the corn,
 When harebells blow in every grove,
 And thrushes sing " I love ! I love !"
 Within (so soon the early rain
 Scatters, and 'tis fair again ;
 Though many a drop may yet be seen
 To tell us where a cloud has been)
 Within lay Frederic, o'er and o'er
 Building castles on the floor,
 And feigning, as they grew in size,
 New troubles and new dangers ;
 With dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes,
 As he and Fear were strangers.

St. Pierre sat by, nor saw nor smiled.
 His eyes were on his loved Montaigne ;
 But every leaf was turned in vain.
 For in that hour remorse he felt,
 And his heart told him he had dealt
 Unkindly with his child.
 A father may awhile refuse ;
 But who can for another choose ?
 When her young blushes had revealed
 The secret from herself concealed,
 Why promise what her tears denied,
 That she should be De Courcy's bride ?
 —Wouldst thou, presumptuous as thou art,

¹ " Cantando Io amo ! Io amo !" —TASSO

O'er Nature play the tyrant's part,
 And with the hand compel the heart?
 Oh rather, rather hope to bind
 The ocean-wave, the mountain-wind;
 Or fix thy foot upon the ground
 To stop the planet rolling round.

The light was on his face; and there
 You might have seen the passions driven—
 Resentment, Pity, Hope, Despair—
 Like clouds across the face of Heaven.
 Now he sighed heavily; and now,
 His hand withdrawing from his brow,
 He shut the volume with a frown,
 To walk his troubled spirit down:
 —When (faithful as that dog of yore¹
 Who wagged his tail and could no more)
 Manchon, who long had snuffed the ground,
 And sought and sought, but never found,
 Leapt up and to the casement flew,
 And looked and barked, and vanished thro'.
 "'Tis Jacqueline! 'Tis Jacqueline!"
 Her little brother laughing cried.
 "I know her by her kirtle green,
 She comes along the mountain-side;
 Now turning by the traveller's seat,—
 Now resting in the hermit's cave,—
 Now kneeling, where the pathways meet,
 To the cross on the stranger's grave.
 And, by the soldier's cloak, I know
 (There, there along the ridge they go)
 D'Arcy, so gentle and so brave!
 Look up—why will you not?" he cries,
 His rosy hands before his eyes;
 For on that incense-breathing eve
 The sun shone out, as loth to leave.
 "See—to the rugged rock she clings!

¹ Argus.

She calls, she faints, and D'Arcy springs ;
 D'Arcy so dear to us, to all ;
 Who, for you told me on your knee,
 When in the fight he saw you fall,
 Saved you for Jacqueline and me !”

And true it was ! And true the tale.
 When did she sue, and not prevail ?
 Five years before—it was the night
 That on the village-green they parted,
 The liliated banners streaming bright
 O'er maids and mothers broken-hearted ;
 The drum—it drowned the last adieu,
 When D'Arcy from the crowd she drew.
 “ One charge I have, and one alone,
 Nor that refuse to take,
 My father—if not for his own,
 Oh for his daughter's sake !”
 Inly he vowed—'twas all he could ;
 And went and sealed it with his blood.

Nor can ye wonder. When a child,
 And in her playfulness she smiled,
 Up many a ladder-path ¹ he guided
 Where meteor-like the chamois glided,
 Thro' many a misty grove.
 They loved—but under Friendship's name ;
 And Reason, Virtue fanned the flame,
 Till in their houses Discord came,
 And 'twas a crime to love.
 Then what was Jacqueline to do ?
 Her father's angry hours she knew,
 And when to soothe, and when persuade ;
 But now her path De Courcy crossed,
 Led by his falcon through the glade—
 He turned, beheld, admired the maid ;
 And all her little arts were lost !

¹ Called in the language of the country *Puis-de-l' Echelle*.

De Courcy, Lord of Argentière !
 Thy poverty, thy pride, St. Pierre,
 Thy thirst for vengeance sought the snare.
 The day was named, the guests invited ;
 The bride-groom, at the gate, alighted ;
 When up the windings of the dell
 A pastoral pipe was heard to swell,
 And lo, an humble Piedmontese,
 Whose music might a lady please,
 This message thro' the lattice bore,
 (She listened, and her trembling frame
 Told her at once from whom it came)
 " Oh let us fly—to part no more ! "

III.

THAT morn ('twas in Ste. Julienne's cell,
 As at Ste. Julienne's sacred well
 Their dream of love began)
 That morn, ere many a star was set,
 Their hands had on the altar met
 Before the holy man.
 —And now, her strength, her courage spent,
 And more than half a penitent,
 She comes along the path she went.
 And now the village gleams at last ;
 The woods, the golden meadows passed,
 Where, when, Toulouse, thy splendour shone,
 The Troubadour, from grove to grove,
 Chanting some roundelay of love,
 Would wander till the day was gone.
 " All will be well, my Jacqueline !
 Oh tremble not—but trust in me.
 The Good are better made by Ill,
 As odours crushed are sweeter still ;
 And gloomy as thy past has been,
 Bright shall thy future be ! "

So saying, thro' the fragrant shade

Gently along he led the Maid,
While Manchon round and round her played :
And, as that silent glen they leave,
Where by the spring the pitchers stand,
Where glow-worms light their little lamps at eve,
And fairies revel as in fairy-land,
(When Lubin calls, and Blanche steals round,
Her finger on her lip, to see ;
And many an acorn-cup is found
Under the greenwood tree)
From every cot above, below,
They gather as they go—
Sabot, and coif, and collerette,
The housewife's prayer, the grandam's blessing !
Girls that adjust their locks of jet,
And look and look and linger yet,
The lovely bride caressing ;
Babes that had learnt to lisp her name,
And heroes he had led to fame.

But what felt D'Arcy, when at length
Her father's gate was open flung ?
Ah, then he found a giant's strength ;
For round him, as for life, she clung !
And when, her fit of weeping o'er,
Onward they moved a little space,
And saw an old man sitting at the door,
Saw his wan cheek, and sunken eye
That seemed to gaze on vacancy,
Then, at the sight of that beloved face,
At once to fall upon his neck she flew ;
But—not encouraged—back she drew,
And trembling stood in dread suspense,
Her tears her only eloquence !
All, all—the while—an awful distance keeping ;
Save D'Arcy, who nor speaks nor stirs ;
And one, his little hand in hers,

Who weeps to see his sister weeping.

Then Jacqueline the silence broke.
 She clasped her father's knees and spoke,
 Her brother kneeling too ;
 While D'Arcy as before looked on,
 Tho' from his manly cheek was gone
 Its natural hue.

“ His praises from your lips I heard,
 Till my fond heart was won ;
 And, if in aught his Sire has erred,
 Oh turn not from the Son !—
 She, whom in joy, in grief you nursed ;
 Who climbed and called you father first,
 By that dear name conjures—
 On her you thought—but to be kind !
 When looked she up, but you inclined ?
 These things, for ever in her mind,
 Oh are they gone from yours ?
 Two kneeling at your feet behold ;
 One—one how young ;—nor yet the other old.
 Oh spurn them not—nor look so cold—
 If Jacqueline be cast away,
 Her bridal be her dying day.
 —Well, well might she believe in you !
 She listened, and she found it true.”

He shook his aged locks of snow ;
 And twice he turned, and rose to go.
 She hung ; and was St. Pierre to blame,
 If tears and smiles together came ?
 “ Oh no—begone ! I'll hear no more.”
 But, as he spoke, his voice relented.
 “ That very look thy mother wore
 When she implored, and old Le Roc consented.
 True, I have erred and will atone ;
 For still I love him as my own.
 And now, in my hands, yours with his unite ;
 A father's blessing on your heads alight !

. . . Nor let the least be sent away.
 All hearts shall sing 'Adieu to sorrow !'
 St. Pierre has found his child to-day ;
 And old and young shall dance to-morrow.'

Had Louis¹ then before the gate dismounted,
 Lost in the chase at set of sun ;
 Like Henry when he heard recounted²
 The generous deeds himself had done,
 (What time the miller's maid Colette
 Sung, while he supped, her chansonnette)
 Then—when St. Pierre addressed his village-
 train,
 Then had the monarch with a sigh confessed
 A joy by him unsought and unpossessed,
 —Without it what are all the rest?—
 To love, and to be loved again.

¹ Louis the Fourteenth.

² Alluding to a popular story related of Henry the Fourth of France, similar to ours of "The King and Miller of Mansfield."



HUMAN LIFE.

1819.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction—Ringing of Bells in a neighbouring Village on the Birth of an Heir—General Reflections on Human Life—The Subject proposed—Childhood—Youth—Manhood—Love—Marriage—Domestic Happiness and Affliction—War—Peace—Civil Disension—Retirement from Active Life—Old Age and its Enjoyments—Conclusion.



HE lark has sung his carol in the sky ;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide
harmony.

Still in the vale the village-bells ring
round,

Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound :

For now the caudle-cup is circling there,

Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their
prayer,

And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire

The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall
hail

The day again, and gladness fill the vale ;

So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,

Eager to run the race his fathers ran.

Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin ;

The ale now brewed, in floods of amber shine :

And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze

Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,

The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,

“ ’Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled.”

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;

Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees

Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,

And violets scattered round ; and old and young,
 In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
 And weepings heard where only joy has been ;
 When by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life ; so, gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !
 Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
 As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
 As any that the wandering tribes require,
 Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire ;
 As any sung of old in hall or bower
 To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour !

Born in a trance, we wake, observe, inquire ;
 And the green earth, the azure sky admire.
 Of Elfin-size—for ever as we run,
 We cast a longer shadow in the sun !
 And now a charm, and now a grace is won !
 We grow in stature, and in wisdom too !
 And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,
 Think nothing done while aught remains to do.

Yet, all forgot, how oft the eye-lids close,
 And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose !
 How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,
 While many an emmet comes with curious eye ;
 And on her nest the watchful wren sits by !
 Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see ;
 So like what once we were, and once again shall
 be !

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,

The boy at sun-rise carolled as he went,
 An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
 Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green ;
 The man himself how altered, not the scene !
 Now journeying home with nothing but the name ;
 Way-worn and spent, another and the same !

No eye observes the growth or the decay.
 To-day we look as we did yesterday ;
 And we shall look to-morrow as to-day.
 Yet while the loveliest smiles, her locks grow
 grey !

And in her glass could she but see the face
 She'll see so soon among another race,
 How would she shrink !—Returning from afar,
 After some years of travel, some of war,
 Within his gate Ulysses stood unknown
 Before a wife, a father, and a son !

And such is Human Life, the general theme.
 Ah, what at best, what but a longer dream ?
 Though with such wild romantic wanderings
 fraught,

Such forms in Fancy's richest colouring wrought
 That, like the visions of a love-sick brain,
 Who would not sleep and dream them o'er again ?

Our pathway leads but to a precipice ;
 And all must follow, fearful as it is !
 From the first step 'tis known ; but—No delay !
 On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.
 A thousand ills beset us as we go.

—“ Still, could I shun the fatal gulf ”—Ah, no,
 'Tis all in vain—the inexorable Law !

Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
 Verdure springs up ; and fruits and flowers in-
 vite,

And groves and fountains—all things that de-
 light.

Oh, I would stop, and linger if I might !”—

We fly; no resting for the foot we find;
 All dark before, all desolate behind!
 At length the brink appears—but one step more!
 We faint—On, on!—we falter—and 'tis o'er!

Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,
 Prompting to noblest deeds; here links of gold
 Bind soul to soul; and thoughts divine inspire
 A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire
 That will not, cannot but with life expire!

Now, seraph-winged, among the stars we
 soar;

Now distant ages, like a day, explore,
 And judge the act, the actor now no more;
 Or, in a thankless hour condemned to live,
 From others claim what these refuse to give,
 And dart, like Milton, an unerring eye
 Through the dim curtains of Futurity.

Wealth, Pleasure, Ease, all thought of self re-
 signed,

What will not Man encounter for Mankind?
 Behold him now unbar the prison-door,
 And, lifting Guilt, Contagion from the floor,
 To Peace and Health, and Light and Life re-
 store;

Now in Thermopylæ remain to share
 Death—nor look back, nor turn a footstep there,
 Leaving his story to the birds of air;
 And now like Pylades (in Heaven they write
 Names such as his in characters of light)
 Long with his friend in generous enmity,
 Pleading, insisting in his place to die!

Do what he will, he cannot realize
 Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies.
 Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
 The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.
 But if by chance an object strike the sense,
 The faintest shadow of that Excellence,

Passions, that slept, are stirring in his frame ;
 Thoughts undefined, feelings without a name !
 And some, not here called forth, may slumber on
 Till this vain pageant of a world is gone ;
 Lying too deep for things that perish here,
 Waiting for life—but in a nobler sphere !

Look where he comes ! Rejoicing in his birth,
 Awhile he moves as in a heaven on earth !
 Sun, moon, and stars—the land, the sea, the sky
 To him shine out as in a galaxy !
 But soon 'tis past—the light has died away !
 With him it came (it was not of the day)
 And he himself diffused it, like the stone
 That sheds awhile a lustre all its own,
 Making night beautiful. 'Tis past, 'tis gone,
 And in his darkness as he journeys on,
 Nothing revives him but the blessed ray
 That now breaks in, nor ever knows decay,
 Sent from a better world to light him on his
 way.

How great the Mystery ! Let others sing
 The circling Year, the promise of the Spring,
 The Summer's glory, and the rich repose
 Of Autumn, and the Winter's silvery snows.
 Man through the changing scene let us pursue,
 Himself how wondrous in his changes too !
 Not Man, the sullen savage in his den ;
 But Man called forth in fellowship with men ;
 Schooled and trained up to Wisdom from his birth ;
 God's noblest work—His image upon earth !

The day arrives, the moment wished and feared ;
 The child is born, by many a pang endeared.
 And now the mother's ear has caught his cry ;
 Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye !
 He comes . . . she clasps him. To her bosom
 pressed,

He drinks the balm of life and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the Stranger knows ;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows !

As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,

What answering looks of sympathy and joy !

He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word

His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.

And ever, ever to her lap he flies,

When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.

Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,

(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)

As with soft accents round her neck he clings,

And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,

How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,

Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart ;

Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,

And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

But soon a nobler task demands her care.

Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,

Telling of Him who sees in secret there!—

And now the volume on her knee has caught

His wandering eye—now many a written thought

Never to die, with many a lisping sweet

His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly ;

Oh he would follow—follow through the sky !

Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,

And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane ;

Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain-side,

Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,

A dangerous voyage ; or, if now he can,

If now he wears the habit of a man,

Flings off the coat so much his pride and pleasure,

And, like a miser digging for his treasure,

His tiny spade in his own garden plies,

And in green letters sees his name arise !

Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,

She looks, and looks, and still with new delight !

Ah who, when fading of itself away,
 Would cloud the sunshine of his little day !
 Now is the May of Life. Exulting round,
 Joy wings his feet, Joy lifts him from the ground !
 Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
 When the rich casket shone in bright array,
 "These are my Jewels !" Well of such as he,
 When Jesus spake, well might the language be,
 "Suffer these little ones to come to me !"

Thoughtful by fits, he scans and he reveres
 The brow engraven with the Thoughts of Years ;
 Close by her side his silent homage given
 As to some pure Intelligence from Heaven ;
 His eyes cast downward with ingenuous shame,
 His conscious cheeks, conscious of praise or
 blame,

At once lit up as with a holy flame !
 He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire ;
 And soon with tears relinquish'd to the Sire,
 Soon in his hand to Wisdom's temple led,
 Holds secret converse with the Mighty Dead ;
 Trembles and thrills and weeps as they inspire,
 Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire !
 Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate,
 Crown'd but to die—who in her chamber sate
 Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
 And every ear and every heart was won,
 And all in green array were chasing down the
 sun !

Then is the Age of Admiration—Then
 Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men ;
 Who breathe the soul of Inspiration round,
 Whose very shadows consecrate the ground !
 Ah, then comes thronging many a wild desire,
 And high imagining and thought of fire !
 Then from within a voice exclaims "Aspire !"

Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,
 As in the Cave athwart the Wizard's glass;
 They, that on Youth a grace, a lustre shed,
 Of every Age—the living and the dead!

Thou, all-accomplish'd Surrey, thou art known;
 The flower of Knighthood, nipt as soon as
 blown!

Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone!

And, with his beaver up, discovering there
 One who loved less to conquer than to spare,
 Lo, the Black Warrior, he, who, battle-spent,
 Bare-headed served the Captive in his tent!
 Young B——— in the groves of Academe,
 Or where Ilissus winds his whispering stream;
 Or where the wild bees swarm with ceaseless hum,
 Dreaming old dreams—a joy for years to come;
 Or on the Rock within the sacred Fane;—
 Scenes such as Milton sought, but sought in vain:
 And Milton's self (at that thrice-honour'd name
 Well may we glow—as men, we share his fame)
 And Milton's self, apart with beaming eye,
 Planning he knows not what—that shall not die!

Oh, in thy truth secure, thy virtue bold,
 Beware the poison in the cup of gold,
 The asp among the flowers. Thy heart beats high,
 As bright and brighter breaks the distant sky!
 But every step is on enchanted ground.

Danger thou lov'st, and Danger haunts thee round.

Who spurs his horse against the mountain-side;
 Then, plunging, slakes his fury in the tide?
 Draws, and cries ho! and, where the sun-beams
 fall,

At his own shadow thrusts along the wall?

Who dances without music; and anon
 Sings like the lark—then sighs as woe-begone,
 And folds his arms, and, where the willows wave,
 Glides in the moonshine by a maiden's grave?

Come hither, boy, and clear thy open brow. }
 Yon summer-clouds, now like the Alps, and now }
 A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou. }
 He hears me not—Thosesighs were from the heart.
 Too, too well taught, he plays the lover's part.
 He who at masques, nor feigning nor sincere,
 With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,
 Lie at her feet and on her slipper swear
 That none were half so faultless, half so fair,
 Now through the forest hies, a stricken deer,
 A banish'd man, flying when none are near;
 And writes on every tree, and lingers long
 Where most the nightingale repeats her song;
 Where most the nymph, that haunts the silent
 grove,
 Delights to syllable the names we love.

Two on his steps attend, in motley clad;
 One woeful-wan, one merry but as mad;
 Call'd Hope and Fear. Hope shakes his cap and
 bells,

And flowers spring up among the woodland dells.
 To Hope he listens, wandering without measure
 Thro' sun and shade, lost in a trance of pleasure;
 And, if to Fear but for a weary mile,
 Hope follows fast and wins him with a smile.

At length he goes—a Pilgrim to the Shrine,
 And for a relic would a world resign!
 A glove, a shoe-tie, or a flower let fall—
 What though the least, Love consecrates them all!
 And now he breathes in many a plaintive verse;
 Now wins the dull ear of the wily nurse
 At early matins ('twas at matin-time
 That first he saw and sicken'd in his prime)
 And soon the Sibyl, in her thirst for gold,
 Plays with young hearts that will not be controll'd.

"Absence from Thee—as self from self it seems!"
 Scaled is the garden-wall; and lo, her beams

Silvering the east, the moon comes up, revealing
His well-known form along the terrace stealing.

—Oh, ere in sight he came, 'twas his to thrill
A heart that loved him though in secret still.

“Am I awake? or is it . . . can it be
An idle dream? Nightly it visits me!

—That strain,” she cries, “as from the water
rose,

Now near and nearer through the shade it
flows!—

Now sinks departing—sweetest in its close!”

No casement gleams; no Juliet, like the day,
Comes forth and speaks and bids her lover stay.

Still, like aërial music heard from far,
As through the doors of Paradise ajar,
Nightly it rises with the evening-star.

—“She loves another! Love was in that sigh!”

On the cold ground he throws himself to die.

Fond Youth, beware. Thy heart is most deceiving.
Who wish are fearful; who suspect, believing.

—And soon her looks the rapturous truth avow.

Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now!

She flies not, frowns not, though he pleads his
cause;

Nor yet—nor yet her hand from his withdraws;

But by some secret Power surprised, subdued,
(Ah, how resist? And would she if she could?)

Falls on his neck as half unconscious where,
Glad to conceal her tears, her blushes there.

Then come those full confidings of the past;

All sunshine now, where all was overcast.

Then do they wander till the day is gone,

Lost in each other; and when Night steals on,

Covering them round, how sweet her accents are!

Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,

Far above singing!—But soon nothing stirs

To break the silence—Joy like his, like hers,

Deals not in words ; and now the shadows close,
 Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
 Less and less earthly ! As departs the day,
 All that was mortal seems to melt away,
 Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,
 She fades at last into a Spirit from Heaven !

Then are they blest indeed ; and swift the hours
 Till her young Sisters wreath her hair in flowers,
 Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least
 Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,
 Known by her laugh that will not be suppress'd. }
 Then before All they stand—the holy vow
 And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
 Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
 And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,
 His house she enters—there to be a light
 Shining within, when all without is night ;
 A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
 Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing ;
 Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,
 From a vain world we love, alas, too long,
 To fire-side happiness, and hours of ease
 Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
 How oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind
 To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;
 Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
 Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
 The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
 Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;
 And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
 A thousand melodies unheard before !

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise
 Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,
 And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,
 With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,
 To meet him coming ; theirs through every year
 Pure transports, such as each to each endear !

And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
 Their home with gladness. She, when all are still,
 Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
 In sleep how beautiful ! He, when the sky
 Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony,
 When, gathering round his bed, they climb to
 share

His kisses, and with gentle violence there
 Break in upon a dream not half so fair,
 Up to the hill-top leads their little feet ;
 Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet
 The stag-herd on its march, perchance to hear
 The otter rustling in the sedgy mere ;
 Or to the echo near the Abbot's tree,
 That gave him back his words of pleasantry—
 When the House stood, no merrier man than he !
 And, as they wander with a keen delight,
 If but a leveret catch their quicker sight
 Down a green alley, or a squirrel then
 Climb the gnarléd oak, and look and climb again,
 If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall,
 He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all ;
 These with unequal footsteps following fast,
 These clinging by his cloak, unwilling to be last.

The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
 And the swart seaman, sailing far below,
 Not undelighted watch the morning ray
 Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,
 And burns and blazes into glorious day !
 But happier still is he who bends to trace
 That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face ;
 The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
 The thoughts and passions stirring into life ;
 The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,
 The giant waking from his ten-fold trance,
 Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,
 And all is light within the trembling frame !

What then a Father's feelings? Joy and Fear
 In turn prevail, Joy most; and through the year
 Tempering the ardent, urging night and day
 Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,
 Praising each highly—from a wish to raise
 Their merits to the level of his Praise,
 Onward in their observing sight he moves,
 Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves!
 Their sacred presence who shall dare profane?
 Who, when He slumbers, hope to fix a stain?
 He lives a model in his life to show,
 That, when he dies and through the world they go,
 Some men may pause and say, when some admire,
 "They are his sons, and worthy of their sire!"

But Man is born to suffer. On the door
 Sickness has set her mark; and now no more
 Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
 As of a mother singing to her child.
 All now in anguish from that room retire,
 Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,
 And Innocence breathes contagion—all but one,
 But she who gave it birth—from her alone
 The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,
 And through the day, that with its dreary light
 Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
 Watching the changes with her anxious eye:
 While they without, listening below, above,
 (Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)
 From every little noise catch hope and fear,
 Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
 Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness
 That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—
 When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
 'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
 At midnight in a Sister's arms to die!
 Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,

And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came !
 And, when recall'd to join the blest above,
 Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,
 Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
 When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
 Once in thy mirth thou bad'st me write on thee ;
 And now I write—what thou shalt never see !¹

At length the Father, vain his power to save,
 Follows his child in silence to the grave,
 (That child how cherish'd, whom he would not
 give,

Sleeping the sleep of death, for All that live ;)
 Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade
 Scatters the earth as “dust to dust” is said,
 Takes a last look and goes ; his best relief
 Consoling others in that hour of grief,
 And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing
 The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

But hark, the din of arms ! no time for sorrow.
 To horse, to horse ! A day of blood to-morrow !
 One parting pang, and then—and then I fly,
 Fly to the field, to triumph—or to die !—
 He goes, and Night comes as it never came !
 With shrieks of horror !—and a vault of flame !
 And lo ! when morning mocks the desolate,
 Red runs the river by ; and at the gate
 Breathless a horse without his rider stands !
 But hush ! . . . a shout from the victorious bands !
 And oh the smiles and tears, a sire restored !
 One wears his helm, one buckles on his sword ;
 One hangs the wall with laurel-leaves, and all
 Spring to prepare the soldier's festival ;
 While She best-loved, till then forsaken never,
 Clings round his neck as she would cling for ever !

[¹ Written on the death of his sister Maria, wife of Sutton Sharpe of Nottingham Place. She died in 1806.—ED.]

Such golden deeds lead on to golden days,
 Days of domestic peace—by him who plays
 On the great stage how uneventful thought ;
 Yet with a thousand busy projects fraught,
 A thousand incidents that stir the mind
 To pleasure, such as leaves no sting behind !
 Such as the heart delights in—and records
 Within how silently—in more than words !
 A Holiday—the frugal banquet spread
 On the fresh herbage near the fountain-head
 With quips and cranks—what time the wood-lark
 there

Scatters his loose notes on the sultry air,
 What time the king-fisher sits perch'd below,
 Where, silver-bright, the water-lilies blow :—
 A Wake—the booths whitening the village green,
 Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen ;
 Sign beyond sign in close array unfurl'd,
 Picturing at large the wonders of the world ;
 And far and wide, over the vicar's pale,
 Black hoods and scarlet crossing hill and dale,
 All, all abroad, and music in the gale :—
 A Wedding-dance—a dance into the night
 On the barn-floor, when maiden-feet are light ;
 When the young bride receives the promised
 dower,
 And flowers are flung, herself a fairer flower :—
 A morning-visit to the poor man's shed,
 (Who would be rich while One was wanting
 bread ?)

When all are emulous to bring relief,
 And tears are falling fast—but not for grief :—
 A Walk in Spring—Grattan, like those with thee
 By the heath-side (who had not envied me ?)
 When the sweet limes, so full of bees in June,
 Led us to meet beneath their boughs at noon ;
 And thou didst say which of the Great and Wise,

Could they but hear and at thy bidding rise,
Thou wouldst call up and question.

Graver things

Come in due order. Every Morning brings
Its holy office ; and the sabbath-bell,
That over wood and wild and mountain-dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds most musical, most melancholy,
Not on his ear is lost. Then he pursues
The pathway leading through the aged yews,
Nor unattended ; and, when all are there,
Pours out his spirit in the House of Prayer,
That House with many a funeral-garland hung
Of virgin-white—memorials of the young,
The last yet fresh when marriage-chimes were
ringing,

And hope and joy in other hearts were springing—
That House, where Age led in by Filial Love,
Their looks composed, their thoughts on things
above,

The world forgot, or all its wrongs forgiven—
Who would not say they trod the path to Heaven ?

Nor at the fragrant hour—at early dawn—
Under the elm-tree on his level lawn,
Or in his porch is he less duly found,
When they that cry for Justice gather round,
And in that cry her sacred voice is drown'd ;
His then to hear and weigh and arbitrate,
Like Alfred judging at his palace-gate.
Heal'd at his touch, the wounds of discord close ;
And they return as friends, that came as foes.

Thus, while the world but claims its proper
part,

Oft in the head but never in the heart,
His life steals on ; within his quiet dwelling
That home-felt joy all other joys excelling.
Sick of the crowd, when enters he—nor then

Forgets the cold indifference of men ?

Soon through the gadding vine the sun looks in,
 And gentle hands the breakfast-rite begin.
 Then the bright kettle sings its matin-song,
 Then fragrant clouds of Mocha and Souchong
 Blend as they rise ; and (while without are seen,
 Sure of their meal, the small birds on the green ;
 And in from far a school-boy's letter flies,
 Flushing the sister's cheek with glad surprise)
 That sheet unfolds (who reads, and reads it not ?)
 Born with the day and with the day forgot ;
 Its ample page various as human life,
 The pomp, the woe, the bustle, and the strife !

But nothing lasts. In Autumn at his plough
 Met and solicited, behold him now
 Leaving that humbler sphere his fathers knew,
 The sphere that Wisdom loves, and Virtue too ;
 They who subsist not on the vain applause
 Misjudging man now gives and now withdraws.

'Twas morn—the sky-lark o'er the furrow sung
 As from his lips the slow consent was wrung ;
 As from the glebe his fathers till'd of old,
 The plough they guided in an age of gold,
 Down by the beech-wood side he turn'd away :—
 And now behold him in an evil day
 Serving the State again—not as before,
 Not foot to foot, the war-whoop at his door,—
 But in the Senate ; and (though round him fly
 The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry,
 With honest dignity, with manly sense,
 And every charm of natural eloquence,
 Like Hampden struggling in his Country's cause,
 The first, the foremost to obey the laws,
 The last to brook oppression. On he moves,
 Careless of blame while his own heart approves,
 Careless of ruin—(“ For the general good
 'Tis not the first time I shall shed my blood.”)

On thro' that gate misnamed, thro' which before
 Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More,
 On into twilight within walls of stone,
 Then to the place of trial ; and alone,
 Alone before his judges in array
 Stands for his life : there, on that awful day,
 Counsel of friends—all human help denied—
 All but from her who sits the pen to guide,
 Like that sweet Saint who sate by Russell's side
 Under the Judgment-seat.

But guilty men
 Triumph not always. To his hearth again,
 Again with honour to his hearth restored,
 Lo, in the accustom'd chair and at the board,
 Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their
 claim,

(The lowliest servant calling by his name)
 He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all,
 All met as at a holy festival !
 —On the day destined for his funeral !

Lo, there the Friend, who, entering where he
 lay,
 Breathed in his drowsy ear “ Away, away !
 Take thou *my* cloak—Nay, start not, but obey—
 Take it and leave me.” And the blushing Maid,
 Who thro' the streets as thro' a desert stray'd ;
 And, when her dear, dear Father pass'd along,
 Would not be held—but, bursting through the
 throng,

Halberd and battle-axe—kiss'd him o'er and o'er ;
 Then turn'd and went—then sought him as
 before,

Believing she should see his face no more !
 And oh, how changed at once—no heroine here,
 But a weak woman worn with grief and fear,
 Her darling Mother ! ’Twas but now she smiled
 And now she weeps upon her weeping child !

—But who sits by, her only wish below
 At length fulfill'd—and now prepared to go?
 His hands on hers—as through the mists of
 night,

She gazes on him with imperfect sight;
 Her glory now, as ever her delight!

To her, methinks, a second Youth is given;
 The light upon her face a light from Heaven!

An hour like this is worth a thousand pass'd
 In pomp or ease—'Tis present to the last!
 Years glide away untold—'Tis still the same!
 As fresh, as fair as on the day it came!

And now once more where most he loved to
 be,
 In his own fields—breathing tranquillity—
 We hail him—not less happy, Fox, than thee—
 Thee at St. Anne's so soon of Care beguiled,
 Playful, sincere, and artless as a child!
 Thee, who wouldst watch a bird's nest on the
 spray,

Through the green leaves exploring, day by day.
 How oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,
 With thee conversing in thy loved retreat,
 I saw the sun go down!—Ah, then 'twas thine
 Ne'er to forget some volume half divine,
 Shakespeare's or Dryden's—thro' the chequer'd
 shade

Borne in thy hand behind thee as we stray'd;
 And where we sate (and many a halt we made)
 To read there with a fervour all thy own,
 And in thy grand and melancholy tone,
 Some splendid passage not to thee unknown,
 Fit theme for long discourse — 'Thy bell has
 toll'd!

—But in thy place among us we behold
 One who resembles thee.

'Tis the sixth hour.

The village-clock strikes from the distant tower.
The ploughman leaves the field; the traveller
hears,

And to the inn spurs forward. Nature wears
Her sweetest smile; the day-star in the west
Yet hovering, and the thistle's-down at rest.

And such, his labour done, the calm He knows,
Whose footsteps we have follow'd. Round him
glows

An atmosphere that brightens to the last;
The light, that shines, reflected from the Past,
—And from the Future, too! Active in Thought
Among old books, old friends; and not unsought
By the wise stranger—in his morning-hours,
When gentle airs stir the fresh-blowing flowers,
He muses, turning up the idle weed;
Or prunes or grafts, or in the yellow mead
Watches his bees at hiving-time; and now,
The ladder resting on the orchard-bough,
Culls the delicious fruit that hangs in air, }
The purple plum, green fig, or golden pear, }
Mid sparkling eyes, and hands uplifted there. }

At night, when all, assembling round the fire,
Closer and closer draw till they retire,
A tale is told of India or Japan,
Of merchants from Golconde or Astracan,
What time wild Nature revell'd unrestrain'd,
And Sinbad voyaged¹ and the Caliphs reign'd:—
Of Knights renown'd from Holy Palestine,
And Minstrels, such as swept the lyre divine,
When Blondel came, and Richard in his Cell²
Heard as he lay the song he knew so well:—
Of some Norwegian, while the icy gale

¹ ["Travelled" is substituted in the author's handwriting in a copy in the British Museum.—*Ed.* 1839.]

² Richard the First. For the romantic story here alluded to, we are indebted to the French Chroniclers.—See Fauchet, *Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue et Poësie Fr.*

Rings in her shrouds and beats her iron-sail,
 Among the shining Alps of Polar seas
 Immovable—for ever there to freeze !
 Or some great Caravan, from well to well
 Winding as darkness on the desert fell,
 In their long march, such as the Prophet bids,
 To Mecca from the Land of Pyramids,
 And in an instant lost—a hollow wave
 Of burning sand their everlasting grave !—
 Now the scene shifts to Cashmere—to a glade
 Where, with her loved gazelle, the dark-eyed ¹ Maid
 (Her fragrant chamber for awhile resign'd,
 Her lute, by fits discoursing with the wind)
 Wanders well-pleas'd, what time the Nightingale
 Sings to the Rose, rejoicing hill and dale ;
 And now to Venice—to a bridge, a square,
 Glittering with light, all nations masking there,
 With light reflected on the tremulous tide,
 Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,
 Answering the jest, the song on every side ;
 To Naples next—and at the crowded gate,
 Where Grief and Fear and wild Amazement wait,
 Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire,
 Vesuvius blazing like a world on fire !—
 Then, at a sign that never was forgot,
 A strain breaks forth (who hears and loves it not ?)
 From harp or organ ! 'Tis at parting given,
 That in their slumbers they may dream of
 Heaven ;
 Young voices mingling, as it floats along,
 In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song !
 And She inspires, whose beauty shines in all ;
 So soon to weave a daughter's coronal,
 And at the nuptial rite smile through her tears ;—
 So soon to hover round her full of fears,

¹ ["Blue-eyed."—*Ed.* 1839.]

And with assurance sweet her soul revive
 In child-birth—when a mother's love is most
 alive.

No, 'tis not here that Solitude is known.
 Through the wide world he only is alone
 Who lives not for another. Come what will,
 The generous man has his companion still ;
 The cricket on his hearth ; the buzzing fly, }
 That skims his roof, or, be his roof the sky,
 Still with its note of gladness passes by : }
 And, in an iron cage condemned to dwell,
 The cage that stands within the dungeon-cell,
 He feeds his spider—happier at the worst
 Than he at large who in himself is curst !

O thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind
 Streams from the depth of ages on mankind,
 Streams like the day—who, angel-like, hast shed
 Thy full effulgence on the hoary head,
 Speaking in Cato's venerable voice,
 " Look up, and faint not—faint not, but rejoice !"
 From thy Elysium guide him. Age has now
 Stamped with its signet that ingenuous brow ;
 And, 'mid his old hereditary trees, }
 Trees he has climbed so oft, he sits and sees }
 His children's children playing round his knees : }
 Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is flung,
 When side by side the archers' bows are strung ;
 His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize, }
 Envying no more the young their energies }
 Than they an old man when his words are wise ; }
 His a delight how pure . . . without alloy ;
 Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy !

Now in their turn assisting, they repay
 The anxious cares of many and many a day ;
 And now by those he loves relieved, restored,
 His very wants and weaknesses afford
 A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,

Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
While they look up! Their questions, their
replies,

Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,
Gladdening his spirit: and, his theme the past,
How eloquent he is! His thoughts flow fast;
And, while his heart (oh, can the heart grow old?
False are the tales that in the World are told!)
Swells in his voice, he knows not where to end;
Like one discoursing of an absent friend.

But there are moments which he calls his own.
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those whom he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,
He gathers round him; and revives at will
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment
still—

That come not now at dreary intervals—
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,
A light such guests bring ever—pure and holy—
Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy!
—Ah then less willing (nor the choice condemn)
To live with others than to think of them!

And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope like evening-stars attending;
Sustained, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redressed, }
Those by the World shunned ever as unblest, }
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round—the widow with her child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled!
They, who watch by him, see not; but he sees,
Sees and exults—Were ever dreams like these?

They, who watch by him, hear not ! but he hears,
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears !

'Tis past ! That hand we grasped, alas, in vain !
Nor shall we look upon his face again !
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting ; and, through many a year
We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to-night ;
His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close !

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
He slept in peace—say rather soared to Heaven,
Upborne from Earth by Him to whom 'tis given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of Eternity.

—When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an Angel sits upon the stone
And, with a voice inspiring joy not fear,
Says, pointing upward, “ Know, He is not here ! ”

But let us hence ; for now the day is spent,
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though like ours perchance
Busy and full of life and circumstance ;
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few ;
And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—
While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves, within, without inquire ;
At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that their world reveals of good and fair ;
Trace out the Journey through their little Day,
And dream, like me, an idle hour away.

NOTES.

Page 109, line 3.

Stand still to gaze.

SEE the *Iliad*, l. xviii. v. 496.

Page 109, line 28.

Think nothing done while aught remains to do.



IL actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum."

LUCAN, ii. 657.

Page 110, line 23.

Our pathway leads but to a precipice.

See Bossuet, Sermon sur la Résurrection.

Page 111, line 1.

We fly ; no resting for the foot we find.

"I have considered," says Solomon, "all the works that are under the sun; and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." But who believes it, till Death tells it us? It is Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant. He takes the account of the rich man, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world have flattered, thou only hast cast out and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*—RALEIGH.

Page 111, line 10.

Now, seraph-winged, among the stars we soar.

Among the most precious Gifts with which the Almighty has rewarded us for our diligence in the investigation of his Works are the Telescope and the Microscope. They came as it were by chance; they came we know not how; and "they have laid open the Infinite in both directions."—But what may not come in like manner; when from the situation of a pebble may be learnt the state of the Earth, many myriads of ages ago, before it was inhabited by Man; and when the fall of an apple to the ground has led us to the knowledge of those laws which regulate every world as it revolves in its orbit? See Sir John Herschel's excellent Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.

Page 111, line 13.

Or, in a thankless hour condemned to live.

How much is it to be lamented that the greatest Benefactors of Mankind, being beyond the Age they live in, are so seldom understood before they are gone!

Page 111, line 16.

Through the dim curtains of Futurity.

Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting, without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation.—
JOHNSON.

After line 16, in the MS.

O'er place and time we triumph; on we go,
Ranging at will the realms above, below;
Yet, ah, how little of ourselves we know!
And why the heart beats on, or how the brain
Says to the foot, "Now move, now rest again."
From age to age we search and search in vain.

Page 111, line 19.

Behold him now unbar the prison-door.

An allusion to John Howard. "Wherever he came, in whatever country, the prisons and hospitals were thrown open to him as to the general Censor. Such is the force of pure and exalted virtue!"

Page 111, line 27.

Long with his friend in generous enmity.

Aristotle's definition of Friendship, "one soul in two bodies," is well exemplified by some ancient Author in a dialogue between Ajax and Achilles. "Of all the wounds you ever received in battle," says Ajax, "which was the most painful to you?"—"That which I received from Hector," replies Achilles.—"But Hector never gave you a wound?"—"Yes, and a mortal one; when he slew my friend, Patroclus."

Page 112, line 11.

But soon 'tis past.

This light, which is so heavenly in its lustre, and which is everywhere and on everything when we look round us on our arrival here; which, while it lasts, never leaves us, rejoicing us by night as well as by day, and lighting up our very dreams; yet, when it fades, fades so fast, and, when it goes, goes out for ever—we may address it in the words of the Poet, words which we might apply so often in this transitory life:—

Too soon your value from your loss we learn!

R. SHARPE'S *Epistles in Verse*, ii.

Page 112, line 13.

. . . *like the stone*

That sheds awhile a lustre all its own.

See "Observations on a Diamond that shines in the dark."—BOYLE, *Works*, i. 789.

Page 112, line 28.

Schooled and trained up to Wisdom from his birth.

Cicero, in his Essay *De Senectute*, has drawn his images

from the better walks of life; and Shakspeare, in his Seven Ages, has done so too. But Shakspeare treats his subject satirically; Cicero as a Philosopher. In the venerable portrait of Cato we discover no traces of "the lean and slippered Pantaloon."

Every object has a bright and a dark side; and I have endeavoured to look at things as Cicero has done. By some, however, I may be thought to have followed too much my own dream of happiness; and in such a dream indeed I have often passed a solitary hour. It was Castle-building once; now it is no longer so. But whoever would try to realize it, would not perhaps repent of his endeavour.

Page 112, line 30.

The day arrives, the moment wished and feared.

A Persian Poet has left us a beautiful thought on this subject, which the reader, if he has not met with it, will be glad to know, and, if he has, to remember.

Thee on thy Mother's knees, a new-born child,
In tears we saw, when all around thee smiled.
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep.

Page 114, line 8.

"These are my Jewels!"

The anecdote here alluded to is related by Valerius Maximus, lib. iv. c. 4.

Page 114, line 10.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"

In our early Youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and action. But when we enter the world and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches even to those we love best.

How delightful to us then are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, do we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.

Page 114, line 11.

. he reveres
The brow engraven with the Thoughts of Years.

This is a law of Nature. Age was anciently synonymous with power; and we may always observe that the old are held in more or less honour as men are more or less virtuous. "Shame," says Homer, "bids the youth beware how he accosts the man of many years." "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of an old man."—*Leviticus.*

Among us, and wherever birth and possessions give rank and authority, the young and the profligate are seen continually above the old and the worthy: there Age can never find its due respect. But among many of the ancient nations it was otherwise; and they reaped the benefit of it. *Rien ne maintient plus les mœurs, qu'une extrême subordination des jeunes gens envers les vieillards. Les uns et les autres seront contenus, ceux-là par le respect qu'ils auront pour les vieillards, et ceux-ci par le respect qu'ils auront pour eux-mêmes.*—MONTESQUIEU.

Page 114, line 23.

Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire!

How many generations have passed away, how many empires and how many languages, since Homer sung his verses to the Greeks! Yet the words which he uttered, and which were only so much fleeting breath, remain almost entire to this day, and will now in all probability continue to delight and instruct mankind as long as the world endures.

Page 124, line 17.

Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the Household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some Gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would

lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me; "I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure which I find in Plato."—ROGER ASCHAM.

Page 114, line 29.

Then is the Age of Admiration.

Dante in his old age was pointed out to Petrarch when a boy; and Dryden to Pope.

Who does not wish that Dante and Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid them, and foreseen the greatness of their young admirers?

Page 115, line 17.

Scenes such as Milton sought, but sought in vain.

He had arrived at Naples and was preparing to visit Sicily and Greece, when, hearing of the troubles in England, he thought it proper to hasten home.

Page 115, line 18.

*And Milton's self (at that thrice honour'd name
Well may we glow—as men, we share his fame).*

I began thus far to assent . . . to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die.—MILTON.

Nor can his Wish be unfulfilled. Calumniated in his lifetime and writing what few would read, He left it to a Voice which none could silence, a Voice which would deliver it to all nations—in the Old World and the New.

A good book (to quote his own words) is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, and to destroy it is to slay an immortality rather than a life.

Page 116, line 29.

. . . 'twas at matin-time.

Love and devotion are said to be nearly allied. Boccaccio fell in love at Naples in the church of St. Lorenzo; as Petrarch had done at Avignon in the church of St. Clair.

Page 117, line 20.

Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now!

Is it not true, that the young not only appear to be, but really are most beautiful in the presence of those they love? It calls forth all their beauty.

Page 118, line 30.

*And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!*

Xenophon has left us a delightful instance of conjugal affection.

The King of Armenia not fulfilling his promise, Cyrus entered the country, and, having taken him and all his family prisoners, ordered them instantly before him. Armenian, said he, you are free; for you are now sensible of your error. And what will you give me, if I restore your wife to you?—All that I am able.—What, if I restore your children?—All that I am able.—And you, Tigranes, said he, turning to the Son, What would *you* do, to save your wife from servitude? Now Tigranes was but lately married, and had a great love for his wife. Cyrus, he replied, to save her from servitude, I would willingly lay down my life.

Let each have his own again, said Cyrus; and, when he was departed, one spoke of his clemency; and another of his valour; and another of his beauty and the graces of his person. Upon which Tigranes asked his wife, if she thought him handsome. Really, said she, I did not look at him.—At whom then did you look?—At him who said he would lay down his life for me.—*Cyropædia*, l. iii.

Page 119, line 21.

He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all.

“When such is the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds,” says Paley, “the world becomes a temple and life itself one continued act of worship.”—We breathe aspirations all day long.

Page 120, line 23.

Through the night.

Hers the mournful privilege, “*adsidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu.*”—TACITUS.

Page 120, line 25.

She sits silent by.

We may have many friends in life; but we can only have one mother; "a discovery," says Gray, "which I never made till it was too late."

The child is no sooner born than he clings to his mother; nor, while she lives, is her image absent from him in the hour of his distress. Sir John Moore, when he fell from his horse in the battle of Corunna, faltered out with his dying breath some message to his mother; and who can forget the last words of Conradin, when, in his fifteenth year, he was led forth to die at Naples, "O my mother! how great will be your grief, when you hear of it!"

Page 121, line 13.

. . . "dust to dust."

How exquisite are those lines of Petrarch!

Le cresse chiome d'or puro lucente,
E 'l lampeggiar dell'angelico riso,
Che solean far in terra un paradiso,
Poca polvere son, che nulla sente.

Page 121, line 22.

He goes, and Night comes as it never came!

These circumstances, as well as some others that follow, are happily, as far as they regard England, of an ancient date. To us the miseries inflicted by a foreign invader are now known only by description. Many generations have passed away since our country-women saw the smoke of an enemy's camp.

But the same passions are always at work everywhere, and their effects are always nearly the same; though the circumstances that attend them are infinitely various.

Page 122, line 7.

*Such as the heart delights in— and records
Within how silently—*

Si tout cela consistoit en faits, en actions, en paroles, on pourroit le décrire et le rendre en quelque façon: mais comment dire ce qui n'étoit ni dit, ni fait, ni pensé même, mais

goûté, mais senti?—Le vrai bonheur ne se décrit pas.—
ROUSSEAU.

Page 122, line 30.

A Walk in Spring—Grattan, like those with thee.

How welcome to an old man is the society of a young one! He, who is here mentioned, would propose a walk wherever we were, unworthy as I was of his notice; and One as great if not greater, when we were interrupted in his library at St. Anne's and I withdrew but for a moment to write down what I wished so much to remember, would say when I returned, "Why do you leave me?" words which few would forget, and which come again and again to me when half a century is gone by.

Page 123, line 10.

. . . . *and, when all are there.*

So many pathetic affections are awakened by every exercise of social devotion, that most men, I believe, carry away from public worship a better temper towards the rest of mankind than they brought with them. Having all one interest to secure, one Lord to serve, one Judgment to look forward to, we cannot but remember our common relationship, and our natural equality is forced upon our thoughts. The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much, and whatever conduces to restore the level, improves the character on both sides.—If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church; if ever the rich man looks upon him with respect it is there; and both will be the better the oftener they meet where the feeling of superiority is mitigated in the one and the spirit of the other is erected and confirmed.—PALEY.

Page 123, line 12.

That House with many a funeral-gurband hung.

A custom in some of our country-churches.

Page 124, line 2.

Soon through the gadding vine, &c.

An English breakfast; which may well excite in others what in Rousseau continued through life, un goût vif pour les

déjeuners. C'est le temps de la journée où nous sommes le plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise.

The luxuries here mentioned, familiar to us as they now are, were almost unknown before the Revolution.

Page 124, line 30.

With honest dignity.

He, who resolves to rise in the world by Politics or Religion, can degrade his mind to any degree, when he sets about it. Overcome the first scruple, and the work is done. "You hesitate," said one who spoke from experience. "Put on the mask, young man; and in a very little while you will not know it from your own face."

Page 124, line 32.

Like Hampden struggling in his Country's cause.

Zeuxis is said to have drawn his Helen from an assemblage of the most beautiful women; and many a Writer of Fiction, in forming a life to his mind, has recourse to the brightest moments in the lives of others.

I may be suspected of having done so here, and of having designed, as it were, from living models; but, by making an allusion now and then to those who have really lived, I thought I should give something of interest to the picture, as well as better illustrate my meaning.

Page 124, line 35.

*Careless of blame while his own heart approves,
Careless of ruin.*

"By the Mass!" said the Duke of Norfolk to Sir Thomas More, "By the Mass! master More, it is perilous striving with princes; the anger of a prince is death."—"And is that all, my lord? then the difference between you and me is but this—that *I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow.*"—ROPER'S *Life*.

Page 125, line 1.

On thro' that gate misnamed.

Traitor's gate, the water-gate in the Tower of London.

Page 125, line 4.

Then to the place of trial.

This very slight sketch of Civil Dissension is taken from our own annals; but, for an obvious reason, not from those of our own Age.

The persons, here immediately alluded to, lived more than a hundred years ago in a reign which Blackstone has justly represented as wicked, sanguinary, and turbulent; but such times have always afforded the most signal instances of heroic courage and ardent affection.

Great reverses, like theirs, lay open the human heart. They occur indeed but seldom; yet all men are liable to them; all, when they occur to others, make them more or less their own; and, were we to describe our condition to an inhabitant of some other planet, could we omit what forms so striking a circumstance in human life?

Page 125, line 4.

. . . *and alone.*

A prisoner, prosecuted for high treason, may now make his defence by counsel. In the reign of William the Third the law was altered; and it was in rising to urge the necessity of an alteration, that Lord Shaftesbury, with such admirable quickness, took advantage of the embarrassment that seized him. "If I," said he, "who rise only to give my opinion of this bill, am so confounded that I cannot say what I intended, what must be the condition of that man, who, without any assistance, is pleading for his life?"

Page 125, line 8.

*Like that sweet Saint who sate by Russell's side
Under the Judgment-seat.*

Lord Russell. May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory?

Mr. Attorney-General. Yes, a Servant.

Lord Chief Justice. Any of your Servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.

Lord Russell. My Wife is here, my Lord, to do it.—
State Trials, ii.

Page 125, line 14.

Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their claim.

See the *Alcestis* of Euripides, v. 194.

Page 125, line 19.

Lo, there the Friend.

Such as Russell found in Cavendish; and such as many have found.

Page 125, line 24.

And, when her dear, dear Father passed along.

An allusion to the last interview of Sir Thomas More and his daughter Margaret. "Dear Meg," said he, when afterwards with a coal he wrote to bid her farewell, "I never liked your manner towards me better; for I like when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy."—ROPER'S *Life*.

Page 126, line 6.

Her glory now, as ever her delight!

Epaminondas, after his victory at Leuctra, rejoiced most of all at the pleasure which it would give his father and mother; and who would not have envied them their feelings?

Cornelia was called at Rome the Mother-in-law of Scipio. "When," said she to her sons, "shall I be called the Mother of the Gracchi?"

Page 127, line 7.

And such, his labour done, the calm He knows.

At illa quanti sunt, animum tanquam emeritis stipendiis libidinis, ambitionis, contentionis, inimicitiarum, cupiditatum omnium, secum esse, secumque (ut dicitur) vivere?—CIC. *De Senectute*.

Page 127, line 17.

Watches his bees at hiving-time.

Hinc ubi jam emissum caveis ad sidera cœli
Nare per æstatem liquidam suspexeris agmen,
Contemplator.—VIRG.

Page 128, line 3.

Immovable—for ever there to freeze!

She was under all her sails, and looked less like a ship incrustated with ice than ice in the fashion of a ship.—See the *Voyage of Captain Thomas James, in 1631*.

Page 128, line 23.

Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire.

An act of filial piety represented on the coins of Catana, a Greek city, some remains of which are still to be seen at the foot of Mount Ætna.¹ The story is told of two brothers, who in this manner saved both their parents. The place, from which they escaped, was long called the Field of the Pious; and public games were annually held there to commemorate the event.

Page 128, line 27.

From harp or organ!

What a pleasing picture of domestic life is given to us by Bishop Berkeley in his letters! "The more we have of good instruments the better: for all my children, not excepting my little daughter, learn to play, and are preparing to fill my house with harmony against all events; that, if we have worse times, we may have better spirits."

Page 129, line 1.

*And with assurance sweet her soul revive
In child-birth.*

See the *Alcestis* of Euripides, v. 328.

Page 129, line 5.

Who lives not for another.

How often, says an excellent writer, do we err in our estimate of happiness! When I hear of a man who has noble parks, splendid palaces, and every luxury in life, I always inquire whom he has to love; and if I find he has nobody or does not love those he has—in the midst of all his grandeur I pronounce him a being in deep adversity.

Page 129, line 14.

O thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind.

Cicero. It is remarkable that, among the comforts of Old

¹ It is introduced also, and very happily, by two great masters; by Virgil in the Sack of Troy and by Raphael in the *Incendio di Borgo*.

Age, he has not mentioned those arising from the society of women and children. Perhaps the husband of Terentia and "the father of Marcus felt something on the subject, of which he was willing to spare himself the recollection."

Page 131, line 24.

And stars are kindling in the firmament.

An old writer breaks off in a very lively manner at a later hour of the night. "But the Hyades run low in the heavens, and to keep our eyes open any longer were to act our Antipodes. The Huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia."

Before I conclude, I would say something in favour of the old-fashioned triplet, which I have here ventured to use so often. Dryden seems to have delighted in it, and in many of his poems has used it much oftener than I have done, as for instance in the *Hind and Panther*,¹ and in *Theodore and Honoria*, where he introduces it three, four, and even five times in succession.

If I have erred anywhere in the structure of my verse from a desire to follow yet earlier and higher examples, I rely on the forgiveness of those *in whose ear the music of our old versification is still sounding*.²

¹ Pope used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre.—JOHNSON.

² With regard to trisyllables, as their accent is very rarely on the last, they cannot properly be any rhymes at all: yet nevertheless I highly commend those, who have judiciously and sparingly introduced them, as such.—GRAY.

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

1786.

I. 1.



HENCE, to the realms of Night, dire
 Demon, hence!
 Thy chain of adamant can bind
 That little world, the human mind,
 And sink its noblest powers to impotence.

Wake the lion's loudest roar,
 Clot his shaggy mane with gore,
 With flashing fury bid his eye-balls shine;
 Meek is his savage, sullen soul, to thine!
 Thy touch, thy deadening touch has steeled the
 breast,
 Whence, thro' her April-shower, soft Pity
 smiled;
 Has closed the heart each godlike virtue blessed,
 To all the silent pleadings of his child,¹
 At thy command he plants the dagger deep,
 At thy command exults, tho' Nature bids him
 weep!

I. 2.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth,²
 Thou dartedst thy huge head from high,
 Night waved her banners o'er the sky,
 And, brooding, gave her shapeless shadows birth.
 Rocking on the billowy air,
 Ha! what withering phantoms glare!

¹ The sacrifice of Iphigenia.² Lucretius, I. 63.

As blows the blast with many a sudden swell,
At each dead pause, what shrill-toned voices
yell!

The sheeted spectre, rising from the tomb,
Points to the murderer's stab, and shudders by
In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,
That veils its genius from the vulgar eye:
The spirit of the water rides the storm,
And, thro' the mist, reveals the terrors of his
form.

I. 3.

O'er solid seas, where Winter reigns,
And holds each mountain-wave in chains,
The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer
By glistening star-light thro' the snow,
Breathes softly in her wondering ear
Each potent spell thou bad'st him know.
By thee inspired, on India's sands,
Full in the sun the Brahmin stands ;
And, while the panting tigress hies
To quench her fever in the stream,
His spirit laughs in agonies,
Smit by the scorplings of the noontide beam
Mark who mounts the sacred pyre,¹
Blooming in her bridal vest :
She hurls the torch ! she fans the fire !
To die is to be blest :
She clasps her lord to part no more,
And, sighing, sinks ! but sinks to soar.
O'ershadowing Scotia's desert coast,
The Sisters sail in dusky state,²
And, wrapt in clouds, in tempests tost,
Weave the airy web of Fate ;

¹ The funeral rite of the Hindoos.

² The Fates of the Northern Mythology.--See MALLET'S *Antiquities*.

While the lone shepherd, near the shipless
main,¹
Sees o'er her hills advance the long-drawn funeral
train.

II. 1.

Thou spak'st, and lo! a new creation glowed.
Each unhewn mass of living stone
Was clad in horrors not its own,
And at its base the trembling nations bowed.
Giant Error, darkly grand,
Grasped the globe with iron hand.
Circled with seats of bliss, the Lord of Light
Saw prostrate worlds adore his golden height.
The statue, waking with immortal powers²
Springs from its parent earth, and shakes the
spheres;
The indignant pyramid sublimely towers,
And braves the efforts of a host of years.
Sweet Music breathes her soul into the wind;
And bright-eyed Painting stamps the image of
the mind.

II. 2.

Round the rude ark old Egypt's sorcerers rise!
A timbrelled anthem swells the gale,
And bids the God of Thunders hail;³
With lowings loud the captive God replies.
Clouds of incense woo thy smile,
Scaly monarch of the Nile!⁴
But ah! what myriads claim the bended knee!⁵
Go, count the busy drops that swell the sea.

¹ An allusion to the Second Sight.

² *Æn.* II. 172, &c.

³ The bull, Apis.

⁴ The crocodile.

⁵ According to an ancient proverb, it was less difficult in Egypt to find a god than a man.

Proud land! what eye can trace thy mystic
 lore,
 Locked up in characters as dark as night? ¹
 What eye those long, long labyrinths dare ex-
 plore, ²
 To which the parted soul oft wings her flight;
 Again to visit her cold cell of clay,
 Charmed with perennial sweets, and smiling at
 decay?

II. 3.

On yon hoar summit, mildly bright ³
 With purple ether's liquid light,
 High o'er the world, the white-robed Magi gaze
 On dazzling bursts of heavenly fire;
 Start at each blue, portentous blaze,
 Each flame that flits with adverse spire.
 But say, what sounds my ear invade
 From Delphi's venerable shade?
 The temple rocks, the laurel waves!
 "The God! the God!" the Sibyl cries. ⁴
 Her figure swells! she foams, she raves!
 Her figure swells to more than mortal size!
 Streams of rapture roll along,
 Silver notes ascend the skies:
 Wake, Echo, wake and catch the song,
 Oh catch it, ere it dies!
 The Sibyl speaks, the dream is o'er,
 The holy harpings charm no more.
 In vain she checks the God's control;
 His madding spirit fills her frame,
 And moulds the features of her soul,
 Breathing a prophetic flame.

¹ The Hieroglyphics.

² The Catacombs.

³ "The Persians," says Herodotus, "have no temples, altars. or statues. They sacrifice on the tops of the highest mountains." I. 131.

⁴ Æn. VI. 46, &c.

The cavern frowns; its hundred mouths un
close!
And, in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire
flows!

III. 1.

Mona, thy Druid-rites awake the dead!
Rites thy brown oaks would never dare
Even whisper to the idle air;
Rites that have chained old Ocean on his bed.
Shivered by thy piercing glance,
Pointless falls the hero's lance.
Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly,¹
And blasts the laureate wreath of victory.
Hark, the bard's soul inspires the vocal string!
At every pause dread Silence hovers o'er:
While murky Night sails round on raven-wing,
Deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's
roar;
Chased by the Morn from Snowdon's awful brow
Where late she sate and scowled on the black
wave below.

III. 2.

Lo, steel-clad War his gorgeous standard rears!
The red-cross squadrons madly rage,²
And mow thro' infancy and age;
Then kiss the sacred dust and melt in tears.
Veiling from the eye of day,
Penance dreams her life away;
In cloistered solitude she sits and sighs,
While from each shrine still, small responses
rise.

¹ See Tacitus, l. xiv. c. 29.

² This remarkable event happened at the siege and sack of Jerusalem in the last year of the eleventh century. Matth. Paris, IV. 2.

Hear, with what heart-felt beat, the midnight
bell
Swings its slow summons thro' the hollow pile !
The weak, wan votarist leaves her twilight cell,
To walk, with taper dim, the winding aisle ;
With choral chantings vainly to aspire
Beyond this nether sphere, on Rapture's wing of
fire.

III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,
Hence with the rack and reeking wheel.
Faith lifts the soul above this little ball !
While gleams of glory open round,
And circling choirs of angels call,
Canst thou, with all thy terrors crowned,
Hope to obscure that latent spark,
Destined to shine when suns are dark ?
Thy triumphs cease ! thro' every land,
Hark ! Truth proclaims, thy triumphs cease !
Her heavenly form, with glowing hand,
Benignly points to piety and peace.
Flushed with youth, her looks impart
Each fine feeling as it flows ;
Her voice the echo of a heart
Pure as the mountain-snows :
Celestial transports round her play,
And softly, sweetly die away.
She smiles ! and where is now the cloud
That blackened o'er thy baleful reign ?
Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud,
Shrinking from her glance in vain.
Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,
And lo ! it visits man with beams of light and
love.

THE SAILOR.

1786.



HE Sailor sighs as sinks his native
 shore,
 As all its lessening turrets blueely fade;
 He climbs the mast to feast his eye
 once more,
 And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,
 Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
 Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;
 Its colours mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
 Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;
 This, the last wish that would with life depart,
 To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,
 Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;
 When sea and sky in midnight-darkness join,
 Still, still he sees the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
 Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
 And, when the beating billows round him roar,
 Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
 In many a plantain-forest, waving wide;
 Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
 And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail !
 Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend !
 And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale !
 In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'T is she, 't is she herself ! she waves her hand !
 Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furled ;
 Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,
 And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

A WISH.

1786.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

1793.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs
 there ;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my loved lute's romantic sound ;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and roundelay
 Sung in the silent green-wood shade :
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

1786.

THE sun-beams streak the azure skies,
 And line with light the mountain's
 brow :
 With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
 And chase the roebuck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
 High on their iron poles they pass ;
 Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
 Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
 Up craggy steeps and ridges rude ;
 Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,
 From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
 And as the echoing cliffs reply,
 The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,
 Perched, like an eagle's nest, on high.

ON A TEAR.

1793.



H ! that the Chemist's magic art
 Could crystallize this sacred treasure !
 Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
 Its lustre caught from CHLOE's eye ;
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
 The spring of Sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !
 In thee the rays of Virtue shine ;
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.


Benign restorer of the soul !
 Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
 When first we feel the rude control
 Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
 In every clime, in every age;
 Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
 In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law¹ which moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

WRITTEN IN A SICK CHAMBER.²

1793.

 HERE, in that bed so closely curtained
 round,
 Worn to a shade and wan with slow
 decay,
 A father sleeps! Oh hushed be every sound!
 Soft may we breathe the midnight hours away!

He stirs—yet still he sleeps. May heavenly
 dreams
 Long o'er his smooth and settled pillow rise;
 Nor fly, till morning through the shutter streams,
 And on the hearth the glimmering rush-light dies.


* * * * *

¹ The law of gravitation.

² During the last illness of his Father, who died at Newington Green, in the house where the poet was born.

TO TWO SISTERS.¹

1795.


 WELL may you sit within, and, fond of
 grief,
 Look in each other's face, and melt in
 tears.

Well may you shun all counsel, all relief.
 Oh she was great in mind, tho' young in years !

Changed is that lovely countenance, which shed
 Light when she spoke ; and kindled sweet sur-
 prise,

As o'er her frame each warm emotion spread,
 Played round her lips, and sparkled in her eyes.

Those lips so pure, that moved but to persuade,
 Still to the last enlivened and endeared.

Those eyes at once her secret soul conveyed,
 And ever beamed delight when you appeared.

Yet has she fled the life of bliss below,
 That youthful Hope in bright perspective drew ?
 False were the tints ! false as the feverish glow
 That o'er her burning cheek Distemper threw !

And now in joy she dwells, in glory moves !
 (Glory and joy reserved for you to share.)
 Far, far more blest in blessing those she loves,
 Than they, alas ! unconscious of her care.

¹ On the death of a younger sister.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

1798.



ON thee, blest youth, a father's hand
 confers
 The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes
 knew.

Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers ;
 Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
 She wins assurance from his soothing voice ;
 And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
 Smiles thro' her blushes and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame !
 To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears !
 To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim ;
 Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears !

At each response the sacred rite requires,
 From her full bosom bursts the unbidden sigh.
 A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires ;
 And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play !
 What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend !
 Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
 And settled sunshine on her soul descend !

Ah soon, thine own confess'd, ecstatic thought !
 That hand shall strew thy summer-path with
 flowers ;
 And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
 Gild the calm current of domestic hours !

WRITTEN TO BE SPOKEN BY
MRS. SIDDONS.¹

YES, 't is the pulse of life; my fears were
vain;
I wake, I breathe, and am myself again.
Still in this nether world; no seraph
yet!

Nor walks my spirit, when the sun is set,
With troubled step to haunt the fatal board,
Where I died last—by poison or the sword;
Blanching each honest cheek with deeds of night,
Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.

—To drop all metaphor, that little bell
Called back reality, and broke the spell.
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone;
A very woman—scarce restrains her own!
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
When to be grateful is the part assigned?
Ah, no! she scorns the trappings of her Art;
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart!

But, Ladies, say, must I alone unmask?
Is here no other actress, let me ask.
Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,
Know every Woman studies stage-effect.
She moulds her manners to the part she fills,
As Instinct teaches, or as Humour wills;
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.

First, how her little breast with triumph swells
When the red coral rings its golden bells!
To play in pantomime is then the *rage*,

¹ After a Tragedy, performed for her benefit, at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, April 27, 1795.

Along the carpet's many-coloured stage ;
Or 'tis her merry thoughts with loud endeavour,
Now here, now there,—in noise and mischief ever!

A school-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours ;
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances ;
Playful at church, and serious when she dances ;

Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows ;
Terror of caps, and wigs, and sober notions !
A romp ! that *longest* of perpetual motions !

—Till tamed and tortured into foreign graces,
She sports her lovely face at public places ;
And with blue, laughing eyes, behind her fan
First acts her part with that great actor, MAN.

Too soon a flirt, approach her and she flies !
Frowns when pursued, and, when entreated, sighs !
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice ;
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.

Her prudence dictates what her pride disdained,
And now she sues to slaves herself had chained !

Then comes that good old character, a Wife,
With all the dear, distracting cares of life ;
A thousand cards a day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thousand cards receive ;
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,
With nightly blaze set PORTLAND-PLACE on fire ;
Snatch half a glimpse at Concert, Opera, Ball,
A meteor, traced by none, tho' seen by all ;
And, when her shattered nerves forbid to roam,
In very spleen—rehearse the girls at home.

Last the grey Dowager, in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles the age denounces ;
Boasts how the Sires of this degenerate Isle
Knelt for a look, and duelled for a smile.
The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal ;

With modern Belles eternal warfare wages,
 Like her own birds that clamour from their cages;
 And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,
 Like some old Ruin, "nodding to its fall!"

Thus WOMAN makes her entrance and her exit
 Not least an actress when she least suspects it.
 Yet Nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,
 Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot;
 Full oft, with energy that scorns control,
 At once lights up the features of the soul;
 Unlocks each thought chained down by coward
 Art,


And to full day the latent passions start!
 —And she, whose first, best wish is your ap-
 plause,

Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.
 Born on the stage—thro' every shifting scene,
 Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,
 Still has your smile, her trembling spirit fired!
 And can she act, with thoughts like these in-
 spired?

No! from her mind all artifice she flings,
 All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things!
 To you, unchecked, each genuine feeling flows;
 For all that life endears—to you she owes.

A FAREWELL.

1797.

 DIEU! A long, a long adieu!¹
 I must be gone while yet I may.
 Oft shall I weep to think of you;
 But here I will not, cannot stay.

¹ [Once more, enchanting maid, adieu!—*Ed.* 1839.]

The sweet expression of that face,
 For ever changing, yet the same,
 Ah no, I dare not turn to trace.
 It melts my soul, it fires my frame !

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
 One little lock of those so blest,
 That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
 And on your white neck love to rest.

---Say, when, to kindle soft delight,
 That hand has chanced with mine to meet,
 How could its thrilling touch excite,
 A sigh so short, and yet so sweet ?

O say—but no, it must not be.
 Adieu ! A long, a long adieu !
 —Yet still, methinks, you frown on me ;
 Or never could I fly from you.

TO

1814



O—you may call it madness, folly ;
 You shall not chase my gloom away.
 There's such a charm in melancholy,
 I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
 That fills my bosom when I sigh,
 You would not rob me of a treasure
 Monarchs are too poor to buy.

FROM EURIPIDES.¹

HERE is a streamlet issuing from a
rock.

The village-girls, singing wild madri-
gals,

Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
And hang them to the sun. There first we met,
There on that day. Her dark and eloquent eyes
'Twas heaven to look upon; and her sweet voice,
As tuneable as harp of many strings,
At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul!

Dear is that valley to the murmuring bees;
And all, who know it, come and come again.
The small birds build there; and at summer-noon
Oft have I heard a child, gay among flowers,
As in the shining grass she sate concealed,
Sing to herself.

FROM AN ITALIAN SONNET

1810.


LOVE, under Friendship's vesture white
Laughs, his little limbs concealing;
And oft in sport, and oft in spite,
Like Pity meets the dazzled sight,
Smiles thro' his tears revealing.

But now as Rage the God appears!
He frowns, and tempests shake his frame!—
Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,
'Tis Love; and Love is still the same.

¹ In some earlier editions these lines are transposed, the last five being placed first, with a few verbal differences.


FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM.

1801.


 HILE on the cliff with calm delight she
 kneels
 And the blue vales a thousand joys
 recall,
 See, to the last, last verge her infant steals !
 O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
 Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
 And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.


A CHARACTER.

1801.


 S thro' the hedge-row shade the violet
 steals,
 And the sweet air its modest leaf re-
 veals ;
 Her softer charms, but by their influence known,
 Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.


CAPTIVITY.

1801.


 AGED in old woods, whose reverend
 echoes wake
 When the hern screams along the dis-
 tant lake,
 Her little heart oft flutters to be free,
 Oft sighs to turn the unrelenting key.
 In vain ! the nurse that rusted relic wears,
 Nor moved by gold—nor to be moved by tears ;
 And terraced walls their black reflection throw
 On the green-mantled moat that sleeps below.


WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

1806.


WHILE thro' the broken pane the tem-
 pest sighs,
 And my step falters on the faithless
 floor,
 Shades of departed joys around me rise,
 With many a face that smiles on me no more ;
 With many a voice that thrills of transport gave,
 Now silent as the grass that tufts their grave !

TO AN OLD OAK.

1806.


FRUNK of a Giant now no more !
 Once did thy limbs to heaven as-
 pire ;
 Once, by a track untried before,
 Strike as resolving to explore
 Realms of infernal fire.¹

Round thee, alas, no shadows move !
 From thee no sacred murmurs breathe !
 Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
 Once did the eagle scream above,
 And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the red-cross knight reclined,
 His resting place, a house of prayer ;
 And, when the death-bell smote the wind
 From towers long fled by human kind,
 He knelt and worshipped there !

¹ Radice in Tartara tendit.—VING,

Then Culture came, and days serene ;
 And village-sports, and garlands gay.
 Full many a pathway crossed the green ;
 And maids and shepherd-youths were seen
 To celebrate the May.


Father of many a forest deep,
 Whence many a navy thunder-fraught !
 Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
 Soon destined o'er the world to sweep
 Opening new spheres of thought !

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
 The holy Druid saw thee rise ;
 And, planting there the guardian-spell,
 Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
 Of human sacrifice !

Thy singéd top and branches bare
 Now straggle in the evening-sky ;
 And the wan moon wheels round to glare
 On the long corse that shivers there
 Of him who came to die !

TO THE GNAT.

1798.

HEN by the green-wood side, at sum-
 mer eve,
 Poetic visions charm my closing eye ;
 And fairy-scenes, that Fancy loves to
 weave,


Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy ;
 'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey,
 Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,
 Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,
 And all is Solitude, and all is Night !

—Ah now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly,
 Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air!
 No guardian sylph, in golden panoply,
 Lifts the broad shield, and points the glittering
 spear.

Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,
 Thy dragon-scales still wet with human gore.
 Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings!
 —I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more!

TO THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF
 LADY * *.¹

1798.

 H! why with tell-tale tongue reveal²
 What most her blushes would conceal?
 Why lift that modest veil to trace
 The seraph-sweetness of her face?
 Some fairer, better sport prefer;
 And feel for us, if not for her.

For this presumption, soon or late,
 Know thine shall be a kindred fate.
 Another shall in vengeance rise—
 Sing Harriet's cheeks, and Harriet's eyes;
 And, echoing back her wood-notes wild,
 —Trace all the mother in the child!

¹ [To Lady Harriet Villiers, daughter of Lady Jersey, and afterwards wife of Dr. Bagot, Bishop of Bath and Wells.—ED.]

² Alluding to some verses which she had written on an elder sister.

TO A VOICE THAT HAD BEEN LOST.¹

Vane, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor?
 Aeris et linguæ sum filia;
 Et, si vis similem pingere, pingere sonum.—AUSONIUS.



ONCE more, Enchantress of the soul,
 Once more we hail thy soft control.
 —Yet whither, whither didst thou
 fly?

To what bright region of the sky?
 Say, in what distant star to dwell?
 (Of other worlds thou seem'st to tell)
 Or, trembling, fluttering here below,
 Resolved and unresolved to go,
 In secret didst thou still impart
 Thy raptures to the pure in heart?

Perhaps to many a desert shore,
 Thee, in his rage, the Tempest bore;
 Thy broken murmurs swept along,
 Mid Echoes yet untuned by song;
 Arrested in the realms of Frost,
 Or in the wilds of Ether lost.

Far happier thou! 'twas thine to soar,
 Careering on the winged wind.
 Thy triumphs who shall dare explore?
 Suns and their systems left behind.
 No tract of space, no distant star,
 No shock of elements at war,
 Did thee detain. Thy wing of fire
 Bore thee amid the Cherub-choir;
 And there awhile to thee 'twas given
 Once more that Voice² beloved to join,
 Which taught thee first a flight divine,
 And nursed thy infant years with many a strain
 from Heaven!

¹ In the winter of 1805.

² Mrs. Sheridan's.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

1806.



CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous
flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields
of light ;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening-sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !
—Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that cropt
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man ; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day !

TO¹

1810.



AH ! little thought she, when, with wild
delight,
By many a torrent's shining track she
flew,
When mountain-glens and caverns full of night,
O'er her young mind divine enchantment threw,
That in her veins a secret horror slept,
That her light footsteps should be heard no more,
That she should die—nor watched, alas, nor wept
By thee, unconscious of the pangs she bore.
Yet round her couch indulgent Fancy drew
The kindred forms her closing eye required.
There didst thou stand—there, with the smile she
knew ;
She moved her lips to bless thee, and expired.

¹ On the death of her sister in 1805.

And now to thee she comes ; still, still the same
 As in the hours gone unregarded by !
 To thee, how changed, comes as she ever came ;
 Health on her cheek, and pleasure in her eye !

Nor less, less oft, as on that day, appears,
 When lingering, as prophetic of the truth,
 By the way-side she shed her parting tears—
 For ever lovely in the light of Youth !

TO THE
 FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES,
 COMMONLY CALLED THE TORSO.¹

1806.



AND dost thou still, thou mass of breath-
 ing stone,
 (Thy giant limbs to night and chaos
 hurled)

Still sit as on the fragment of a world ;
 Surviving all, majestic and alone ?
 What tho' the Spirits of the North, that swept
 Rome from the earth when in her pomp she slept,
 Smote thee with fury, and thy headless trunk
 Deep in the dust mid tower and temple sunk ;
 Soon to subdue mankind 'twas thine to rise,
 Still, still unquelled thy glorious energies !
 Aspiring minds, with thee conversing, caught
 Bright revelations of the Good they sought ;²
 By thee that long-lost spell in secret given,
 To draw down Gods, and lift the soul to Heaven !³

¹ [These lines were written in 1802, when Rogers visited Paris for the second time.]

² In the gardens of the Vatican, where it was placed by Julius II., it was long the favourite study of those great men to whom we owe the revival of the arts, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the Caracci.

³ Once in the possession of Praxiteles, if we may believe an ancient epigram on the Guidian Venus.—*Analecta Vet. Poetarum*, III. 200.

AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST.¹

1806.

READ lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
 When piping winds are hushed around,
 A small note wakes from underground,
 Where now his tiny bones are laid.

No more in lone and leafless groves,
 With ruffled wing and faded breast,
 His friendless, homeless spirit roves ;
 —Gone to the world where birds are blest !
 Where never cat glides o'er the green,
 Or school-boy's giant form is seen ;
 But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring
 Inspire their little souls to sing !

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

1819.

SAY, what remains when Hope is fled ? ”
 She answered, “ Endless weeping ! ”
 For in the herdsman's eye she read
 Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
 The stag was roused on Barden-fell ;
 The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
 And down the Wharfe a hern was flying ;
 When near the cabin in the wood,
 In tartan clad and forest-green,
 With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
 The Boy of Egremond was seen.²

¹ Inscribed on an urn in the flower-garden at Hafod.

² In the twelfth century William Fitz-Duncan laid waste the valleys of Craven with fire and sword; and was afterwards established there by his uncle, David King of Scotland.

He was the last of the race ; his son, commonly called the Boy of

Blithe was his song, a song of yore ;
 But where the rock is rent in two,
 And the river rushes through,
 His voice was heard no more !
 'Twas but a step ! the gulf he passed ;
 But that step—it was his last !
 As through the mist he winged his way,
 (A cloud that hovers night and day,)
 The hound hung back, and back he drew
 The Master and his merlin too.
 That narrow place of noise and strife
 Received their little all of Life !

There now the matin-bell is rung ;
 The " Miserere ! " duly sung ;
 And holy men in cowl and hood
 Are wandering up and down the wood.
 But what avail they ? Ruthless Lord,
 Thou didst not shudder when the sword
 Here on the young its fury spent,
 The helpless and the innocent.
 Sit now and answer, groan for groan.
 The child before thee is thy own.
 And she who wildly wanders there,
 The mother in her long despair,
 Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
 Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping ;
 Of those who would not be consoled
 When red with blood the river rolled.

Egremond, dying before him in the manner here related ; when a Priory was removed from Embsay to Bolton, that it might be as near as possible to the place where the accident happened. That place is still known by the name of the *Strid*: and the mother's answer, as given in the first stanza, is to this day often repeated in Wharfedale.—See WHITAKER'S *Hist. of Craven*.

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS OF
SCOTLAND,

SEPTEMBER 2, 1812.



BLUE was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben-Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee ; when the
breeze

Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,
Where, grey with age, the dial stands ;
That dial so well-known to me !
—Tho' many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved Sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.¹

The fairy-isles fled far away ;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day ;
That too, the deer's wild covert, fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead :
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of ROB ROY the boat-man told ;
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle-ford and mountain-hold.

Tarbat,² thy shore I climbed at last ;
And, thy shady region passed,
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood ;³
Great Ocean's self ! ('Tis He who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills ;)
Where many an elf was playing round,

¹ [His sister Sarah, who living to a great age, died in the same year with himself.—ED.]

² Signifying in the Gaelic language an Isthmus. ³ Loch-Long.

Who treads unshod his classic ground ;
 And speaks, his native rocks among,
 As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.


Night fell; and dark and darker grew
 That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
 As o'er the glimmering waves we flew ;
 The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
 And now the grampus, half-descried,
 Black and huge above the tide ;
 The cliffs and promontories there,
 Front to front, and broad and bare ;
 Each beyond each, with giant-feet
 Advancing as in haste to meet ;
 The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
 Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
 Tyrant of the drear domain ;
 All into midnight-shadow sweep—
 When day springs upward from the deep ¹
 Kindling the waters in its flight,
 The prow wakes splendour ; and the oar,
 That rose and fell unseen before,
 Flashes in a sea of light !
 Glad sign, and sure ! for now we hail
 Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale ;
 And bright indeed the path should be,
 That leads to Friendship and to Thee !

Oh blest retreat, and sacred too !
 Sacred as when the bell of prayer
 Tolled duly on the desert air,
 And crosses decked thy summits blue.
 Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
 Oft shall my weary mind recall,
 Amid the hum and stir of men,
 Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
 Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
 And Her—the Lady of the Glen !

¹ A phenomenon described by many navigators.

ON . . ASLEEP.

1810.

LEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile.
 Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
 Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
 And move, and breathe delicious
 sighs !—


Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
 And mantle o'er her neck of snow.
 Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
 What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !
 Her fair hands folded on her breast.
 —And now, how like a saint she sleeps !
 A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure ! Above control,
 Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee !
 And may the secret of thy soul
 Remain within its sanctuary !

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CRIMEA.

1812.

HEPHERD, or Huntsman, or worn
 Mariner,
 Whate'er thou art, who wouldst allay
 thy thirst,
 Drink and be glad. This cistern of white stone,
 Arched, and o'erwrought with many a sacred
 verse,
 This iron cup chained for the general use,

And these rude seats of earth within the grove,
 Were given by Fatima. Borne hence a bride,
 'Twas here she turned from her beloved sire,
 To see his face no more.¹ Oh, if thou canst,
 ('Tis not far off) visit his tomb with flowers;
 And with a drop of this sweet water fill
 The two small cells scooped in the marble there,
 That birds may come and drink upon his grave,
 Making it holy² . . . ,

AN INSCRIPTION FOR A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO THE GRACES.³

1822.



APPROACH with reverence. There are
 those within,
 Whose dwelling-place is Heaven.
 Daughters of Jove,
 From them flow all the decencies of Life;
 Without them nothing pleases, Virtue's self
 Admired not loved: and those on whom They
 smile,
 Great though they be, and wise, and beautiful,
 Shine forth with double lustre.

¹ There is a beautiful story, delivered down to us from antiquity, which will here perhaps occur to the reader.

Icarius, when he gave Penelope in marriage to Ulysses, endeavoured to persuade him to dwell in Lacedæmon; and, when all he urged was to no purpose, he entreated his daughter to remain with him. When Ulysses set out with his bride for Ithaca, the old man followed the chariot, till, overcome by his importunity, Ulysses consented that it should be left to Penelope to decide whether she would proceed with him or return with her father. It is related, says Pausanias, that she made no reply, but that she covered herself with her veil; and that Icarius, perceiving at once by it that she inclined to Ulysses, suffered her to depart with him.

A statue was afterwards placed by her father as a memorial in that part of the road where she had covered herself with her veil. It was still standing there in the days of Pausanias, and was called the statue of Modesty.

² A Turkish superstition.

³ At Woburn Abbey.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1848.



Day reveals such wonders by her
Light,
What by her Darkness cannot Night
reveal ?

For at her bidding when She mounts her throne
The Heavens unfold, and from the depths of Space
Sun beyond Sun, as when called forth they came,
Each with the worlds that round him rolled re-
joicing,
Sun beyond Sun in numbers numberless
Shine with a radiance that is all their own !

REFLECTIONS.¹

MAN to the last is but a froward child ;
So eager for the future, come what
may,
And to the present so insensible !

Oh, if he could in all things as he would,
Years would as days and hours as moments be ;
He would, so restless is his spirit here,
Give wings to Time, and wish his life away !

Alas, to our discomfort and his own,
Oft are the greatest talents to be found
In a fool's keeping. For what else is he,
However worldly wise and worldly strong,
Who can pervert and to the worst abuse
The noblest means to serve the noblest ends

¹ A portion of these lines was first published in 1838. Additions were made subsequently.

Who can employ the gift of eloquence,
That sacred gift, to dazzle and delude;
Or, if achievement in the field be his,
Climb but to gain a loss, suffering how much,
And how much more inflicting! Every where,
Cost what they will, such cruel freaks are played;
And hence the turmoil in this world of ours,
The turmoil never ending, still beginning,
The wailing and the tears.—When Cæsar came,
He who could master all men but himself,
Who did so much and could so well record it;
Even he, the most applauded in his part,
Who, when he spoke, all things summed up in
him,
Spoke to convince, nor ever, when he fought,
Fought but to conquer—what a life was his,
Slaying so many, to be slain at last,¹
A life of trouble and incessant toil,
And all to gain what is far better missed!

The heart, they say, is wiser than the schools:
And well they may. All that is great in thought,
That strikes at once as with electric fire,
And lifts us, as it were, from earth to heaven,
Comes from the heart; and who confesses not
Its voice as sacred, nay almost divine,
When inly it declares on what we do,
Blaming, approving? Let an erring world
Judge as it will, we care not while we stand
Acquitted there; and oft, when clouds on clouds
Compass us round and not a track appears,
Oft is an upright heart the surest guide,
Surer and better than the subtlest head;
Still with its silent counsels thro' the dark
Onward and onward leading.

¹ He is said to have slain a million of men in Gaul alone.

This Child, so lovely and so cherub-like,
 (No fairer spirit in the heaven of heavens)
 Say, must he know remorse? Must Passion come,
 Passion in all or any of its shapes,
 To cloud and sully what is now so pure?
 Yes, come it must. For who, alas! has lived,
 Nor in the watches of the night recalled
 Words he has wished unsaid and deeds undone?
 Yes, come it must. But if, as we may hope,
 He learns ere long to discipline his mind,
 And onward goes, humbly and cheerfully,
 Assisting them that faint, weak though he be,
 And in his trying hours trusting in God—
 Fair as he is, he shall be fairer still;
 For what was Innocence will then be Virtue.

Oh, if the Selfish knew how much they lost,
 What would they not endeavour, not endure,
 To imitate, as far as in them lay,
 Him who his wisdom and his power employs
 In making others happy!

Hence to the Altar and with Her thou lov'st,
 With Her who longs to strew thy way with
 flowers;
 Nor lose the blessed privilege to give
 Birth to a Race immortal as Yourselves.
 Which trained by you, shall make a Heaven on
 Earth,
 And tread the path that leads from Earth to
 Heaven.¹

¹ [These six lines are the last addition which Mr. Rogers made to his published poems. They were written in 1853.—ED.]

FROM AN ITALIAN SONNET.



SAID to Time, "This venerable pile,
 Its floor the earth, its roof the firma-
 ment,
 Whose was it once?" He answered
 not, but fled
 Fast as before. I turned to Fame, and asked,
 "Names such as his, to thee they must be known.
 Speak!" But she answered only with a sigh,
 And, musing mournfully, looked on the ground.
 Then to Oblivion I addressed myself,
 A dismal phantom, sitting at the gate;
 And, with a voice as from the grave, he cried,
 "Whose it was once I care not; now 'tis mine."

WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.¹

OCTOBER 10, 1806.



WHOE'ER thou art, approach, and, with
 a sigh,
 Mark where the small remains of
 Greatness lie.²
 There sleeps the dust of Fox for ever gone;
 How near the Place where late his glory shone!
 And, tho' no more ascends the voice of Prayer,
 Tho' the last footsteps cease to linger there,
 Still, like an awful Dream that comes again,
 Alas, at best, as transient and as vain,

¹ After the funeral of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

² Venez voir le peu qui nous reste de tant de grandeur, &c.—
 BOSSUET, *Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bourbon.*

Still do I see (while thro' the vaults of night
 The funeral-song once more proclaims the rite)
 The moving Pomp along the shadowy Aisle,
 That, like a Darkness, filled the solemn Pile ;
 The illustrious line, that in long order led,
 Of those, that loved Him living, mourned Him
 dead ;

Of those the Few, that for their Country stood
 Round Him who dared be singularly good ;
 All, of all ranks, that claimed him for their own ;
 And nothing wanting—but Himself alone !¹

Oh say, of Him now rests there but a name ;
 Wont, as He was, to breathe ethereal flame ?
 Friend of the Absent, Guardian of the Dead !
 Who but would here their sacred sorrows shed ?
 (Such as He shed on Nelson's closing grave ;
 How soon to claim the sympathy He gave !)
 In Him, resentful of another's wrong,
 The dumb were eloquent, the feeble strong.
 Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew—
 Ah, who so mighty and so gentle too ?

What tho' with War the madding Nations rung,
 " Peace," when He spoke, was ever on his tongue !
 Amid the frowns of Power, the tricks of State,
 Fearless, resolved, and negligently great !
 In vain malignant vapours gathered round ;
 He walked, erect, on consecrated ground.
 The clouds, that rise to quench the Orb of day,
 Reflect its splendour, and dissolve away !

When in retreat He laid his thunder by,
 For lettered ease and calm Philosophy,
 Blest were his hours within the silent grove,
 Where still his god-like Spirit deigns to rove ;
 Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,
 For many a deed, long done in secret there.

¹ Et rien enfin ne manque dans tous ces honneurs, que celui à qui on les rend.—BOSSUET, *Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bourbon*.

There shone his lamp on Homer's hallowed page.
 There, listening, sate the hero and the sage ;
 And they, by virtue and by blood allied,
 Whom most He loved, and in whose arms He died.

Friend of all Human-kind ! not here alone
 (The voice, that speaks, was not to Thee unknown)
 Wilt Thou be missed.—O'er every land and sea
 Long, long shall England be revered in Thee !
 And, when the Storm is hushed—in distant
 years—
 Foes on Thy grave shall meet, and mingle tears !

WRITTEN AT DROPMORE,


JULY, 1831.



RENVILLE, to thee my gratitude is
 due
 For many an hour of studious musing
 here,
 For many a day-dream, such as hovered round
 Hafiz or Sadi ; thro' the golden East,
 Search where we would, no fairer bowers than
 these,
 Thine own creation ; where, called forth by thee,
 " Flowers worthy of Paradise, with rich inlay,
 Broider the ground," and every mountain-pine
 Elsewhere unseen (his birth-place in the clouds,
 His kindred sweeping with majestic march
 From cliff to cliff along the snowy ridge
 Of Caucasus, or nearer yet the Moon)
 Breathes heavenly music.—Yet much more I owe
 For what so few, alas, can hope to share,
 Thy converse ; when, among thy books reclined,
 Or in thy garden-chair that wheels its course

Slowly and silently thro' sun and shade,
 Thou speak'st, as ever thou art wont to do,
 In the calm temper of philosophy ;
 —Still to delight, instruct, whate'er the theme.

WRITTEN AT STRATHFIELD SAYE.¹

HESE are the groves a grateful people
 gave
 For noblest service ; and, from age
 to age,

May they, to such as come with listening ear,
 Relate the story ! Sacred is their shade ;
 Sacred the calm they breathe—oh, how unlike
 What in the field 'twas His so long to know ;
 Where many a mournful, many an anxious thought,²
 Troubling, perplexing, on his weary mind
 Preyed, ere to arms the morning-trumpet called ;
 Where, till the work was done and darkness fell,
 Blood ran like water, and, go where thou wouldst
 Death in thy path-way met thee, face to face.

For on, regardless of himself, He went ;
 And, by no change elated or depressed,
 Fought, till he won th' imperishable wreath,
 Leading the conquerors captive ; on he went,
 Bating nor heart nor hope, whoe'er opposed ;
 The greatest warriors, in their turn, appearing ;
 The last that came, the greatest of them all—
 One scattering hosts as born but to subdue,
 And even in bondage withering hearts with fear.

¹ [Entitled in ed. 1839, "An Inscription, 18—." Probably written on visiting the Duke of Wellington in 1838.]

² How strange, said he to me, are the impressions that sometimes follow a battle ! After the battle of Assaye I slept in a farm-house, and so great had been the slaughter that whenever I awoke, which I did continually through the night, it struck me that I had lost all my friends, nor could I bring myself to think otherwise till morning came, and one by one I saw those that were living.

When such the service, what the recompense ?
 Yet, and I err not, a renown as fair,
 And fairer still, awaited him at home ;
 Where to the last, day after day, he stood,
 The party-zeal, that round him raged, restraining ;
 —His not to rest, while his the strength to serve.¹

WRITTEN IN JULY, 1834.



GREY, thou hast served, and well, the
 sacred Cause
 That Hampden, Sidney died for. Thou
 hast stood,
 Scorning all thought of Self, from first to last,

¹ On Friday, the 19th of November, 1830, there was an assembly at Bridgewater-House, a house which has long ceased to be, and of which no stone is now resting on another. It was there that I saw a Lady whose beauty was the least of her attractions, and she said, "I never see you now."—"When may I come?"—"Come on Sunday at Five."—"At Five then you shall see me."—"Remember Five."—And through the evening, wherever I went, a voice followed me, repeating in a tone of mock solemnity, "Remember Five!"—It was the voice of one who had overheard us; and little did he think what was to take place at Five.

On Sunday when the time drew near, it struck me as I was leaving Lord Holland's, in Burlington Street, that I had some engagement, so little had I thought of it, and I repaired to the house, No. 4, in Carlton Gardens. There were the Duke of Wellington's horses at the door, and I said, "The Duke is here."—"But you are expected, Sir."—I went in and found him sitting with the lady of the house, the lady who had made the appointment, nor was it long before he spoke as follows :—

"They want me to place myself at the head of a Faction, but I tell them that I never will.


"To-morrow I shall give up my Office and go down into my County to restore order there, if I can restore it. When I return, I shall take my place in Parliament—to approve when I can approve; and, when I cannot, to say so. I have now served my country forty years—twenty in the field and ten, if not more, in the Cabinet; nor, while I live, shall I be found wanting, wherever I may be. But never, no never, will I place myself at the head of a Faction."

Having met Lord Grey who was to succeed him in his office again and again under my roof, and knowing our intimacy, he meant that these words should be repeated to him; and so they were, word for word, on that very night.

"To the last," said Lord Grey, "he fulfilled his promise."

Among the foremost in that glorious field ;
 From first to last ; and, ardent as thou art,
 Held on with equal step as best became
 A lofty mind, loftiest when most assailed ;
 Never, though galled by many a barbed shaft,
 By many a bitter taunt from friend and foe,
 Swerving or shrinking. Happy in thy Youth,
 Thy Youth the dawn of a long summer-day ;
 But in thy Age still happier ; thine to earn
 The gratitude of millions yet unborn ;¹
 Thine to conduct, through ways how difficult,
 A mighty people in their march sublime
 From Good to Better. Great thy recompense,
 When in their eyes thou read'st what thou hast
 done ;
 And may'st thou long enjoy it ; may'st thou long
 Preserve for them what still they claim as theirs,
 That generous fervour and pure eloquence,
 Thine from thy birth and Nature's noblest gifts,
 To guard what They have gained !

WRITTEN IN 1834.

ELL, when her day is over, be it said
 That, though a speck on the terrestrial
 globe,
 Found with long search and in a mo-
 ment lost,
 She made herself a name—a name to live
 While science, eloquence, and song divine,
 And wisdom, in self-government displayed,
 And valour, such as only in the Free,
 Shall among men be honoured.

[¹ to be (MS. corr.)]

Every sea

Was covered with her sails ; in every port
 Her language spoken ; and, where'er you went,
 Exploring, to the east or to the west,
 Even to the rising or the setting day,
 Her arts and laws and institutes were there,
 Moving with silent and majestic march,
 Onward and onward, where no path-way was ;
 There her adventurous sons, like those of old,
 Founding vast empires¹—empires in their turn
 Destined to shine thro' many a distant age
 With sun-like splendour.

Wondrous was her wealth,

The world itself her willing tributary ;
 Yet, to accomplish what her soul desired,
 All was as nothing ; and the mightiest kings,
 Each in his hour of strife exhausted, fallen,
 Drew strength from Her, their coffers from her own
 Filled to o'erflowing. When her fleets of war
 Had swept the main—had swept it and were gone,
 Gone from the eyes and from the minds of men,
 Their dreadful errands so entirely done—
 Up rose her armies ; on the land they stood,
 Fearless, erect ; and in an instant smote
 Him with his legions.²

Yet ere long 'twas hers,

Great as her triumphs, to eclipse them all,
 To do what none had done, none had conceived,
 An act how glorious, making joy in Heaven ;
 When, such her prodigality, condemned

¹ North America speaks for itself ; and so indeed may we say of India, when such a territory is ours in a region so remote ; when a company of merchants, from such small beginnings, have established a dominion so absolute—a dominion over a people for ages civilized and cultivated, while we were yet in the woods.

² Alluding to the battle of Waterloo. The illustrious man who commanded there on our side, and who, in his anxiety to do justice to others, never fails to forget himself, said to me many years afterwards with some agitation, when relating an occurrence of that day, " It was a battle of giants ! a battle of giants ! "

To toil and toil, alas, how hopelessly,
Herself in bonds, for ages unredeemed—
As with a god-like energy she sprung,
All else forgot, and, burdened as she was,
Ransomed the African.¹

¹ Parliament had only to register the edict of the people.—
CHANNING.





ITALY.

[THE first part of this Poem was published in 1822. A few years later the second part was added. It was revised throughout and further additions were made from time to time; and in its Author's opinion the first complete Edition was that of 1834.]

PREFACE.

IN this Poem the Author has endeavoured to describe his Journey through a beautiful country; and it may not perhaps be uninteresting to those who have learnt to live in Past Times as well as Present, and whose minds are familiar with the Events and the People that have rendered Italy so illustrious; for, wherever he came, he could not but remember; nor is he conscious of having slept over any ground that has been "dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue."

Much of it was originally published as it was written on the spot. He has since, on a second visit, revised it throughout, and added many stories from the old Chroniclers and many Notes illustrative of the manners, customs, and superstitions there.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

DAY glimmered in the east, and the
white Moon
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless
sky,

Yet visible, when on my way I went,
Glad to be gone; a pilgrim from the North,
Now more and more attracted as I drew
Nearer and nearer. Ere the artizan
Had from his window leant, drowsy, half-clad,
To snuff the morn, or the caged lark poured forth,
From his green sod upspringing as to heaven,
(His tuneful bill o'erflowing with a song
Old in the days of Homer, and his wings

With transport quivering) on my way I went,
 Thy gates, Geneva, swinging heavily,
 Thy gates so slow to open, swift to shut ;
 As on that Sabbath-eve when He arrived,¹
 Whose name is now thy glory, now by thee,
 Such virtue dwells in those small syllables,
 Inscribed to consecrate the narrow street,
 His birth-place,—when, but one short step too late,
 In his despair, as though the die were cast,
 He flung him down to weep, and wept till dawn ;
 Then rose to go, a wanderer through the world.

'Tis not a tale that every hour brings with it.
 Yet at a City-gate, from time to time,
 Much may be learnt ; nor, London, least at thine,
 Thy hive the busiest, greatest of them all,
 Gathering, enlarging still. Let us stand by,
 And note who passes. Here comes one, a Youth,
 Glowing with pride, the pride of conscious power,
 A Chatterton—in thought admired, caressed,
 And crowned like Petrarch in the Capitol ;
 Ere long to die, to fall by his own hand,
 And fester with the vilest. Here come two,
 Less feverish, less exalted—soon to part,
 A Garrick and a Johnson ; Wealth and Fame
 Awaiting one, even at the gate ; Neglect
 And Want the other. But what multitudes,
 Urged by the love of change, and, like myself,
 Adventurous, careless of to-morrow's fare,
 Press on—though but a rill entering the sea,
 Entering and lost ! Our task would never end.

Day glimmered and I went, a gentle breeze
 Ruffling the Lemman Lake. Wave after wave,
 If such they might be called, dashed as in sport,

¹ J.-J. ROUSSEAU. “ J'arrive essoufflé, tout en nage ; le cœur me bat ; je vois de loin les soldats à leur poste ; j'accours, je crie d'une voix étouffée. Il étoit trop tard.”—*Les Confessions*, t. i.

Not anger, with the pebbles on the beach
 Making wild music, and far westward caught
 The sun-beam—where, alone and as entranced,
 Counting the hours, the fisher in his skiff
 Lay with his circular and dotted line
 On the bright waters. When the heart of man
 Is light with hope, all things are sure to please ;
 And soon a passage-boat swept gaily by,
 Laden with peasant-girls and fruits and flowers.
 And many a chanticleer and partlet caged
 For Vevey's market-place—a motley group
 Seen through the silvery haze. But soon 'twas
 gone.

The shifting sail flapped idly to and fro,
 Then bore them off. I am not one of those
 So dead to all things in this visible world,
 So wondrously profound, as to move on
 In the sweet light of heaven, like him of old ¹
 (His name is justly in the Calendar)
 Who through the day pursued this pleasant path
 That winds beside the mirror of all beauty,
 And, when at eve his fellow pilgrims sate,
 Discoursing of the lake, asked where it was.
 They marvelled, as they might; and so must all,
 Seeing what now I saw : for now 'twas day,
 And the bright Sun was in the firmament,
 A thousand shadows of a thousand hues
 Chequering the clear expanse. Awhile his orb
 Hung o'er thy trackless fields of snow, Mont
 Blanc,


Thy seas of ice and ice-built promontories,
 That change their shapes for ever as in sport ;
 Then travelled onward and went down behind
 The pine-clad heights of Jura, lighting up

¹ Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. "To admire or despise St. Bernard as he ought," says Gibbon, "the reader, like myself, should have before the windows of his library that incomparable landscape."

The woodman's casement, and perchance his axe
 Borne homeward through the forest in his hand;
 And, on the edge of some o'erhanging cliff,
 That dungeon-fortress ¹ never to be named,
 Where, like a lion taken in the toils,
 Toussaint breathed out his brave and generous
 spirit.

Little did He, who sent him there to die,
 Think, when he gave the word, that he himself,
 Great as he was, the greatest among men,
 Should in like manner be so soon conveyed
 Athwart the deep,—and to a rock so small
 Amid the countless multitude of waves,
 That ships have gone and sought it, and returned,
 Saying it was not!

MEILLERIE.

HESE grey majestic cliffs that tower to
 heaven,
 These glimmering glades and open
 chestnut groves,
 That echo to the heifer's wandering bell,
 Or woodman's axe, or steersman's song beneath,
 As on he urges his fir-laden bark,
 Or shout of goat-herd boy above them all,
 Who loves not? And who blesses not the light,
 When thro' some loop-hole he surveys the lake
 Blue as a sapphire-stone, and richly set
 With chateaux, villages, and village-spires,
 Orchards and vineyards, alps and alpine snows?
 Here would I dwell; nor visit, but in thought,
 Ferney far south, silent and empty now

¹ The Castle of Joux in Franche-Comté.

As now thy once-luxurious bowers, Ripaille; ¹
 Vevey, so long an exiled Patriot's ² home;
 Or Chillon's dungeon-floors beneath the wave,
 Channelled and worn by pacing to and fro;
 Lausanne, where Gibbon in his sheltered walk
 Nightly called up the Shade of ancient Rome; ³
 Or Coppet, and that dark untrodden grove ⁴
 Sacred to Virtue, and a daughter's tears!
 Here would I dwell, forgetting and forgot;
 And oft methinks (of such strange potency
 The spells that Genius scatters where he will)
 Oft should I wander forth like one in search,
 And say, half-dreaming, "Here St. Preux has
 stood!"

Then turn and gaze on Clarens.

Yet there is,

Within an eagle's flight and less, a scene
 Still nobler if not fairer (once again
 Would I behold it ere these eyes are closed,
 For I can say, "I also have been there!")
 That Sacred Lake ⁵ withdrawn among the hills,

¹ The retreat of Amadeus, the first Duke of Savoy. Voltaire thus addresses it from his windows:

"Ripaille, je te vois. O bizarre Amédée," &c.

The seven towers are now no longer a land-mark to the voyager.

² Ludlow.

³ He has given us a very natural account of his feelings at the conclusion of his long labour there: "It was on the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau* or covered walk of acacias, which commands the lake and the mountains. The sky was serene, the moon was shining on the waters, and I will not dissemble my joy. But, when I reflected that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion," &c.

There must always be something melancholy in the moment of separation, as all have more or less experienced; none more perhaps than Cowper:—"And now," says he, "I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labours succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a translator of Homer."

⁴ The burial-place of Necker. ⁵ The Lake of the Four Cantons.

Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall
 Built by the Giant-race before the flood ;
 Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
 Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
 From God-like men,—men in a barbarous age
 That dared assert their birth-right, and displayed
 Deeds half-divine, returning good for ill ;
 That in the desert sowed the seeds of life,
 Framing a band of small Republics there,
 Which still exist, the envy of the world !
 Who would not land in each, and tread the
 ground ;
 Land where Tell leaped ashore ; and climb to
 drink
 Of the three hallowed fountains ? He that does,
 Comes back the better ; and relates at home
 That he was met and greeted by a race
 Such as he read of in his boyish days ;
 Such as Miltiades at Marathon
 Led, when he chased the Persians to their ships.

There, while the well-known boat is heaving in,
 Piled with rude merchandise, or launching forth,
 Thronged with wild cattle for Italian fairs,
 There in the sunshine, 'mid their native snows,
 Children, let loose from school, contend to use
 The cross-bow of their fathers ; and o'er-run
 The rocky field where all, in every age,
 Assembling sit, like one great family,
 Forming alliances, enacting laws ;
 Each cliff and head-land and green promontory
 Graven to their eyes with records of the past
 That prompt to hero-worship, and excite
 Even in the least, the lowliest, as he toils,
 A reverence no where else or felt or feigned ;
 Their chronicler great Nature ; and the volume
 Vast as her works—above, below, around !

The fisher on thy beach, Thermopylæ,
 Asks of the lettered stranger why he came,
 First from his lips to learn the glorious truth !
 And who that whets his scythe in Runnemede,
 Though but for them a slave, recalls to mind
 The barons in array, with their great charter ?
 Among the everlasting Alps alone,
 There to burn on as in a sanctuary,
 Bright and unsullied lives th' ethereal flame ;
 And 'mid those scenes unchanged, unchangeable,
 Why should it ever die ?

ST. MAURICE.



TILL by the Lemane Lake, for many a
 mile,

Among those venerable trees I went,
 Where damsels sit and weave their
 fishing-nets

Singing some national song by the way-side.
 But now the fly was gone, the gnat was come ;
 Now glimmering lights from cottage-windows
 broke.

'Twas dusk ; and, journeying upward by the
 Rhone,

That there came down, a torrent from the Alps,
 I entered where a key unlocks a kingdom ;
 The road and river, as they wind along,
 Filling the mountain-pass. There, till a ray
 Glanced through my lattice, and the household-
 stir

Warned me to rise, to rise and to depart,
 A stir unusual, and accompanied
 With many a tuning of rude instruments,
 And many a laugh that augured coming pleasure,
 Mine host's fair daughter for the nuptial rite

And nuptial feast attiring—there I slept,
 And in my dreams wandered once more, well
 pleased.

But now a charm was on the rocks and woods
 And waters; for, methought, I was with those
 I had at morn and even wished for there.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

NIGHT was again descending, when my
 mule,
 That all day long had climbed among
 the clouds,

Higher and higher still, as by a stair
 Let down from heaven itself, transporting me,
 Stopped, to the joy of both, at that low door,
 That door which ever, as self-opened, moves
 To them that knock, and nightly sends abroad
 Ministering Spirits. Lying on the watch,
 Two dogs of grave demeanour welcomed me,
 All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb;
 And a lay-brother of the Hospital,
 Who, as we toiled below, had heard by fits
 The distant echoes gaining on his ear,
 Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand
 While I alighted. Long could I have stood,
 With a religious awe contemplating
 That House, the highest in the Ancient World,
 And destined to perform from age to age
 The noblest service, welcoming as guests
 All of all nations and of every faith;
 A temple, sacred to Humanity!¹
 It was a pile of simplest masonry,
 With narrow windows and vast buttresses,

¹ In the course of the year they entertain from thirty to thirty-five thousand travellers.—Le PÈRE BISELX, Prieur.

Built to endure the shocks of time and chance ;
 Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
 Warred on for ever by the elements,
 And in an evil day, nor long ago,
 By violent men—when on the mountain-top
 The French and Austrian banners met in conflict.

On the same rock beside it stood the church,
 Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity ;
 The vesper-bell, for 'twas the vesper-hour,
 Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,
 “ All ye who hear, whatever be your work,
 Stop for an instant—move your lips in prayer !”
 And, just beneath it, in that dreary dale,
 If dale it might be called, so near to heaven,
 A little lake, where never fish leaped up,
 Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow ;
 A star, the only one in that small sky,
 On its dead surface glimmering. ’Twas a place
 Resembling nothing I had left behind,
 As if all worldly ties were now dissolved ;—
 And, to incline the mind still more to thought,
 To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore
 Under a beetling cliff stood half in gloom
 A lonely chapel destined for the dead,
 For such as, having wandered from their way,
 Had perished miserably. Side by side,
 Within they lie, a mournful company,
 All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them ;
 Their features full of life yet motionless
 In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,
 Though the barred windows, barred against the
 wolf,

Are always open !—But the North blew cold ;
 And, bidden to a spare but cheerful meal,
 I sate among the holy brotherhood
 At their long board. The fare indeed was such
 As is prescribed on days of abstinence,

But might have pleased a nicer taste than mine ;
 And through the floor came up, an ancient crone
 Serving unseen below ; while from the roof
 (The roof, the floor, the walls of native fir,)
 A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
 Its partial light on Apostolic heads,
 And sheds a grace on all. Theirs Time as yet
 Had changed not. Some were almost in the prime ;
 Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as they sate,
 Ranged round their ample hearth-stone in an
 hour

Of rest, they were as gay, as free from guile,
 As children ; answering, and at once, to all
 The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth ;
 Mingling, at intervals, with rational talk
 Music ; and gathering news from them that came,
 As of some other world. But when the storm
 Rose, and the snow rolled on in ocean-waves,
 When on his face the experienced traveller fell,
 Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands,
 Then all was changed ; and, sallying with their
 pack

Into that blank of nature, they became
 Unearthly beings. "Anselm, higher up,
 Just where it drifts, a dog howls loud and long,
 And now, as guided by a voice from Heaven,
 Digs with his feet. That noble vehemence
 Whose can it be, but his who never erred ? ¹
 A man lies underneath ! Let us to work !—
 But who descends Mont Velan ? 'Tis La Croix.
 Away, away ! if not, alas, too late.
 Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
 Faltering and falling, and but half awaked,
 Asking to sleep again." Such their discourse.
 Oft has a venerable roof received me ;

¹ Alluding to Barri, a dog of great renown in his day. His skin is stuffed, and preserved in the Museum of Berne.

St. Bruno's once ¹—where, when the winds were
 hushed,
 Nor from the cataract the voice came up,
 You might have heard the mole work under-
 ground,
 So great the stillness there; none seen through-
 out,
 Save when from rock to rock a hermit crossed
 By some rude bridge—or one at midnight tolled
 To matins, and white habits, issuing forth,
 Glided along those aisles interminable,
 All, all observant of the sacred law
 Of Silence. Nor is that sequestered spot,
 Once called “Sweet Waters,” now “The Shady
 Vale,” ²
 To me unknown; that house so rich of old,
 So courteous, and, by two that passed that way, ³
 Amply requited with immortal verse,
 The Poet's payment.—But, among them all,
 None can with this compare, the dangerous seat
 Of generous, active Virtue. What though Frost
 Reign everlastingly, and ice and snow
 Thaw not, but gather—there is that within,
 Which, where it comes, makes Summer; and, in
 thought,
 Oft am I sitting on the bench beneath
 Their garden-plot, where all that vegetates
 Is but some scanty lettuce, to observe
 Those from the South ascending, every step
 As though it were their last,—and instantly
 Restored, renewed, advancing as with songs,
 Soon as they see, turning a lofty crag,
 That plain, that modest structure, promising
 Bread to the hungry, to the weary rest.

¹ The Grande Chartreuse.

² Vallombrosa, formerly called Acqua Bella.

³ Ariosto and Milton. Milton was there at the fall of the leaf.

THE DESCENT.

MY mule refreshed—and, let the truth
be told,

He was nor dull nor contradictory,
But patient, diligent, and sure of foot,
Shunning the loose stone on the precipice,
Snorting suspicion while with sight, smell, touch,
Trying, detecting, where the surface smiled ;
And with deliberate courage sliding down,
Where in his sledge the Laplander had turned
With looks aghast—my mule refreshed, his bells
Gingled once more, the signal to depart,
And we set out in the grey light of dawn,
Descending rapidly—by waterfalls
Fast-frozen, and among huge blocks of ice
That in their long career had stopped mid-way.
At length, unchecked, unbidden, he stood still ;
And all his bells were muffled. Then my Guide,
Lowering his voice, addressed me : “ Thro’ this
Gap

On and say nothing—lest a word, a breath
Bring down a winter’s snow—enough to whelm
The armed files that, night and day, were seen
Winding from cliff to cliff in loose array
To conquer at Marengo. Though long since,
Well I remember how I met them here,
As the sun set far down, purpling the west ;
And how Napoleon, he himself, no less,
Wrapt in his cloak—I could not be deceived—
Reined in his horse, and asked me, as I passed,
How far ’twas to St. Remi. Where the rock
Juts forward, and the road, crumbling away,
Narrows almost to nothing at the base,

'Twas there ; and down along the brink he led
 To Victory !—Desaix,¹ who turned the scale,
 Leaving his life-blood in that famous field,
 (When the clouds break, we may discern the spot
 In the blue haze) sleeps, as you saw at dawn,
 Just where we entered, in the Hospital-church.”
 So saying, for a while he held his peace,
 Awe-struck beneath that dreadful Canopy ;
 But soon, the danger passed, launched forth again.

JORASSE.

JORASSE was in his three-and-twenty
 tieth year ;
 Graceful and active as a stag just
 roused ;
 Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,
 Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up
 Among the hunters of the Higher Alps ;
 Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,
 Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies,
 Arising (so say they that dwell below)
 From frequent-dealings with the Mountain-Spirits.
 But other ways had taught him better things ;
 And now he numbered, marching by my side,
 The great, the learned, that with him had crossed
 The frozen tract—with him familiarly
 Thro' the rough day and rougher night conversed
 In many a chalet round the Peak of Terror,²
 Round Tacul, Tour, Well-horn, and Rosenlau,
 And Her, whose throne is inaccessible,³
 Who sits, withdrawn in virgin-majesty,

¹ “ Many able men have served under me ; but none like him.
 He loved glory for itself.”

² The Schreckhorn.

³ The Jungfrau.

Nor oft unveils. Anon an Avalanche
Rolled its long thunder ; and a sudden crash,
Sharp and metallic, to the startled ear
Told that far-down a continent of Ice
Had burst in twain. But he had now begun ;
And with what transport he recalled the hour
When, to deserve, to win his blooming bride,
Madeleine of Annecy, to his feet he bound
The iron crampons, and, ascending, trod
The Upper Realms of Frost ; then, by a cord
Let half-way down, entered a grot star-bright,
And gathered from above, below, around,
The pointed crystals !—Once, nor long before,¹
(Thus did his tongue run on, fast as his feet,
And with an eloquence that Nature gives
To all her children—breaking off by starts
Into the harsh and rude, oft as the Mule
Drew his displeasure), once, nor long before,
Alone at day-break on the Mettenberg,
He slipped and fell ; and, through a fearful cleft
Gliding insensibly from ledge to ledge,
From deep to deeper and to deeper still,
Went to the Under-world ! Long-while he lay
Upon his rugged bed—then waked like one
Wishing to sleep again and sleep for ever !
For, looking round, he saw or thought he saw
Innumerable branches of a Cave,
Winding beneath that solid Crust of Ice ;
With here and there a rent that showed the stars !
What then, alas, was left him but to die ?
What else in those immeasurable chambers,

¹ M. Ebel mentions an escape almost as miraculous. "L'an 1790, Christian Boren, propriétaire de l'auberge du Grindelwald, eut le malheur de se jeter dans une fente du glacier, en le traversant avec un troupeau de moutons qu'il ramenoit des pâturages de Bäniseck. Heureusement qu'il tomba dans le voisinage du grand torrent qui coule dans l'intérieur, il en suivit le lit par dessous les voûtes de glace, et arriva au pied du glacier. Cet homme est actuellement encore en vie."—*Manuel du Voyageur*,

Strown with the bones of miserable men,
 Lost like himself? Yet must he wander on,
 Till cold and hunger set his spirit free!
 And, rising, he began his dreary round;
 When hark, the noise as of some mighty Flood
 Working its way to light! Back he withdrew,
 But soon returned, and, fearless from despair,
 Dashed down the dismal Channel; and all day,
 If day could be where utter darkness was,
 Travelled incessantly; the craggy roof
 Just over-head, and the impetuous waves,
 Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength,
 Lashing him on. At last as in a pool
 The water slept; a pool sullen, profound,
 Where, if a billow chanced to heave and swell,
 It broke not; and the roof, descending, lay
 Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,
 His journey ended; when a ray divine
 Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to Her
 Whose ears are never shut, the blessed Virgin,
 He plunged and swam—and in an instant rose,
 The barrier passed, in sunshine! Through a vale,
 Such as in Arcady, where many a thatch
 Gleams thro' the trees, half-seen and half-em-
 bowered,

Glittering the river ran; and on the bank
 The Young were dancing ('twas a festival-day)
 All in their best attire. There first he saw
 His Madeleine. In the crowd she stood to hear,
 When all drew round, inquiring; and her face,
 Seen behind all and varying, as he spoke,
 With hope and fear and generous sympathy,
 Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

The tale was long, but coming to a close,
 When his wild eyes flashed fire; and, all forgot,
 He listened and looked up. I looked up too;
 And twice there came a hiss that thro' me thrilled!


'Twas heard no more. A Chamois on the cliff
Had roused his fellows with that cry of fear,
And all were gone. But now the theme was
changed ;

And he recounted his hair-breadth escapes,
When with his friend, Hubert of Bionnay,
(His ancient carbine from his shoulder slung,
His axe to hew a stair-way in the ice)
He tracked their wanderings. By a cloud sur-
prised,

Where the next step had plunged them into air,
Long had they stood, locked in each other's arms,
Amid the gulfs that yawned to swallow them ;
Each guarding each through many a freezing hour,
As on some temple's highest pinnacle,
From treacherous slumber. Oh, it was a sport
Dearer than life, and but with life relinquished !
" My sire, my grandsire died among these wilds.
As for myself," he cried, and he held forth
His wallet in his hand, " this do I call
My winding-sheet—for I shall have no other ! "

And he spoke truth. Within a little month
He lay among these awful solitudes,
('Twas on a glacier—half-way up to heaven)
Taking his final rest. Long did his wife,
Suckling her babe, her only one, look out
The way he went at parting, but he came not ;
Long fear to close her eyes, from dusk till dawn
Plying her distaff through the silent hours,
Lest he appear before her—lest in sleep,
If sleep steal on, he come as all are wont,
Frozen and ghastly blue or black with gore,
To plead for the last rite.

MARGUERITE DE TOURS.


 OW the grey granite, starting through
 the snow,
 Discovered many a variegated moss ¹
 That to the pilgrim resting on his staff
 Shadows out capes and islands ; and ere long
 Numberless flowers, such as disdain to live
 In lower regions, and delighted drink
 The clouds before they fall, flowers of all hues,
 With their diminutive leaves covered the ground.
 There, turning by a venerable larch,
 Shivered in two yet most majestic
 With his long level branches, we observed
 A human figure sitting on a stone
 Far down by the way-side—just where the rock
 Is riven asunder, and the Evil One
 Has bridged the gulf, a wondrous monument ²
 Built in one night, from which the flood beneath,
 Raging along, all foam, is seen not heard,
 And seen as motionless !—Nearer we drew ;
 And lo, a woman young and delicate,
 Wrapt in a russet cloak from head to foot,
 Her eyes cast down, her cheek upon her hand,
 In deepest thought. Over her tresses fair,
 Young as she was, she wore the matron-cap ;
 And, as we judged, not many moons would
 change
 Ere she became a mother. Pale she looked,
 Yet cheerful ; though, methought, once, if not
 twice,

¹ Lichen geographicus.

² Almost every mountain of any rank or condition has such a bridge. The most celebrated in this country is on the Swiss side of St. Gothard.

She wiped away a tear that would be coming ;
And in those moments her small hat of straw,
Worn on one side, and glittering with a band
Of silk and gold, but ill concealed a face
Not soon to be forgotten. Rising up
On our approach, she travelled slowly on ;
And my companion, long before we met,
Knew, and ran down to greet her.—She was born
(Such was her artless tale, told with fresh tears)
In Val d'Aosta ; and an Alpine stream,
Leaping from crag to crag in its short course
To join the Dora, turned her father's mill.
There did she blossom, till a Valaisan,
A townsman of Martigny, won her heart,
Much to the old man's grief. Long he refused,
Loth to be left ; disconsolate at the thought.
She was his only one, his link to life ;
And in despair—year after year gone by—
One summer-morn, they stole a match and fled.
The act was sudden ; and, when far away,
Her spirit had misgivings. Then, full oft,
She pictured to herself that aged face
Sickly and wan, in sorrow, not in wrath ;
And, when at last she heard his hour was near,
Went forth unseen, and, burdened as she was,
Crossed the high Alps on foot to ask forgiveness,
And hold him to her heart before he died.
Her task was done. She had fulfilled her wish,
And now was on her way, rejoicing, weeping.
A frame like hers had suffered ; but her love
Was strong within her ; and right on she went,
Fearing no ill. May all good Angels guard her !
And should I once again, as once I may,
Visit Martigny, I will not forget
Thy hospitable roof, Marguerite de Tours ;
Thy sign the silver swan. Heaven prosper thee !

THE BROTHERS.

IN the same hour the breath of life receiving,
 They came together and were beautiful;

But, as they slumbered in their mother's lap,
 How mournful was their beauty! She would sit,
 And look and weep, and look and weep again;
 For Nature had but half her work achieved,
 Denying, like a step-dame, to the babes
 Her noblest gifts; denying speech to one,
 And to the other—reason.

But at length
 (Seven years gone by, seven melancholy years)
 Another came, as fair and fairer still;
 And then, how anxiously the mother watched
 Till reason dawned and speech declared itself!
 Reason and speech were his; and down she knelt,
 Claspings her hands in silent ecstasy.

On the hill-side, where still their cottage stands,
 ('Tis near the upper falls in Lauterbrunn;
 For there I sheltered now, their frugal hearth
 Blazing with mountain-pine when I appeared,
 And there, as round they sate, I heard their story)
 On the hill-side, among the cataracts,
 In happy ignorance the children played;
 Alike unconscious, through their cloudless day,
 Of what they had and had not; every where
 Gathering rock-flowers; or, with their utmost
 might,

Loosening the fragment from the precipice,
 And, as it tumbled, listening for the plunge;
 Yet, as by instinct, at the customed hour

Returning ; the two eldest, step by step,
Lifting along, and with the tenderest care,
Their infant brother.

Once the hour was past ;
And, when She sought, she sought and could not
find ;

And when she found—Where was the little one ?
Alas, they answered not ; yet still she asked,
Still in her grief forgetting.

With a scream,
Such as an Eagle sends forth when he soars,
A scream that through the wild scatters dismay,
The idiot-boy looked up into the sky,
And leaped and laughed aloud and leaped again ;
As if he wished to follow in its flight
Something just gone, and gone from earth to
heaven :

While he, whose every gesture, every look
Went to the heart, for from the heart it came,
He who nor spoke nor heard—all things to him,
Day after day, as silent as the grave,
(To him unknown the melody of birds,
Of waters—and the voice that should have
soothed

His infant sorrows, singing him to sleep)
Fled to her mantle as for refuge there,
And, as at once o'ercome with fear and grief,
Covered his head and wept. A dreadful thought
Flashed thro' her brain. "Has not some bird of
prey,

Thirsting to dip his beak in innocent blood—
It must, it must be so !"—And so it was.

There was an Eagle that had long acquired
Absolute sway, the lord of a domain
Savage, sublime ; nor from the hills alone
Gathering large tribute, but from every vale ;
Making the ewe, whene'er he deigned to stoop,

Bleat for the lamb. Great was the recompense
 Assured to him who laid the tyrant low ;
 And near his nest in that eventful hour,
 Calmly and patiently, a hunter stood,
 A hunter, as it chanced, of old renown,
 And, as it chanced, their father.

In the South

A speck appeared, enlarging ; and ere long,
 As on his journey to the golden sun,
 Upward He came, the Felon in his flight,
 Ascending through the congregated clouds,
 That, like a dark and troubled sea, obscured
 The world beneath.—“ But what is in his grasp ?
 Ha ! 'tis a child—and may it not be ours ?
 I dare not, cannot ; and yet why forbear,
 When, if it lives, a cruel death awaits it ?—
 May He who winged the shaft when Tell stood
 forth
 And shot the apple from the youngling's head,¹
 Grant me the strength, the courage !” As he
 spoke,
 He aimed, he fired ; and at his feet they fell,
 The Eagle and the child—the child unhurt—
 Tho', such the grasp, not even in death relin-
 quished.²

¹ A tradition.—Gesler said to him, when it was over, “ You had a second arrow in your belt. What was it for ? ”—“ To kill you,” he replied, “ if I had killed my son.” There is a monument in the market-place of Altorf to consecrate the spot.

² The Eagle and Child is a favourite sign in many parts of Europe.

THE ALPS.

WHO first beholds those everlasting
clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning noon
and night,

Still where they were, steadfast, immovable ;
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to Heaven than Earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis an hour,
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever.

To me they seemed the barriers of a World,
Saying, Thus far, no further ! and as o'er
The level plain I travelled silently,
Nearing them more and more, day after day,
My wandering thoughts my only company,
And they before me still—oft as I looked,
A strange delight was mine, mingled with fear,
A wonder as at things I had not heard of !
And still and still I felt as if I gazed
For the first time !—Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp
The Carthaginian on his march to Rome
Entered their fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared ; and the towered elephant
Upturned his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallowed up and lost,
He and his rider.

Now the scene is changed ;
And o'er the Simplon, o'er the Splügen winds
A path of pleasure. Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,

Catching the eye in many a broken link,
 In many a turn and traverse as it glides ;
 And oft above and oft below appears,
 Seen o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
 As if it were another, through the wild
 Leading along he knows not whence or whither.
 Yet through its fairy-course, go where it will,
 The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
 Opens and lets it in ; and on it runs,
 Winning its easy way from clime to clime
 Thro' glens locked up before.—Not such *my* path !
 The very path for them that dare defy
 Danger, nor shrink, wear he what shape he will ;
 That o'er the caldron, when the flood boils up,
 Hang as in air, gazing and shuddering on
 Till fascination comes and the brain turns !¹
 The very path for them, that list, to choose
 Where best to plant a monumental cross,
 And live in story like Empedocles ;
 A track for heroes, such as he who came,
 Ere long, to win, to wear the Iron Crown ;
 And (if aright I judge from what I felt
 Over the Drance, just where the Abbot fell,
 Rolled downward in an after-dinner's sleep)²
 The same as Hannibal's. But now 'tis passed,
 That turbulent Chaos ; and the promised land
 Lies at my feet in all its loveliness !
 To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
 And lo, the sun is shining, and the lark
 Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
 Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
 At the first glimpses of fair Italy.

¹ “ J'aime beaucoup ce tournoiement, pourvu que je sois en sûreté.”
 —“ J.-J. ROUSSEAU, *Les Confessions*, l. iv.

² “ Ou il y a environ dix ans, que l'Abbé de St.-Maurice, Mons. Cocatrix, a été précipité avec sa voiture, ses chevaux, sa cuisinière et un cocher.”—*Descript. du Valais*.

COMO.



LOVE to sail along the Larian Lake
Under the shore—though not, where'er
he dwelt,¹

To visit Pliny ; not, in loose attire,

When from the bath or from the tennis-court,
To catch him musing in his plane-tree walk,
Or angling from his window :² and, in truth,

Could I recall the ages past and play
The fool with Time, I should perhaps reserve
My leisure for Catullus on *his* Lake,³

Though to fare worse, or Virgil at his farm
A little further on the way to Mantua.

But such things cannot be. So I sit still,

And let the boatman shift his little sail,

His sail so forked and so swallow-like,

Well-pleased with all that comes. The morning-
air

Plays on my cheek how gently, flinging round

A silvery gleam : and now the purple mists

Rise like a curtain ; now the sun looks out,

Filling, o'erflowing with his glorious light

This noble amphitheatre of hills ;

And now appear as on a phosphor-sea

Numberless barks, from Milan, from Pavia ;

Some sailing up, some down, and some at rest,

Lading, unlading at that small port-town

Under the promontory—its tall tower

¹ "Hujus in littore plures villæ meæ."—*Epist.* ix. 7.

² *Epist.* i. 3, ix. 7.

³ Il lago di Garda. His Peninsula he calls "the eye of Peninsulas;" and it is beautiful. But, whatever it was, who could pass it by? Napoleon, in the career of victory, turned aside to see it.

Of his villa there is now no more remaining than of his old pinnace, which had weathered so many storms, and which he consecrated at last as an *ex-voto*.

And long flat roofs, just such as Gaspar drew,
Caught by a sun-beam slanting through a cloud ;
A quay-like scene, glittering and full of life,
And doubled by reflection.

What delight,
After so long a sojourn in the wild,
To hear once more the peasant at his work !
—But in a clime like this where is he not ?
Along the shores, among the hills 'tis now
The hey-day of the Vintage ; all abroad,
But most the young and of the gentler sex,
Busy in gathering ; all among the vines,
Some on the ladder and some underneath,
Filling their baskets of green wicker-work,
While many a canzonet and frolic laugh
Come thro' the leaves ; the vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk
Hung with black clusters. 'Tis enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears—so general is the joy !
While up and down the cliffs, over the lake,
Wains oxen-drawn and panniered mules are seen,
Laden with grapes and dropping rosy wine.

Here I received from thee, Basílico,
One of those courtesies so sweet, so rare !
When, as I rambled through thy vineyard-ground
On the hill-side, thy little son was sent,
Charged with a bunch almost as big as he,
To press it on the stranger. May thy vats
O'erflow, and he, thy willing gift-bearer,
Live to become a giver ; and, at length,
When thou art full of honour and wouldst rest,
The staff of thine old age !

In a strange land
Such things, however trivial, reach the heart,
And thro' the heart the head, clearing away

The narrow notions that grow up at home,
 And in their place grafting Good-Will to All.
 At least I found it so, nor less at eve,
 When, bidden as a lonely traveller,
 ('Twas by a little boat that gave me chase
 With oar and sail, as homeward-bound I crossed
 The bay of Tramezzine,) right readily
 I turned my prow and followed, landing soon
 Where steps of purest marble met the wave ;
 Where, through the trellises and corridors,
 Soft music came as from Armida's palace,
 Breathing enchantment o'er the woods and waters ;
 And thro' a bright pavilion, bright as day,
 Forms such as hers were flitting, lost among
 Such as of old in sober pomp swept by,
 Such as adorn the triumphs and the feasts
 By Paolo¹ painted ; where a Fairy-Queen,
 That night her birth-night, from her throne
 received

(Young as she was, no floweret in her crown,
 Hyacinth or rose, so fair and fresh as she)
 Our willing vows, and by the fountain-side
 Led in the dance, disporting as she pleased,
 Under a starry sky—while I looked on,
 As in a glade of Cashmere or Shiràz,
 Reclining, quenching my sherbet in snow,
 And reading in the eyes that sparkled round,
 The thousand love-adventures written there.

Can I forget—no never, such a scene
 So full of witchery. Night lingered still,
 When with a dying breeze I left Bellaggio ;
 But the strain followed me ; and still I saw
 Thy smile, Angelica ; and still I heard
 Thy voice—once and again bidding adieu.

¹ Commonly called Paul Veronese.

BERGAMO.



HE song was one that I had heard
before,

But where I knew not. It inclined to
sadness ;

And, turning round from the delicious fare
My landlord's little daughter Barbara
Had from her apron just rolled out before me,
Figs and rock-melons—at the door I saw
Two boys of lively aspect. Peasant-like
They were, and poorly clad, but not unskilled ;
With their small voices and an old guitar
Winning their way to my unguarded heart
In that, the only universal tongue.
But soon they changed the measure, entering on
A pleasant dialogue of sweet and sour,
A war of words, with looks and gestures waged
Between Trappanti and his ancient dame,
Mona Lucilia. To and fro it went ;
While many a titter on the stairs was heard,
And Barbara's among them. When it ceased,
Their dark eyes flashed no longer, yet, methought,
In many a glance as from the soul, disclosed
More than enough to serve them. Far or near,
Few looked not for their coming ere they came,
Few, when they went, but looked till they were
gone ;

And not a matron, sitting at her wheel,
But could repeat their story. Twins they were,
And orphans, as I learnt, cast on the world ;
Their parents lost in an old ferry-boat
That, three years since, last Martinmas, went
down,

Crossing the rough Benacus.¹—May they live
 Blameless and happy—rich they cannot be,
 Like him who, in the days of Minstrelsy,²
 Came in a beggar's weeds to Petrarch's door,
 Asking, beseeching for a lay to sing,
 And soon in silk (such then the power of song)
 Returned to thank him ; or like that old man,
 Old, not in heart, who by the torrent-side
 Descending from the Tyrol, as Night fell,
 Knocked at a City-gate near the hill-foot,
 The gate that bore so long, sculptured in stone,
 An eagle on a ladder, and at once
 Found welcome—nightly in the bannered hall
 Tuning his harp to tales of Chivalry
 Before the great Mastino, and his guests,³
 The three-and-twenty kings, by adverse fate,
 By war or treason or domestic strife,
 Reft of their kingdoms, friendless, shelterless,
 And living on his bounty.

¹ The lake of Catullus ; and now called Il lago di Garda. Its waves, in the north, lash the mountains of the Tyrol ; and it was there, at the little village of Limone, that Hofer embarked, when in the hands of the enemy and on his way to Mantua, where, in the court-yard of the citadel, he was shot as a traitor. Less fortunate than Tell, yet not less illustrious, he was watched by many a mournful eye as he came down the lake ; and his name will live long in the heroic songs of his country.

He lies buried at Innspruck in the church of the Holy Cross ; and the statue on his tomb represents him in his habit as he lived and as he died.

² Petrarch, *Epist. Rer. Sen.* l. v. ep. 3.

³ Mastino de la Scala, the Lord of Verona. Cortusio, the ambassador and historian, saw him so surrounded.

This house had been always open to the unfortunate. In the days of Can Grande all were welcome ; Poets, Philosophers, Artists, Warriors. Each had his apartment, each a separate table ; and at the hour of dinner musicians and jesters went from room to room. Dante, as we learn from himself, found an asylum there.

“ Lo primo tuo rifugio, e'l primo ostello
 Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo,
 Che'n su la scala porta il santo uccello.”

Their tombs in the public street carry us back into the times of barbarous virtue ; nor less so do those of the Carrara Princes at Padua, though less singular and striking in themselves. Francis Carrara, the Elder, used often to visit Petrarch in his small house at Arquà, and followed him on foot to his grave.

But who comes,
 Brushing the floor with what was once, methinks,
 A hat of ceremony? On he glides,
 Slip-shod, ungartered; his long suit of black
 Dingy, thread-bare, tho', patch by patch, renewed
 Till it has almost ceased to be the same.
 At length arrived, and with a shrug that pleads
 "'Tis my necessity!" he stops and speaks,
 Screwing a smile into his dinnerless face.
 "Blame not a Poet, Signor, for his zeal—
 When all are on the wing, who would be last?
 The splendour of thy name has gone before thee;
 And Italy from sea to sea exults,
 As well indeed she may! But I transgress.¹
 He, who has known the weight of Praise himself,
 Should spare another." Saying so, he laid
 His sonnet, an impromptu, at my feet,
 (If his, then Petrarch must have stolen it from
 him)

And bowed and left me; in his hollow hand
 Receiving my small tribute, a zecchine,
 Unconsciously, as doctors do their fees.

My omelet, and a flagon of hill-wine,
 Pure as the virgin-spring, had happily
 Fled from all eyes; or, in a waking dream,
 I might have sat as many a great man has,
 And many a small, like him of Santillane,
 Bartering my bread and salt for empty praise.²

¹ See the *Heraclidæ* of Euripides, v. 203, &c.

² *Hist. de Gil Blas*, l. i.

ITALY.



M I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
 Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
 And shall I sup where Juliet at the
 Masque

Saw her loved Montague, and now sleeps by him?
 Such questions hourly do I ask myself;
 And not a stone, in a cross-way, inscribed
 "To Mantua"—"To Ferrara"—but excites
 Surprise, and doubt, and self-congratulation.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art!

Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas,
 Low in the dust; and we admire thee now
 As we admire the beautiful in death.

Thine was a dangerous gift, when thou wert born,
 The gift of Beauty. Would thou hadst it not;
 Or wert as once, awing the caitiff's vile
 That now beset thee, making thee their slave!
 Would they had loved thee less, or feared thee
 more!

—But why despair? Twice hast thou lived
 already;

Twice shone among the nations of the world,
 As the sun shines among the lesser lights
 Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,
 When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
 Who, like the eagle covering o'er his prey,
 Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
 If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
 Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
 Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
 And, dying, left a splendour like the day,
 That like the day diffused itself, and still

Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,
 Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
 God-like example. Echoes that have slept
 Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were Themselves,
 Since men invoked “By those in Marathon!”
 Awake along the Ægean; and the dead,
 They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,
 And thro’ the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
 Moving as once they were—instead of rage
 Breathing deliberate valour.

COLL’ALTO.



N this neglected mirror (the broad
 frame
 Of massy silver serves to testify
 That many a noble matron of the
 house

Has sat before it) once, alas, was seen
 What led to many sorrows. From that time
 The bat came hither for a sleeping place;
 And he, who cursed another in his heart,
 Said, ‘Be thy dwelling, thro’ the day and night,
 Shunned like Coll’alto.’—’Twas in that old Pile,
 Which flanks the cliff with its grey battlements
 Flung here and there, and, like an eagle’s nest,
 Hangs in the Trevisan, that thus the Steward,
 Shaking his locks, the few that Time had left,
 Addressed me, as we entered what was called
 “My Lady’s Chamber.” On the walls, the chairs,
 Much yet remained of the rich tapestry;
 Much of the adventures of Sir Lancelot
 In the green glades of some enchanted wood.
 The toilet-table was of silver wrought,
 Florentine Art, when Florence was renowned;

A gay confusion of the elements,
Dolphins and boys, and shells and fruits and
flowers :

And from the ceiling, in his gilded cage,
Hung a small bird of curious workmanship,
That, when his Mistress bade him, would unfold
(So says the babbling Dame, Tradition, there)
His emerald-wings, and sing and sing again
The song that pleased her. While I stood and
looked,

A gleam of day yet lingering in the West,
The Steward went on. "She had ('tis now long
since)

A gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristine,
Fair as a lily, and as spotless too;
None so admired, beloved. They had grown up
As play-fellows ; and some there were, that said,
Some that knew much, discoursing of Cristine,
'She is not what she seems.' When unrequired,
She would steal forth ; her custom, her delight,
To wander thro' and thro' an ancient grove
Self-planted half-way down, losing herself
Like one in love with sadness ; and her veil
And vesture white, seen ever in that place,
Ever as surely as the hours came round,
Among those reverend trees, gave her below
The name of The White Lady. But the day
Is gone, and I delay thee.

In that chair

The Countess, as it might be now, was sitting,
Her gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristine,
Combing her golden hair ; and thro' this door
The Count, her lord, was hastening, called away
By letters of great urgency to Venice ;
When in the glass she saw, as she believed,
('Twas an illusion of the Evil One—
Some say he came and crossed it at the time)

A smile, a glance at parting, given and answered,
 That turned her blood to gall. That very night
 The deed was done. That night, ere yet the Moon
 Was up on Monte Calvo, and the wolf
 Baying as still he does (oft is he heard,
 An hour and more, by the old turret-clock)
 They led her forth, the unhappy lost Cristine,
 Helping her down in her distress—to die.

“No blood was spilt; no instrument of death
 Lurked—or stood forth, declaring its bad purpose;
 Nor was a hair of her unblemished head
 Hurt in that hour. Fresh as a flower just blown,
 And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,
 She was walled up within the Castle-wall.¹
 The wall itself was hollowed secretly;
 Then closed again, and done to line and rule.
 Would'st thou descend?—’Tis in a darksome
 vault

Under the Chapel: and there nightly now,
 As in the narrow niche, when smooth and fair,
 And as if nothing had been done or thought,
 The stone-work rose before her, till the light
 Glimmered and went—there, nightly at that hour,
 (Thou smil'st, and would it were an idle tale!)
 In her white veil and vesture white she stands
 Shuddering—her eyes uplifted, and her hands
 Joined as in prayer; then, like a Blessed Soul
 Bursting the tomb, springs forward, and away
 Flies o'er the woods and mountains. Issuing
 forth,

The hunter meets her in his hunting-track; ²
 The shepherd on the heath, starting, exclaims
 (For still she bears the name she bore of old)
 ‘’Tis the White Lady!’”

¹ *Murato* was a technical word for this punishment.

² An old huntsman of the family met her in the haze of the morning, and never went out again.

She is still known by the name of *Madonna Bianca*.

VENICE.



HERE is a glorious City in the Sea.
 The Sea is in the broad, the narrow
 streets,
 Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-
 weed

Clings to the marble of her palaces.
 No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
 Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,
 Invisible; and from the land we went,
 As to a floating City—steering in,
 And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
 So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
 Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
 The statues ranged along an azure sky;
 By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
 Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
 The fronts of some, though Time had shattered
 them,
 Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
 As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

Thither I came, and in a wondrous Ark,
 (That, long before we slipt our cable, rang
 As with the voices of all living things)
 From Padua, where the stars are, night by night,
 Watched from the top of an old dungeon-tower,
 Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelin—¹
 Not as he watched them, when he read his fate

¹ Now an Observatory. On the wall there is a long inscription:
 "Piis carcerem adspersite lacrymis," &c.
 Ezzelino is seen by Dante in the river of blood.

And shuddered. But of him I thought not then,
 Him or his horoscope; ¹ far, far from me
 The forms of Guilt and Fear; tho' some were there,
 Sitting among us round the cabin-board,
 Some who, like him, had cried, "Spill blood
 enough!"

And could shake long at shadows. They had
 played

Their parts at Padua, and were floating home,
 Careless and full of mirth; to-morrow a day
 Not in their Calendar.²—Who in a strain
 To make the hearer fold his arms and sigh,
 Sings, "Caro, Caro!"—'Tis the Prima Donna,
 And to her monkey, smiling in his face,
 Who, as transported, cries, "Brava! Ancora!"
 'Tis a grave personage, an old macaw,
 Perched on her shoulder.—But who leaps ashore,
 And with a shout urges the lagging mules;³
 Then climbs a tree that overhangs the stream,
 And like an acorn, drops on deck again?
 'Tis he who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;
 That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.
 And mark their Poet—with what emphasis
 He prompts the young Soubrette, conning her
 part!

Her tongue plays truant, and he raps his box,
 And prompts again; for ever looking round
 As if in search of subjects for his wit,

¹ Bonatti was the great astrologer of that day; and all the little Princes of Italy contended for him. It was from the top of the tower of Forli that he gave his signals to Guido Novello. At the first touch of a bell the Count put on his armour; at the second he mounted his horse, and at the third marched out to battle. His victories were ascribed to Bonatti; and not perhaps without reason. How many triumphs were due to the soothsayers of old Rome!

² "Douze personnes, tant acteurs qu'actrices, un souffleur, un machiniste, un garde du magasin, des enfans de tout âge, des chiens, des chats, des singes, des perroquets; c'étoit l'arche de Noé.—Ma prédilection pour les soubrettes m'arrêta sur Madame Baccherini."—GOLDONI.

³ The passage-boats are drawn up and down the Brenta.

His satire; and as often whispering
Things, though unheard, not unimaginable.

Had I thy pencil, Crabbe (when thou hast done,
Late may it be . . . it will, like Prospero's staff,
Be buried fifty fathoms in the earth)
I would portray the Italian—Now I cannot.
Subtle, discerning, eloquent, the slave
Of Love, of Hate, for ever in extremes;
Gentle when unprovoked, easily won,
But quick in quarrel—through a thousand shades
His spirit flits, cameleon-like, and mocks
The eye of the observer.

Gliding on,
At length we leave the river for the sea.
At length a voice aloft proclaims "Venezia!"
And, as called forth, She comes.

A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was,¹
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-waves;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south—where they that
came,

Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast Metropolis,² with glistening spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorned;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.

¹ Attila.

² "I love," says a traveller, "to contemplate, as I float along, that multitude of palaces and churches, which are congregated and pressed as on a vast raft."—And who can forget his walk through the Merceria, where the nightingales give you their melody from shop to shop, so that, shutting your eyes, you would think yourself in some forest-glade, when indeed you are all the while in the middle of the sea? Who can forget his prospect from the great tower, which once,

And whence the talisman, whereby she rose,
 Towering? 'Twas found there in the barren sea.
 Want led to Enterprise; ¹ and, far or near,
 Who met not the Venetian?—now among
 The Ægean Isles, steering from port to port,
 Landing and bartering; now, no stranger there,
 In Cairo, or without the eastern gate,
 Ere yet the *Cafila*² came, listening to hear
 Its bells approaching from the Red-Sea coast;
 Then on the Euxine, and that smaller Sea
 Of Azoph, in close converse with the Russ,
 And Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving
 Pearls from the Persian Gulf, gems from Golconde;
 Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,
 From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,
 When in the rich bazaar he saw, displayed,
 Treasures from climes unknown, he asked and
 learnt,

And, travelling slowly upward, drew ere long
 From the well-head, supplying all below;
 Making the Imperial City of the East,
 Herself, his tributary.—If we turn
 To those black forests, where, through many an
 age,
 Night without day, no axe the silence broke,
 Or seldom, save where Rhine or Danube rolled;
 Where o'er the narrow glen a castle hangs,
 And, like the wolf that hungered at his door,
 The baron lived by rapine—there we meet,

when gilt, and when the sun struck upon it, was to be descried by ships afar off; or his visit to St. Mark's church, where you see nothing, tread on nothing, but what is precious; the floor all agate, jasper; the roof mosaic; the aisle hung with the banners of the subject cities; the front and its five domes affecting you as the work of some unknown people? Yet all this may presently pass away; the waters may close over it; and they, that come, row about in vain to determine exactly where it stood.

¹ "Il fallut subsister; ils tirèrent leur subsistance de tout l'univers."—MONTESQUIEU.

² A Caravan.

In warlike guise, the Caravan from Venice ;
When on its march, now lost and now beheld,
A glittering file (the trumpet heard, the scout
Sent and recalled) but at a city-gate
All gaiety, and looked for ere it comes ;
Winning regard with all that can attract,
Cages, whence every wild cry of the desert,
Jugglers, stage-dancers. Well might Charlemain,
And his brave peers, each with his visor up,
On their long lances lean and gaze awhile,
When the Venetian to their eyes disclosed
The wonders of the East ! Well might they then
Sigh for new Conquests !

Thus did Venice rise,
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
From India, from the region of the Sun,
Fragrant with spices—that a way was found,
A channel opened, and the golden stream
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, yet awhile maintained
Her state, her splendour ; till a tempest shook
All things most held in honour among men,
All that the giant with the scythe had spared,
To their foundations, and at once she fell ;
She who had stood yet longer than the last
Of the Four Kingdoms—who, as in an Ark,
Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,
From the last glimpse of civilized life—to where
Light shone again, and with the blaze of noon.

Through many an age in the mid-sea she dwelt,
From her retreat calmly contemplating
The changes of the Earth, herself unchanged.
Before her passed, as in an awful dream,
The mightiest of the mighty. What are these,
Clothed in their purple ? O'er the globe they fling

Their monstrous shadows; and, while yet we speak,
Phantom-like, vanish with a dreadful scream!
What—but the last that styled themselves the
 Cæsars?

And who in long array (look where they come;
Their gestures menacing so far and wide)
Wear the green turban and the heron's plume?
Who—but the Caliphs? followed fast by shapes
As new and strange—Emperor, and King, and
 Czar,

And Soldan, each, with a gigantic stride,
Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace
To make his greatness greater, and inscribe
His name in blood—some, men of steel, steel-clad;
Others, nor long, alas, the interval,
In light and gay attire, with brow serene
Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous fire
Mingled with darkness; and, among the rest,
Lo, one by one, passing continually,
Those who assume a sway beyond them all;
Men grey with age, each in a triple crown,
And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys
That can alone, as he would signify,
Unlock Heaven's gate.

LUIGI.

HAPPY is he who loves companionship,
And lights on thee, Luigi. Thee I
 found,
Playing at Mora on the cabin-roof
With Punchinello.—'Tis a game to strike
Fire from the coldest heart. What then from thine?
And, ere the twentieth throw, I had resolved,
Won by thy looks. Thou wert an honest lad;

Wert generous, grateful, not without ambition.
 Had it depended on thy will alone,
 Thou wouldst have numbered in thy family
 At least six Doges and the first in fame.
 But that was not to be. In thee I saw
 The last, if not the least, of a long line,
 Who in their forest, for three hundred years,
 Had lived and laboured, cutting, charring wood ;
 Discovering where they were, to those astray,
 By the re-echoing stroke, the crash, the fall,
 Or the blue wreath that travelled slowly up
 Into the sky. Thy nobler destinies
 Led thee away to jostle in the crowd ;
 And there I found thee—trying once again,
 What for thyself thou hadst prescribed so oft,
 A change of air and diet—once again
 Crossing the sea, and springing to the shore
 As though thou knewest where to dine and sleep.

First in Bologna didst thou plant thyself,
 Serving behind a Cardinal's gouty chair,
 Listening and oft replying, jest for jest ;
 Then in Ferrara, everything by turns,
 So great thy genius and so Proteus-like !
 Now serenading in a lover's train,
 And measuring swords with his antagonist ;
 Now carving, cup-bearing in halls of state ;
 And now a guide to the lorn traveller,
 A very Cicerone—yet, alas,
 How unlike him who fulminated in old Rome !
 Dealing out largely in exchange for pence
 Thy scraps of Knowledge—thro' the grassy street
 Leading, explaining—pointing to the bars
 Of Tasso's dungeon, and the Latin verse,
 Graven in the stone, that yet denotes the door
 Of Ariosto.

Many a year is gone
 Since on the Rhine we parted ; yet, methinks,

I can recall thee to the life, Luigi,
 In our long journey ever by my side;
 Thy locks jet-black, and clustering round a face
 Open as day and full of manly daring.
 Thou hadst a hand, a heart for all that came,
 Herdsman or pedlar, monk or muleteer;
 And few there were, that met thee not with smiles
 Mishap passed o'er thee like a summer-cloud.
 Cares thou hadst none; and they, that stood to
 hear thee,
 Caught the infection and forgot their own.
 Nature conceived thee in her merriest mood,
 Her happiest—not a speck was in the sky;
 And at thy birth the cricket chirped, Luigi,
 Thine a perpetual voice—at every turn
 A larum to the echo. In a clime,
 Where all were gay, none were so gay as thou;
 Thou, like a babe, hushed only by thy slumbers;
 Up hill and down hill, morning, noon and night,
 Singing or talking; singing to thyself
 When none gave ear, but to the listener talking.

ST. MARK'S PLACE.



OVER how many tracts, vast, measure-
 less,
 Ages on ages roll, and none appear
 Save the wild hunter ranging for his
 prey;
 While on this spot of earth, the work of man,
 How much has been transacted! Emperors,
 Popes,
 Warriors, from far and wide, laden with spoil,
 Landing, have here performed their several parts,
 Then left the stage to others. Not a stone

In the broad pavement, but to him who has
An eye, an ear for the Inanimate World,
Tells of Past Ages.

In that temple-porch
(The brass is gone, the porphyry remains,¹)
Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,
And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
Of the proud Pontiff²—thus at last consoled
For flight, disguise, and many an anguish shake
On his stone pillow.

In that temple-porch,
Old as he was, so near his hundredth year,
And blind—his eyes put out—did Dandolo
Stand forth, displaying on his crown the cross.
There did he stand, erect, invincible,
Though wan his cheeks, and wet with many tears,
For in his prayers he had been weeping much ;
And now the pilgrims and the people wept
With admiration, saying in their hearts,
“ Surely those aged limbs have need of rest ! ”³
There did he stand, with his old armour on,
Ere, gonfalon in hand, that streamed aloft,
As conscious of its glorious destiny,
So soon to float o'er mosque and minaret,
He sailed away, five hundred gallant ships,
Their lofty sides hung with emblazoned shields,
Following his track to fame. He went to die ;
But of his trophies four arrived ere long,
Snatched from destruction—the four steeds divine,

¹ They were placed in the floor as memorials. The brass was engraved with the words addressed by the Pope to the Emperor, “ Super aspidem et basilicum ambulabis,” &c. Thou shalt tread upon the asp and the basilisk: the lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot.

² Alexander III. He fled in disguise to Venice, and is said to have passed the first night on the steps of San Salvatore. The entrance is from the Merceria, near the foot of the Rialto; and it is thus recorded, under his escutcheon, in a small tablet at the door. “ Alexandro III. Pont. Max. pernoctanti.”

³ See Geoffrey de Villehardouin, in *Script. Byzant.* t. xx.

That strike the ground, resounding with their feet,¹
 And from their nostrils snort ethereal flame
 Over that very porch ; and in the place
 Where in an after-time, beside the Doge,
 Sate one yet greater,² one whose verse shall live,
 When the wave rolls o'er Venice. High he sate,
 High over all, close by the ducal chair,
 At the right hand of his illustrious Host,
 Amid the noblest daughters of the realm,
 Their beauty shaded from the western ray
 By many-coloured hangings ; while, beneath,
 Knights of all nations,³ some of fair renown
 From England,⁴ from victorious Edward's court,
 Their lances in the rest, charged for the prize.

Here, among other pageants, and how oft
 It met the eye, borne through the gazing crowd.
 As if returning to console the least,
 Instruct the greatest, did the Doge go round ;
 Now in a chair of state, now on his bier.
 They were his first appearance, and his last.

The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,
 Changed not so fast for many and many an age,
 As this small spot. To-day 'twas full of masks ;⁵
 And lo, the madness of the Carnival,

¹ See Petrarch's description of them and of the tournament, *Rer. Senil.* 1. iv. ep. 2.

² Petrarch.

³ Not less splendid were the tournaments of Florence in the Place of Santa Croce. To those which were held there in February and June, 1468, we are indebted for two of the most celebrated poems of that age, the Giostra of Lorenzo de' Medici, by Luca Pulci, and the Giostra of Giuliano de' Medici, by Politian.

⁴ "Recenti victoriâ exultantes," says Petrarch : alluding, no doubt, to the favourable issue of the war in France. This festival began on the 4th of August, 1364.

⁵ Among those the most followed, there was always a mask in a magnificent habit, relating marvellous adventures, and calling himself Messer Marco Millioni. Millioni was the name given by his fellow-citizens in his life-time to the great traveller, Marco Polo. "I have seen him so described," says Ramusio, "in the Records of the Republic ; and his house has, from that time to this, been called La Corte del Millioni," the palace of the rich man, the millionaire. It is on the canal of S. Giovanni Chrisostomo ; and, as long as he lived, was much resorted to by the curious and the learned,

The monk, the nun, the holy legate masked !
 To-morrow came the scaffold and the wheel ;
 And he died there by torch-light, bound and
 gagged,

Whose name and crime they knew not. Under-
 neath

Where the Archangel,¹ as alighted there,
 Blesses the City from the topmost-tower,
 His arms extended—there, in monstrous league,
 Two phantom-shapes were sitting, side by side,
 Or up, and, as in sport, chasing each other ;
 Horror and Mirth. Both vanished in one hour !
 But Ocean only, when again he claims
 His ancient rule, shall wash away their footsteps.

Enter the Palace by the marble stairs²
 Down which the grizzly head of old Falièr
 Rolled from the block. Pass onward thro' the hall,
 Where, among those drawn in their ducal robes,
 But one is wanting—where, thrown off in heat,
 A brief inscription on the Doge's chair
 Led to another on the wall as brief ;³
 And thou wilt track them—wilt from rooms of
 state,

Where kings have feasted, and the festal song
 Rung through the fretted roof, cedar and gold,
 Step into darkness ; and be told, “ 'Twas here,
 Trusting, deceived, assembled but to die,
 To take a long embrace and part again,
 Carrara⁴ and his valiant sons were slain ;
 He first—then they, whose only crime had been

¹ “ In atto di dar la benedizione,” says Sansovino ; and performing the same office as the Triton on the Tower of the Winds at Athens.

² Now called La Scala de' Giganti. The colossal statues were placed there in 1566.

³ “ Marin Faliero della bella moglie : altri la gode ed egli la mantiene.”

“ Locus Marini Faletri decapitati pro criminibus.”

⁴ Francesco II.

Struggling to save their Father." — Thro' that door,

So soon to cry, smiting his brow, "I am lost!"
 Was with all courtesy, all honour, shewn
 The great and noble captain, Carmagnola.¹—
 That deep descent (thou canst not yet discern
 Aught as it is) leads to the dripping vaults
 Under the flood, where light and warmth were never!
 Leads to a covered Bridge, the Bridge of Sighs;
 And to that fatal closet at the foot,
 Lurking for prey.—

But let us to the roof,
 And, when thou hast surveyed the sea, the land,
 Visit the narrow cells that cluster there,
 As in a place of tombs. There burning suns,
 Day after day, beat unrelentingly;
 Turning all things to dust, and scorching up
 The brain, till Reason fled, and the wild yell
 And wilder laugh burst out on every side,
 Answering each other as in mockery!

Few Houses of the size were better filled;
 Though many came and left it in an hour.
 "Most nights," so said the good old Nicolo,
 (For three-and-thirty years his uncle kept
 The water-gate below, but seldom spoke,
 Though much was on his mind,) "most nights
 arrived

The prison-boat, that boat with many oars,
 And bore away as to the Lower World,
 Disburdening in the Cànal Orfano,²
 That drowning-place, where never net was thrown,
 Summer or Winter, death the penalty;
 And where a secret, once deposited,
 Lay till the waters should give up their dead."

¹ "Il Conte, entrando in prigione, disse: Vedo bene ch' io son morto, e trasse un grande sospiro."—M. SANUTO

² A deep channel behind the island of S. Giorgio Maggiore.

Yet what so gay as Venice? ¹ Every gale
Breathed music! and who flocked not, while she
reigned,

To celebrate her Nuptials with the Sea;
To wear the mask, and mingle in the crowd
With Greek, Armenian, Persian—night and day
(There, and there only, did the hour stand still)
Pursuing thro' her thousand labyrinths
The Enchantress Pleasure; realizing dreams
The earliest, happiest—for a tale to catch
Credulous ears, and hold young hearts in chains,
Had only to begin, "There lived in Venice"—

"Who were the Six we supped with Yester-
night?" ²

"Kings, one and all! Though couldst not but
remark

The style and manner of the Six that served them."

"Who answered me just now?" ³ Who, when
I said,

'Tis nine,' turned round and said so solemnly,
'Signor, he died at nine!'—"Twas the Arme-
nian;

The mask that follows thee, go where thou wilt."

"But who moves there, alone among them all?"

"The Cypriot. Ministers from distant Courts

Beset his doors, long ere his rising-hour;

His the Great Secret! Not the golden house

Of Nero, nor those fabled in the East,

Rich though they were, so wondrous rich as his!

Two dogs, coal-black, in collars of pure gold,

Walk in his footsteps—Who but his familiars?

They walk, and cast no shadow in the sun!

¹ "How fares it with your world?" says his Highness the Devil to Quevedo, on their first interview in the lower regions. "Do I prosper there?"—"Much as usual, I believe."—"But tell me truly. How is my good city of Venice? Flourishing?"—"More than ever."—"Then I am under no apprehension. All must go well."

² An allusion to the Supper in *Candide*: c. xxvi.

³ See Schiller's Ghost-seer, c. i.

And mark Him speaking. They, that listen,
stand
As if his tongue dropped honey ; yet his glance
None can endure ! He looks nor young nor old ;
And at a tourney, where I sat and saw,
A very child (full threescore years are gone)
Borne on my father's shoulder thro' the crowd,
He looked not otherwise. Where'er he stops,
Tho' short the sojourn, on his chamber-wall,
Mid many a treasure gleaned from many a clime,
His portrait hangs—but none must notice it ;
For Titian glows in every lineament,
(Where is it not inscribed, The work is his !)
And Titian died two hundred years ago."
—Such their discourse. Assembling in St.
Mark's,

All nations met as on enchanted ground !

What tho' a strange mysterious Power was there,
Moving throughout, subtle, invisible,
And universal as the air they breathed ;
A Power that never slumbered, nor forgave.
All eye, all ear, no where and every where,
Entering the closet and the sanctuary,
No place of refuge for the Doge himself ;
Most present when least thought of—nothing dropt
In secret, when the heart was on the lips,
Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly
Observed and judged — a Power, that if but
named

In casual converse, be it where it might,
The speaker lowered at once his eyes, his voice,
And pointed upward as to God in Heaven—
What tho' that Power was there, he who lived thus,
Pursuing Pleasure, lived as if it were not.
But let him in the midnight-air indulge
A word, a thought against the laws of Venice,
And in that hour he vanished from the earth !

THE GONDOLA.



BOY, call the Gondola; the sun is
set.—

It came, and we embarked; but in-
stantly,

As at the waving of a magic wand,
Though she had stept on board so light of foot,
So light of heart, laughing she knew not why,
Sleep overcame her; on my arm she slept.
From time to time I waked her; but the boat
Rocked her to sleep again. The moon was now
Rising full-orbed, but broken by a cloud.
The wind was hushed, and the sea mirror-like.
A single zephyr, as enamoured, played
With her loose tresses, and drew more and more
Her veil across her bosom. Long I lay
Contemplating that face so beautiful,
That rosy mouth, that cheek dimpled with smiles,
That neck but half-concealed, whiter than snow.
'Twas the sweet slumber of her early age.
I looked and looked, and felt a flush of joy
I would express but cannot. Oft I wished
Gently—by stealth—to drop asleep myself,
And to incline yet lower that sleep might come;
Oft closed my eyes as in forgetfulness.
'Twas all in vain. Love would not let me rest.

But how delightful when at length she waked!
When, her light hair adjusting, and her veil
So rudely scattered, she resumed her place
Beside me; and, as gaily as before,
Sitting unconsciously nearer and nearer,
Poured out her innocent mind!

So, nor long since,
 Sung a Venetian ; and his lay of love,¹
 Dangerous and sweet, charmed Venice. For myself.
 (Less fortunate, if Love be Happiness)
 No curtain drawn, no pulse beating alarm,
 I went alone beneath the silent moon ;
 Thy Square, St. Mark, thy churches, palaces,
 Glittering and frost-like, and, as day drew on,
 Melting away, an emblem of themselves.

Those Porches passed, thro' which the water-
 breeze
 Plays, though no longer on the noble forms²
 That moved there, sable-vested—and the Quay,
 Silent, grass-grown—adventurer-like I launched
 Into the deep, ere long discovering
 Isles such as cluster in the Southern seas,
 All verdure. Every where, from bush and brake,
 The musky odour of the serpents came ;
 Their slimy tract across the woodman's path
 Bright in the moonshine ; and, as round I went,
 Dreaming of Greece, whither the waves were
 gliding,
 I listened to the venerable pines
 Then in close converse, and, if right I guessed,
 Delivering many a message to the Winds,
 In secret, for their kindred on Mount Ida.³
 Nor when again in Venice, when again
 In that strange place, so stirring and so still,
 Where nothing comes to drown the human voice
 But music, or the dashing of the tide,
 Ceased I to wander. Now a Jessica
 Sung to her lute, her signal as she sate

¹ La Biondina in Gondoletta.

² "C'était sous les portiques de Saint-Marc que les patriciens se réunissaient tous les jours. Le nom de cette promenade indiquait sa destination : on l'appellait *il Broglio*."—DARU.

³ For this thought I am indebted to some unpublished travels by the Author of Vathek.

At her half-open window. Then, methought,
 A serenade broke silence, breathing hope
 Thro' walls of stone, and torturing the proud heart
 Of some Priuli. Once, we could not err,
 (It was before an old Palladian house,
 As between night and day we floated by)
 A Gondolier lay singing ; and he sung,
 As in the time when Venice was Herself,
 Of Tancred and Erminia.¹ On our oars
 We rested ; and the verse was verse divine !
 We could not err—Perhaps he was the last—
 For none took up the strain, none answered him ;
 And, when he ceased, he left upon my ear
 A something like the dying voice of Venice !

The moon went down ; and nothing now was seen
 Save where the lamp of a Madonna shone
 Faintly—or heard, but when he spoke, who stood
 Over the lantern at the prow and cried,
 Turning the corner of some reverend pile,
 Some school or hospital of old renown,
 Tho' haply none were coming, none were near,
 “Hasten or slacken.”² But at length Night fled ;
 And with her fled, scattering, the sons of Pleasure.
 Star after star shot by, or, meteor-like,
 Crossed me and vanished—lost at once among
 Those hundred Isles that tower majestically,
 That rise abruptly from the water-mark,
 Not with rough crag, but marble, and the work
 Of noblest architects. I lingered still ;

¹ Goldoni, describing his excursion with the Passalacqua, has left us a lively picture of this class of men.

“We were no sooner in the middle of that great lagoon which encircles the City, than our discreet Gondolier drew the curtain behind us, and let us float at the will of the waves.—At length night came on, and we could not tell where we were. ‘What is the hour?’ said I to the Gondolier.—‘I cannot guess, Sir ; but, if I am not mistaken, it is the lover’s hour.’—‘Let us go home,’ I replied ; and he turned the prow homeward, singing, as he rowed, the twenty-sixth strophe of the sixteenth canto of the Jerusalem Delivered.”

² Premi o stali.

Nor sought my threshold,¹ till the hour was come
 And past, when, flitting home in the grey light,
 The young Bianca found her father's door,²
 That door so often with a trembling hand,
 So often—then so lately left ajar,
 Shut; and, all terror, all perplexity,
 Now by her lover urged, now by her love,
 Fled o'er the waters to return no more.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.³



T was St. Mary's Eve, and all poured
 forth
 For some great festival. The fisher
 came
 From his green islet, bringing o'er the waves
 His wife and little one; the husbandman
 From the Firm Land, with many a friar and nun,
 And village-maiden, her first flight from home,
 Crowding the common ferry. All arrived;
 And in his straw the prisoner turned to hear,
 So great the stir in Venice. Old and young
 Thronged her three hundred bridges; the grave
 Turk,
 Turbaned, long-vested, and the cozening Jew
 In yellow hat and thread-bare gaberdine,

¹ At Venice, if you have *la riva in casa*, you step from your boat into the hall.

² Bianca Capello. It had been shut, if we may believe the Novelist Malespini, by a baker's boy, as he passed by at daybreak; and in her despair she fled with her lover to Florence, where he fell by assassination. Her beauty, and her love-adventure as here related, her marriage afterwards with the Grand Duke, and that fatal banquet at which they were both poisoned by the Cardinal, his brother, have rendered her history a romance.

³ This circumstance took place at Venice on the first of February, the eve of the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, A.D. 994, Pietro Candiano, Doge.

Hurrying along. For, as the custom was,
The noblest sons and daughters of the State,
Whose names are written in the Book of Gold,
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials.

At noon a distant murmur through the crowd
Rising and rolling on, proclaimed them near ;
And never from their earliest hour was seen
Such splendour or such beauty.¹ Two and two,
(The richest tapestry unrolled before them)
First came the Brides ; each in her virgin-veil,
Nor unattended by her bridal maids,
The two that, step by step, behind her bore
The small but precious caskets that contained
The dowry and the presents. On she moved
In the sweet seriousness of virgin-youth ;
Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand
A fan, that gently waved, of ostrich-plumes.
Her veil, transparent as the gossamer,²
Fell from beneath a starry diadem ;
And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,
Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst ;
A jewelled chain, in many a winding wreath,
Wreathing her gold brocade.

Before the Church,

That venerable structure now no more³
On the sea-brink, another train they met,
No strangers, nor unlooked for ere they came,
Brothers to some, still dearer to the rest ;
Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume,
And, as he walked, with modest dignity

¹ "E' costume era, che tutte le novizze con tutta la dote loro venissero alla detta chiesa, dov' era il vescovo con tutta la chieresia."
—A. NAVAGIERO.

² Among the *Habiti Antichi*, in that admirable book of woodcuts ascribed to Titian (A.D. 1590), there is one entitled, "Sposa Venetiana a Castello." It was taken from an old painting in the Scuola di S. Giovanni Evangelista, and by the writer is believed to represent one of the Brides here described.

San Pietro di Castello, the Patriarchal Church of Venice.

Folding his scarlet mantle. At the gate
 They join ; and slowly up the bannered aisle
 Led by the choir, with due solemnity
 Range round the altar. In his vestments there
 The Patriarch stands ; and, while the anthem flows,
 Who can look on unmoved—the dream of years
 Just now fulfilling ! Here a mother weeps,
 Rejoicing in her daughter. There a son
 Blesses the day that is to make her his ;
 While she shines forth through all her ornament,
 Her beauty heightened by her hopes and fears.

At length the rite is ending. All fall down,
 All of all ranks ; and, stretching out his hands,
 Apostle-like, the holy man proceeds
 To give the blessing—not a stir, a breath ;
 When hark, a din of voices from without,
 And shrieks and groans and outcries as in battle !
 And lo, the door is burst, the curtain rent,
 And armed ruffians, robbers from the deep,
 Savage, uncouth, led on by Barberigo
 And his six brothers in their coats of steel,
 Are standing on the threshold ! Statue-like
 Awhile they gaze on the fallen multitude,
 Each with his sabre up, in act to strike ;
 Then, as at once recovering from the spell,
 Rush forward to the altar, and as soon
 Are gone again—amid no clash of arms
 Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.

Where are they now ?—ploughing the distant
 waves,
 Their sails outspread and given to the wind,
 They on their decks triumphant. On they speed,
 Steering for Istria ; their accursed barks
 (Well are they known,¹ the galliot and the galley)
 Freighted, alas, with all that life endears !

¹ “Una galera e una ga'cotta.”—M. SANUTO.

The richest argosies were poor to them !

Now hadst thou seen along that crowded shore
 The matrons running wild, their festal dress
 A strange and moving contrast to their grief ;
 And through the city, wander where thou wouldst,
 The men half armed and arming—everywhere
 As roused from slumber by the stirring trump ;
 One with a shield, one with a casque and spear ;
 One with an axe severing in two the chain
 Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank,
 But on that day was drifting. In an hour
 Half Venice was afloat. But long before,
 Frantic with grief and scorning all control,
 The Youths were gone in a light brigantine,
 Lying at anchor near the Arsenal ;
 Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,
 To slay or to be slain.

And from the tower
 The watchman gives the signal. In the East
 A ship is seen, and making for the Port ;
 Her flag St. Mark's. And now she turns the point,
 Over the waters like a sea-bird flying !
 Ha, 'tis the same, 'tis theirs ! from stern to prow
 Green with victorious wreaths, she comes to bring
 All that was lost.

Coasting, with narrow search,
 Friuli—in his spring, like a tiger
 They had surprised the Corsairs where they lay¹
 Sharing the spoil in blind security
 And casting lots—had slain them, one and all,
 All to the last, and flung them far and wide
 Into the sea, their proper element ;
 Him first, as first in rank, whose name so long
 Had hushed the babes of Venice, and who yet,
 Breathing a little, in his look retained

¹ In the lagoons of Caorlo. The creek is still called *Il Porto delle Donzelle*.

The fierceness of his soul.¹

Thus were the Brides

Lost and recovered; and what now remained
But to give Thanks? Twelve breast-plates and
twelve crowns,
By the young Victors to their Patron-Saint
Vowed in the field, inestimable gifts
Flaming with gems and gold, were in due time
Laid at his feet; ² and ever to preserve
The memory of a day so full of change,
From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,
Through many an age, as oft as it came round,
'Twas held religiously. The Doge resigned
His crimson for pure ermine, visiting
At earliest dawn St. Mary's silver shrine;
And through the city, in a stately barge
Of gold, were borne with songs and symphonies
Twelve ladies young and noble.³ Clad they were
In bridal white with bridal ornaments,
Each in her glittering veil; and on the deck,
As on a burnished throne, they glided by;
No window or balcony but adorned
With hangings of rich texture, not a roof
But covered with beholders, and the air
Vocal with joy. Onward they went, their oars
Moving in concert with the harmony,
Through the Rialto ⁴ to the Ducal Palace,

¹ "Paululum etiam spirans," &c.—SALLUST. *Bell. Catil.* 59.

² They are described by Evelyn and La Lande, and were to be seen in the Treasury of St. Mark very lately.

³ "Le quali con trionfo si conducessero sopra una piatta pe' canali di Venezia con suoni e canti."—M. SANUTO.

⁴ An English abbreviation. Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; and the Venetians say *Il Ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster Bridge.

In that island is the Exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. "I sottoportici," says Sansovino, writing in 1580, "sono ogni giorno frequentati da i mercatanti Fiorentini, Genovesi, Milanesi, Spagnuoli, Turchi, e d'altre nationi diverse del mondo, i quali vi concorrono in tanta copia, che questa piazza è annoverata

And at a banquet, served with honour there,
 Sat representing, in the eyes of all,
 Eyes not unwet, I ween, with grateful tears,
 Their lovely ancestors, the Brides of Venice.

FOSCARI.

LET us lift up the curtain, and observe
 What passes in that chamber. Now a
 sigh,
 And now a groan is heard. Then all
 is still.

Twenty are sitting as in judgment there ;¹
 Men who have served their country and grown grey
 In governments and distant embassies,
 Men eminent alike in war and peace ;
 Such as in effigy shall long adorn
 The walls of Venice—to shew what she was !
 Their garb is black, and black the arras is,
 And sad the general aspect. Yet their looks
 Are calm, are cheerful ; nothing there like grief,
 Nothing or harsh or cruel. Still that noise,
 That low and dismal moaning.

Half withdrawn,
 A little to the left, sits one in crimson,

fra le prime dell' universo." It was there that the Christian held
 discourse with the Jew ; and Shylock refers to it, when he says,

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto you have rated me—"

"Andiamo a Rialto"—"L'ora di Rialto"—were on every tongue ;
 and continue so to the present day, as we learn from the comedies of
 Goldoni, and particularly from his *Mercanti*.

There is a place adjoining, called Rialto Nuovo ; and so called,
 according to Sansovino, "perchè fù fabbricato dopo il vecchio."

¹ The Council of Ten and the Giunta, "nel quale," says Sanuto,
 "fù messer lo doge." The Giunta at the first examination consisted
 of ten Patricians, at the last of twenty.

This story and the Tragedy of the Two Foscari were published,
 within a few days of each other, in November, 1821.

A venerable man, fourscore and five.
 Cold drops of sweat stand on his furrowed brow.
 His hands are clenched; his eyes half-shut and
 glazed;
 His shrunk and withered limbs rigid as marble.
 'Tis Foscari, the Doge. And there is one,
 A young man, lying at his feet, stretched out
 In torture. 'Tis his son. 'Tis Giacomo,
 His only joy (and has he lived for this?)
 Accused of murder. Yesternight the proofs,
 If proofs they be, were in the lion's mouth
 Dropt by some hand unseen; and he, himself,
 Must sit and look on a beloved son
 Suffering the Question.

Twice to die in peace,
 To save, while yet he could, a falling house,
 And turn the hearts of his fell Adversaries,
 Those who had now, like hell-hounds in full cry,
 Chased down his last of four, twice did he ask
 To lay aside the Crown, and they refused,
 An oath exacting, never more to ask;
 And there he sits, a spectacle of woe,
 Condemned in bitter mockery to wear
 The bauble he had sighed for.

Once again
 The screw is turned; and, as it turns, the Son
 Looks up, and, in a faint and broken tone,
 Murmurs "My Father!" The old man shrinks back,
 And in his mantle muffles up his face.
 "Art thou not guilty?" says a voice, that once
 Would greet the Sufferer long before they met,
 "Art thou not guilty?"—"No! Indeed I am not!"
 But all is unavailing. In that Court
 Groans are confessions; Patience, Fortitude,
 The work of Magic; and, released, revived,
 For Condemnation, from his Father's lips
 He hears the sentence, "Banishment to Candia.

Death, if he leaves it." And the bark sets sail ;
And he is gone from all he loves in life !
Gone in the dead of night—unseen of any—
Without a word, a look of tenderness,
To be called up, when, in his lonely hours,
He would indulge in weeping. Like a ghost,
Day after day, year after year, he haunts
An ancient rampart that o'erhangs the sea ;
Gazing on vacancy, and hourly there
Starting as from some wild and uncouth dream,
To answer to the watch.—Alas, how changed
From him the mirror of the Youth of Venice ;
Whom in the slightest thing, or whim or chance,
Did he but wear his doublet so and so,
All followed ; at whose nuptials, when he won
That maid at once the noblest, fairest, best,¹
A daughter of the House that now among
Its ancestors in monumental brass
Numbers eight Doges—to convey her home,
The Bùcentaur went forth ; and thrice the Sun
Shone on the Chivalry, that, front to front,
And blaze on blaze reflecting, met and ranged
To tourney in St. Mark's.—But lo, at last,
Messengers come. He is recalled : his heart
Leaps at the tidings. He embarks : the boat
Springs to the oar, and back again he goes—
Into that very Chamber ! there to lie
In his old resting-place, the bed of steel ;
And thence look up (Five long, long years of Grief
Have not killed either) on his wretched Sire,
Still in that seat—as though he had not stirred ;

¹ She was a Contarini ; a name coeval with the Republic, and illustrated by eight Doges. On the occasion of their marriage the Bucentaur came out in its splendour ; and a bridge of boats was thrown across the Canal Grande for the Bridegroom and his retinue of three hundred horse. Sanuto dwells with pleasure on the costliness of the dresses and the magnificence of the processions by land and water. The tournaments in the place of St. Mark lasted three days, and were attended by thirty thousand people.

Immovable, and muffled in his cloak.

But now he comes, convicted of a crime
Great by the laws of Venice. Night and day,
Brooding on what he had been, what he was,
'Twas more than he could bear. His longing-fits
Thickened upon him. His desire for home
Became a madness; and, resolved to go,
If but to die, in his despair he writes
A letter to the sovereign-prince of Milan,
(To him whose name, among the greatest now,¹
Had perished, blotted out at once and rased,
But for the rugged limb of an old oak)
Soliciting his influence with the State,
And drops it to be found.—“Would ye know all?
I have transgressed, offended wilfully;²
And am prepared to suffer as I ought.
But let me, let me, if but for an hour,
(Ye must consent—for all of you are sons,
Most of you husbands, fathers) let me first
Indulge the natural feelings of a man,
And, ere I die, if such my sentence be,
Press to my heart ('tis all I ask of you)
My wife, my children—and my aged mother—
Say, is she yet alive?”

He is condemned
To go ere set of sun, go whence he came,
A banished man; and for a year to breathe
The vapour of a dungeon. But his prayer
(What could they less?) is granted.

In a hall

¹ Francesco Sforza. His father, when at work in the field, was accosted by some soldiers and asked if he would enlist. “Let me throw my mattock on that oak,” he replied, “and, if it remains there, I will.” It remained there, and the peasant, regarding it as a sign, enlisted. He became soldier, general, prince; and his grandson, in the palace at Milan, said to Paulus Jovius, “You behold these guards and this grandeur. I owe everything to the branch of an oak, the branch that held my grandfather’s mattock.”

² It was a high crime to solicit the intercession of any Foreign Prince,

Open and crowded by the common herd,
 'Twas there a Wife and her four sons yet young,
 A Mother borne along, life ebbing fast,
 And an old Doge, mustering his strength in vain,
 Assembled now, sad privilege, to meet
 One so long lost, one who for them had braved,
 For them had sought—death and yet worse than
 death!

To meet him, and to part with him for ever!—
 Time and their wrongs had changed them all, him
 most!

Yet when the Wife, the Mother looked again,
 'Twas he—'twas he himself—'twas Giacomo!
 And all clung round him, weeping bitterly;
 Weeping the more, because they wept in vain.

Unnerved, and now unsettled in his mind
 From long and exquisite pain, he sobs and cries,
 Kissing the old Man's cheek, "Help me, my Father!
 Let me, I pray thee, live once more among ye:
 Let me go home."—"My Son," returns the Doge,
 "Obey. Thy Country wills it."¹

Giacomo

That night embarked; sent to an early grave
 For one whose dying words, "The deed was mine!
 He is most innocent! 'Twas I who did it!"
 Came when he slept in peace. The ship, that sailed
 Swift as the winds with his deliverance,
 Bore back a lifeless corse. Generous as brave,
 Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
 Of duty and love were from his tenderest years
 To him as needful as his daily bread;
 And to become a by-word in the streets,
 Bringing a stain on those who gave him life,
 And those, alas, now worse than fatherless—
 To be proclaimed a ruffian, a night-stabber,

¹ "Va e ubbidisci a quello che vuole la terra, e non cercar più oltre."

He on whom none before had breathed reproach—
 He lived but to disprove it. That hope lost,
 Death followed. Oh, if Justice be in Heaven,
 A day must come of ample Retribution !

Then was thy cup, old Man, full to the brim.
 But thou wert yet alive ; and there was one,
 The soul and spring of all that Enmity,
 Who would not leave thee ; fastening on thy flank,
 Hungering and thirsting, still unsatisfied ;
 One of a name illustrious as thine own !
 One of the Ten ! one of the Invisible Three !¹
 'Twas Loredano. When the whelps were gone,
 He would dislodge the Lion from his den ;
 And, leading on the pack he long had led,
 The miserable pack that ever howled
 Against fallen Greatness, moved that Foscari
 Be Doge no longer ; urging his great age ;
 Calling the loneliness of Grief neglect
 Of duty, sullenness against the laws.

——“ I am most willing to retire,” said he :
 “ But I have sworn, and cannot of myself.
 Do with me as ye please.”——He was deposed,
 He, who had reigned so long and gloriously ;
 His ducal bonnet taken from his brow,
 His robes stript off, his seal and signet-ring
 Broken before him. But now nothing moved
 The meekness of his soul. All things alike !
 Among the six that came with the decree,
 Foscari saw one he knew not, and inquired
 His name. “ I am the son of Marco Memmo.”
 “ Ah,” he replied, “ thy father was my friend.”

And now he goes. “ It is the hour and past.
 I have no business here.”——“ But wilt thou not
 Avoid the gazing crowd ? That way is private.”

¹ The State-Inquisitors. For an account of their authority, see page 234.

“No! as I entered, so will I retire.”
 And, leaning on his staff, he left the House,
 His residence for five-and-thirty years,
 By the same stairs up which he came in state;
 Those where the giants stand, guarding the ascent,
 Monstrous, terrific. At the foot he stopt,
 And, on his staff still leaning, turned and said,
 “By mine own merits did I come. I go,
 Driven by the malice of mine Enemies.”
 Then to his boat withdrew, poor as he came,
 Amid the sighs of them that dared not speak.

This journey was his last. When the bell rang
 At dawn, announcing a new Doge to Venice,
 It found him on his knees before the Cross,
 Claspings his aged hands in earnest prayer;
 And there he died. Ere half its task was done,
 It rang his knell.

But whence the deadly hate
 That caused all this—the hate of Loredano?
 It was a legacy his Father left,
 Who, but for Foscari, had reigned in Venice,
 And, like the venom in the serpent's bag,
 Gathered and grew! Nothing but turned to hate!
 In vain did Foscari supplicate for peace,
 Offering in marriage his fair Isabel.
 He changed not, with a dreadful piety
 Studying revenge; listening to those alone
 Who talked of vengeance; grasping by the hand
 Those in their zeal (and none were wanting there)
 Who came to tell him of another Wrong,
 Done or imagined. When his father died,
 They whispered, “’Twas by poison!” and the words
 Struck him as uttered from his father's grave.
 He wrote it on the tomb¹ ('tis there in marble)

¹ “Veneno sublatus.” The tomb is in the Church of St. Elena.

And with a brow of care, most merchant-like,
 Among the debtors in his leger-book ¹
 Entered at full (nor month, nor day forgot)
 "Francesco Foscari—for my Father's death."
 Leaving a blank—to be filled up hereafter.
 When Foscari's noble heart at length gave way,
 He took the volume from the shelf again
 Calmly, and with his pen filled up the blank,
 Inscribing, "He has paid me."

Ye who sit

Brooding from day to day, from day to day
 Chewing the bitter cud, and starting up
 As tho' the hour was come to whet your fangs,
 And, like the Pisan,² gnaw the hairy scalp
 Of him who had offended—if ye must,
 Sit and brood on ; but oh forbear to teach
 The lesson to your children.

MARCOLINI.



T was midnight; the great clock had struck and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young Citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home under it from an interview with his Mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage; and the very day was named. "Lovely Giuletta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so

¹ A remarkable instance, among others in the annals of Venice, that her princes were merchants; her merchants princes.

² Count Ugolino.—*Inferno*, 32.

blest as thy Marcolini?" But as he spoke, he stopped; for something glittered on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt. "If another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his *Giulietta* had been singing together. But how little do we know what the next minute will bring forth! He turned by the Church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps he met the Watch. A murder had just been committed. The senator Renaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, every thing served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guardhouse than a damning witness appeared against him. The Bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood, with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its Patrician ornaments struck every eye; and, when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the Innocent an energy and a composure, an energy when they speak and a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the Judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and Marcolini lost his life, *Giulietta* her reason.

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessing the crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a cryer to cry out

in the Court before a sentence was passed, " Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini !"¹

Great indeed was the lamentation throughout the City ; and the Judge, dying, directed that thenceforth and for ever a Mass should be sung every night in a chapel of the Ducal Church for his own soul and the soul of Marcolini and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for the purpose : and still is the Mass sung in the chapel ; still every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light seen to issue from a small gothic window that looks toward the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold Marcolini breathed his last.

ARQUÀ.



THREE leagues from Padua stands and
 long has stood
 (The Paduan student knows it, honours
 it)

A lonely tomb beside a mountain-church ;
 And I arrived there as the sun declined
 Low in the west. The gentle airs, that breathe
 Fragrance at eve, were rising, and the birds
 Singing their farewell-song—the very song
 They sung the night that tomb received a tenant ;
 When, as alive, clothed in his Canon's stole,
 And slowly winding down the narrow path,
 He came to rest there. Nobles of the land,

¹ Remember the poor Marcolini !

Princes and prelates mingled in his train,
 Anxious by any act, while yet they could,
 To catch a ray of glory by reflection ;
 And from that hour have kindred spirits flocked ¹
 From distant countries, from the north, the south,
 To see where he is laid.

Twelve years ago,
 When I descended the impetuous Rhone,
 Its vineyards of such great and old renown,²
 Its castles, each with some romantic tale,
 Vanishing fast—the pilot at the stern,
 He who had steered so long, standing aloft,
 His eyes on the white breakers, and his hands
 On what was now his rudder, now his oar,
 A huge misshapen plank—the bark itself
 Frail and uncouth, launched to return no more,
 Such as a shipwrecked man might hope to build,
 Urged by the love of home—Twelve years ago,
 When like an arrow from the cord we flew,
 Two long, long days, silence, suspense on board,
 It was to offer at thy fount, Vacluse,
 Entering the arched Cave, to wander where
 Petrarch had wandered, to explore and sit
 Where in his peasant-dress he loved to sit,
 Musing, reciting—on some rock moss-grown,
 Or the fantastic root of some old beech,
 That drinks the living waters as they stream
 Over their emerald-bed ; and could I now

¹ “ I visited once more,” says Alfieri, “ the tomb of our master in love, the divine Petrarch ; and there, as at Ravenna, consecrated a day to meditation and verse.”

He visited also the house ; and in the Album there wrote a sonnet worthy of Petrarch himself.

“ O Cameretta, che già in te chiudesti

Quel Grande alla cui fama è angusto il mondo,” &c.

Alfieri took great pleasure in what he called his poetical pilgrimages. At the birth-place and the grave of Tasso he was often to be found ; and in the library at Ferrara he has left this memorial of himself on a blank leaf of the *Orlando Furioso* : “ Vittorio Alfieri vide e venerò. 18 giugno, 1783.”

² The Côte Rôtie, the Hermitage, &c.

Neglect the place where, in a graver mood,¹
 When he had done and settled with the world,
 When all the illusions of his Youth were fled,
 Indulged perhaps too much, cherished too long,
 He came for the conclusion? Half-way up
 He built his house,² whence as by stealth he caught,
 Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life
 Thatsoothed, not stirred.—But knock, and enter in.
 This was his chamber. 'Tis as when he went;
 As if he now were in his orchard-grove.
 And this his closet. Here he sat and read.
 This was his chair; and in it, unobserved,
 Reading, or thinking of his absent friends,
 He passed away as in a quiet slumber.

Peace to this region! Peace to each, to all!
 They know his value—every coming step,
 That draws the gazing children from their play,
 Would tell them if they knew not.—But could aught,
 Ungentle or ungenerous, spring up
 Where he is sleeping; where, and in an age
 Of savage warfare and blind bigotry,
 He cultured all that could refine, exalt;
 Leading to better things?

¹ This village, says Boccaccio, hitherto almost unknown even at Padua, is soon to become famous through the World; and the sailor on the Adriatic will prostrate himself, when he discovers the Euganean hills. "Among them," will he say, "sleeps the Poet who is our glory. Ah, unhappy Florence! You neglected him—You deserved him not."

² "I have built, among the Euganean hills, a small house, decent and proper; in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends." Among those still living, was Boccaccio; who is thus mentioned by him in his Will. "To Don Giovanni of Certaldo, for a winter-gown at his evening-studies, I leave fifty golden florins; truly little enough for so great a man."

When the Venetians over-ran the country, Petrarch prepared for flight. "Write your name over your door," said one of his friends, "and you will be safe."—"I am not so sure of that," replied Petrarch, and fled with his books to Padua. His books he left to the Republic of Venice, laying, as it were, a foundation for the library of St. Mark; but they exist no longer. His legacy to his friend Francis Carrara the elder, a Madonna painted by Giotto, is still preserved in the cathedral of Padua.

GINEVRA.



U' thou shouldst ever come by choice or
chance

To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is
preserved

Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs ¹
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine)
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee ; thro' their arched walks,
Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sate,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day.²——A summer-sun
Sets ere one half is seen ; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri³—but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,

¹ Affirming itself to be the very bucket which Tassoni in his mock
heroics has celebrated as the cause of war between Bologna and Modena
five hundred years ago.

² *Inferno*, V.

³ Commonly called Domenichino.

That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
 As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
 Broided with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
 An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs

Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent
 With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old Ancestor.
 That by the way—it may be true or false—
 But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
 When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent Sire.
 Her Mother dying of the gift she gave,
 That precious gift, what else remained to him?
 The young Ginevra was his all in life,
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;

And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the Bridal feast,
When all sate down, the Bride was wanting
there.

Nor was she to be found ! Her Father cried,

'Tis but to make a trial of our love ! ”

And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.

But now, alas, she was not to be found ;

Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,

But that she was not !—Weary of his life,

Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith

Flung it away in battle with the Turk.

Orsini lived ; and long was to be seen

An old man wandering as in quest of something,

Something he could not find—he knew not what.

When he was gone, the house remained awhile

Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,

When on an idle day, a day of search

Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,

That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas
said

By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,

“ Why not remove it from its lurking place ? ”

'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way

It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,

With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.

All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,

And a small seal, her mother's legacy

Engraven with a name, the name of both,

“ Ginevra.”——There then had she found a grave !

Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever !

BOLOGNA.



WAS night ; the noise and bustle of
the day
Were o'er. The mountebank no longer
wrought

Miraculous cures—he and his stage were gone ;
And he who, when the crisis of his tale
Came, and all stood breathless with hope and fear,
Sent round his cap ; and he who thrummed his wire
And sang, with pleading look and plaintive strain
Melting the passenger. Thy thousand Cries,¹
So well pourtrayed, and by a son of thine,
Whose voice had swelled the hubbub in his youth,
Were hushed, Bologna, silence in the streets,
The squares, when hark, the clattering of fleet
hoofs ;

And soon a Courier, posting as from far,
Housing and holster, boot and belted coat
And doublet, stained with many a various soil,
Stopt and alighted. 'Twas where hangs aloft
That ancient sign, the pilgrim, welcoming
All who arrive there, all perhaps save those
Clad like himself, with staff and scallop-shell,
Those on a pilgrimage. And now approached
Wheels, through the lofty porticoes resounding,

¹ See the Cries of Bologna, as drawn by Annibal Carracci. He was of very humble origin ; and, to correct his brother's vanity, once sent him a portrait of their father, the tailor, threading his needle.

Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
 As the sky changes. To the gate they came ;
 And, ere the man had half his story done,
 Mine host received the Master—one long used
 To sojourn among strangers, every where
 (Go where he would, along the wildest track)
 Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
 And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
 Who love the haunts of Genius ; one who saw,
 Observed, nor shunned the busy scenes of life,
 But mingled not, and mid the din, the stir,
 Lived as a separate Spirit.

Much had passed
 Since last we parted ; and those five short
 years—

Much had they told ! His clustering locks were
 turned

Grey ; nor did ought recall the Youth that
 swam

From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,
 Still it was sweet ; still from his eye the thought
 Flashed lightning-like, nor lingered on the way,
 Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
 We sat, conversing—no unwelcome hour,
 The hour we met ; and, when Aurora rose,
 Rising, we climbed the rugged Apennine.

Well I remember how the golden sun
 Filled with its beams the unfathomable gulfs,
 As on we travelled, and along the ridge,
 Mid groves of cork and cistus and wild-fig,
 His motley household came—Not last nor least,
 Battista, who, upon the moonlight-sea
 Of Venice, had so ably, zealously,
 Served, and, at parting, thrown his oar away
 To follow through the world ; who without stain
 Had worn so long that honourable badge,
 The gondolier's, in a Patrician House

Arguing unlimited trust.¹—Not last nor least,
 Thou, tho' declining in thy beauty and strength,
 Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour
 Guarding his chamber-door, and now along
 The silent, sullen strand of Missolonghi
 Howling in grief.—He had just left that Place
 Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea,²
 Ravenna! where, from Dante's sacred tomb
 He had so oft, as many a verse declares,³
 Drawn inspiration; where, at twilight-time,
 Thro' the pine-forest wandering with loose rein,
 Wandering and lost, he had so oft beheld
 (What is not visible to a Poet's eye?)
 The spectre-knight, the hell-hounds and their prey
 The chase, the slaughter, and the festal mirth
 Suddenly blasted.⁴ 'Twas a theme he loved,
 But others claimed their turn; and many a tower
 Shattered, uprooted from its native rock,
 Its strength the pride of some heroic age,
 Appeared and vanished (many a sturdy steer⁵
 Yoked and unyoked) while as in happier days
 He poured his spirit forth. The Past forgot,
 All was enjoyment. Not a cloud obscured
 Present or future.

He is now at rest;
 And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
 Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,
 Gone like a star that through the firmament
 Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
 Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
 Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
 Of all things low or little; nothing there

¹ The principal gondolier, *il fante di poppa*, was almost always in the confidence of his master, and employed on occasions that required judgment and address.

² "Adrianum mare."—CIC.

³ See the *Prophecy of Dante*.

⁴ See the tale as told by Boccaccio and Dryden.

⁵ They wait for the traveller's carriage at the foot of every hill.

Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
 Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
 Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
 None more than I, thy gratitude would build
 On slight foundations : and, if in thy life
 Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
 Thy wish accomplished ; dying in the land
 Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,
 Dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious !

They in thy train—ah, little did they think,
 As round we went, that they so soon should sit
 Mourning beside thee, while a Nation mourned,
 Changing her festal for her funeral song ;
 That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
 As morning gleamed on what remained of thee,
 Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
 Thy years of joy and sorrow.

Thou art gone ;

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

FLORENCE.



F all the fairest Cities of the Earth
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray ; and what a light broke
forth,¹

When it emerged from darkness ! Search within,
Without ; all is enchantment ! 'Tis the Past
Contending with the Present ; and in turn
Each has the mastery.

In this chapel wrought²

One of the Few, Nature's Interpreters,
The Few, whom Genius gives as Lights to shine,
Masaccio ; and he slumbers underneath.
Wouldst thou behold his monument ? Look round !
And know that where we stand, stood oft and long,
Oft till the day was gone, Raphael himself ;
Nor he alone, so great the ardour there,
Such, while it reigned, the generous rivalry ;
He and how many as at once called forth,
Anxious to learn of those who came before,

¹ Among other instances of her ascendancy at the close of the thirteenth century, it is related that Florence saw twelve of her citizens assembled at the Court of Boniface the Eighth, as Embassadors from different parts of Europe and Asia. Their names are mentioned in *Toscana Illustrata*.

² A chapel of the Holy Virgin in the church of the Carmelites. It is adorned with the paintings of Masaccio, and all the great artists of Florence studied there ; Lionardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c.

He had no stone, no inscription, says Vasari, for he was thought little of in his life-time.

“ Se alcun cercasse il marmo, o il nome mio,
La chiesa è il marmo, una cappella è il nome.”

Nor less melancholy was the fate of Andrea del Sarto, though his merit was not undiscovered. “ There is a little man in Florence,” said Michael Angelo to Raphael, “ who, if he were employed on such great works as you are, would bring the sweat to your brow.” See Bocchi in his “ *Bellezza di Firenze*.”

To steal a spark from their authentic fire,
 Theirs who first broke the universal gloom,
 Sons of the Morning.

On that ancient seat,
 The seat of stone that runs along the wall,¹
 South of the Church, east of the belfry-tower,
 (Thou canst not miss it) in the sultry time
 Would Dante sit conversing, and with those
 Who little thought that in his hand he held
 The balance, and assigned at his good pleasure
 To each his place in the invisible world,
 To some an upper region, some a lower ;
 Many a transgressor sent to his account,²
 Long ere in Florence numbered with the dead ;
 The body still as full of life and stir
 At home, abroad ; still and as oft inclined
 To eat, drink, sleep ; still clad as others were,
 And at noon-day, where men were wont to meet,
 Met as continually ; when the soul went,
 Relinquished to a demon, and by him
 (So says the Bard, and who can read and doubt ?)
 Dwelt in and governed.

Sit thee down awhile ;
 Then, by the gates so marvellously wrought,
 That they might serve to be the gates of Heaven,³
 Enter the Baptistery. That place he loved,
 Loved as his own ;⁴ and in his visits there

¹ Il sasso di Dante. It exists, I believe, no longer, the wall having been taken down ; but enough of him remains elsewhere.—Boccaccio delivered his lectures on the *Divina Commedia* in the church of S. Stefano ; and whoever happens to enter it, when the light is favourable, may still, methinks, catch a glimpse of him and his hearers.

² *Inferno*, 33. A more dreadful vehicle for satire cannot well be conceived.—Dante, according to Boccaccio, was passing by a door in Verona, at which some women were sitting, when one of them was overheard to say in a low tone to the rest, “Do you see that man ? He it is, who visits Hell, whenever he pleases ; and who returns to give an account of those he finds there.”—“I can believe it,” replied another. “Don’t you observe his brown skin and his frizzled beard ?”

³ A saying of Michael Angelo. They are the work of Loreuzo Ghiberti.

⁴ “Mio bel san Giovanni.”—*Inferno*, 19,

Well might he take delight ! For when a child,
 Playing, as many are wont, with venturous feet
 Near and yet nearer to the sacred font,
 Slipped and fell in, he flew and rescued him,
 Flew with an energy, a violence,
 That broke the marble—a mishap ascribed
 To evil motives ; his, alas, to lead
 A life of trouble, and ere long to leave
 All things most dear to him, ere long to know
 How salt another's bread is, and the toil
 Of going up and down another's stairs.¹

Nor then forget that Chamber of the Dead,²
 Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
 Turned into stone, rest everlastingly ;
 Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon
 A two-fold influence—only to be felt—
 A light, a darkness, mingling each with each ;
 Both and yet neither. There, from age to age,
 Two Ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
 That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well.³
 He meditates, his head upon his hand.
 What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls ?
 Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull ?
 'Tis lost in shade ; yet, like the basilisk,
 It fascinates, and is intolerable.
 His mien is noble, most majestic !
 Then most so, when the distant choir is heard
 At morn or eve—nor fail thou to attend
 On that thrice-hallowed day, when all are there ;⁴
 When all, propitiating with solemn songs,
 Visit the Dead. Then wilt thou feel his Power !

¹ *Paradiso*, 17.

² The Chapel de' Depositi ; in which are the tombs of the Medici, by Michael Angelo.

³ He died early ; living only to become the father of Catherine de Medici. Had an Evil Spirit assumed the human shape to propagate mischief, he could not have done better.

The statue is larger than the life, but not so large as to shock belief. It is the most real and unreal thing that ever came from the chisel.


⁴ The day of All Souls : *Il dì de' Morti*.

But let not Sculpture, Painting, Poesy,
 Or They, the Masters of these mighty Spells,
 Detain us. Our first homage is to Virtue.
 Where, in what dungeon of the Citadel,
 (It must be known—the writing on the wall¹
 Cannot be gone—'twas with the blade cut in,
 Ere, on his knees to God, he slew himself,
 Did He, the last, the noblest Citizen,²
 Breathe out his soul, lest in the torturing hour
 He might accuse the Guiltless?

That debt paid,

But with a sigh, a tear for human frailty,
 We may return, and once more give a loose
 To the delighted spirit—worshipping,
 In her small temple of rich workmanship,³
 Venus herself, who, when she left the skies,
 Came hither.

DON GARZÌA.

 MONG those awful forms, in elder time
 Assembled, and through many an
 after-age
 Destined to stand as Genii of the Place
 Where men most meet in Florence, may be seen
 His who first played the Tyrant. Clad in mail,
 But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
 Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;⁴
 And they, that read the legend underneath,
 Go and pronounce him happy. Yet, methinks,

¹ “Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!”

Perhaps there is nothing in language more affecting than his last testament. It is addressed “To God, the Deliverer,” and was found steeped in his blood.

² Filippo Strozzi.

³ The Tribune.

⁴ Cosmo, the first Grand Duke.

There is a Chamber that, if walls could speak,
 Would turn their admiration into pity.
 Half of what passed, died with him; but the rest,
 All he discovered when the fit was on,
 All that, by those who listened, could be gleaned
 From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
 Is told, and by an honest Chronicler.¹

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzìa,
 (The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer)
 Went to the chase; but only one returned.
 Giovanni, when the huntsman blew his horn
 O'er the last stag that started from the brake,
 And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
 Appeared not; and at close of day was found
 Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas,
 The trembling Cosmo guessed the deed, the doer;
 And, having caused the body to be borne
 In secret to that Chamber—at an hour
 When all slept sound, save she who bore them both,²
 Who little thought of what was yet to come,
 And lived but to be told—he bade Garzìa
 Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
 A winking lamp, and in the other a key
 Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
 And, having entered in and locked the door,
 The father fixed his eyes upon the son,
 And closely questioned him. No change betrayed
 Or guilt or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
 The bloody sheet. “Look there! Look there!” he
 cried.

“Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand!
 —Unless thyself wilt save him that sad office.

¹ De Thou.

² Eleonora di Toledo. Of the Children that survived her, one fell by a brother, one by a husband, and a third murdered his wife. But that family was soon to become extinct. It is some consolation to reflect that their Country did not go unrevengeed for the calamities which they had brought upon her. How many of them died by the hands of each other!—See p. 278.

What!" he exclaimed, when, shuddering at the
sight,

The boy breathed out, "I stood but on my guard."

"Dar'st thou then blacken one who never wronged
thee,

Who would not set his foot upon a worm?

Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,

And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all.

Then from Garzia's belt he drew the blade,

That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood;

And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he
cried,

"Grant me the strength to do an act of Justice.

Thou knowest what it costs me; but, alas,

How can I spare myself, sparing none else?

Grant me the strength, the will—and oh forgive

The sinful soul of a most wretched son.

'Tis a most wretched father who implores it."

Long on Garzia's neck he hung and wept,

Long pressed him to his bosom tenderly;

And then, but while he held him by the arm,

Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,

And stabbed him to the heart.

Well might a Youth,¹

Studious of men, anxious to learn and know,

When in the train of some great embassy

He came, a visitant, to Cosmo's court,

Think on the past; and, as he wandered through

The ample spaces of an ancient house,²

Silent, deserted—stop awhile to dwell

Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall³

Together, as of Two in bonds of love,

Those of the unhappy brothers, and conclude

From the sad looks of him who could have told,

¹ De Thon.

² The Palazzo Vecchio. Cosmo had left it several years before.

³ By Vasari, who attended him on this occasion,—Thuanus, de Vitâ suâ, i.

The terrible truth.¹—Well might he heave a sigh
 For poor humanity, when he beheld
 That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,
 Drowsy and deaf and inarticulate,
 Wrapt in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
 In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale;
 His wife, another, not his Eleanor,
 At once his nurse and his interpreter.

THE CAMPAGNA OF FLORENCE.

IS morning. Let us wander through
 the fields,
 Where Cimabuè² found a shepherd-boy
 Tracing his idle fancies on the ground;
 And let us from the top of Fiesole,
 Whence Galileo's glass by night observed
 'The phases of the moon, look round below
 On Arno's vale, where the dove-coloured steer
 Is ploughing up and down among the vines,
 While many a careless note is sung aloud,
 Filling the air with sweetness—and on thee,

¹ It was given out that they had died of a contagious fever; and funeral orations were publicly pronounced in their honour.

Alfieri has written a tragedy on the subject; if it may be said so, when he has altered so entirely the story and the characters.

² He was the father of modern painting, and the master of Giotto, whose talent he discovered in the way here alluded to.

“Cimabuè stood still, and, having considered the boy and his work, he asked him, if he would go and live with him at Florence? To which the boy answered that, if his father was willing, he would go with all his heart.”—VASARI.

Of Cimabuè little now remains at Florence, except his celebrated Madonna, larger than the life, in Santa Maria Novella. It was painted, according to Vasari, in a garden near Porta S. Piero, and, when finished, was carried to the church in solemn procession with trumpets before it. The garden lay without the walls; and such was the rejoicing there on the occasion, such the feasting, that the suburb received the name of Borgo Allegri, a name it still bears, though now a part of the city.

Beautiful Florence, all within thy walls,
Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers,
Drawn to our feet.

From that small spire, just caught
By the bright ray, that church among the rest
By One of Old distinguished as The Bride,¹
Let us in thought pursue (what can we better ?)
Those who assembled there at matin-time ;²
Who, when Vice revelled and along the street
Tables were set, what time the bearer's bell
Rang to demand the dead at every door,
Came out into the meadows ; and, awhile
Wandering in idleness, but not in folly,
Sate down in the high grass and in the shade
Of many a tree sun-proof—day after day,
When all was still and nothing to be heard
But the cicala's voice among the olives,
Relating in a ring, to banish care,
Their hundred tales.³

Round the green hill they went,
Round underneath—first to a splendid house,
Gherardi, as an old tradition runs,
That on the left, just rising from the vale ;
A place for Luxury—the painted rooms,
The open galleries and middle court
Not unprepared, fragrant and gay with flowers.
Then westward to another, nobler yet ;
That on the right, now known as the Palmieri,
Where Art with Nature vied—a Paradise
With verdurous walls, and many a trellissed walk
All rose and jasmine, many a twilight-glade
Crossed by the deer. Then to the Ladies' Vale ;

¹ Santa Maria Novella. For its grace and beauty it was called by Michael Angelo "La Sposa."

² In the year of the Great Plague. See the Decameron.

³ Once, on a bright November morning, I set out and traced them, as I conceived, step by step ; beginning and ending in the Church of Santa Maria Novella. It was a walk delightful in itself and in its associations.

And the clear lake, that as by magic seemed
 To lift up to the surface every stone
 Of lustre there, and the diminutive fish
 Innumerable, dropt with crimson and gold,
 Now motionless, now glancing to the sun.

Who has not dwelt on their voluptuous day ?
 The morning-banquet by the fountain-side,¹
 While the small birds rejoiced on every bough ;
 The dance that followed, and the noon-tide slumber ;
 Then the tales told in turn, as round they lay
 On carpets, the fresh waters murmuring ;
 And the short interval of pleasant talk
 Till supper-time, when many a siren-voice
 Sung down the stars ; and, as they left the sky,
 The torches, planted in the sparkling grass,
 And every where among the glowing flowers,
 Burnt bright and brighter.—He,² whose dream
 it was,

(It was no more) sleeps in a neighbouring vale ;
 Sleeps in the church, where, in his ear, I ween,
 The Friar poured out his wondrous catalogue ;³
 A ray, imprimis, of the star that shone
 To the Wise Men ; a vial-ful of sounds,
 The musical chimes of the great bells that hung
 In Solomon's Temple ; and, though last not least,
 A feather from the Angel Gabriel's wing,
 Dropt in the Virgin's chamber. That dark ridge,
 Stretching south-east, conceals it from our sight ;
 Not so his lowly roof and scanty farm,
 His copse and rill, if yet a trace be left,
 Who lived in Val di Pesa, suffering long
 Want and neglect and (far, far worse) reproach,
 With calm, unclouded mind.⁴ The glimmering
 tower

¹ At three o'clock. Three hours after sun-rise, according to the old manner of reckoning.

² Boccaccio.

³ Decameron, vi. 10.

⁴ Macchiavel.

On the grey rock beneath, his land-mark once,
 Now serves for ours, and points out where he ate
 His bread with cheerfulness. Who sees him not
 ('Tis his own sketch—he drew it from himself¹)
 Laden with cages from his shoulder slung,
 And sallying forth, while yet the morn is grey,
 To catch a thrush on every lime-twig there ;
 Or in the wood among his wood-cutters ;
 Or in the tavern by the highway-side
 At tric-trac with the miller ; or at night,
 Doffing his rustic suit, and, duly clad,
 Entering his closet, and, among his books,
 Among the Great of every age and clime,
 A numerous court, turning to whom he pleased,
 Questioning each why he did this or that,
 And learning how to overcome the fear
 Of poverty and death ?

Nearer we hail
 Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of Old
 For its green wine ;² dearer to me, to most,
 As dwelt on by that great Astronomer,
 Seven years a prisoner at the city-gate,
 Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be
 His villa (justly was it called The Gem !³)
 Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw
 Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars !
 Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight
 Glimmered, at blush of morn he dressed his vines,
 Chanting aloud in gaiety of heart
 Some verse of Ariosto !—There, unseen,⁴

¹ See a very interesting letter from Machiavel to Francesco Vettori, dated the 10th of December, 1513.

² La Verdea.

³ *Il Giojello.*

⁴ Milton went to Italy in 1638. "There it was," says he, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition." "Old and blind," he might have said. Galileo, by his own account, became blind in December, 1637. Milton, as we learn from the date of Sir Henry Wotton's letter to him, had not left England on the 18th of April following.—See Tiraboschi, and *Wotton's Remains.*

In manly beauty Milton stood before him,
 Gazing with reverent awe—Milton, his guest,
 Just then come forth, all life and enterprise ;
He in his old age and extremity,
 Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff ;
 His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,
 His eye-balls idly rolling. Little then
 Did Galileo think whom he received ;
 That in his hand he held the hand of one
 Who could requite him—who would spread his
 name
 O'er lands and seas—great as himself, nay greater ;
 Milton as little that in him he saw,
 As in a glass, what he himself should be,
 Destined so soon to fall on evil days
 And evil tongues—so soon, alas, to live
 In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
 And solitude.

Well-pleased, could we pursue
 The Arno, from his birth-place in the clouds,
 So near the yellow Tiber's—springing up ¹
 From his four fountains on the Apennine,
 That mountain-ridge a sea-mark to the ships
 Sailing on either sea. Downward he runs,
 Scattering fresh verdure through the desolate wild,
 Down by the City of Hermits,² and the woods
 That only echo to the choral hymn ;
 Then through these gardens to the Tuscan sea,
 Reflecting castles, convents, villages,
 And those great Rivals in an elder day,
 Florence and Pisa—who have given him fame,
 Fame everlasting, but who stained so oft
 His troubled waters. Oft, alas, were seen,
 When flight, pursuit, and hideous rout were
 there,

¹ They rise within thirteen miles of each other.

² Il Sagro Eremo.

Hands, clad in gloves of steel, held up imploring;¹
 The man, the hero, on his foaming steed
 Borne underneath, already in the realms
 Of Darkness.—Nor did night or burning noon
 Bring respite. Oft, as that great Artist saw,²
 Whose pencil had a voice, the cry “To arms!”
 And the shrill trumpet hurried up the bank
 Those who had stolen an hour to breast the tide,
 And wash from their unharnessed limbs the blood
 And sweat of battle. Sudden was the rush,³
 Violent the tumult; for, already in sight,
 Nearer and nearer yet the danger drew;
 Each every sinew straining, every nerve,
 Each snatching up, and girding, buckling on
 Morion and greave and shirt of twisted mail,
 As for his life—no more perchance to taste,
 Arno, the grateful freshness of thy glades,
 Thy waters—where, exulting, he had felt
 A swimmer’s transport, there, alas, to float
 And welter.—Nor between the gusts of War,
 When flocks were feeding, and the shepherd’s pipe
 Gladdened the valley, when, but not unarmed,
 The sower came forth, and following him that
 ploughed,
 Threw in the seed—did thy indignant waves
 Escape pollution. Sullen was the splash,
 Heavy and swift the plunge, when they received
 The key that just had grated on the ear
 Of Ugolino, ever-closing up
 That dismal dungeon thenceforth to be named
 The Tower of Famine.—Once indeed ’twas thine,
 When many a winter-flood, thy tributary,
 Was through its rocky glen rushing, resounding,
 And thou wert in thy might, to save, restore

¹ It was in this manner that the first Sforza went down when he perished in the Pescàra.

² Michael Angelo.

³ A description of the Cartoon of Pisa.

A charge most precious. To the nearest ford,
 Hastening, a horseman from Arezzo came,
 Careless, impatient of delay, a babe
 Slung in a basket to the knotty staff
 That lay athwart his saddle-bow. He spurs,
 He enters ; and his horse, alarmed, perplexed,
 Halts in the midst. Great is the stir, the strife ;
 And lo, an atom on that dangerous sea,
 The babe is floating ! Fast and far he flies ;
 Now tempest-rocked, now whirling round and
 round,

But not to perish. By thy willing waves
 Borne to the shore, among the bulrushes
 The ark has rested ; and unhurt, secure,
 As on his mother's breast he sleeps within,
 All peace ! or never had the nations heard
 That voice so sweet, which still enchants, inspires ;
 That voice, which sung of love, of liberty.
 Petrarch lay there !—And such the images
 That here spring up for ever, in the Young
 Kindling poetic fire ! Such they that came
 And clustered round our Milton, when at eve,
 Reclined beside thee, Arno ;¹ when at eve,
 Led on by thee, he wandered with delight,
 Framing Ovidian verse, and through thy groves
 Gathering wild myrtle. Such the Poet's dreams ;
 Yet not such only. For look round and say,
 Where is the ground that did not drink warm
 blood,

The echo that had learnt not to articulate
 The cry of murder ?—Fatal was the day
 To Florence, when ('twas in a narrow street
 North of that temple, where the truly great
 Sleep, not unhonoured, not unvisited ;
 That temple sacred to the Holy Cross—

¹ " O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura," &c. *Epitaphium Damonis.*

There is the house—that house of the Donati,
 Towerless,¹ and left long since, but to the last
 Braving assault—all rugged, all embossed
 Below, and still distinguished by the rings
 Of brass, that held in war and festival-time
 Their family-standards) fatal was the day
 To Florence, when, at morn, at the ninth hour,
 A noble Dame in weeds of widowhood,
 Weeds by so many to be worn so soon,
 Stood at her door; and, like a sorceress, flung
 Her dazzling spell. Subtle she was, and rich,
 Rich in a hidden pearl of heavenly light,
 Her daughter's beauty; and too well she knew
 Its virtue! Patiently she stood and watched;
 Nor stood alone—but spoke not—In her breast
 Her purpose lay; and, as a Youth passed by,
 Clad for the nuptial rite, she smiled and said,
 Lifting a corner of the maiden's veil,
 “This had I treasured up in secret for thee.
 This hast thou lost!” He gazed and was undone!
 Forgetting—not forgot—he broke the bond,
 And paid the penalty, losing his life
 At the bridge-foot;² and hence a world of woe!
 Vengeance for vengeance crying, blood for blood;
 No intermission! Law, that slumbers not,
 And, like the Angel with the flaming sword,
 Sits over all, at once chastising, healing,
 Himself the Avenger, went; and every street
 Ran red with mutual slaughter—though sometimes
 The young forgot the lesson they had learnt,

¹ There were the “Nobili di Torre” and the “Nobili di Loggia.”

² Giovanni Buondelmonte was on the point of marrying an Amidei, when a widow of the Donati family made him break his engagement in the manner here described.

The Amidei washed away the affront with his blood, attacking him, says G. Villani, at the foot of the Ponte Vecchio, as he was coming leisurely along in his white mantle on his white palfrey; and hence many years of slaughter.

“O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti
 Le nozze sue, per gli altrui conforti.”—DANTE.

And loved when they should hate—like thee,
 Imelda,
 Thee and thy Paolo. When last ye met
 In that still hour (the heat, the glare was gone,
 Not so the splendour—through the cedar-grove
 A radiance streamed like a consuming fire,
 As though the glorious orb, in its descent,
 Had come and rested there) when last ye met,
 And thy relentless brothers dragged him forth,
 It had been well, hadst thou slept on, Imelda,¹
 Nor from thy trance of fear awaked, as night
 Fell on that fatal spot, to wish thee dead,
 To track him by his blood, to search, to find,
 Then fling thee down to catch a word, a look,
 A sigh, if yet thou couldst (alas, thou couldst not)
 And die, unseen, unthought of—from the wound
 Sucking the poison.²

Yet, when Slavery came,
 Worse followed. Genius, Valour left the land,
 Indignant—all that had from age to age
 Adorned, ennobled; and head-long they fell,
 Tyrant and slave. For deeds of violence,
 Done in broad day and more than half redeemed
 By many a great and generous sacrifice
 Of self to others, came the unpledged bowl,
 The stab of the stiletto. Gliding by
 Unnoticed, in slouched hat and muffling cloak,
 That just discovered, Caravaggio-like,

¹ The story is Bolognese, and is told by Cherubino Ghiradacci in his history of Bologna. Her lover was of the Guelphic party, her brothers of the Ghibelline; and no sooner was this act of violence made known than an enmity, hitherto but half-suppressed, broke out into open war. The Great Place was a scene of battle and blood-shed for forty successive days; nor was a reconciliation accomplished till six years afterwards, when the families and their adherents met there once again, and exchanged the kiss of peace before the Cardinal Legate; as the rival families of Florence had already done in the Place of S. Maria Novella. Every house on the occasion was hung with tapestry and garlands of flowers.

² The Saracens had introduced among them the practice of poisoning their daggers.

A swarthy cheek, black brow, and eye of flame,
 The Bravo stole, and o'er the shoulder plunged
 To the heart's core, or from beneath the ribs
 Slanting (a surer path, as some averred)
 Struck upward—then slunk off, or, if pursued,
 Made for the Sanctuary, and there along
 The glimmering aisle among the worshippers
 Wandered with restless step and jealous look,
 Dropping thick blood.—Mismamed to lull alarm,
 In every Palace was The Laboratory,¹
 Where he within brewed poisons swift and slow,
 That scattered terror 'till all things seemed
 poisonous,

And brave men trembled if a hand held out
 A nosegay or a letter; while the Great
 Drank only from the Venice-glass, that broke,
 That shivered, scattering round it as in scorn,
 If aught malignant, aught of thine was there,
 Cruel Tophana;² and pawned provinces
 For that miraculous gem, the gem that gave
 A sign infallible of coming ill,³
 That clouded though the vehicle of death
 Were an invisible perfume. Happy then
 The guest to whom at sleeping-time 'twas said,
 But in an under-voice (a lady's page
 Speaks in no louder) "Pass not on. That door
 Leads to another which awaits thy coming,
 One in the floor—now left, alas, unlocked.⁴
 No eye detects it—lying under-foot,
 Just as thou enterest, at the threshold-stone ;

¹ As in those of Cosmo I. and his son, Francis.—SISMONDI, xvi. 205.

² A Sicilian, the inventress of many poisons; the most celebrated of which, from its transparency, was called Acquetta or Acqua Tophana.

³ The Cardinal, Ferdinand de' Medici, is said to have been preserved in this manner by a ring which he wore on his finger; as also Andrea, the husband of Giovanna, Queen of Naples.

⁴ Il Trabocchetto.—See *Vocab. degli Accadem. della Crusca*. See also *Dict. de l'Académie Française: art. Oubliettes*.

Ready to fall and plunge thee into night
 And long oblivion !"—In that Evil Hour
 Where lurked not danger ? Through the fairy-
 land

No seat of pleasure glittering half-way down,
 No hunting-place—but with some damning spot
 That will not be washed out ! There, at Caïano,¹
 Where, when the hawks were mewed and Evening
 came,

Pulci would set the table in a roar
 With his wild lay²—there, where the Sun descends,
 And hill and dale are lost, veiled with his beams,
 The fair Venetian³ died, she and her lord—
 Died of a posset drugged by him who sat
 And saw them suffer, flinging back the charge ;
 The murderer on the murdered.—Sobs of Grief,
 Sounds inarticulate - - suddenly stopt,
 And followed by a struggle and a gasp,
 A gasp in death, are heard yet in Cerreto,
 Along the marble halls and stair-cases,
 Nightly at twelve ; and, at the self-same hour,
 Shrieks, such as penetrate the inmost soul,
 Such as awake the innocent babe to long,
 Long wailing, echo through the emptiness
 Of that old den far up among the hills,⁴

¹ Poggio-Caïano, the favourite villa of Lorenzo ; where he often took the diversion of hawking. Pulci sometimes went out with him ; though, it seems, with little ardour. See *La Caccia col Falcone*, where he is described as missing ; and as gone into a wood, to rhyme there.

² The *Morgante Maggiore*. He used to recite it at the table of Lorenzo in the manner of the ancient Rhapsodists.

³ Bianca Capello.

⁴ Caffaggiòlo, the favourite retreat of Cosmo, "the father of his country." Eleonora di Toledo was stabbed there on the 11th of July, 1576, by her husband, Pietro de' Medici ; and only five days afterwards, on the 16th of the same month, Isabella de' Medici was strangled by hers, Paolo Giordano Orsini, at his villa of Cerreto. They were at Florence, when they were sent for, each in her turn, Isabella under the pretext of a hunting party ; and each in her turn went to die.

Isabella was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the Age. In the Latin, French, and Spanish languages she spoke not

Frowning on him who comes from Pietra-Mala :
 In them, alas, within five days and less,
 Two unsuspecting victims, passing fair,
 Welcomed with kisses, and slain cruelly,
 One with the knife, one with the fatal noose.

But lo, the Sun is setting ;¹ earth and sky
 One blaze of glory—What we saw but now,
 As though it were not, though it had not been !
 He lingers yet ; and, lessening to a point,
 Shines like the eye of Heaven—then withdraws ;
 And from the zenith to the utmost skirts
 All is celestial red ! The hour is come,
 When they that sail along the distant seas,
 Languish for home ; and they that in the morn
 Said to sweet friends “farewell,” melt as at
 parting ;

When, just gone forth, the pilgrim, if he hears,
 As now we hear it—wandering round the hill,
 The bell that seems to mourn the dying day,
 Slackens his pace and sighs, and those he loved
 Loves more than ever. But who feels it not ?
 And well may we, for we are far away.

only with fluency, but elegance : and in her own she excelled as an Improvisatrice, accompanying herself on the lute. On her arrival at dusk, Paolo presented her with two beautiful greyhounds, that she might make a trial of their speed in the morning ; and at supper he was gay beyond measure. When he retired, he sent for her into his apartment ; and, pressing her tenderly to his bosom, slipped a cord round her neck. She was buried in Florence with great pomp ; but at her burial, says Varchi, the crime divulged itself. Her face was black on the bier.

Eleonora appears to have had a presentiment of her fate. She went when required ; but, before she set out, took leave of her son, then a child ; weeping long and bitterly over him.

¹ I have here endeavoured to describe an Italian sun-set as I have often seen it. The conclusion is borrowed from that celebrated passage in Dante, “Era già l’ora,” &c.

THE PILGRIM.



T was an hour of universal joy.
 The lark was up and at the gate of
 heaven,
 Singing, as sure to enter when he
 came ;

The butterfly was basking in my path,
 His radiant wings unfolded. From below
 The bell of prayer rose slowly, plaintively ;
 And odours, such as welcome in the day,
 Such as salute the early traveller,
 And come and go, each sweeter than the last,
 Were rising. Hill and valley breathed delight ;
 And not a living thing but blessed the hour !
 In every bush and brake there was a voice
 Responsive !

From the Thrasymene, that now
 Slept in the sun, a lake of molten gold,
 And from the shore that once, when armies met,¹
 Rocked to and fro unfelt, so terrible
 The rage, the slaughter, I had turned away ;
 The path, that led me, leading through a wood,
 A fairy-wilderness of fruits and flowers,
 And by a brook that, in the day of strife,²
 Ran blood, but now runs amber—when a glade,
 Far, far within, sunned only at noon-day,
 Suddenly opened. Many a bench was there,
 Each round its ancient elm ; and many a track,

¹ The Roman and the Carthaginian. Such was the animosity, says Livy, that an earthquake, which turned the course of rivers and overthrew cities and mountains, was felt by none of the combatants. xxii. 5.

² A tradition. It has been called from time immemorial, Il Sanguinetto.

Well-known to them that from the high-way loved
 Awhile to deviate. In the midst a cross
 Of mouldering stone as in a temple stood,
 Solemn, severe; coeval with the trees
 That round it in majestic order rose;
 And on the lowest step a Pilgrim knelt
 In fervent prayer. He was the first I saw,
 (Save in the tumult of a midnight-masque,
 A revel, where none cares to play his part,
 And they, that speak, at once dissolve the charm)
 The first in sober truth, no counterfeit;
 And, when his orisons were duly paid,
 He rose, and we exchanged, as all are wont,
 A traveller's greeting.

Young, and of an age

When Youth is most attractive, when a light
 Plays round and round, reflected, while it lasts,
 From some attendant Spirit, that ere long
 (His charge relinquished with a sigh, a tear)
 Wings his flight upward—with a look he won
 My favour; and, the spell of silence broke,
 I could not but continue.—“ Whence,” I asked,
 “ Whence art thou ? ” — “ From Mont' alto,” he
 replied,

“ My native village in the Apennines.”—

“ And whither journeying ? ” — “ To the holy
 shrine

Of Saint Antonio in the City of Padua.

Perhaps, if thou hast ever gone so far,

Thou wilt direct my course.”—“ Most willingly ;

But thou hast much to do, much to endure,

Ere thou hast entered where the silver lamps

Burn ever. Tell me . . . I would not transgress,

Yet ask I must . . . what could have brought thee
 forth,

Nothing in act or thought to be atoned for ? ”—

“ It was a vow I made in my distress.

We were so blest, none were so blest as we,
 Till Sickness came. First, as death-struck, I fell;
 Then my beloved Sister; and ere long,
 Worn with continual watchings, night and day,
 Our saint-like mother. Worse and worse she grew;
 And in my anguish, my despair, I vowed,
 That if she lived, if Heaven restored her to us,
 I would forthwith, and in a Pilgrim's weeds,
 Visit that holy shrine. My vow was heard;
 And therefore am I come."—"Blest be thy steps;
 And may those weeds, so revered of old,
 Guard thee in danger!"—"They are nothing
 worth.

But they are worn in humble confidence;
 Nor would I for the richest robe resign them,
 Wrought, as they were, by those I love so well,
 Lauretta and my sister; theirs the task,
 But none to them, a pleasure, a delight,
 To ply their utmost skill, and send me forth
 As best became this service. Their last words,
 'Fare thee well, Carlo. We shall count the hours!
 Will not go from me.'—"Health and strength be
 thine

In thy long travel! May no sun-beam strike;
 No vapour cling and wither! May'st thou be,
 Sleeping or waking, sacred and secure;
 And, when again thou com'st, thy labour done,
 Joy be among ye! In that happy hour
 All will pour forth to bid thee welcome, Carlo;
 And there is one, or I am much deceived,
 One thou hast named, who will not be the last."—
 "Oh, she is true as Truth itself can be!
 But ah, thou know'st her not. Would that thou
 couldst!

My steps I quicken when I think of her;
 For, though they take me further from her door,
 I shall return the sooner."

AN INTERVIEW.

PLEASURE, that comes unlooked-for,
 is thrice welcome ;
 And, if it stir the heart, if aught be
 there,

That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
 Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
 The things most precious ! and the day it came
 Is noted as a white day in our lives.

The sun was wheeling westward, and the cliffs
 And nodding woods, that everlastingly
 (Such the dominion of thy mighty voice,¹
 Thy voice, Velino, uttered in the mist)
 Hear thee and answer thee, were left at length
 For others still as noon ; and on we strayed
 From wild to wilder, nothing hospitable
 Seen up or down, no bush or green or dry,
 That ancient symbol at the cottage-door,
 Offering refreshment—when Luigi cried,
 “ Well, of a thousand tracks we chose the best ! ”
 And, turning round an oak, oracular once,
 Now lightning-struck, a cave, a thorough-fare
 For all that came, each entrance a broad arch,
 Whence many a deer, rustling his velvet coat,
 Had issued, many a gipsy and her brood
 Peered forth, then housed again—the floor yet
 grey
 With ashes, and the sides, where roughest, hung
 Loosely with locks of hair—I looked and saw
 What, seen in such an hour by Sancho Panza,

¹ An allusion to the Cascata delle Marmore, a celebrated fall of the Velino near Terni.

Had given his honest countenance a breadth,
 His cheeks a flush of pleasure and surprise
 Unknown before, had chained him to the spot,
 And thou, Sir Knight, hadst traversed hill and
 dale,

Squire-less.—Below and winding far away,
 A narrow glade unfolded, such as Spring
 Broiders with flowers, and, when the moon is high,
 The hare delights to race in, scattering round
 The silvery dews.¹ Cedar and cypress threw
 Singly their depth of shadow, chequering
 The greensward, and, what grew in frequent tufts,
 An underwood of myrtle, that by fits
 Sent up a gale of fragrance. Through the midst,
 Reflecting, as it ran, purple and gold,
 A rain-bow's splendour (somewhere in the east
 Rain-drops were falling fast) a rivulet
 Sported as loth to go; and on the bank
 Stood (in the eyes of one, if not of both,
 Worth all the rest and more) a sumpter-mule
 Well-laden, while two menials as in haste
 Drew from his ample panniers, ranging round
 Viands and fruits on many a shining salver,
 And plunging in the cool translucent wave
 Flasks of delicious wine.—Anon a horn
 Blew, through the champain bidding to the feast,
 Its jocund note to other ears addressed,
 Not ours; and, slowly coming by a path,
 That, ere it issued from an ilex-grove,
 Was seen far inward, though along the glade
 Distinguished only by a fresher verdure,
 Peasants approached, one leading in a leash
 Beagles yet panting, one with various game

¹ This upper region, a country of dews and dewy lights, as described by Virgil and Pliny, and still, I believe, called *La Rosa*, is full of beautiful scenery. Who does not wish to follow the footsteps of Cicero there, to visit the Reatine Tempe and the Seven Waters?


In rich confusion slung, before, behind,
Leveret and quail and pheasant. All announced
The chase as over; and ere long appeared,
Their horses full of fire, champing the curb,
For the white foam was dry upon the flank,
Two in close converse, each in each delighting,
Their plumage waving as instinct with life;
A Lady young and graceful, and a Youth,
Yet younger, bearing on a falconer's glove,
As in the golden, the romantic time,
His falcon hooded. Like some spirit of air,
Or fairy-vision, such as feigned of old,
The Lady, while her courser pawed the ground,
Alighted; and her beauty, as she trod
The enamelled bank, bruising nor herb nor
flower,
That place illumined. Ah, who should she be,
And with her brother, as when last we met,
(When the first lark had sung ere half was said,
And as she stood, bidding adieu, her voice,
So sweet it was, recalled me like a spell)
Who but Angelica?—That day we gave
To pleasure, and, unconscious of their flight,
Another and another! hers a home
Dropt from the sky amid the wild and rude,
Loretto-like; where all was as a dream,
A dream spun out of some Arabian tale
Read or related in a jasmine bower,
Some balmy eve. The rising moon we hailed,
Duly, devoutly, from a vestibule
Of many an arch, o'erwrought and lavishly
With many a labyrinth of sylphs and flowers,
When Raphael and his school from Florence came.
Filling the land with splendour¹—nor less oft

¹ Perhaps the most beautiful villa of that day was the Villa Madama. It is now a ruin; but enough remains of the plan and the grotesque-work to justify Vasari's account of it. The *Pastor Fido*,

Watched her, declining, from a silent dell,
 Not silent once, what time in rivalry
 Tasso, Guarini, waved their wizard-wands,
 Peopling the groves from Arcady, and lo,
 Fair forms appeared, murmuring melodious
 verse,¹

—Then, in their day, a sylvan theatre,
 Mossy the seats, the stage a verdurous floor,
 The scenery rock and shrub-wood, Nature's own;
 Nature the Architect.

MONTORIO.

ENEROUS, and ardent, and as roman-
 tic as he could be, Montorio was in his
 earliest youth, when, on a summer-
 evening not many years ago, he ar-
 rived at the Baths of * * *. With a heavy heart,
 and with many a blessing on his head, he had set
 out on his travels at day-break. It was his first
 flight from home; but he was now to enter the
 world; and the moon was up and in the zenith,
 when he alighted at the Three Moors,² a venerable
 house of vast dimensions, and anciently a palace
 of the Albertini family, whose arms were em-
 blazoned on the walls.

Every window was full of light, and great was
 the stir, above and below; but his thoughts were
 on those he had left so lately; and retiring early
 to rest, and to a couch, the very first for which he

if not the *Aminta*, used to be often represented there; and a theatre,
 such as is here described, was to be seen in the gardens very lately.

¹ A fashion for ever reviving in such a climate. In the year 1783
 the *Nina* of Paesiello was performed in a small wood near Caserta.

² I Tre Mauri.

had ever exchanged his own, he was soon among them once more ; undisturbed in his sleep by the music that came at intervals from a pavilion in the garden, where some of the company had assembled to dance.

But, secluded as he was, he was not secure from intrusion ; and Fortune resolved on that night to play a frolic in his chamber, a frolic that was to determine the colour of his life. Boccaccio himself has not recorded a wilder ; nor would he, if he had known it, have left the story untold.

At the first glimmering of day he awaked ; and, looking round, he beheld—it could not be an illusion ; yet any thing so lovely, so angelical, he had never seen before—no, not even in his dreams—a Lady still younger than himself, and in the profoundest, the sweetest slumber by his side. But, while he gazed, she was gone, and through a door that had escaped his notice. Like a Zephyr she trod the floor with her dazzling and beautiful feet, and, while he gazed, she was gone. Yet still he gazed ; and, snatching up a bracelet which she had dropt in her flight, “ Then she is earthly ! ” he cried. “ But whence could she come ? All innocence, all purity, she must have wandered in her sleep.”

When he arose, his anxious eyes sought her every where ; but in vain. Many of the young and the gay were abroad, and moving as usual in the light of the morning ; but, among them all, there was nothing like Her. Within or without, she was nowhere to be seen ; and, at length, in his despair he resolved to address himself to his Hostess.

“ Who were my nearest neighbours in that turret ? ”

“ The Marchioness de * * * * and her two daughters, the Ladies Clara and Violetta ; the youngest beautiful as the day ! ”

“ And where are they now ? ”

“ They are gone ; but we cannot say whither. They set out soon after sun-rise.”

At a late hour they had left the pavilion, and had retired to their toilet-chamber, a chamber of oak richly carved, that had once been an oratory, and afterwards, what was no less essential to a house of that antiquity, a place of resort for two or three ghosts of the family. But, having long lost its sanctity, it had now lost its terrors ; and, gloomy as its aspect was, Violetta was soon sitting there alone. “ Go,” said she to her sister, when her mother withdrew for the night, and her sister was preparing to follow, “ Go, Clara. I will not be long” —and down she sat to a chapter of the *Promessi Sposi*.¹

But she might well forget her promise, forgetting where she was. She was now under the wand of an enchanter ; and she read and read till the clock struck three and the taper flickered in the socket. She started up as from a trance ; she threw off her wreath of roses ; she gathered her tresses into a net ;² and snatching a last look in the mirror, her eye-lids heavy with sleep, and the light glimmering and dying, she opened a wrong door, a door that had been left unlocked ; and, stealing along on tip-toe, (how often may Innocence wear the semblance of Guilt !) she lay down as by her sleeping sister ; and instantly, almost before the pillow on which she reclined her head had done sinking, her sleep was as the sleep of childhood.

When morning came, a murmur strange to her ear alarmed her.—What could it be?—Where was she?—She looked not ; she listened not ; but like a fawn from the covert, up she sprung and was gone.

¹ A Milanese story of the xviiith century, by Alessandro Manzoni.

² See the *Hecuba* of Euripides, v. 911, &c.

It was she then that he sought ; it was she who, so unconsciously, had taught him to love ; and, night and day, he pursued her, till in the Cathedral of Perugia he discovered her at a solemn service, as she knelt between her mother and her sister among the rich and the poor.

From that hour did he endeavour to win her regard by every attention, every assiduity that Love could dictate ; nor did he cease till he had won it and till she had consented to be his ; but never did the secret escape from his lips ; nor was it till some years afterwards that he said to her, on an anniversary of their nuptials, “ Violetta, it was a joyful day to me, a day from which I date the happiness of my life ; but, if marriages are written in heaven,” and, as he spoke, he restored to her arm the bracelet which he had treasured up so long, “ how strange are the circumstances by which they are sometimes brought about ; for, if You had not lost yourself, Violetta, I might never have found you.”

ROME.



AM in Rome ! Oft as the morning-ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy ? What has
befallen me ?

And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome ! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images ;
And I spring up as girt to run a race !

Thou art in Rome ! the City that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world ;

The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
 And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
 The lowliest village (What but here and there
 A reed-roofed cabin by the river side?)
 Grew into every thing; and, year by year,
 Patiently, fearlessly, working her way
 O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
 Not like the merchant with his merchandize,
 Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
 But ever hand to hand and foot to foot,
 Through nations numberless in battle-array,
 Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
 Up and in arms, at length subdued them All.

Thou art in Rome! the City, where the Gauls,
 Entering at sun-rise through her open gates,
 And, through her streets silent and desolate,
 Marching to slay, thought they saw Gods, not
 men;

The City, that, by temperance, fortitude,
 And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
 Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
 And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
 Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
 Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
 Her empire undiminished.—There, as though
 Grandeur attracted Grandeur, are beheld
 All things that strike, ennoble—from the depths
 Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
 Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire
 Wonder, delight! Who would not say the Forms
 Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
 Flocked thither to abide eternally,
 Within those silent chambers where they dwell,
 In happy intercourse?—And I am there!
 Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate,
 A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
 Glowing with Roman story, I should live

To tread the Appian,¹ once an avenue
 Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
 Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
 The dwellings of the illustrious dead—to turn
 Toward Tibur, and, beyond the City-gate,
 Pour out my unpremeditated verse
 Where on his mule I might have met so oft
 Horace himself²—or climb the Palatine,
 Dreaming of old Evander and his guest,
 Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
 Long while the seat of Rome, hereafter found
 Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
 Engendered there, so Titan-like) to lodge
 One in his madness;³ and inscribe my name,
 My name and date, on some broad aloe-leaf,
 That shoots and spreads within those very walls
 Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
 Where his voice faltered and a mother wept
 Tears of delight!⁴

But what the narrow space
 Just underneath? In many a heap the ground
 Heaves, as if Ruin in a frantic mood
 Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
 As left to show his handy-work not ours,
 An idle column, a half-buried arch,
 A wall of some great temple.—It was once,
 And long, the centre of their Universe,⁵
 The Forum—whence a mandate, eagle-winged,

¹ The street of the tombs in Pompeii may serve to give us some idea of the Via Appia, that Regina Viarum, in its splendour. It is perhaps the most striking vestige of antiquity that remains to us.

² And Augustus in his litter, coming at a still slower rate. He was borne along by slaves; and the gentle motion allowed him to read, write, and employ himself as in his cabinet. Though Tivoli is only sixteen miles from the City, he was always two nights on the road.—SÆTONIUS.

³ Nero.

⁴ At the words "Tu Marcellus eris." The story is so beautiful, that every reader must wish it to be true.

⁵ From the golden pillar in the Forum the ways ran to the gates, and from the gates to the extremities of the Empire.

Went to the ends of the earth. Let us descend
 Slowly. At every step much may be lost.
 The very dust we tread, stirs as with life:
 And not a breath but from the ground sends up
 Something of human grandeur.

We are come,
 Are now where once the mightiest spirits met
 In terrible conflict; this, while Rome was free,
 The noblest théâtre on this side Heaven!
 ——Here the first Brutus stood, when o'er the
 corse

Of her so chaste all mourned, and from his cloud
 Burst like a God. Here, holding up the knife
 That ran with blood, the blood of his own child,
 Virginius called down vengeance.—But whence
 spoke

They who harangued the people; turning now
 To the twelve tables,¹ now with lifted hands
 To the Capitoline Jove, whose fulgent shape
 In the unclouded azure shone far off,
 And to the shepherd on the Alban mount
 Seemed like a star new-risen?² Where were
 ranged

In rough array as on their element,
 The beaks of those old galleys, destined still³
 To brave the brunt of war—at last to know
 A calm far worse, a silence as in death?
 All spiritless; from that disastrous hour
 When he, the bravest, gentlest of them all,⁴
 Scorning the chains he could not hope to break,
 Fell on his sword!

Along the Sacred Way⁵

¹ The laws of the twelve tables were inscribed on pillars of brass, and placed in the most conspicuous part of the Forum.—DION. HAL.

² “Amplitudo tanta est, ut conspiciatur a Latiario Jove.”—C. PLIN.

³ The Rostra.

⁴ Marcus Junius Brutus.

⁵ It was in the Via Sacra that Horace, when musing along as usual, was so cruelly assailed; and how well has he described an animal that preys on its kind.—It was there also that Cicero was

Hither the triumph came, and, winding round
 With acclamation, and the martial clang
 Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
 Stopped at the sacred stair that then appeared,
 Then thro' the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
 As tho' it led to heaven. 'Twas night; but now
 A thousand torches, turning night to day,¹
 Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
 Went up and, kneeling as in fervent prayer,
 Entered the Capitol. But what are they
 Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
 In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
 Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
 On those so young, well-pleased with all they see,²
 Staggers along, the last?—They are the fallen,
 Those who were spared to grace the chariot-
 wheels;

And there they parted, where the road divides,
 The victor and the vanquished—there withdrew;
 He to the festal board, and they to die.

Well might the great, the mighty of the world,
 They who were wont to fare deliciously
 And war but for a kingdom more or less,
 Shrink back nor from their thrones endure to look,
 To think that way! Well might they in their
 pomp

Humble themselves, and kneel and supplicate
 To be delivered from a dream like this!

Here Cincinnatus passed, his plough the while
 Left in the furrow; and how many more,
 Whose laurels fade not, who still walk the earth,

assailed; but he bore his sufferings with less composure, as well in deed he might; taking refuge in the vestibule of the nearest house. *Ad Att.* iv. 3.

¹ An allusion to Cæsar in his Gallic triumph. "Adscendit Capitolium ad lumina," &c.—SÆTONIUS.

² In the triumph of Æmilius, nothing affected the Roman people like the children of Perseus. Many wept; nor could any thing else attract notice, till they were gone by.—PLUTARCH.

Consuls, Dictators, still in Curule state
 Sit and decide ; and, as of old in Rome,
 Name but their names, set every heart on fire !

Here, in his bonds, he whom the phalanx saved
 not,¹

The last on Philip's throne ; and the Numidian,²
 So soon to say, stript of his cumbrous robe,
 Stript to the skin, and in his nakedness
 Thrust under-ground, "How cold this bath of
 yours !"

And thy proud queen, Palmyra, thro' the sands³
 Pursued, o'ertaken on her dromedary ;
 Whose temples, palaces, a wondrous dream
 That passes not away, for many a league
 Illumine yet the desert. Some invoked
 Death and escaped ; the Egyptian, when her asp
 Came from his covert under the green leaf ;⁴
 And Hannibal himself ; and she who said,
 Taking the fatal cup between her hands,⁵
 "Tell him I would it had come yesterday ;
 For then it had not been his nuptial gift."

Now all is changed ; and here, as in the wild,
 The day is silent, dreary as the night ;
 None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
 Savage alike ; or they that would explore,
 Discuss and learnedly ; or they that come,
 (And there are many who have crossed the earth)
 That they may give the hours to meditation,
 And wander, often saying to themselves,
 "This was the Roman Forum !"

¹ Perseus. ² Jugurtha. ³ Zenobia. ⁴ Cleopatra.

⁵ Sophonisba. The story of the marriage and the poison is well known to every reader.

A FUNERAL.

WHENCE this delay?"—"Along the
crowded street
A Funeral comes, and with unusual
pomp."

So I withdrew a little and stood still,
While it went by. "She died as she deserved,"
Said an Abate, gathering up his cloak,
And with a shrug retreating as the tide
Flowed more and more.—"But she was beautiful!"
Replied a soldier of the Pontiff's guard.

"And innocent as beautiful!" exclaimed
A Matron sitting in her stall, hung round
With garlands, holy pictures, and what not?
Her Alban grapes and Tusculan figs displayed
In rich profusion. From her heart she spoke;
And I accosted her to hear her story.
"The stab," she cried, "was given in jealousy;
But never fled a purer spirit to heaven,
As thou wilt say, or much my mind misleads,
When thou hast seen her face. Last night at
dusk,

When on her way from vespers—None were near,
None save her serving-boy who knelt and wept,
But what could tears avail him, when she fell—
Last night at dusk, the clock then striking nine,
Just by the fountain—that before the church,
The church she always used, St. Isidore's—
Alas, I knew her from her earliest youth,
That excellent lady. Ever would she say,
Good even, as she passed, and with a voice
Gentle as theirs in heaven!"—But now by fits

A dull and dismal noise assailed the ear,
 A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet ;
 And now a strange fantastic troop appeared !
 Thronging, they came—as from the shades below ;
 All of a ghostly white ! “ O say,” I cried,
 “ Do not the living here bury the dead ?
 Do Spirits come and fetch them ? What are these,
 That seem not of this World, and mock the Day ;
 Each with a burning taper in his hand ? ”—
 “ It is an ancient Brotherhood thou seest.
 Such their apparel. Through the long, long line,
 Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man ;
 The living masked, the dead alone uncovered.
 But mark ”—And, lying on her funeral-couch,
 Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
 Folded together on her modest breast,
 As 't were her nightly posture, through the crowd
 She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,
 As for a birth-day feast ! But breathes she not ?
 A glow is on her cheek—and her lips move !
 And now a smile is there—how heavenly sweet !
 “ Oh no ! ” replied the Dame, wiping her tears,
 But with an accent less of grief than anger,
 “ No, she will never, never wake again ! ”

Death, when we meet the Spectre in our walks,
 As we did yesterday and shall to-morrow,
 Soon grows familiar—like most other things,
 Seen, not observed ; but in a foreign clime,
 Changing his shape to something new and strange,
 (And through the world he changes as in sport,
 Affect he greatness or humility)
 Knocks at the heart. His form and fashion here
 To me, I do confess, reflect a gloom,
 A sadness round ; yet one I would not lose ;
 Being in unison with all things else
 In this, this land of shadows, where we live
 More in past time than present, where the ground,

League beyond league, like one great cemetery,
Is covered o'er with mouldering monuments;
And, let the living wander where they will,
They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead.

Oft, where the burial-rite follows so fast
The agony, oft coming, nor from far,
Must a fond father meet his darling child,
(Him who at parting climbed his knees and clung)
Clay-cold and wan, and to the bearers cry,
"Stand, I conjure ye!"

Seen thus destitute,


What are the greatest? They must speak beyond
A thousand homilies. When Raphael went,
His heavenly face the mirror of his mind,
His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to and inhabit—when He went,
Wrapt in his sable cloak, the cloak he wore,
To sleep beneath the venerable Dome,¹
By those attended, who in life had loved,
Had worshipped, following in his steps to Fame,
('Twas on an April-day, when Nature smiles)
All Rome was there. But, ere the march began,
Ere to receive their charge the bearers came,
Who had not sought him? And when all beheld
Him, where he lay, how changed from yesterday,
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work;² when, entering in, they
looked

Now on the dead, then on that master-piece,
Now on his face, lifeless and colourless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
And would live on for ages—all were moved;
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations.

¹ The Pantheon.

² The Transfiguration; "la quale opera, nel vedere il corpo morto, e quella viva, faceva scoppiare l'anima di dolore a ogni uno che quivi guardava."—VASARI.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

NOTHER Assassination! This venerable City," I exclaimed, "what is it, but as it began, a nest of robbers and murderers? We must away at sun-rise, Luigi."—But before sun-rise I had reflected a little, and in the soberest prose. My indignation was gone; and, when Luigi undrew my curtain, crying, "Up, Signore, up! The horses are at the gate." "Luigi," I replied, "if thou lovest me, draw the curtain."¹

It would lessen very much the severity with which men judge of each other, if they would but trace effects to their causes, and observe the progress of things in the moral as accurately as in the physical world. When we condemn millions in the mass as vindictive and sanguinary, we should remember that wherever Justice is ill-administered, the injured will redress themselves. Robbery provokes to robbery; murder to assassination. Resentments become hereditary; and what began in disorder, ends as if all Hell had broke loose.

Laws create a habit of self-restraint, not only by the influence of fear, but by regulating in its exercise the passion of revenge. If they overawe the bad by the prospect of a punishment certain and well-defined, they console the injured by the infliction of that punishment; and, as the infliction is a public act, it excites and entails no enmity.

¹ A dialogue, which is said to have passed many years ago at Lyons (*Mém. de Grammont*, i. 3.), and which may still be heard in almost every hôtellerie at day-break.

The laws are offended; and the community for its own sake pursues and overtakes the offender; often without the concurrence of the sufferer, sometimes against his wishes.¹

Now those who were not born, like ourselves, to such advantages, we should surely rather pity than hate; and, when at length they venture to turn against their rulers,² we should lament, not wonder at their excesses; remembering that nations are naturally patient and long-suffering, and seldom rise in rebellion till they are so degraded by a bad government as to be almost incapable of a good one.

“Hate them, perhaps,” you may say, “we should not, but despise them we must, if enslaved, like the people of Rome, in mind as well as body; if their religion be a gross and barbarous superstition.”—I respect knowledge; but I do not despise ignorance. They think only as their fathers thought, worship as they worshipped. They do no more; and, if ours had not burst their bondage, braving imprisonment and death, might not we at this very moment have been exhibiting, in our streets and our churches, the same processions, ceremonials, and mortifications?

Nor should we require from those who are in an earlier stage of society, what belongs to a later. They are only where we once were; and why hold them in derision? It is their business to cultivate the inferior arts before they think of the more refined; and in many of the last what are we as a

¹ How noble is that burst of eloquence in Hooker! “Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.”

² As the descendants of an illustrious people have lately done.

They know their strength and know that to be free,
They have but to deserve it.

nation, when compared to others that have passed away? Unfortunately it is too much the practice of governments to nurse and keep alive in the governed their national prejudices. It withdraws their attention from what is passing at home, and makes them better tools in the hands of Ambition. Hence next-door neighbours are held up to us from our childhood as *natural enemies*; and we are urged on like curs to worry each other.¹

In like manner we should learn to be just to individuals. Who can say, "In such circumstances I should have done otherwise?" Who, did he but reflect by what slow gradations, often by how many strange concurrences, we are led astray; with how much reluctance, how much agony, how many efforts to escape, how many self-accusations, how many sighs, how many tears—Who, did he but reflect for a moment, would have the heart to cast a stone? Happily these things are known to Him, from whom no secrets are hidden; and let us rest in the assurance that His judgments are not as ours are.²

¹ Candour, generosity and justice, how rare are they in the world; and how much is to be deplored the want of them! When a minister in our parliament consents at last to a measure, which, for many reasons perhaps existing no longer, he had before refused to adopt, there should be no exultation as over the fallen, no taunt, no jeer. How often may the resistance be continued lest an enemy should triumph, and the result of conviction be received as a symptom of fear.

² Are we not also unjust to ourselves; and are not the best among us the most so? Many a good deed is done by us and forgotten. Our benevolent feelings are indulged, and we think no more of it. But is it so when we err? And when we wrong another and cannot redress the wrong, where are we then?—Yet so it is and so no doubt it should be, to urge us on without ceasing, in this place of trial and discipline,

"From good to better and to better still."

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

HAVE none appeared as tillers of the
ground,
None since They went—as though it
still were theirs,
And they might come and claim their own again?
Was the last plough a Roman's?

From this Seat,¹

Sacred for ages, whence, as Virgil sings,
The Queen of Heaven, alighting from the sky,
Looked down and saw the armies in array,²
Let us contemplate; and, where dreams from Jove
Descended on the sleeper, where perhaps
Some inspirations may be lingering still,
Some glimmerings of the future or the past,
Let us await their influence; silently
Revolving, as we rest on the green turf,
The changes from that hour when He from Troy
Came up the Tiber; when refulgent shields,
No strangers to the iron-hail of war,
Streamed far and wide, and dashing oars were heard
Among those woods where Silvia's stag was lying,
His antlers gay with flowers; among those woods
Where by the Moon, that saw and yet withdrew not,
Two were so soon to wander and be slain,³
Two lovely in their lives, nor in their death
Divided.

¹ Mons Albanus, now called Monte Cavo. On the summit stood for many centuries the temple of Jupiter Latiaris. "Tuque ex tuo edito monte Latiaris, sancte Jupiter," &c.—CICERO.

² Æneid, xii. 134.

³ Nisus and Euryalus. "La scène des six derniers livres de Virgile ne comprend qu'une lieue de terrain."—BONSTETTEN.

Then, and hence to be discerned,
 How many realms, pastoral and warlike, lay
 Along this plain, each with its schemes of power,
 Its little rivalships! ¹ What various turns
 Of fortune there; what moving accidents
 From ambushade and open violence!
 Mingling, the sounds came up; and hence how oft
 We might have caught among the trees below,
 Glittering with helm and shield, the men of Tibur;²
 Or in Greek vesture, Greek their origin,
 Some embassy, ascending to Præneste;³
 How oft descried, without thy gates, Aricia,⁴
 Entering the solemn grove for sacrifice,
 Senate and People!—Each a busy hive,
 Glowing with life!

But all ere long are lost
 In one. We look, and where the river rolls
 Southward its shining labyrinth, in her strength.
 A City, girt with battlements and towers,
 On seven small hills is rising. Round about,
 At rural work, the Citizens are seen,
 None unemployed; the noblest of them all
 Binding their sheaves or on their threshing-floors,
 As though they had not conquered. Every where
 Some trace of valour or heroic toil!
 Here is the sacred field of the Horatii.⁵
 There are the Quintian meadows.⁶ Here the Hill ⁷
 How holy, where a generous people, twice,
 Twice going forth, in terrible anger sate
 Armed; and, their wrongs redressed, at once gave
 way,
 Helmet and shield, and sword and spear thrown
 down,
 And every hand uplifted, every heart

¹ Forty-seven, according to Dionys. Halicar. I. i.

² Tivoli.

³ Palestrina.

⁴ La Riccia.

⁵ "Horatiorum quæ viret sacer campus."—MART.

⁶ "Quæ prata Quintia vocantur."—LIVY.

⁷ Mons Sacer.

Poured out in thanks to heaven.

Once again

We look ; and lo, the sea is white with sails
Innumerable, wafting to the shore
Treasures untold ; the vale, the promontories,
A dream of glory ; temples, palaces,
Called up as by enchantment ; aqueducts
Among the groves and glades rolling along
Rivers, on many an arch high over-head ;
And in the centre, like a burning sun,
The Imperial City ! They have now subdued
All nations. But where they who led them
forth ;

Who, when at length released by victory,
(Buckler and spear hung up—but not to rust)
Held poverty no evil, no reproach,
Living on little with a cheerful mind,
The Decii, the Fabricii ? Where the spade,
And reaping-hook, among their household-things
Duly transmitted ? In the hands of men
Made captive ; while the master and his guests,
Reclining, quaff in gold, and roses swim,
Summer and winter, through the circling year,
On their Falernian—in the hands of men
Dragged into slavery with how many more
Spared but to die, a public spectacle,
In combat with each other, and required
To fall with grace, with dignity—to sink
While life is gushing, and the plaudits ring
Faint and yet fainter on their failing ear,
As models for the sculptor.

But their days,

Their hours are numbered. Hark, a yell, a shriek,
A barbarous out-cry, loud and louder yet,
That echoes from the mountains to the sea !
And mark, beneath us, like a bursting cloud,
The battle moving onward ! Had they slain

All, that the Earth should from her womb bring
forth

New nations to destroy them? From the depth
Of forests, from what none had dared explore,
Regions of thrilling ice, as though in ice
Engendered, multiplied, they pour along,
Shaggy and huge! Host after host, they come;
The Goth, the Vandal; and again the Goth!

Once more we look, and all is still as night,
All desolate! Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight; and nothing visible,
Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale
As from a land accurst, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dismembered giant. In the midst
A City stands, her domes and turrets crowned
With many a cross; but they, that issue forth,
Wander like strangers who had built among
The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless;
And on the road, where once we might have met
Cæsar and Cato and men more than kings,
We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar.

THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.




THESE ancient men, what were they,
who achieved
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors;
Setting their feet upon the necks of
kings,

And, through the world, subduing, chaining down
The free, immortal spirit? Were they not
Mighty magicians? Theirs a wondrous spell.
Where true and false were with infernal art

Close-interwoven ; where together met
 Blessings and curses, threats and promises ;
 And with the terrors of Futurity
 Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates,
 Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric,
 And dazzling light and darkness visible,¹
 And architectural pomp, such as none else !
 What in his day the Syracusan sought,
 Another world to plant his engines on,
 They had ; and, having it, like gods not men
 Moved this world at their pleasure.² Ere they
 came,
 Their shadows, stretching far and wide, were
 known ;
 And Two, that looked beyond the visible sphere,
 Gave notice of their coming—he who saw
 The Apocalypse ; and he of elder time,
 Who in an awful vision of the night
 Saw the Four Kingdoms. Distant as they were,
 Those holy men, well might they faint with fear !³

CAIUS CESTIUS.

HEN I am inclined to be serious, I
 love to wander up and down before
 the tomb of Caius Cestius. The Pro-
 testant burial-ground is there ; and
 most of the little monuments are erected to the

¹ Whoever has entered the church of St. Peter's or the Pauline chapel, during the Exposition of the Holy Sacrament there, will not soon forget the blaze of the altar or the dark circle of worshippers kneeling in silence before it.

² An allusion to the saying of Archimedes, "Give me a place to stand upon, and I will move the earth."

³ An allusion to the prophecies concerning Antichrist. See the interpretations of Mede, Newton, Clarke, &c. ; not to mention those of Dante and Petrarch.

young ; young men of promise, cut off when on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoyment ; brides, in the bloom of their beauty, on their first journey ; or children borne from home in search of health. This stone was placed by his fellow-travellers, young as himself, who will return to the house of his parents without him ; that, by a husband or a father, now in his native country. His heart is buried in that grave.

It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets ; and the Pyramid, that overshadows it, gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land ; and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourself : and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger, among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed ; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read its inscription no longer.

THE NUN.



THIS over ; and her lovely cheek is now
 On her hard pillow—there, alas, to be
 Nightly, through many and many a
 dreary hour,
 Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
 Her place is empty, and another comes)
 In anguish, in the ghastliness of death ;
 Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,

Even on her bier.

'Tis over ; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the idol of the day ;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
No rocket, bursting in the midnight-sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as though she still was there,
Still in her father's house ; and lo, a cell
Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom
discerned,
Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the grey habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace.

When on her knees she fell,
Entering the solemn place of consecration,
And from the latticed gallery came a chant
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,
Verse after verse sung out how holily,
The strain returning, and still, still returning,
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
And she was casting off her earthly dross ;
Yet was it sad as sweet, and, ere it closed,
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
That she might fling them from her, saying, " Thus,
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things !"¹
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments
Were, one by one, removed, even to the last,
That she might say, flinging them from her, " Thus,
Thus I renounce the world !" when all was
changed,

¹ It was at such a moment, when contemplating the young and the beautiful, that Tasso conceived his sonnets, beginning " Vergine pia," and " Vergine bella." Those to whom he addressed them have long been forgotten ; though they were as much perhaps to be loved, and as much also to be pitied.

And, as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
 Distinguished only by the crown she wore,
 Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,
 Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees
 Fail in that hour ! Well might the holy man,
 He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth
 ('Twas in her utmost need ; nor, while she lives,¹
 Will it go from her, fleeing as it was)
 That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
 And pity !

Like a dream the whole is fled ;
 And they, that came in idleness to gaze
 Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice,
 Are mingling in the world ; thou in thy cell
 Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,
 None were so formed to love and to be loved,
 None to delight, adorn ; and on thee now
 A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropped
 For ever ! In thy gentle bosom sleep
 Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
 To wither like the blossom in the bud,
 Those of a wife, a mother ; leaving there
 A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
 A languor and a lethargy of soul,
 Death-like, and gathering more and more, till Death
 Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
 What now to thee the treasure of thy Youth ?
 As nothing !

But thou canst not yet reflect
 Calmly ; so many things, strange and perverse,
 That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
 The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
 Troubling thy spirit—from the first at dawn,
 The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,

¹ Her back was at that time turned to the people ; but in his countenance might be read all that was passing. The Cardinal, who officiated, was a venerable old man, evidently unused to the service and much affected by it.

To the black pall, the requiem. All in turn
 Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
 Hover, uncalled. Thy young and innocent heart,
 How is it beating? Has it no regrets?
 Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?
 But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
 Peace to thy slumbers!

THE FIRE-FLY.



HERE is an Insect, that, when Evening
 comes,
 Small though he be and scarce dis-
 tinguishable,
 Like Evening clad in soberest livery,
 Unsheathes his wings¹ and through the woods
 and glades
 Scatters a marvellous splendour. On he wheels,
 Blazing by fits as from excess of joy,²
 Each gush of light a gush of ecstasy;
 Nor unaccompanied; thousands that fling
 A radiance all their own, not of the day,
 Thousands as bright as he, from dusk till dawn,
 Soaring, descending.

In the mother's lap
 Well may the child put forth his little hands,
 Singing the nursery song he learnt so soon;³
 And the young nymph, preparing for the dance

¹ He is of the beetle-tribe.

² "For, in that upper clime, effulgence comes
 Of gladness."—CARY'S *Dante*.

There is a song to the *lucciola* in every dialect of Italy; as for instance in the Genoese.

"Cabela, vegni a baso;
 Ti dajo un cuge de lette."

The Roman is in a higher strain,

"Bella regina," &c.

By brook or fountain-side, in many a braid
 Wreathing her golden hair, well may she cry,
 "Come hither;" and the shepherds, gathering
 round,
 Shall say, "Floretta emulates the Night,
 Spangling her head with stars."

Oft have I met

This shining race, when in the Tusculan groves
 My path no longer glimmered; oft among
 Those trees, religious once and always green,
 That still dream out their stories of old Rome
 Over the Alban lake; oft met and hailed,
 Where the precipitate Anio thunders down,
 And through the surging mist a Poet's house
 (So some aver, and who would not believe?)¹
 Reveals itself.—Yet cannot I forget
 Him, who rejoiced me in those walks at eve,²
 My earliest, pleasantest; who dwells unseen,
 And in our northern clime, when all is still,
 Nightly keeps watch, nightly in bush or brake
 His lonely lamp rekindling. Unlike theirs,
 His, if less dazzling, through the darkness knows
 No intermission; sending forth its ray
 Through the green leaves, a ray serene and clear
 As Virtue's own.

¹ "I did not tell you that just below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over that torrent, are little ruins which they show you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

'Præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et unda
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis.'"GRAY'S *Letters*.

² The glow-worm.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

IT was in a splenetic humour that I sat me down to my scanty fare at Terracina; and how long I should have contemplated the lean thrushes in array before me, I cannot say, if a cloud of smoke, that drew the tears into my eyes, had not burst from the green and leafy boughs on the hearthstone. "Why," I exclaimed, starting up from the table, "why did I leave my own chimney-corner?—But am I not on the road to Brundisium? And are not these the very calamities that befel Horace and Virgil, and Mæcenas, and Plotius, and Varius? Horace laughed at them—Then why should not I? Horace resolved to turn them to account; and Virgil—cannot we hear him observing, that to remember them will, by and by, be a pleasure?" My soliloquy reconciled me at once to my fate; and when for the twentieth time I had looked through the window on a sea sparkling with innumerable brilliants, a sea on which the heroes of the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid* had sailed, I sat down as to a splendid banquet. My thrushes had the flavour of ortolans; and I ate with an appetite I had not known before. "Who," I cried, as I poured out my last glass of Falernian,¹ (for Falernian it was said to be, and in my eyes it ran bright and clear as a topaz-stone) "Who would remain at home, could he do otherwise? Who would submit to tread that dull, but

¹ We were now within a few hours of the *Campania Felix*. On the colour and flavour of Falernian consult Galen and Dioscorides.

daily round; his hours forgotten as soon as spent?" and, opening my journal-book and dipping my pen in my ink-horn, I determined, as far as I could, to justify myself and my countrymen in wandering over the face of the earth. "It may serve me," said I, "as a remedy in some future fit of the spleen."



URS is a nation of travellers;¹ and no wonder, when the elements, air, water, and fire, attend at our bidding, to transport us from shore to shore; when the ship rushes into the deep, her track the foam as of some mighty torrent; and, in three hours or less, we stand gazing and gazed at among a foreign people. None want an excuse. If rich, they go to enjoy; if poor, to retrench; if sick, to recover; if studious, to learn; if learned, to relax from their studies. But whatever they may say and whatever they may believe, they go for the most part on the same errand; nor will those who reflect, think that errand an idle one.

Almost all men are over-anxious. No sooner do they enter the world, than they lose that taste for natural and simple pleasures, so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth or honour; and on they go as their fathers went before them, till, weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood.

¹ As indeed it always was, contributing those of every degree, from a *milord* with his suite to him whose only attendant is his shadow. Coryate in 1608 performed his journey on foot; and, returning, hung up his shoes in his village-church as an *ex-voto*. Goldsmith, a century and a half afterwards, followed in nearly the same path; playing a tune on his flute to procure admittance, whenever he approached a cottage at night-fall.

Now travel, and foreign travel more particularly, restores to us in a great degree what we have lost. When the anchor is heaved, we double down the leaf; and for a while at least all effort is over. The old cares are left clustering round the old objects; and at every step, as we proceed, the slightest circumstance amuses and interests. All is new and strange.¹ We surrender ourselves, and feel once again as children. Like them, we enjoy eagerly; like them, when we fret, we fret only for the moment; and here indeed the resemblance is very remarkable; for, if a journey has its pains as well as its pleasures (and there is nothing unmixed in this world) the pains are no sooner over than they are forgotten, while the pleasures live long in the memory.

Nor is it surely without another advantage. If life be short, not so to many of us are its days and its hours. When the blood slumbers in the veins, how often do we wish that the earth would turn faster on its axis, that the sun would rise and set before it does; and, to escape from the weight of time, how many follies, how many crimes are committed! Men rush on danger, and even on death. Intrigue, play, foreign and domestic broil, such are their resources; and, when these things fail, they destroy themselves.

Now in travelling we multiply events, and innocently. We set out, as it were, on our adventures; and many are those that occur to us, morning, noon, and night. The day we come to a place which we

¹ We cross a narrow sea; we land on a shore which we have contemplated from our own; and we awake, as it were, in another planet. The very child that lisps there, lisps in words which we have yet to learn.

Nor is it less interesting, if less striking, to observe the gradations in language, and feature, and character, as we travel on from kingdom to kingdom. The French peasant becomes more and more an Italian as we approach Italy, and a Spaniard as we approach Spain.

have long heard and read of, and in Italy we do so continually, it is an era in our lives ; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. How delightfully too does the knowledge flow in upon us, and how fast !¹ Would he who sat in a corner of his library, poring over books and maps, learn more or so much in the time as he who, with his eyes and his heart open, is receiving impressions all day long from the things themselves?² How accurately do they arrange themselves in our memory, towns, rivers, mountains ; and in what living colours do we recall the dresses, manners, and customs of the people ! Our sight is the noblest of all our senses. “ It fills the mind with most ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues longest in action without being tired.” Our sight is on the alert when we travel ; and its exercise is then so delightful that we forget the profit in the pleasure.

Like a river, that gathers, that refines as it runs, like a spring that takes its course through some rich vein of mineral, we improve and imperceptibly — nor in the head only, but in the heart. Our prejudices leave us, one by one. Seas and mountains are no longer our boundaries. We learn to love, and esteem, and admire beyond them. Our benevolence extends itself with our knowledge. And must we not return better citizens than we went ? For the more we become acquainted with the institutions of other countries, the more highly must we value our own.

¹ To judge at once of a nation, we have only to throw our eyes on the markets and the fields. If the markets are well-supplied, the fields well-cultivated, all is right. If otherwise, we may say, and say truly, these people are barbarous or oppressed.

² Assuredly not, if the last has laid a proper foundation. Knowledge makes knowledge as money makes money, nor ever perhaps so fast as on a journey.



THREW down my pen in triumph. "The question," said I, "is set to rest for ever. And yet——"

"And yet——" I must still say.¹ The Wisest of Men seldom went out of the walls of Athens; and for that worst of evils, that sickness of the soul, to which we are most liable when most at our ease, is there not after all a surer and yet pleasanter remedy, a remedy for which we have only to cross the threshold? A Piedmontese nobleman, into whose company I fell at Turin, had not long before experienced its efficacy; and his story he told me without reserve.

"I was weary of life," said he, "and, after a day, such as few have known and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt. "There are six of us, and we are dying for want of food."—"Why should I not," said I to myself, "relieve this wretched family? I have the means; and it will not delay me many minutes. But what, if it does?" The scene of misery he conducted me to, I cannot describe. I threw them my purse; and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes . . . it went as a cordial to my heart. "I will call again to-morrow," I cried. "Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world, where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply!"

¹ For that knowledge, indeed, which is the most precious, we have not far to go; and how often is it to be found where least it is looked for? "I have learned more," said a dying man on the scaffold, "in one little dark corner of yonder tower than by any travel in so many places as I have seen."—HOLINSHED.

THE FOUNTAIN.



T was a well
 Of whitest marble, white as from the
 quarry ;
 And richly wrought with many a high
 relief,

Greek sculpture—in some earlier day perhaps
 A tomb, and honoured with a hero's ashes.
 The water from the rock filled and o'erflowed ;
 Then dashed away, playing the prodigal,
 And soon was lost—stealing unseen, unheard,
 Thro' the long grass, and round the twisted roots
 Of aged trees ; discovering where it ran
 By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
 I threw me down ; admiring, as I lay,
 That shady nook, a singing-place for birds,
 That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
 More than enough to please a child a-Maying.

The sun had set, a distant convent-bell
 Ringing the *Angelus* ; and now approached
 The hour for stir and village-gossip there,
 The hour Rebekah came, when from the well
 She drew with such alacrity to serve
 The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard
 Footsteps ; and lo, descending by a path
 Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared,
 Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head
 Her earthen pitcher. It called up the day
 Ulysses landed there ; and long I gazed,
 Like one awaking in a distant time.¹

¹ The place here described is near Mola di Gaëta in the kingdom of Naples.

At length there came the loveliest of them all,
 Her little brother dancing down before her ;
 And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
 Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
 And brotherly affection. Stopping there,
 She joined her rosy hands, and, filling them
 With the pure element, gave him to drink ;
 And, while he quenched his thirst, standing on
 tip-toe,
 Looked down upon him with a sister's smile,
 Nor stirred till he had done, fixed as a statue.

Then hadst thou seen them as they stood, Canova,
 Thou hadst endowed them with immortal youth ;
 And they had evermore lived undivided,
 Winning all hearts—of all thy works the fairest.

BANDITTI.

TIS a wild life, fearful and full of change,
 The mountain robber's. On the watch
 he lies,
 Levelling his carbine at the passenger ;
 And, when his work is done, he dares not sleep.

Time was, the trade was nobler, if not honest ;
 When they that robbed, were men of better faith¹
 Than kings or pontiffs ; when, such reverence
 The Poet drew among the woods and wilds,
 A voice was heard, that never bade to spare,²

¹ Alluding to Alfonso Piccolomini. "Stupiva ciascuno che, mentre un bandito osservava rigorosamente la sua parola, il Papa non avesse ribrezzo, di mancare alla propria."—GALLUZZI, ii. 364. He was hanged at Florence, March 16, 1591.

² Tasso was returning from Naples to Rome, and had arrived at Mola di Gaëta, when he received this tribute of respect. The captain of the troop was Marco di Sciarra. See Manso, *Vita del Tasso*. Ariosto had a similar adventure with Filippo Pacchione. See Garofalo.

Crying aloud, " Hence to the distant hills !
 Tasso approaches ; he, whose song beguiles
 The day of half its hours ; whose sorcery
 Dazzles the sense, turning our forest-glades
 To lists that blaze with gorgeous armoury,
 Our mountain-caves to regal palaces.
 Hence, nor descend till he and his are gone.
 Let him fear nothing."—When along the shore,
 And by the path that, wandering on its way,
 Leads through the fatal grove where Tully fell,
 (Grey and o'ergrown, an ancient tomb is there)
 He came and they withdrew, they were a race
 Careless of life in others and themselves,
 For they had learnt their lesson in a camp ;
 But not ungenerous. 'Tis no longer so.
 Now crafty, cruel, torturing ere they slay
 The unhappy captive, and with bitter jests
 Mocking Misfortune ; vain, fantastical,
 Wearing whatever glitters in the spoil ;
 And most devout, though, when they kneel and
 pray,
 With every bead they could recount a murder ;
 As by a spell they start up in array,¹
 As by a spell they vanish—theirs a band,
 Not as elsewhere of outlaws, but of such
 As sow and reap, and at the cottage-door
 Sit to receive, return the traveller's greeting ;
 Now in the garb of peace, now silently
 Arming and issuing forth, led on by men
 Whose names on innocent lips are words of fear,
 Whose lives have long been forfeit.—Some there
 are
 That, ere they rise to this bad eminence,
 Lurk, night and day, the plague-spot visible,
 The guilt that says, Beware ; and mark we now

¹ " Cette race de bandits a ses racines dans la population même du pays. La police ne sait où les trouver."—*Lettres de Chateaufieux*.

Him, where he lies, who couches for his prey
 At the bridge-foot in some dark cavity
 Scooped by the waters, or some gaping tomb,
 Nameless and tenantless, whence the red fox
 Slunk as he entered.

There he broods, in spleen
 Gnawing his beard ; his rough and sinewy frame
 O'erwritten with the story of his life :
 On his wan cheek a sabre-cut, well earned
 In foreign warfare ; on his breast the brand
 Indelible, burnt in when to the port
 He clanked his chain, among a hundred more
 Dragged ignominiously ; on every limb
 Memorials of his glory and his shame,
 Stripes of the lash and honourable scars,
 And channels here and there worn to the bone
 By galling fetters.

He comes slowly forth,
 Unkennelling, and up that savage dell
 Anxiously looks ; his canteen, an ample gourd,
 (Duly replenished from the vintner's cask)
 Slung from his shoulder ; in his breadth of belt
 Two pistols and a dagger yet uncleansed,
 A parchment scrawled with uncouth characters,
 And a small vial, his last remedy,
 His cure, when all things fail.

No noise is heard,
 Save when the rugged bear and the gaunt wolf
 Howl in the upper region, or a fish
 Leaps in the gulf beneath. But now he kneels ;
 And (like a scout, when listening to the tramp
 Of horse or foot) lays his experienced ear
 Close to the ground, then rises and explores,
 Then kneels again, and, his short rifle-gun
 Against his cheek, waits patiently.

Two Monks,
 Portly, grey-headed, on their gallant steeds,

Descend where yet a mouldering cross o'erhangs
 The grave of one that from the precipice
 Fell in an evil hour. Their bridle-bells
 Ring merrily ; and many a loud, long laugh
 Re-echoes ; but at once the sounds are lost.
 Unconscious of the good in store below,
 The holy fathers have turned off, and now
 Cross the brown heath, ere long to wag their beards
 Before my lady-abbess, and discuss
 Things only known to the devout and pure
 O'er her spiced bowl—then shrive the sister-hood,
 Sitting by turns with an inclining ear
 In the confessional.

He moves his lips
 As with a curse—then paces up and down,
 Now fast, now slow, brooding and muttering on ;
 Gloomy alike to him Future and Past.


But hark, the nimble tread of numerous feet !
 'Tis but a dappled herd, come down to slake
 Their thirst in the cool wave.

He turns and aims ;
 Then checks himself, unwilling to disturb
 The sleeping echoes.—Once again he earths ;
 Slipping away to house with them beneath,
 His old companions in that hiding-place,
 The bat, the toad, the blind-worm, and the newt ;
 And hark, a footstep, firm and confident,
 As of a man in haste. Nearer it draws ;
 And now is at the entrance of the den.
 Ha ! 'tis a comrade, sent to gather in
 The band for some great enterprise.

Who wants
 A sequel, may read on. The unvarnished tale,
 That follows, will supply the place of one.
 'T was told me by the Count St. Angelo,
 When in a blustering night he sheltered me
 In that brave castle of his ancestors

O'er Garigliano, and is such indeed
 As every day brings with it—in a land
 Where laws are trampled on and lawless men
 Walk in the sun; but it should not be lost,
 For it may serve to bind us to our Country.

AN ADVENTURE.

HREE days they lay in ambush at my
 gate,
 Then sprung and led me captive. Many
 a wild

We traversed; but Rusconi, 'twas no less,
 Marched by my side, and, when I thirsted, climbed
 The cliffs for water; though, whene'er he spoke,
 'Twas briefly, sullenly; and on he led,
 Distinguished only by an amulet,
 That in a golden chain hung from his neck,
 A crystal of rare virtue. Night fell fast,
 When on a heath, black and immeasurable,
 He turned and bade them halt. 'Twas where the
 earth

Heaves o'er the dead—where erst some Alaric
 Fought his last fight, and every warrior threw
 A stone to tell for ages where he lay.

Then all advanced, and, ranging in a square,
 Stretched forth their arms as on the holy cross,
 From each to each their sable cloaks extending,
 That, like the solemn hangings of a tent,
 Covered us round; and in the midst I stood,
 Weary and faint; and face to face with one,
 Whose voice, whose look dispenses life and death,
 Whose heart knows no relentings. Instantly

A light was kindled and the Bandit spoke.
 "I know thee. Thou hast sought us, for the sport
 Slipping thy blood-hounds with a hunter's cry ;
 And thou hast found at last. Were I as thou,
 I in thy grasp as thou art now in ours,
 Soon should I make a midnight-spectacle,
 Soon, limb by limb, be mangled on a wheel,
 Then gibbeted to blacken for the vultures.
 But I would teach thee better——how to spare.
 Write as I dictate. If thy ransom comes,
 Thou liv'st. If not—but answer not, I pray,
 Lest thou provoke me. I may strike thee dead ;
 And know, young man, it is an easier thing
 'To do it than to say it. Write, and thus."—

I wrote. "'Tis well," he cried. "A peasant-boy,
 Trusty and swift of foot, shall bear it hence.
 Meanwhile lie down and rest. This cloak of mine
 Will serve thee ; it has weathered many a storm."

The watch was set ; and twice it had been
 changed,
 When morning broke, and a wild bird, a hawk,
 Flew in a circle, screaming. I looked up,
 And all were gone, save him who now kept guard
 And on his arms lay musing. Young he seemed,
 And sad, as though he could indulge at will
 Some secret grief. "Thou shrinkest back," he said,
 "Well may'st thou, lying, as thou dost, so near
 A Ruffian—one for ever linked and bound
 To guilt and infamy. There was a time
 When he had not perhaps been deemed unworthy,
 When he had watched yon planet to its setting,
 And dwelt with pleasure on the meanest thing
 Nature gives birth to. Now, alas, 'tis past.

Wouldst thou know more ? My story is an old
 one.

I loved, was scorned ; I trusted, was betrayed ;

And in my anguish, my necessity,
Met with the fiend, the tempter—in Rusconi.
'Why thus?' he cried. 'Thou wouldst be free
and dar'st not.

Come and assert thy birth-right while thou canst.
A robber's cave is better than a dungeon;
And death itself, what is it at the worst,
What, but a harlequin's leap?' Him I had known,
Had served with, suffered with; and on the walls
Of Capua, while the moon went down, I swore
Allegiance on his dagger.—Dost thou ask
How I have kept my oath?—Thou shalt be told,
Cost what it may. But grant me, I implore,
Grant me a passport to some distant land,
That I may never, never more be named.
Thou wilt, I know thou wilt.


Two months ago,
When on a vineyard-hill we lay concealed
And scattered up and down as we were wont,
I heard a damsel singing to herself,
And soon espied her, coming all alone,
In her first beauty. Up a path she came,
Leafy and intricate, singing her song,
A song of love, by snatches; breaking off
If but a flower, an insect in the sun
Pleased for an instant; then as carelessly
The strain resuming, and, where'er she stopt,
Rising on tiptoe underneath the boughs
To pluck a grape in very wantonness.
Her look, her mien and maiden-ornaments
Shewed gentle birth; and, step by step, she came,
Nearer and nearer, to the dreadful snare.
None else were by; and, as I gazed unseen,
Her youth, her innocence and gaiety
Went to my heart! and, starting up, I breathed,
'Fly—for your life!' Alas, she shrieked, she fell;
And, as I caught her falling, all rushed forth.

‘A Wood-nymph!’ cried Rusconi. ‘By the light,
Lovely as Hebe! Lay her in the shade.’
I heard him not. I stood as in a trance.
‘What,’ he exclaimed with a malicious smile,
‘Wouldst thou rebel?’ I did as he required.
‘Now bear her hence to the well-head below;
A few cold drops will animate this marble.
Go! ’Tis an office all will envy thee;
But thou hast earned it.’ As I staggered down,
Unwilling to surrender her sweet body;
Her golden hair dishevelled on a neck
Of snow, and her fair eyes closed as in sleep,
Frantic with love, with hate, ‘Great God!’ I cried,
(I had almost forgotten how to pray;
But there are moments when the courage comes)
‘Why may I not, while yet—while yet I can,
Release her from a thralldom worse than death?’
’Twas done as soon as said. I kissed her brow,
And smote her with my dagger. A short cry
She uttered, but she stirred not; and to heaven
Her gentle spirit fled. ’Twas where the path
In its descent turned suddenly. No eye
Observed me, tho’ their steps were following fast.
But soon a yell broke forth, and all at once
Levelled with deadly aim. Then I had ceased
To trouble or be troubled, and had now
(Would I were there!) been slumbering in my grave,
Had not Rusconi with a terrible shout
Thrown himself in between us, and exclaimed,
Grasping my arm, ‘’Tis bravely, nobly done!
Is it for deeds like these thou wear’st a sword?
Was this the business that thou cam’st upon?
—But ’tis his first offence, and let it pass.
Like the young tiger he has tasted blood,
And may do much hereafter. He can strike
Home to the hilt.’ Then in an under-tone,
‘Thus wouldst thou justify the pledge I gave,

When in the eyes of all I read distrust?
 For once, and on his cheek, methought, I saw
 The blush of virtue, 'I will save thee, Albert;
 Again I cannot.' "

Ere his tale was told,
 As on the heath we lay, my ransom came;
 And in six days, with no ungrateful mind,
 Albert was sailing on a quiet sea.
 —But the night wears, and thou art much in need
 Of rest. The young Antonio, with his torch,
 Is waiting to conduct thee to thy chamber.

NAPLES.

 HIS region, surely, is not of the earth.¹
 Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a
 grove,
 Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot
 Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
 But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
 On the clear wave some image of delight,
 Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
 Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
 To muse on as the bark is gliding by.
 And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,
 From day-break, when the mountain pales his fire
 Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,
 Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
 Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,
 When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,
 Was with his house-hold sacrificing there—
 From day-break to that hour, the last and best,

¹ Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra.—SANNAZZARO.

When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
 Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
 And, when the nets are thrown, the evening-hymn
 Steals o'er the trembling waters.

Every where

Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
 Each her peculiar influence. Fable came
 And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
 Like a young child her grandam. Fable came ;
 Earth, sea and sky reflecting, as she flew,
 A thousand, thousand colours not their own :
 And at her bidding, lo ! a dark descent
 To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,
 Those fields with ether pure and purple light
 Ever invested, scenes by Him portrayed,¹
 Who here was wont to wander, here invoke
 The sacred Muses,² here receive, record
 What they revealed, and on the western shore
 Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
 Beloved Parthenope.

Yet here, methinks,

Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
 Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
 By turns inclining to wild ecstasy,
 And soberest meditation. Here the vines
 Wed, each her elm, and o'er the golden grain
 Hang their luxuriant clusters, chequering
 The sunshine ; where, when cooler shadows fall
 And the mild moon her fairy net-work weaves,
 The lute or mandoline, accompanied
 By many a voice yet sweeter than their own,
 Kindles, nor slowly ; and the dance³ displays
 The gentle arts and witcheries of love,
 Its hopes and fears and feignings, till the youth
 Drops on his knee as vanquished, and the maid,

¹ Virgii.² Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus amore.³ The Tarantella.

Her tambourine uplifting with a grace
Nature's and Nature's only, bids him rise.

But here the mighty Monarch underneath,
He in his palace of fire, diffuses round
A dazzling splendour. Here, unseen, unheard,
Opening another Eden in the wild,
His gifts he scatters; save, when issuing forth
In thunder, he blots out the sun, the sky,
And, mingling all things earthly as in scorn,
Exalts the valley, lays the mountain low,
Pours many a torrent from his burning lake,
And in an hour of universal mirth,
What time the trump proclaims the festival,
Buries some capital city, there to sleep
The sleep of ages—till a plough, a spade
Disclose the secret, and the eye of day
Glares coldly on the streets, the skeletons;
Each in his place, each in his gay attire,
And eager to enjoy.

Let us go round;

And let the sail be slack, the course be slow,
That at our leisure, as we coast along,
We may contèmpate, and from every scene
Receive its influence. The Cumæan towers,
There did they rise, sun-gilt; and here thy groves,
Delicious Baiæ. Here (what would they not?)
The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,
Built in the sea; and now the boatman steers
O'er many a crypt and vault yet glimmering,
O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
The deep foundations of their palaces;
Nothing now heard ashore, so great the change,
Save when the sea-mew clamours, or the owl
Hoots in the temple.

What the mountainous Isle

¹ Cumææ.

Seen in the South? 'Tis where a Monster dwelt,¹
 Hurling his victims from the topmost cliff;
 Then and then only merciful, so slow,
 So subtle were the tortures they endured.
 Fearing and feared he lived, cursing and cursed;
 And still the dungeons in the rock breathe out
 Darkness, distemper. Strange, that one so vile²
 Should from his den strike terror through the
 world;

Should, where withdrawn in his decrepitude,
 Say to the noblest, be they where they might,
 "Go from the earth!" and from the earth they went.
 Yet such things were—and will be, when mankind,
 Losing all virtue, lose all energy;
 And for the loss incur the penalty,
 Trodden down and trampled.

Let us turn the prow

And, in the track of him who went to die,³
 Traverse this valley of waters, landing where
 A waking dream awaits us. At a step
 Two thousand years roll backward and we stand,
 Like those so long within that awful Place,⁴
 Immovable, nor asking, Can it be?

Once did I linger there alone till day
 Closed, and at length the calm of twilight came,
 So grateful yet so solemn! At the fount,
 Just where the three ways meet, I stood and looked,

¹ Tiberius.

² "How often, to demonstrate his power, does He employ the meanest of his instruments; as in Egypt, when He called forth—not the serpents and the monsters of Africa—but vermin from the very dust!"

³ The Elder Pliny. See the letter in which his Nephew relates to Tacitus the circumstances of his death.—In the morning of that day Vesuvius was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation;* every elm had its vine, every vine (for it was in the month of August) its clusters; nor in the cities below was there a thought of danger, though their interment was so soon to take place. In Pompeii, if we may believe Dion Cassius, the people were sitting in the Theatre when the work of destruction began.

⁴ Pompeii.

* Martial, iv. 41.

('Twas near a noble house, the house of Pansa)
 And all was still as in the long, long night
 That followed, when the shower of ashes fell,
 When they that sought Pompeii, sought in vain ;
 It was not to be found. But now a ray,
 Bright and yet brighter, on the pavement glanced,
 And on the wheel-track worn for centuries,
 And on the stepping-stones from side to side,
 O'er which the maidens, with their water-urns,
 Were wont to trip so lightly. Full and clear,
 The moon was rising, and at once revealed
 The name of every dweller, and his craft ;
 Shining throughout with an unusual lustre,
 And lighting up this City of the Dead.

Mark, where within, as though the embers lived,
 The ample chimney-vault is dun with smoke.
 There dwelt a miller ; silent and at rest
 His mill-stones now. In old companionship
 Still do they stand as on the day he went,
 Each ready for its office—but he comes not.
 And there, hard by (where one in idleness
 Has stopt to scrawl a ship, an armed man ;
 And in a tablet on the wall we read
 Of shews ere long to be) a sculptor wrought,
 Nor meanly ; blocks, half-chiselled into life,
 Waiting his call.—Here long, as yet attests
 The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew
 From many an earthen jar, no more supplied ;
 And here from his a vintner served his guests
 Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups
 Fresh on the marble. On the bench, beneath,
 They sate and quaffed and looked on them that
 passed,
 Gravely discussing the last news from Rome.

But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
 That word of courtesy so sacred once,
 Hail ! At a master's greeting we may enter.

And lo, a fairy-palace ! every where,
 As through the courts and chambers we advance,
 Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
 And columns clustering in Patrician splendour.
 But hark, a footstep ! May we not intrude ?
 And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
 And gentle voices mingling as in converse !
 —And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
 And now—along the corridor it comes—
 I cannot err, a filling as of baths !
 —Ah, no, 'tis but a mockery of the sense,
 Idle and vain ! We are but where we were ;
 Still wandering in a City of the Dead !

THE BAG OF GOLD.



DINE very often with the good old Cardinal * * and, I should add, with his cats ; for they always sit at his table and are much the gravest of the company. His beaming countenance makes us forget his age:¹ nor did I ever see it clouded till yesterday, when, as we were contemplating the sun-set from his terrace, he happened, in the course of our conversation, to allude to an affecting circumstance in his early life.

He had just left the University of Palermo and was entering the army, when he became acquainted with a young lady of great beauty and merit, a Sicilian of a family as illustrious as his own. Living

¹ In a time of revolution he could not escape unhurt ; but to the last he preserved his gaiety of mind through every change of fortune, living right hospitably when he had the means to do so, and, when he could not entertain, dining as he is here represented with his velvet friends—*en famille*.

near each other, they were often together; and at an age like theirs, friendship soon turns to love. But his father, for what reason I forget, refused his consent to their union; till, alarmed at the declining health of his son, he promised to oppose it no longer, if, after a separation of three years, they continued as much in love as ever.

Relying on that promise, he said, I set out on a long journey; but in my absence the usual arts were resorted to. Our letters were intercepted; and false rumours were spread—first of my indifference, then of my inconstancy, then of my marriage with a rich heiress of Sienna; and, when at length I returned to make her my own, I found her in a convent of Ursuline Nuns. She had taken the veil; and I, said he with a sigh—what else remained for me?—I went into the church.

Yet many, he continued, as if to turn the conversation, very many have been happy though we were not; and, if I am not abusing an old man's privilege, let me tell you a story with a better catastrophe. It was told to me when a boy; and you may not be unwilling to hear it, for it bears some resemblance to that of the Merchant of Venice.

We were now arrived at a pavilion that commanded one of the noblest prospects imaginable; the mountains, the sea, and the islands illuminated by the last beams of day; and, sitting down there, he proceeded with his usual vivacity; for the sadness, that had come across him, was gone.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a Widow-lady of the Lambertini Family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the State had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the Cathedral; her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity;

her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a Court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But Fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines; where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing when in my youth I passed that way; though the sign of the White Cross,¹ the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that Order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain-stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her; when an event took place, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were

¹ La Croce Bianca.

bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war ; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery ; and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks ; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go ; and the Venetian thus addressed their Hostess. " Excellent Lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold ? " " You may," she replied gaily. " But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village ; and, if we had, where would be your security ? "——" In your word, Lady."

" But what if I died to-night ? Where would it be then ? " said she, laughing. " The money would go to the Church ; for none could claim it."

" Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment."——" If you will write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo the Village-physician, who had just called on his mule to learn the news of the day ; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three ; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia ; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner depar-

ted, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;" and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a Cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief she threw herself on her daughter's neck, "What will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? . . . Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A Process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with the gold; she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her! "Go, Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the Unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all had them despair. What was to be done? No advocate; and the Cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain lest her beauty should divert their thoughts from the subject; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.¹

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?—"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the Friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your Mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a con-

¹ "Ce pourroit être," says Bayle, "la matière d'un joli problème : on pourroit examiner si cette fille avançoit, ou si elle retardoit le profit de ses auditeurs, en leur cachant son beau visage. Il y auroit cent choses à dire pour et contre là-dessus."

sultation of some minutes, the Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them. "Reverend Signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solieit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed Fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.

A CHARACTER.



ONE of two things Montrioli may have,
 My envy or compassion. Both he
 cannot.
 Yet on he goes, numbering as miseries,
 What least of all he would consent to lose,
 What most indeed he prides himself upon,
 And, for not having, most despises me.
 "At morn the minister exacts an hour;
 At noon the king. Then comes the council-
 board;
 And then the chase, the supper. When, ah when,
 The leisure and the liberty I sigh for?"

Not when at home ; at home a miscreant-crew,
 That now no longer serve me, mine the service.
 And then that old hereditary bore,
 The steward, his stories longer than his rent-roll,
 Who enters, quill in ear, and, one by one,
 As though I lived to write and wrote to live,
 Unrolls his leases for my signature."

He clanks his fetters to disturb my peace.
 Yet who would wear them and become the slave
 Of wealth and power, renouncing willingly
 His freedom, and the hours that fly so fast,
 A burden or a curse when misemployed,
 But to the wise how precious—every day
 A little life, a blank to be inscribed
 With gentle deeds, such as in after-time
 Console, rejoice, whene'er we turn the leaf
 To read them ? All, wherever in the scale,
 Have, be they high or low, or rich or poor,
 Inherit they a sheep-hook or a sceptre,
 Much to be grateful for ; but most has he,
 Born in that middle sphere, that temperate zone,
 Where Knowledge lights his lamp, there most
 secure,
 And Wisdom comes, if ever, she who dwells
 Above the clouds, above the firmament,
 That Seraph sitting in the heaven of heavens.

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
 Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
 To rouse us up, as children in the schools
 Are roused up to exertion. The reward
 Is in the race we run, not in the prize ;
 And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
 Having, by favour or inheritance,
 These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
 And all that should await on worth well-tried,
 All in the glorious days of old reserved
 For manhood most mature or reverend age

Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life.

PÆSTUM.

MARCH 4, 1815.



THEY stand between the mountains and
the sea ;¹

Awful memorials, but of whom we know
not !

The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of Gods ! and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice !
Time was perhaps the third was sought for Justice ;
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused ;
And here the judges sate, and heard, and judged.
All silent now !—as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot and mingled, dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While, by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time ! All, all within

¹ The temples of Pæstum are three in number ; and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them ; but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
 And taken to herself what man renounced ;
 No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
 But with thick ivy hung or branching fern ;
 Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure !

From my youth upward have I longed to tread
 This classic ground—And am I here at last ?
 Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
 And catching, as through some majestic grove,
 Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
 Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
 Towns like the living rock from which they grew ?
 A cloudy region, black and desolate,
 Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.¹

The air is sweet with violets, running wild²
 Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals ;
 Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
 Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost,³
 (Turning to thee, divine Philosophy,
 Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul)
 Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
 For Athens ; when a ship, if north-east winds
 Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slacked her course.

On as he moved along the level shore,
 These temples, in their splendour eminent
 Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
 Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
 Well might he dream of Glory !—Now, coiled up,
 The serpent sleeps within them ; the she-wolf
 Suckles her young : and, as alone I stand
 In this, the nobler pile, the elements
 Of earth and air its only floor and roof,

¹ Spartacus. See Plutarch in the Life of Crassus.

² The violets of Pæstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial mentions them with the honey of Hybla.

³ The introduction to his treatise on Glory. *Cic. ad Att.* xvi. 6. For an account of the loss of that treatise, see Petrarch, *Epist. Rer. Senilium*, xv. 1, and Bayle, *Dict.*, in Alcyonius.

How solemn is the stillness ! Nothing stirs
 Save the shrill-voiced cicala flitting round
 On the rough pediment to sit and sing ;
 Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
 And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
 To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
 Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
 Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
 (Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
 Athwart the innumerable columns flung)
 In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
 Led by the mighty Genius of the Place.¹

Walls of some capital city first appeared,
 Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn ;
 —And what within them ? what but in the midst
 These Three in more than their original grandeur,
 And, round about, no stone upon another ?
 As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
 And, turning, left them to the elements.

'Tis said a stranger in the days of old
 (Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite ;
 But distant things are ever lost in clouds)
 'Tis said a stranger came, and, with his plough,
 Traced out the site ; and Posidonia rose,²
 Severely great, Neptune the tutelar God ;
 A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
 And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.
 Then came another, an unbidden guest.
 He knocked and entered with a train in arms ;
 And all was changed, her very name and language !
 The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door
 Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,

¹ They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

² Originally a Greek City under that name and afterwards a Roman City under the name of Paestum. It was surprised and destroyed by the Saracens at the beginning of the tenth century.

Sailed as before, but, sailing, cried "For Pæstum!"
 And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung
 Pæstum's twice-blowing roses; while, within,
 Parents and children mourned—and, every year,
 ('Twas on the day of some old festival)
 Met to give way to tears, and once again
 Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by.¹
 At length an Arab climbed the battlements,
 Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night;
 And from all eyes the glorious vision fled!
 Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
 Where whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe²
 Strikes at unseen—and at a time when joy
 Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,
 And the clear air is soft and delicate;
 For then the demon works—then with that air
 The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison
 Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

But what are These still standing in the midst?
 The Earth has rocked beneath; the Thunder-bolt
 Passed thro' and thro', and left its traces there;
 Yet still they stand as by some Unknown Charter!
 Oh, they are Nature's own! and, as allied
 To the vast Mountains and the eternal Sea,
 They want no written history; theirs a voice
 For ever speaking to the heart of Man!

AMALFI.



HE who sets sail from Naples, when the
 wind
 Blows fragrance from Posilipo, may
 soon,
 Crossing from side to side that beautiful lake,

¹ Athenæus, xiv.

² The Mal'aria.

Land underneath the cliff where, once among
 The children gathering shells along the shore,
 One laughed and played, unconscious of his fate ;¹
 His to drink deep of sorrow, and, through life,
 To be the scorn of them that knew him not,
 Trampling alike the giver and his gift,
 The gift a pearl precious, inestimable,
 A lay divine, a lay of love and war,
 To charm, ennoble, and, from age to age,
 Sweeten the labour when the oar was plied
 Or on the Adrian or the Tuscan sea.

There would I linger—then go forth again,
 And hover round that region unexplored,
 Where to Salvator (when, as some relate,
 By chance or choice he led a bandit's life,
 Yet oft withdrew, alone and unobserved,
 To wander through those awful solitudes)
 Nature revealed herself. Unveiled she stood,
 In all her wildness, all her majesty,
 As in that elder time ere Man was made.

There would I linger—then go forth again ;
 And he who steers due east, doubling the cape,
 Discovers, in a crevice of the rock,
 The fishing-town, Amalfi. Haply there
 A heaving bark, an anchor on the strand,
 May tell him what it is ; but what it was,
 Cannot be told so soon.²

The time has been,
 When on the quays along the Syrian coast,
 'Twas asked and eagerly, at break of dawn,
 " What ships are from Amalfi ? " when her coins,
 Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime ;
 From Alexandria southward to Sennaar,

¹ Tasso. Sorrento, his birth-place, is on the south side of the gulf of Naples.

² " Amalfi fell after three hundred years of prosperity ; but the poverty of one thousand fishermen is yet dignified by the remains of an arsenal, a cathedral, and the palaces of royal merchants."—GIBBON.

And eastward, through Damascus and Cabul
And Samarcand, to thy great wall, Cathay.

Then were the nations by her wisdom swayed ;
And every crime on every sea was judged
According to her judgments. In her port
Prows, strange, uncouth, from Nile and Niger met,
People of various feature, various speech ;
And in their countries many a house of prayer,
And many a shelter, where no shelter was,
And many a well, like Jacob's in the wild,
Rose at her bidding. Then in Palestine,
By the way-side, in sober grandeur stood
A Hospital, that, night and day, received
The pilgrims of the west ; and, when 'twas asked,
“ Who are the noble founders ? ” every tongue
At once replied, “ The merchants of Amalfi.”
That Hospital, when Godfrey scaled the walls,
Sent forth its holy men in complete steel ;
And hence, the cowl relinquished for the helm,
That chosen band, valiant, invincible,
So long renowned as champions of the Cross,
In Rhodes, in Malta.

For three hundred years
There, unapproached but from the deep, they
dwelt ;

Assailed for ever, yet from age to age
Acknowledging no master. From the deep
They gathered in their harvests ; bringing home,
In the same ship, relics of ancient Greece,
That land of glory where their fathers lay,
Grain from the golden vales of Sicily,¹
And Indian spices. Through the civilized world
Their Credit was ennobled into Fame ;
And, when at length they fell, they left mankind
A legacy, compared with which the wealth

¹ There is at this day in Syracuse a street called La Strada degli Amalfitani.

Of Eastern kings—what is it in the scale?
The mariner's compass.

They are now forgot,
And with them all they did, all they endured,
Struggling with fortune. When Sicardi stood
On his high deck, his falchion in his hand,
And, with a shout like thunder, cried, "Come forth,
And serve me in Salerno!" forth they came,
Covering the sea, a mournful spectacle;
The women wailing, and the heavy oar
Falling unheard. Not thus did they return,¹
The tyrant slain; though then the grass of years
Grew in their streets.


There now to him who sails
Under the shore, a few white villages
Scattered above, below, some in the clouds,
Some on the margin of the dark blue sea
And glittering through their lemon-groves,
announce
The region of Amalfi. Then, half-fallen,
A lonely watch-tower on the precipice,
Their ancient land-mark, comes. Long may it last;
And to the scaman in a distant age,
Though now he little thinks how large his debt,
Serve for their monument!²

¹ In the year 839. See Muratori: *Art. Chronici Amalphantani Fragmenta*.

² By degrees, says Giannone, they made themselves famous through the world. The Tarini Amalphantani were a coin familiar to all nations; and their maritime code regulated every where the commerce of the sea. Many churches in the East were by them built and endowed; by them was founded in Palestine that most renowned military Order of St. John of Jerusalem; and who does not know that the mariner's compass was invented by a citizen of Amalfi?

Glorious was their course,
And long the track of light they left behind them.

MONTE CASSINO.¹


 HAT hangs behind that curtain? ”—
 “ Wouldst thou learn ?
 If thou art wise, thou wouldst not.
 ’Tis by some

Believed to be His master-work, who looked
 Beyond the grave, and on the chapel-wall,
 As tho’ the day were come, were come and past,
 Drew the Last Judgment.² But the Wisest err.
 He who in secret wrought, and gave it life,
 For life is surely there and visible change,³
 Life, such as none could of himself impart,
 (They who behold it, go not as they came,
 But meditate for many and many a day)
 Sleeps in the vault beneath. We know not much ;
 But what we know, we will communicate.
 ’Tis in an ancient record of the House ;
 And may it make thee tremble, lest thou fall !

Once—on a Christmas-eve—ere yet the roof
 Rung with the hymn of the Nativity,
 There came a stranger to the convent-gate,

¹ The abbey of Monte Cassino is the most ancient and venerable house of the Benedictine Order. It is situated within fifteen leagues of Naples on the inland-road to Rome ; and no house is more hospitable.

² Michael Angelo.

³ There are many miraculous pictures in Italy ; but none, I believe, were ever before described as malignant in their influence.—At Arezzo in the church of St. Angelo there is indeed over the great altar a fresco-painting of the Fall of the Angels, which has a singular story belonging to it. It was painted in the fourteenth century by Spinello Aretino, who has there represented Lucifer as changed into a shape so monstrous and terrible, that he is said in that very shape to have haunted the Artist in his dreams and to have hastened his death ; crying, night after night, “ Where hast thou seen me in a shape so monstrous ? ” In the upper part St. Michael is seen in combat with the dragon ; the fatal transformation is in the lower part of the picture.—VASARI.

And asked admittance ; ever and anon,
 As if he sought what most he feared to find,
 Looking behind him. When within the walls,
 These walls so sacred and inviolate,
 Still did he look behind him ; oft and long,
 With curling, quivering lip and haggard eye,
 Catching at vacancy. Between the fits,
 For here, 'tis said, he lingered while he lived,
 He would discourse and with a mastery,
 A charm by none resisted, none explained,
 Unfelt before ; but when his cheek grew pale,
 (Nor was the respite longer, if so long,
 Than while a shepherd in the vale below
 Counts, as he folds, five hundred of his flock)
 All was forgotten. Then, howe'er employed,
 He would break off and start as if he caught
 A glimpse of something that would not be gone ;
 And turn and gaze and shrink into himself,
 As though the Fiend were there and, face to face,
 Scowled o'er his shoulder.

Most devout he was ;
 Most unremitting in the Services ;
 Then, only then, untroubled, unassailed ;
 And, to beguile a melancholy hour,
 Would sometimes exercise that noble art
 He learnt in Florence ; with a master's hand,
 As to this day the Sacristy attests,
 Painting the wonders of the Apocalypse.

At length he sunk to rest and in his cell
 Left, when he went, a work in secret done,
 The portrait, for a portrait it must be,
 That hangs behind the curtain. Whence he drew,
 None here can doubt ; for they that come to catch
 The faintest glimpse—to catch it and be gone,
 Gaze as he gazed, then shrink into themselves,
 Acting the self-same part. But why 'twas drawn,
 Whether, in penance, to atone for Guilt,

Or to record the anguish Guilt inflicts,
 Or haply to familiarize his mind
 With what he could not fly from, none can say,
 For none could learn the burden of his soul."

THE HARPER.



IT was a Harper, wandering with his harp,
 His only treasure ; a majestic man,
 By time and grief ennobled, not sub-
 dued ;
 Though from his height descending, day by day,
 And, as his upward look at once betrayed,
 Blind as old Homer. At a fount he sate,
 Well-known to many a weary traveller ;
 His little guide, a boy not seven years old,
 But grave, considerate beyond his years,
 Sitting beside him. Each had ate his crust
 In silence, drinking of the virgin-spring ;
 And now in silence, as their custom was,
 The sun's decline awaited.

But the child
 Was worn with travel. Heavy sleep weighed down
 His eye-lids ; and the grandsire, when we came,
 Emboldened by his love and by his fear,
 His fear lest night o'ertake them on the road,
 Humbly besought me to convey them both
 A little onward. Such small services
 Who can refuse—Not I ; and him who can,
 Blest though he be with every earthly gift,
 I cannot envy. He, if wealth be his,
 Knows not its uses. So from noon till night,
 Within a crazed and tattered vehicle,¹

¹ Then degraded, and belonging to a Vetturino.

That yet displayed, in rich emblazonry,
 A shield as splendid as the Bardi wear,¹
 We lumbered on together ; the old man
 Beguiling many a league of half its length,
 When questioned the adventures of his life,
 And all the dangers he had undergone ;
 His ship-wrecks on inhospitable coasts,
 And his long warfare.—They were bound, he said,
 To a great fair at Reggio ; and the boy,
 Believing all the world were to be there,
 And I among the rest, let loose his tongue,
 And promised me much pleasure. His short
 trance,

Short as it was, had, like a charmed cup,
 Restored his spirit, and, as on we crawled,
 Slow as the snail (my muleteer dismounting,
 And now his mules addressing, now his pipe,
 And now Luigi) he poured out his heart,
 Largely repaying me. At length the sun
 Departed, setting in a sea of gold ;
 And, as we gazed, he bade me rest assured
 That like the setting would the rising be.

Their harp—it had a voice oracular,
 And in the desert, in the crowded street,
 Spoke when consulted. If the treble chord
 Twanged shrill and clear, o'er hill and dale they
 went,

The grandsire, step by step, led by the child ;
 And not a rain-drop from a passing cloud
 Fell on their garments. Thus it spoke to-day ;
 Inspiring joy, and, in the young one's mind,
 Brightening a path already full of sunshine.

¹ A Florentine family of great antiquity. In the sixty-third novel of Franco Sacchetti we read that a stranger, suddenly entering Giotto's study, threw down a shield and departed, saying, "Paint me my arms in that shield;" and that Giotto, looking after him, exclaimed, "Who is he? What is he? He says, Paint me my arms, as if he were one of the Bardi! What arms does he bear?"

THE FELUCA.¹

DAY glimmered; and beyond the precipice
 (Which my mule followed as in love
 with fear,

Or as in scorn, yet more and more inclining
 To tempt the danger where it menaced most)
 A sea of vapour rolled. Methought we went
 Along the utmost edge of this, our world,
 And the next step had hurled us headlong down
 Into the wild and infinite abyss;
 But soon the surges fled, and we descried
 Nor dimly, though the lark was silent yet,
 Thy gulf, La Spezzia. Ere the morning-gun,
 Ere the first day-streak, we alighted there;
 And not a breath, a murmur! Every sail
 Slept in the offing. Yet along the shore
 Great was the stir; as at the noontide hour,
 None unemployed. Where from its native rock
 A streamlet, clear and full, ran to the sea,
 The maidens knelt and sung as they were wont,
 Washing their garments. Where it met the tide,
 Sparkling and lost, an ancient pinnacle lay
 Keel upward, and the faggot blazed, the tar
 Fumed from the cauldron; while, beyond the fort,
 Whither I wandered, step by step led on,
 The fishers dragged their net, the fish within
 At every heave fluttering and full of life,
 At every heave striking their silver fins
 'Gainst the dark meshes.

¹ A large boat for rowing and sailing, much used in the Mediterranean.

Soon a boatman's shout
 Re-echoed ; and red bouquets on the beach,
 Waving, recalled me. We embarked and left
 That noble haven, where, when Genoa reigned,
 A hundred galleys sheltered—in the day
 When lofty spirits met and, deck to deck,
 Doria, Pisani¹ fought ; that narrow field
 Ample enough for glory. On we went
 Ruffling with many an oar the crystalline sea,
 On from the rising to the setting sun
 In silence—underneath a mountain-ridge,
 Untamed, untameable, reflecting round
 The saddest purple ; nothing to be seen
 Of life or culture, save where, at the foot,
 Some village and its church, a scanty line,
 Athwart the wave gleamed faintly. Fear of Ill
 Narrowed our course, fear of the hurricane,
 And that still greater scourge, the crafty Moor,
 Who, like a tiger prowling for his prey,
 Springs and is gone, and on the adverse coast
 (Where Tripoli and Tunis and Algiers
 Forge fetters, and white turbans on the mole
 Gather whene'er the Crescent comes displayed
 Over the Cross) his human merchandize
 To many a curious, many a cruel eye
 Exposes. Ah, how oft, where now the sun
 Slept on the shore, have ruthless scimitars
 Flashed through the lattice, and a swarthy crew
 Dragged forth, ere long to number them for sale,
 Ere long to part them in their agony,
 Parent and child ! How oft, where now we rode
 Over the billow, has a wretched son,
 Or yet more wretched sire, grown grey in chains,
 Laboured, his hands upon the oar, his eyes
 Upon the land—the land, that gave him birth ;

¹ Paganino Doria, Nicolò Pisani ; those great seamen, who balanced for so many years the fortunes of Genoa and Venice.

And, as he gazed, his homestall through his tears
Fondly imagined; when a Christian ship
Of war appearing in her bravery,
A voice in anger cried, "Use all your strength!"


But when, ah when, do they that can, forbear
To crush the unresisting? Strange, that men,
Creatures so frail, so soon, alas, to die,
Should have the power, the will to make this world
A dismal prison-house, and life itself,
Life in its prime, a burden and a curse
To him who never wronged them? Who that
breathes

Would not, when first he heard it, turn away
As from a tale monstrous, incredible?
Surely a sense of our mortality,
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone,
Or, if we linger—but a few short years—
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
Should of itself incline to pity and love,
And prompt us rather to assist, relieve,
Than aggravate the evils each is heir to.

At length the day departed, and the moon
Rose like another sun, illumining
Waters and woods and cloud-capt promontories,
Glades for a hermit's cell, a lady's bower,
Scenes of Elysium, such as Night alone
Reveals below, nor often—scenes that fled
As at the waving of a wizard's wand,
And left behind them, as their parting gift,
A thousand nameless odours. All was still;
And now the nightingale her song poured forth
In such a torrent of heart-felt delight,
So fast it flowed, her tongue so voluble,
As if she thought her hearers would be gone
Ere half was told. 'Twas where in the north-west,
Still unassailed and unassailable,
Thy pharos, Genoa, first displayed itself,

Burning in stillness on its craggy seat ;
 That guiding star so oft the only one,
 When those now glowing in the azure vault
 Are dark and silent. 'Twas where o'er the sea,
 (For we were now within a cable's length,)
 Delicious gardens hung ; green galleries,
 And marble terraces in many a flight,
 And fairy-arches flung from cliff to cliff,
 Wildering, enchanting ; and, above them all,
 A Palace, such as somewhere in the East,
 In Zenastan or Araby the blest,
 Among its golden groves and fruits of gold,
 And fountains scattering rainbows in the sky,
 Rose, when Aladdin rubbed the wondrous lamp ;
 Such, if not fairer ; and, when we shot by,
 A scene of revelry, in long array
 As with the radiance of the setting sun,
 The windows blazing. But we now approached
 A City far-renowned ; and wonder ceased.

GENOA.

 HIS house was Andrea Doria's. Here
 he lived ;¹
 And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,
 Held many a pleasant, many a grave
 discourse
 With them that sought him, walking to and fro

¹ The Piazza Doria, or, as it is now called, the Piazza di San Matteo, insignificant as it may be thought, is to me the most interesting place in Genoa. It was there that Doria assembled the people, when he gave them their liberty (*Sigonii Vita Doriæ*) ; and on one side of it is the church he lies buried in, on the other a house, originally, of very small dimensions, with this inscription : S. C. Andreae de Auria Patriæ Liberatori Munus Publicum.

The streets of old Genoa, like those of Venice, were constructed only for foot-passengers.

As on his deck. 'Tis less in length and breadth
 Than many a cabin in a ship of war ;
 But 'tis of marble and at once inspires
 The reverence due to ancient dignity.

He left it for a better ; and 'tis now
 A house of trade,¹ the meanest merchandise
 Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,
 'Tis still the noblest dwelling—even in Genoa !
 And hadst thou, Andrea, lived there to the last,
 Thou hadst done well ; for there is that without,
 That in the wall, which monarchs could not give,
 Nor thou take with thee, that which says aloud,
 It was thy Country's gift to her Deliverer.

'Tis in the heart of Genoa (he who comes,
 Must come on foot) and in a place of stir ;
 Men on their daily business, early and late,
 Thronging thy very threshold. But, when there,
 Thou wert among thy fellow-citizens,
 Thy children, for they hailed thee as their sire ;
 And on a spot thou must have loved, for there,
 Calling them round, thou gav'st them more than
 life,

Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the keeping.
 There thou didst do indeed an act divine ;
 Nor couldst thou leave thy door or enter in,
 Without a blessing on thee.

Thou art now
 Again among them. Thy brave mariners
 They who had fought so often by thy side,
 Staining the mountain-billows, bore thee back ;
 And thou art sleeping in thy funeral-chamber.

Thine was a glorious course ; but couldst thou
 there,
 Clad in thy cere-cloth—in that silent vault,
 Where thou art gathered to thy ancestors—

¹ When I saw it in 1822, a basket-maker lived on the ground floor,
 and over him a seller of chocolate.

Open thy secret heart and tell us all,
 Then should we hear thee with a sigh confess,
 A sigh how heavy, that thy happiest hours
 Were passed before these sacred walls were left,
 Before the ocean-wave thy wealth reflected,¹
 And pomp and power drew envy, stirring up
 The ambitious man,² that in a perilous hour
 Fell from the plank.

MARCO GRIFFONI.

WAR is a game at which all are sure to lose, sooner or later, play they how they will ; yet every nation has delighted in war, and none more in their day than the little republic of Genoa, whose galleys, while she had any, were always burning and sinking those of the Pisans, the Venetians, the Greeks, or the Turks ; Christian and Infidel alike to her.

But experience, when dearly bought, is seldom thrown away altogether. A moment of sober reflection came at last ; and after a victory, the most splendid and ruinous of any in her annals, she resolved from that day and for ever to live at peace with all mankind ; having in her long career acquired nothing but glory and a tax on every article of life.

Peace came, but with none of its blessings. No stir in the harbour, no merchandise in the mart or on the quay ; no song as the shuttle was thrown

¹ Alluding to the Palace which he built afterwards, and in which he twice entertained the Emperor Charles the Fifth. It is the most magnificent edifice on the bay of Genoa.

² Fiesco. For an account of his Conspiracy, see Robertson's "History of Charles the Fifth."

or the ploughshare broke the furrow. The frenzy had left a languor more alarming than itself. Yet the burden must be borne, the taxes be gathered; and, year after year, they lay like a curse on the land, the prospect on every side growing darker and darker, till an old man entered the senate-house on his crutches and all was changed.

Marco Griffoni was the last of an ancient family, a family of royal merchants; and the richest citizen in Genoa, perhaps in Europe. His parents dying while yet he lay in the cradle, his wealth had accumulated from the year of his birth; and so noble a use did he make of it when he arrived at manhood, that wherever he went, he was followed by the blessings of the people. He would often say, "I hold it only in trust for others;" but Genoa was then at her old amusement, and the work grew on his hands. Strong as he was, the evil he had to struggle with was stronger than he. His cheerfulness, his alacrity left him; and, having lifted up his voice for Peace, he withdrew at once from the sphere of life he had moved in—to become, as it were, another man.

From that time and for full fifty years he was to be seen sitting, like one of the founders of his House, at his desk among his money-bags, in a narrow street near the Porto Franco; and he, who in a famine had filled the granaries of the State, sending to Sicily and even to Egypt, now lived only as for his heirs, though there were none to inherit; giving no longer to any—but lending to all—to the rich on their bonds and the poor on their pledges; lending at the highest rate, and exacting with the utmost rigour. No longer relieving the miserable, he sought only to enrich himself by their misery; and there he sate in his gown of frieze, till every

finger was pointed at him in passing and every tongue exclaimed, "There sits the Miser!"

But in that character and amidst all that obloquy he was still the same as ever, still acting to the best of his judgment for the good of his fellow-citizens; and when the measure of their calamities was full, when Peace had come, but had come to no purpose, and the lesson, as he flattered himself, was graven deep in their minds, then, but not till then, though his hair had long grown grey, he threw off the mask and gave up all he had, to annihilate at a blow his great and cruel adversaries,¹ those taxes which, when excessive, break the hearts of the people; a glorious achievement for an individual, though a bloodless one, and such as only can be conceived possible in a small community like theirs.

Alas, how little did he know of human nature! How little had he reflected on the ruling passion of his countrymen, so injurious to others and at length so fatal to themselves! Almost instantly they grew arrogant and quarrelsome; almost instantly they were in arms again; and, before the statue was up, that had been voted to his memory, every tax, if we may believe the historian,² was laid on as before, to awaken vain regrets and wise resolutions.

¹ Such as the Gabelles formerly in France; "où le droit," says Montesquieu, "excédoit de dix-sept fois la valeur de la marchandise." Salt is an article, of which none know the value, who have not known the want of it.

² Who he is, I have yet to learn. The story was told to me many years ago by a great reader of the old annalists; but I have searched everywhere for it in vain.

A FAREWELL.¹

AND now farewell to Italy—perhaps
 For ever! Yet, methinks, I could
 not go,
 I could not leave it, were it mine to
 say,

“Farewell for ever!” Many a courtesy,
 That sought no recompense, and met with none
 But in the swell of heart with which it came,
 Have I experienced; not a cabin-door,
 Go where I would, but opened with a smile;
 From the first hour, when, in my long descent,
 Strange perfumes rose, rose as to welcome me,
 From flowers that ministered like unseen spirits;
 From the first hour, when vintage-songs broke
 forth,

A grateful earnest, and the Southern lakes,
 Dazzlingly bright, unfolded at my feet;
 They that receive the cataracts, and ere long
 Dismiss them, but how changed—onward to roll
 From age to age in silent majesty,
 Blessing the nations, and reflecting round
 The gladness they inspire.

Gentle or rude,

No scene of life but has contributed
 Much to remember—from the Polesine,
 Where, when the south-wind blows and clouds on
 clouds
 Gather and fall, the peasant freights his boat,
 A sacred ark, slung in his orchard-grove;

¹ Written at Susa, May 1, 1822.

Mindful to migrate when the king of floods¹
 Visits his humble dwelling, and the keel,
 Slowly uplifted over field and fence,
 Floats on a world of waters—from that low,
 That level region, where no Echo dwells,
 Or, if she comes, comes in her saddest plight,
 Hoarse, inarticulate—on to where the path
 Is lost in rank luxuriance, and to breathe
 Is to inhale distemper, if not death ;²
 Where the wild-boar retreats, when hunters chafe,
 And, when the day-star flames, the buffalo-herd,
 Afflicted, plunge into the stagnant pool,
 Nothing discerned amid the water-leaves,
 Save here and there the likeness of a head,
 Savage, uncouth ; where none in human shape
 Comes, save the herdsman, levelling his length
 Of lance with many a cry, or, Tartar-like,
 Urging his steed along the distant hill
 As from a danger. There, but not to rest,
 I travelled many a dreary league, nor turned
 (Ah then least willing, as who had not been ?)
 When in the South, against the azure sky,
 Three temples rose in soberest majesty,

¹ The Po. “ Chaque maison est pourvue de bateaux, et lorsque l'inondation s'annonce,” &c.—*Lettres de Chateaufieux*.

² It was somewhere in the Maremma, a region so fatal to so many, that the unhappy Pia, a Siennese lady of the family of Tolommei, fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of her husband. Thither he conveyed her in the sultry time,

“ tra'l Luglio e'l Settembre ;”

having resolved in his heart that she should perish there, even though he perished there with her. Not a word escaped from him on the way, not a syllable in answer to her remonstrances or her tears ; and in sullen silence he watched patiently by her till she died.

“ Siena mi fe ; disfecemi Maremma,
 Salsi colui, che'nnanellata pria,
 Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma.”

The Maremma is continually in the mind of Dante ; now as swarming with serpents, and now as employed in its great work of destruction.

The wondrous work of some heroic race.¹

But now a long farewell! Oft, while I live,
 If once again in England, once again²
 In my own chimney-nook, as Night steals on,
 With half-shut eyes reclining, oft, methinks,
 While the wind blusters and the drenching rain
 Clatters without, shall I recall to mind
 The scenes, occurrences, I met with here
 And wander in Elysium; many a note
 Of wildest melody, magician-like
 Awakening, such as the Calabrian horn
 Along the mountain-side, when all is still,
 Pours forth at folding-time; and many a chant,
 Solemn, sublime, such as at midnight flows
 From the full choir, when richest harmonies
 Break the deep silence of thy glens, La Cava;
 To him who lingers there with listening ear
 Now lost and now descending as from Heaven!



AND now a parting word is due from him
 Who, in the classic fields of Italy,
 (If haply thou hast borne with him so
 long,)

Through many a grove by many a fount has led
 thee,

By many a temple half as old as Time;
 Where all was still awakening them that slept,
 And conjuring up where all was desolate,

¹ The temples of Paestum.

² Who has travelled, and cannot say with Catullus,

“O quid solutis est beatius curis?
 Quum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
 Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.”

Where kings were mouldering in their funeral urns,
 And oft and long the vulture flapped his wing—
 Triumphs and masques.

Nature denied him much,
 But gave him at his birth what most he values ;
 A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
 For poetry, the language of the gods,
 For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
 A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
 The light of an ingenuous countenance,
 And what transcends them all, a noble action.

Nature denied him much, but gave him more ;
 And ever, ever grateful should he be,
 Though from his cheek, ere yet the down was there
 Health fled ; for in his heaviest hours would come
 Gleams such as come not now ; nor failed he then,
 (Then and through life his happiest privilege)
 Full oft to wander where the Muses haunt,
 Smit with the love of song.

'Tis now long since ;
 And now, while yet 'tis day, would he withdraw,
 Who, when in youth he strung his lyre, addressed
 A former generation. Many an eye,
 Bright as the brightest now, is closed in night,
 And many a voice, how eloquent, is mute,
 That, when he came, disdained not to receive
 His lays with favour. * * * * *

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 189, line 12.

'Tis not a tale that every hour brings with it.

“**L**INES of eleven syllables occur almost in every page of Milton; but though they are not unpleasing, they ought not to be admitted into heroic poetry; since the narrow limits of our language allow us no other distinction of epic and tragic measures.”

JOHNSON.

It is remarkable that He used them most at last. In the “Paradise Regained” they occur oftener than in the “Paradise Lost” in the proportion of ten to one; and let it be remembered that they supply us with another close, another cadence; that they add, as it were, a string to the instrument; and, by enabling the Poet to relax at pleasure, to rise and fall with his subject, contribute what is most wanted, compass, variety.

Shakespeare seems to have delighted in them, and in some of his soliloquies has used them four and five times in succession; an example I have not followed in mine. As in the following instance, where the subject is solemn beyond all others.

“To be, or not to be,” &c.

They come nearest to the flow of an unstudied eloquence, and should therefore be used in the drama; but why exclusively? Horace, as we learn from himself, admitted the *Musa Pedestris* in his happiest hours, in those when he was most at his ease; and we cannot regret her visits. To her we are indebted for more than half he has left us; nor was she ever at his elbow in greater dishabille, than when he wrote the celebrated “Journey to Brundisium.”

Page 190, line 20.

That winds beside the mirror of all beauty.

The following lines were written on the spot, and may

serve perhaps to recall to some of my readers what they have seen in this enchanting country.

“ I love to watch in silence till the Sun
Sets; and Mont Blanc, arrayed in crimson and gold,
Flings his gigantic shadow o’er the Lake;
That shadow, though it comes through pathless tracts,
Only less bright, less glorious than himself.
But, while we gaze, ’tis gone! And now he shines
Like burnished silver; all, below, the Night’s.

Such moments are most precious. Yet there are
Others, that follow fast, more precious still;
When once again he changes, once again
Clothing himself in grandeur all his own;
When, like a Ghost, shadowless, colourless,
He melts away into the Heaven of Heavens;
Himself alone revealed, all lesser things
As though they were not and had never been!”

Page 191, line 4.

never to be named,

See the “Odyssey,” lib. xix. v. 597, and lib. xxiii. v. 19.

Page 191, line 1.

St. Bruno’s once—

The Grande Chartreuse. It was indebted for its foundation to a miracle; as every guest may learn there from a little book that lies on the table in his cell, the cell allotted to him by the fathers.

“ In this year the Canon died, and, as all believed, in the odour of sanctity: for who in his life had been so holy, in his death so happy? But how false are the judgments of men! For when the hour of his funeral had arrived, when the mourners had entered the church, the bearers set down the bier, and every voice was lifted up in the Miserere, suddenly, and as none knew how, the lights were extinguished, the anthem stopt! A darkness succeeded, a silence as of the grave; and these words came in sorrowful accents from the lips of the dead. ‘ I am summoned before a Just God! - - - A Just God judgeth me! - - - I am condemned by a Just God!’ ”

“ In the church,” says the legend, “ there stood a young man with his hands clasped in prayer, who from that time resolved to withdraw into the desert. It was he whom we now invoke as St. Bruno.”

Page 198, line 8.

Glided along those aisles interminable,

Ils ont la même longueur que l'église de Saint-Pierre de Rome, et ils renferment quatre cents cellules.

Page 198, line 12.

*that house so rich of old,
So courteous,*

The words of Ariosto.

“una badia
Ricca—e cortesa a chiunque vi venia.”

Page 199, line 2.

He was nor dull nor contradictory,

Not that I felt the confidence of Erasmus, when, on his way from Paris to Turin, he encountered the dangers of Mont Cenis in 1507; when, regardless of torrent and precipice, he versified as he went; composing a poem on horseback,¹ and writing it down at intervals as he sat in the saddle²—an example, I imagine, followed by few.

Much indeed of “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage,” as the Author assured me, was conceived and executed in like manner on his journey through Greece; but the work was performed in less unfavourable circumstances; for, if his fits of inspiration were stronger, he travelled on surer ground.

Page 201, line 12.

And gathered from above, below, around,

The Author of “Lalla Rookh,” a Poet of such singular felicity as to give a lustre to all he touches, has written a song on this subject, called the Crystal-hunters.

Page 207, line 16.

*every look
Went to the heart, for from the heart it came,*

When may not our minds be said to stream into each other, for how much by the light of the countenance comes from the child to the mother before he has the gift of speech;

¹ “Carmen equestre, vel potius Alpestre.”—ERASMUS.

² “Notans in chartâ super sellam.”—*Idem*.

and how much afterwards in like manner comes to console us and to cheer us in our journey through life, for when even to the last cannot we give, cannot we receive what no words can convey?

And is not this the universal language, the language of all nations from the beginning of Time; which comes with the breath of life, nor goes till life itself is departing?

Page 211, line 1.

I love to sail along the Larian Lake

Originally thus:

“I love to sail along the Larian Lake
Under the shore—though not, where'er he dwelt,
To visit Pliny—not, where'er he dwelt,
Whate'er his humour; for from cliff to cliff,
From glade to glade, adorning as he went,
He moved at pleasure, many a marble porch,
Dorian, Corinthian, rising at his call.”

Page 216, line 22.

My omelet, and a flagon of hill-wine,

Originally thus:

“My omelet, and a trout, that, as the sun
Shot his last ray through Zanga's leafy grove,
Leaped at a golden fly, had happily
Fled from all eyes;”

Zanga is the name of a beautiful villa near Bergamo, in which Tasso finished his Tragedy of *Torrismondo*. It still belongs to his family.

Page 216, line 27.

Bartering my bread and salt for empty praise.

After line 27, in the MS.

“That evening, tended on with verse and song,
I closed my eyes in heaven, but not to sleep;
A Columbine, my nearest neighbour there,
In her great bounty, at the midnight-hour
Bestowing on the world two Harlequins.”

Chapelle and Bachaumont fared no better at Salon, “à cause d'une comédienne, qui s'avisa d'accoucher de deux petits comédiens.”

Page 217, line 3.

And shall I sup where Juliet at the Masque

Originally thus :

“ And shall I sup where Juliet at the Masque
First saw and loved, and now, by him who came
That night a stranger, sleeps from age to age?”

An old Palace of the Cappelletti, with its uncouth balcony and irregular windows, is still standing in a lane near the Market-place; and what Englishman can behold it with indifference?

When we enter Verona, we forget ourselves and are almost inclined to say with Dante,

“ Vieni a veder Montecchi, e Cappelletti.”

Page 217, line 5.

Such questions hourly do I ask myself;

It has been observed that in Italy the memory sees more than the eye. Scarcely a stone is turned up that has not some historical association, ancient or modern; that may not be said to have gold under it.

Page 217, line 7.

“ *To Ferrara* ”—

Fallen as she is, she is still, as in the days of Tassoni,

“ *La gran donna del Po.*”

Page 217, line 17.

Would they had loved thee less, or feared thee more!

From the sonnet of Filicaja, “ *Italia! Italia!* ” &c.

Page 217, line 18.

Twice hast thou lived already;

Twice shone among the nations of the world,

All our travellers, from Addison downward, have diligently explored the monuments of her former existence; while those of her latter have, comparatively speaking, escaped observation. If I cannot supply the deficiency, I will not follow their example; and happy shall I be if by an intermixture of verse and prose I have furnished my countrymen on their travels with a pocket-companion.

Though the Obscure has its Worshippers, as well indeed

it may, for ever changing its aspect and now and then, if we may believe it, wearing the likeness of the Sublime; I have always endeavoured, with what success I cannot say, to express my thoughts and my feelings as naturally and as clearly in Verse as in Prose, sparing no labour and remembering the old Adage, "Le Temps n'épargne pas ce qu'on fait sans lui."

It was the boast of Boileau, and how much are we indebted to him, that he had taught Racine to write with difficulty, to do as others have done who have left what will live for ever.

"Weigh well every word nor publish till many years are gone by," is an Injunction which has descended from Age to Age, the Injunction of One¹ who could publish only in Manuscript and in Manuscript hope to survive; though now (such the energy of his Genius, such the excellence of his precept and his practice) in every Country, every Language, and in numbers almost numberless, our constant companion wherever we go.²

What would He have said now, when many a Volume, on its release from the Closet, wings its way in an instant over the Old World and the New, flying from City to City during the changes of the Moon; and when the words, which are uttered in our Senate at Midnight are delivered to thousands at Sun-rise and before Sun set are travelling to the Ends of the Earth?

Page 217, line 25.

If but a sinew vibrate,

There is a French proverb that must sometimes occur to an observer in the present age: "Beaucoup de mal, peu de bruit; Beaucoup de bruit, peu de mal."

To Lord John Russell are we indebted for that admirable definition of a Proverb, "The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

Page 218, line 16.

The bat came hither for a sleeping place;

A Mirror in the sixteenth century is said to have revealed a secret that led to less tragical consequences.

¹ Horace.

² Nineteen Centuries have passed away, and what scholar has not now his pocket-Horace?

John Galeazzo Visconte, Duke of Milan, becoming enamoured in his youth of a daughter of the House of Correggio, his gaiety, his cheerfulness left him, as all observed though none knew why ; till some Ladies of the Court, who had lived with him in great familiarity and who had sought and sought but never found, began to rally him on the subject, saying, "Forgive us our presumption, Sir ; but, as you are in love, for in love you must be, may we know who she is, that we may render honour to whom honour is due ; for it will be our delight no less than our duty to serve her ?"

The Duke was in dismay and endeavoured to fly, if it were possible, from so unequal a combat. But in flight there is no security when such an enemy is in the field ; and, being soon convinced that the more he resisted, the more he would be assailed, he resolved at once to capitulate ; and, commanding for the purpose a splendid entertainment, such as he was accustomed to give, he invited them, one and all ; not forgetting the lovely Correggia, who was as urgent as the rest, though she flattered herself that she knew the secret as well as he did.

When the banquet was over and the table-cloth removed, and every guest, as she sate, served with water for her fair hands and with a tooth-pick from the odoriferous mastic tree, a Cabinet of rich workmanship was placed on the table. "And now," said he, with a gaiety unusual to lovers, "And now, my dear ladies, as I can deny you nothing, come, one by one, and behold her ; for here she is !" As he spoke, he unfolded the doors of the Cabinet ; and each in her turn beheld the Portrait of a beautiful Girl.

The last to look and to see was Correggia, for so he had contrived it ; but no contrivance was wanted ; for, shrinking and agitated, she had hung back behind them all, till to her ear came the intelligence that the Portrait was unknown, and with the intelligence came the conviction that her fond heart had deceived her.

But what were her feelings when she looked and saw ; for at the touch of a spring the Portrait had vanished, and in a Mirror she saw—Herself !

Ricordi di Sabba Castiglione, 1559.

For this Story, as indeed for many others, I am indebted to my friend Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy ; and I am happy in this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to him.

Page 221, line 16.

Still glowing with the richest hues of art,

Several were painted by Giorgione and Titian; as, for instance, the Ca' Soranzo, the Ca' Grimani, and the Fondaco de' Tedeschi. Great was their emulation, great their rivalry, if we may judge from an anecdote related by Vasari; and with what interest must they have been observed in their progress, as they stood at work on their scaffolds, by those who were passing under them by land and by water! ¹

Page 222, line 20.

That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.

A pleasant instance of his wit and agility, was exhibited some years ago on the stage at Venice.

“The stutterer was in an agony; the word was inexorable. It was to no purpose that Harlequin suggested another and another. At length, in a fit of despair, he pitched his head full in the dying man's stomach, and the word bolted out of his mouth to the most distant part of the house.”—See MOORE's *View of Society in Italy*.

He is well described by Marmontel in the *Encyclopédie*.

“Personnage de la comédie italienne. Le caractère distinctif de l'ancienne comédie italienne est de jouer des ridicules, non pas personnels, mais nationaux. C'est une imitation grotesque des mœurs des différentes villes d'Italie; et chacune d'elles est représentée par un personnage qui est toujours le même. Pantalon est vénitien, le Docteur est bolonois, Scapin est napolitain, et Arlequin est bergamasque. Celui-ci est d'une singularité qui mérite d'être observée; et il a fait long-temps les plaisirs de Paris, joué par trois acteurs célèbres, Dominique, Thomassin, et Carlin. Il est vraisemblable qu'un esclave africain fut le premier modèle de ce personnage. Son caractère est un mélange d'ignorance, de naïveté, d'esprit, de bêtise et de grâce: c'est une espèce d'homme ébauché, un grand enfant, qui a des lueurs de raison et d'intelligence, et dont toutes les méprises ou les maladresses ont quelque chose de piquant. Le vrai modèle de son jeu est la souplesse, l'agilité, la gentillesse d'un jeune chat, avec une écorce de grossièreté qui rend son action plus plaisante; son rôle est celui d'un valet patient, fidèle, crédule, gourmand, toujours amoureux, toujours dans

¹ Frederic Zuccherò, in a drawing which I have seen, has introduced his brother Taddeo as so employed at Rome on the Palace Mattei, and Raphael and Michael Angelo as sitting on horseback among the spectators below.

l'embarras, ou pour son maître, ou pour lui-même ; qui s'afflige, qui se console avec la facilité d'un enfant, et dont la douleur est aussi amusante que la joie."

Page 223, line 28.

*A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.*

A Poet of our own Country, Mr. Wordsworth, has written a noble sonnet on the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

"Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee." &c.

Page 225, line 25.

and at once she fell.

There was, in my time, another republic, a place of refuge for the unfortunate, and, not only at its birth, but to the last hour of its existence, which had established itself in like manner among the waters and which shared the same fate;—a republic, the citizens of which, if not more enterprising, were far more virtuous,¹ and could say also to the great nations of the world, "Your countries were acquired by conquest or by inheritance; but ours is the work of our own hands. We renew it, day by day; and, but for us, it might cease to be to-morrow!"—a republic, in its progress, for ever warred on by the elements and how often by men more cruel than they; yet constantly cultivating the arts of peace, and, short as was the course allotted to it (only three times the life of man, according to the Psalmist) producing, amidst all its difficulties, not only the greatest seamen, but the greatest lawyers, the greatest physicians, the most accomplished scholars, the most skilful painters, and statesmen as wise as they were just.²

¹ It is related that Spinola and Richardot, when on their way to negotiate a treaty at the Hague in 1608, saw eight or ten persons land from a little boat, and, sitting down on the grass, make a meal of bread and cheese and beer. "Who are these travellers?" said the Ambassadors to a peasant.—"They are the deputies from the states," he answered, "our sovereign lords and masters."—"We must make peace," they cried. "These are not men to be conquered." VOLTAIRE.

² What names, for instance, are more illustrious than those of Barneveldt and De Witt? But when there were such mothers, there might well be such sons.

When Reinier Barneveldt was condemned to die for an attempt to revenge his father's death by assassination, his mother threw herself at the feet of Prince Maurice. "You did not deign," said he, "to ask for your husband's life; and why ask for your son's?"—"My husband," she replied, "was innocent; but my son is guilty."

De Witt was at once a model for the greatest and the least. Careless as he was of his life when in the discharge of his duty, he was

Page 226, line 25.

Playing at Mora

A national game of great antiquity, and most probably the "micare digitis" of the Romans. It is an old observation that few things are so lasting as the games of the young. They go down from one generation to another.

Page 226, line 26.

With Punchinello.—'Tis a game to strike.

Originally thus:

"With Punchinello, crying as in wrath
'Tre! Quattro! Cinque!'—'Tis a game to strike."

Page 228, line 8.

Mishap passed o'er thee like a summer-cloud.

When we wish to know if a man may be accounted happy, we should perhaps inquire, not whether he is prosperous or unprosperous, but how much he is affected by little things—by such as hourly assail us in the commerce of life, and are no more to be regarded than the buzzings and stings of a summer-fly.

Page 231, line 26.

Carrara.

Francis Carrara II.

Page 232, line 5.

That deep descent.

Les prisons des plombs, c'est-à-dire ces fournaies ardentes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais; les puits, c'est-à-dire ces fosses creusées sous les canaux, où le jour et la chaleur n'avaient jamais pénétré, étaient les silencieux dépositaires des mystérieuses vengeances de ce tribunal.

DARU.

always careful of his health; and to the question, how he was able to transact such a multiplicity of affairs, he would answer, "By doing only one thing at a time." A saying, which should not soon be forgotten and which may remind the reader of another, though of less value, by a great English Lawyer of the last Century, John Dunning. "I do a little; a little does itself; and the rest is undone."

Page 233, line 1.

Yet what so gay as Venice?

In a letter, written by Francesco Priscianese, a Florentine, there is an interesting account of an entertainment given in that city by Titian.

"I was invited," says he, "to celebrate the first of August (ferrare Agosto) in a beautiful garden belonging to that Great Painter,¹ a man who by his courtesies could give a grace and a charm to any thing festive;² and there, when I arrived, I found him in company with some of the most accomplished persons then in Venice; together with three of my countrymen, Pietro Aretino, Nardi the historian,³ and Sansovino so celebrated as a sculptor and an architect.

"Though the place was shady, the sun was still powerful; and, before we sat down at table, we passed our time in contemplating the excellent pictures with which the house was filled, and in admiring the order and beauty of the garden, which, being on the sea and at the northern extremity of Venice, looked directly on the little island of Murano and on others not less beautiful.

"Great indeed was our admiration, great our enjoyment, wherever we turned; and no sooner did the sun go down, than the water was covered with gondolettas adorned with ladies and resounding with the richest harmonies, vocal and instrumental, which continued till midnight and delighted us beyond measure, while we sat and supped, regaling ourselves with everything that was most exquisite."

Page 233, line 19.

"But who moves there, alone among them all?"

See the history of Bragadino, the Alchymist, as related by Daru. *Hist. de Venise*, c. 28.

¹ Great as he was, we know little of his practice. Palma the Elder, who studied under him, used to say that he finished more with the finger than the pencil.—BOSCHINI.

² His scholar Tintoret, if so much could not be said of him, would now and then enliven the conversation at his table with a sally that was not soon forgotten. Sitting one day there with his friend Bassan, "I tell thee what, Giacomo," said he: "if I had thy colouring and thou hadst my design, the Titians and Correggios and Raphaels should not approach us."—VERCI.

³ Nardi lived long, if not so long as Titian. Writing to Varchi on the 13th of July, 1555, he says: "I am still sound, though feeble; having on the twenty-first of the present month to begin to climb with my staff the steep ascent of the eightieth year of this my misspent life."—TIRABOSCHI.

The person that follows him was yet more extraordinary, and is said to have appeared there in 1687. See *Hermippus Redivivus*.

“Those who have experienced the advantages which all strangers enjoy in that City, will not be surprised that one who went by the name of Signor Gualdi was admitted into the best company, though none knew who or what he was. He remained there some months; and three things were remarked concerning him—that he had a small but inestimable collection of pictures, which he readily showed to anybody—that he spoke on every subject with such a mastery as astonished all who heard him—and that he never wrote or received any letter, never required any credit or used any bills of exchange, but paid for every thing in ready money, and lived respectably, though not splendidly.

“This gentleman being one day at the coffee-house, a Venetian nobleman, who was an excellent judge of pictures, and who had heard of Signor Gualdi’s collection, expressed a desire to see them; and his request was instantly granted. After observing and admiring them for some time, he happened to cast his eyes over the chamber-door, where hung a portrait of the Stranger. The Venetian looked upon it, and then upon him. ‘This is your portrait, Sir,’ said he to Signor Gualdi. The other made no answer but by a low bow. ‘Yet you look,’ he continued, ‘like a man of fifty; and I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead one hundred and thirty years. How is this possible?’ ‘It is not easy,’ said Signor Gualdi gravely, ‘to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly no crime in my being like a picture of Titian’s.’ The Venetian perceived that he had given offence and took his leave.

“In the evening he could not forbear mentioning what had passed to some of his friends, who resolved to satisfy themselves the next day by seeing the picture. For this purpose they went to the coffee-house about the time that Signor Gualdi was accustomed to come there; and, not meeting with him, inquired at his lodgings, where they learnt that he had set out an hour before for Vienna. This affair made a great stir at the time.”

Page 234, line 20.

All eye, all ear, no where and every where.

A Frenchman of high rank, who had been robbed at Venice and had complained in conversation of the negligence of the Police, saying that they were vigilant only as spies on the

stranger, was on his way back to the Terra Firma, when his gondola stopped suddenly in the midst of the waves. He inquired the reason; and his gondoliers pointed to a boat with a red flag, that had just made them a signal. It arrived; and he was called on board. "You are the Prince de Craon? Were you not robbed on Friday-evening?—I was.—Of what?—Of five hundred ducats.—And where were they?—In a green purse.—Do you suspect any body?—I do, a servant.—Would you know him again?—Certainly." The Interrogator with his foot turned aside an old cloak that lay there; and the Prince beheld his purse in the hand of a dead man. "Take it; and remember that none set their feet again in a country where they have presumed to doubt the wisdom of the government."

Page 234, line 23.

Most present when least thought of.

Une magistrature terrible, says Montesquieu, une magistrature établie pour venger les crimes qu'elle soupçonne.—Of the terror which it inspired he could speak from experience, if we may believe one of his contemporaries.

In Italy, says Diderot, he became acquainted with Lord Chesterfield, and they travelled on together, disputing all the way; each asserting and maintaining as for his life the intellectual superiority of his countrymen; till at length they came to Venice, where Montesquieu was prosecuting his researches with an ardour all his own, when he received a visit from a stranger, a Frenchman in a rusty garb, who thus addressed him. "You must wonder at my intrusion, sir; but, when the life of a countryman is in danger, I cannot remain silent, cost me what it may. In this city many a man has gone to his grave for one inconsiderate word, and you have uttered a thousand. Nor is it unknown to the Government that you write; and before the sun goes down—But I have said more than enough; and may it not be too late! Good morning to you, sir. All I beg of you in return is, that, if you see me again under any circumstances, you will not discover that you have seen me before."

The President, in the greatest consternation, prepared for instant flight, and had already committed his papers to the flames, when Chesterfield appeared and began to reason with him on the subject.

"What could be his motive? Friendship?"—"He did not know me."—"Money?"—"He asked for none."—"And all then for nothing; when, if detected, he would be strangled

on the spot!—No, no, my friend. He was sent, you may rest assured; and what would you say—but let me reflect a little—and what would you say, if you were indebted for this visit to an Englishman, a fellow-traveller of yours, to convince you by experience of what by argument he could never convince you—that one grain of our common sense, meanly as you may think of it, is worth a thousand of that *Esprit* on which you all value yourselves so highly; for with one grain of common sense——”

“Ah, villain!” exclaimed Montesquieu, “what a trick you have played me!—And my manuscript! my manuscript, which I have burnt!”

Page 236, line 13.

Silent, grass-grown.

When a Despot lays his hand on a Free City, how soon must he make the discovery of the Rustic, who bought Punch of the Puppet-show man, and complained that he would not speak!

Page 249, line 23.

Nothing but turned to hate!

There is a beautiful Precept which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: “Excuse half and forgive the rest.”

Page 253, line 17.

Such as a shipwrecked man might hope to build.

After which in the MS.

“A Crusoe, sorrowing in his loneliness——”

Page 254, line 22.

He cultured all that could refine, exult.

Thrice happy is he who acquires the habit of looking everywhere for excellencies and not for faults—whether in art or in nature—whether in a picture, a poem, or a character. Like the bee in its flight, he extracts the sweet and not the bitter wherever he goes; till his mind becomes a dwelling place for all that is beautiful, receiving, as it were by instinct, what is congenial to itself, and rejecting everything else almost as unconsciously as if it was not there.

Page 255, line 1.

*If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena.*

May I for a moment transport my reader into the depths of the Black Forest? It is for the sake of a little story which has some relation to the subject and which many, if I mistake not, will wish to be true.

“Farewell!” said the old Baron, as he conducted his guest to the Gate. “If you must go, you must. But promise to write, for we shall be anxious to hear of your entire recovery; though we cannot regret, as we ought to do, an illness by which we have been so much the gainers.” The young man said nothing, but the tears were in his eyes; and, as the carriage drove off, he looked back again and again on the venerable towers of the Castle in which he had experienced such kindness. “Nor can I regret my illness,” said he to himself with a sigh.

Sick and a stranger, he had been received and welcomed from a miserable inn in the village below. By the Baron he had been treated with the tenderness of a parent; and by his daughter—but the reader must fill up the sentence from what follows.

It was a younger son of the House of Modena, who was now travelling homeward along the banks of the Danube. What he thought at first to be gratitude, neither time nor distance could remove or diminish; and, having not long afterwards, by some unexpected circumstances, succeeded to the Dukedom, he wrote instantly to invite Her who had nursed him in his extremity, to come and share his throne. “You have given me life,” said he, “and you cannot refuse me that without which life would be of little value.”

Her answer was soon received. She would not deny the pleasure, the emotion with which she had read his letter. She would not conceal the friendship, the more than friendship, which she had conceived for him. “But I am no longer,” says she, “what I was. A cruel distemper has so entirely changed me that you would not know me; and, grateful as I shall ever feel for the honour and the happiness you intended for me, I must for your sake, for my own, decline them both, and remain here to devote myself to my Father in the obscurity in which you found me.”

“No,” he replied, “it was your mind, and not your person, beautiful as you then were, beautiful as in my eyes you must always continue to be, that won my regard. Come, for come you must and bring Him, my Friend, my Benefactor,

along with you, that with you I may study to make him happy; nor can I fail of success, for it shall be the business of my life to make *you* so."

She came, and as lovely as ever. It was a *ruse* to try the strength of his affection; and from her is said to have descended the race that now occupies the throne of Modena.

Page 255, line 21.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth.

This story is, I believe, founded on fact; though the time and place are uncertain. Many old houses in England lay claim to it.

Except in this instance and another (p. 345) I have everywhere followed history or tradition; and I would here, disburden my conscience in pointing out these exceptions lest the reader should be misled by them.

Page 257, line 18.

An old man wandering.

How affecting are such demonstrations of Grief!

We read of a Father who lost an only child by a fall from a window, and who, as long as he lived and however he might be employed, would suddenly break off and give the cry and the look and the gesture which he gave when it sprung from his arms and was gone.

It is said that Garrick was well acquainted with him and that, when solicited by the Actors in Paris to give some proof of his power, he gave what he had seen so often and with a truth that overcame them all.

Page 260, line 17.

and many a tower.

Such, perhaps, as suggested to Petrocchi the sonnet, "Io chiesi al Tempo," &c.

"I said to Time, 'This venerable pile,
Its floor the earth, its roof the firmament,
Whose was it once?' He answered not, but fled
Fast as before. I turned to Fame, and asked.
'Names such as his, to thee they must be known.
Speak!' But she answered only with a sigh,
And, musing mournfully, looked on the ground.
Then to Oblivion I addressed myself,

A dismal phantom, sitting at the gate;
 And, with a voice as from the grave, he cried,
 ' Whose it was once I care not; now 'tis mine.' ”¹

The same turn of thought is in an ancient inscription which Sir Walter Scott repeated to me many years ago, and which he had met with, I believe, in the cemetery of Melrose Abbey, when wandering, like Old Mortality, among the tomb-stones there.

“ The Earth walks on the Earth, glistening with gold;
 The Earth goes to the Earth, sooner than it wold.
 The Earth builds on the Earth temples and towers;
 The Earth says to the Earth, ‘ All will be ours.’ ”

Page 263, line 6.

South of the Church, east of the belfry-tower.

This Quarter of the City was at the close of the fourteenth century² the scene of a romantic incident that befell a young lady of the Amieri family, who, being crossed in love and sacrificed by her father to his avarice or his ambition, was, in the fourth year of an unhappy marriage, consigned to the grave.

With the usual solemnities she was conveyed to the Cemetery of the Cathedral, and deposited in a Sepulchre of the family that was long pointed out; but she was not to remain there. For she had been buried in a trance; and, awaking at midnight “ among them that slept,” she disengaged in the darkness her hands and her feet, and, climbing up the narrow staircase to a gate that had been left unlocked, came abroad into the moonshine, wondering where she was and what had befallen her. When she had in some degree recovered herself, she sought the house of her Husband;³ going forth in her grave-clothes and passing through the Street that was thenceforth to be called the Street of the Dead.⁴ But, when she arrived there and he beheld her, he started back as from a spectre, and shut the door against her and fled.

To her Father then she directed her steps, and afterwards to an Uncle, but with no better success; and now, being everywhere rejected and with horror,—what, alas, had she to do but to die—to return to the place from which in that garment she had wandered? For awhile in her agony she is

¹ For the last line I am indebted to a translation by the Rev. Charles Strong.

² October, 1396.

³ Nel Corso degli Adimari.

⁴ La Via della Morte, o, per dir meglio, della Morta.

said to have sheltered herself under the porch of St. Bartholomew; till the day beginning to break and the stir of life to gather round her, she resolved at once to fly for refuge to him who had loved her from their childhood, and who could never reject her.

Undistinguished in the crowd, he had followed the funeral-train; and, having taken a last look before She was removed from the bier, he was brooding at home on the Past, when a voice came through the lattice like a voice from heaven, and the interview let those imagine who can.

The sequel will surprise the reader, but we should remember when and where they lived. Her Husband claiming her, she appealed to the Ecclesiastical Court; and after due deliberation it was decided that, having been buried with the rites of the Church, and having passed through the grave, she was absolved from her vow and at liberty to marry again. —*Firenze Illustrata. L'Osservatore Fiorentino.*

Page 263, line 23.

*Sit thee down awhile
Then, by the gates, &c.*

“*Movemur enim nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quàm recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus: studiosèque eorum etiam sepulchra contemplor.*”—*CIC. de Legibus, ii. 2.*

Page 264, line 7.

*his, alas, to lead
A life of trouble.*

Great indeed are the miseries that here await the children of Genius; so exquisitely alive are they to every breath that stirs. But if they suffer more than others, more than others is it theirs to enjoy. Every gleam of sunshine on their journey has a lustre not its own; and to the last, come what may, how great is their delight when they pour forth their conceptions, when they deliver what they receive from the God that is within them; how great the confidence with which they look forward to the day, however distant, when those who are yet unborn shall bless them!

Page 268, line 13.

Whence Galileo's glass, &c.

His first instrument was presented by him to the Doge of Venice; and there is a tradition at Venice that he exhibited its wonders on the top of the tower of St. Mark.

His second, which discovered the satellites of Jupiter and was endeared to him, as he says, by much fatigue and by many a midnight-watch, remained entire, I believe, till very lately, in the Museum at Florence.

Kepler's letter to him on that discovery is very characteristic of the writer. "I was sitting idle at home, thinking of you and your letters, most excellent Galileo, when Wachenfels stopped his carriage at my door to tell me the news; and such was my wonder when I heard it, such my agitation (for at once it decided an old controversy of ours) that, what with his joy and my surprise, and the laughter of both, we were for some time unable, he to speak, and I to listen.—At last I began to consider how they could be there, without overturning my *Mysterium Cosmographicum*, published thirteen years ago. Not that I doubt their existence. So far from it, I am longing for a glass, that I may, if possible, get the start of you, and find two for Mars, six or eight for Saturn," &c.

In Jupiter and its satellites, seen as they now are, "we behold, at a single glance of the eye, a beautiful miniature of the planetary system," and perhaps of every system of worlds through the regions of space.

Page 269, line 1.

Beautiful Florence.

It is somewhere mentioned that Michael Angelo, when he set out from Florence to build the dome of St. Peter's, turned his horse round in the road to contemplate once more that of the cathedral, as it rose in the grey of the morning from among the pines and cypresses of the city, and that he said after a pause, "Come te non voglio! Meglio di te non posso!"¹ He never indeed spoke of it but with admiration; and, if we may believe tradition, his tomb by his own desire was to be so placed in the Santa Croce as that from it might be seen, when the doors of the church stood open, that noble work of Brunelleschi.

¹ Like thee I will not build one. Better than thee I cannot.

Page 269, line 20.

Round the green hill they went.

I have here followed Baldelli. It has been said that Boccaccio drew from his imagination. But is it likely, when he and his readers were living within a mile or two of the spot? Truth or fiction, it furnishes a pleasant picture of the manners and amusements of the Florentines in that day.

Page 271, line 12.

*Entering his closet, and, among his books,
Among the Great of every age and clime.*

Since the Invention of Letters, when we began to write, how much, that will live for ever, has come in solitude and in silence from the head and the heart! No Voice delivers it when it comes; yet on by its own energy it goes through the world, come whence it may—from the distant—from the dead; and on it will continue to go, enlightening millions yet unborn in regions yet undiscovered.

Page 271, line 19.

*sung of Old
For its green wine.*

La Verdea. It is celebrated by Rinuccini Redi, and most of the Tuscan Poets; nor is it unnoticed by some of ours.

“Say, he had been at Rome, and seen the relics,
Drunk your Verdea-wine,” &c.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Page 271, line 21.

that great Astronomer.

It is difficult to conceive what Galileo must have felt, when, having constructed his telescope, he turned it to the heavens, and saw the mountains and valleys in the moon.—Then the moon was another earth; the earth another planet; and all were subject to the same laws. What an evidence of the simplicity and the magnificence of nature!

But at length he turned it again, still directing it upward, and again he was lost; for he was now among the fixed stars; and, if not magnified as he expected them to be, they were multiplied beyond measure.

What a moment of exultation for such a mind as his! But as yet it was only the dawn of a day that was coming; nor

was he destined to live till that day was in its splendour. The great law of gravitation was not yet to be made known; and how little did he think, as he held the instrument in his hand, that we should travel by it so far as we have done; that its revelations would ere long be so glorious!

Among the innumerable stars now discovered, and at every improvement of the telescope we discover more and more, there are many at such a distance from this little planet of ours, that "their light must have taken at least a thousand years to reach us." The intelligence, which they may be said to convey to us, night after night, must therefore, when we receive it, be a thousand years old; for every ray, that comes, must have set out as long ago; and, "when we observe their places and note their changes," they may have ceased to exist for a thousand years.

Nor can their dimensions be less wonderful than their distances; if Sirius, as it is more than conjectured, be nearly equal to fourteen suns, and there are others that surpass Sirius.— Yet all of them must be as nothing in the immensity of space, and amidst the "numbers without number" that may never become visible here, though they were created *in the beginning*.—SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

Page 271, line 22.

*Seven years a prisoner at the city-gate,
Let in but in his grave-clothes.*

Galileo came to Arcetri at the close of the year 1633; and remained there, while he lived, by an order of the Inquisition.¹ It is without the walls, near the Porta Romana.

He was buried with all honour in the church of the Santa Croce.

Page 271, line 30.

Some verse of Ariosto!

Ariosto himself employed much of his time in gardening; and to his garden at Ferrara we owe many a verse.

Page 272, line 5.

Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff

It has pleased God, said he, that I should be blind, and must not I also be pleased?

¹ For believing in the motion of the earth. "They may issue their decrees," says Pascal, "it is to no purpose. If the earth is really turning round, all mankind together cannot keep it from turning, or keep themselves from turning with it."—*Les Provinciales*, xviii.

Page 272, line 10.

*Who could requite him—who would spread his name
O'er lands and seas.*

If we may judge from the progress which our language has made and is making, where, in what region however distant, may it not prevail? And how inspiring yet how awful is the reflection; for who among us can say where what he writes will not be read—where the seed which he sows will not spring up to good or to evil?

“I care not,” says Milton, “to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that; being content with these Islands as my world.”—Yet where may he not be named, and with reverence? Where may not the Verse which he delivered in trust to others as he sate dictating in his darkness, be treasured up in the memories and in the hearts of men; his language being theirs?

Page 272, line 13.

As in a glass, what he himself should be.

If such was their lot in life, if it was theirs to live under discountenance and in blindness, they were not without their reward; living, as so many have done, in the full assurance that their labour would not be lost, and that sooner or later the world would be the happier and the better for their having lived in it.

Page 272, line 30.

Florence and Pisa.

I cannot dismiss Pisa without a line or two: for much do I owe to her. If Time has levelled her ten thousand towers (for, like Lucca, she was “torreggiata a guisa d’un boschetto”) she has still her cathedral and her baptistery, her belfry and her cemetery; and from Time they have acquired more than they have lost.

“If many a noble monument is gone,
That said how glorious in her day she was,
There is a sacred place within her walls,
Sacred and silent, save when they that die,
Come there to rest, and they that live, to pray,
For then are voices heard, crying to God,
Where yet remain, apart from all things else,
Four, such as no where on the earth are seen

Assembled; and at even, when the sun
Sinks in the west, and in the east the moon
As slowly rises, her great round displaying
Over a City now so desolate—
Such is the grandeur, such the solitude,
Such their dominion in that solemn hour,
We stand and gaze and wonder where we are,
In this world or another.”

Page 274, line 8.

And lo, an atom on that dangerous sea.

Petrarch, as we learn from himself, was on his way to Ancisa; whither his mother was retiring. He was seven months old at the time.

Page 275, line 23.

and hence a world of woe!

If War is a calamity, what a calamity must be Civil War; for how cruel are the circumstances which it gives birth to!

“I had served long in foreign countries,” says an old soldier, “and had borne my part in the sack of many a town; but there I had only to deal with strangers; and I shall never, no never forget what I felt to-day, when a voice in my own language cried out to me for quarter.”

Page 276, line 17.

*Yet, when Slavery came,
Worse followed.*

It is remarkable that the noblest works of human genius have been produced in times of tumult; when every man was his own master, and all things were open to all. Homer, Dante, and Milton appeared in such times; and we may add Virgil.¹

Page 279, line 6.

But lo, the Sun is setting; earth and sky.

Originally thus:

“But let us hence. For now the Sun withdraws

¹ The Augustan Age, as it is called, what was it but a dying blaze of the Commonwealth? When Augustus began to reign, Cicero and Lucretius were dead. Catullus had written his satires against Caesar, and Horace and Virgil were no longer in their first youth. Horace had served under Brutus; and Virgil had been pronounced to be

“Magnæ spes altera Romæ.”

Setting to rise elsewhere—elsewhere to rise,
 Gladdening the nations that expect him there
 And on to go, dispensing light and life,
 On, while his absence here invites to sleep,
 Far as the Indus and the numerous Tribes
 That on their faces fall to hail his coming.”

Page 280, line 1.

It was an hour of universal joy.

Before line 1, in the MS.

“ The sun ascended, and the eastern sky
 Flamed like a furnace, while the western glowed
 As if another day was dawning there.”

Page 283, line 14.

no bush or green or dry.

A sign in our country as old as Shakspeare, and still used in Italy. “ Une branche d'arbre, attachée à une maison rustique, nous annonce les moyens de nous rafraîchir. Nous y trouvons du lait et des œufs frais; nous voilà contents.”—*Mém. de Goldoni.*

There is, or was very lately, in Florence a small wine-house with this inscription over the door, “ Al buon vino non bisogna frasca.” Good wine needs no bush. It was much frequented by Salvator Rosa, who drew a portrait of his hostess.

Page 287, line 25.

she must have wandered in her sleep.

What Poet before Shakspeare, has availed himself of the phenomenon here alluded to, a phenomenon so awful in his hands?

Page 290, line 26.

All things that strike, ennoble.

Such was the enthusiasm there at the revival of Art, that the discovery of a precious marble was an event for celebration; and, in the instance of the Laocoon, it was recorded on the tomb of the discoverer. “ Felici de Tredis, qui ob proprias virtutes, et repertum Laocoöntis divinum quod in Vaticano cernes ferè respirans simulacrum, immortalitatem meruit, A.D. 1528.”¹

¹ In the Church of Ara Cœli.

The Laocoon was found in the Baths of Titus, and, as we may conclude, in the very same chamber in which it was seen by the Elder Pliny. It stood alone there in a niche that is still pointed out to the traveller;¹ and well might it be hailed by the Poets of that day! What a moment for the imagination, when, on the entrance of a torch, it emerged at once from the darkness of so long a night!

There is a letter on the subject, written by Francesco da S. Gallo, in 1567.

“Some statues being discovered in a vineyard near S. Maria Maggiore, the Pope said to a groom of the stables, ‘Tell Giuliano da S. Gallo to go and see them;’ and my Father, when he received the message, went directly to Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who was always to be found at home (being at that time employed on the Mausoleum), and they set out together on horseback; I, who was yet a child, riding on the crupper behind my Father.

“When they arrived there and went down, they exclaimed, ‘This is the Laocoon of which Pliny makes mention!’ and the opening was enlarged that the marble might be taken out and inspected; and they returned to dinner, discoursing of ancient things.”

Page 292, line 14.

But whence spoke

They who harangued the people; turning now.

It was Caius Gracchus who introduced vehement action and the practice of walking to and fro when they spoke.—*Dio. fragm.* xxxiv. 90.

Page 292, line 27.

Scorning the chains he could not hope to break.

We are told that Cæsar passed the Rubicon and overthrew the Commonwealth; but the seeds of destruction were already in the Senate-house, the Forum, and the Camp. When Cæsar fell, was liberty restored?

History, as well as Poetry, delights in a hero, and is for ever ascribing to one what was the work of many; for, as men, we are flattered by such representations of human greatness; forgetting how often leaders are led, and over-

¹ The walls and the niche are of a bright vermilion. See “Observations on the Colours of the Ancients,” by Sir Humphry Davy, with whom I visited this chamber in 1814.

looking the thousand thousand springs of action by which the events of the world are brought to pass.

Page 293, line 20.

Well might the great, the mighty of the world.

“Rien ne servit mieux Rome, que le respect qu'elle imprima à la terre. Elle mit d'abord les rois dans le silence, et les rendit comme stupides. Il ne s'agissoit pas du degré de leur puissance ; mais leur personne propre étoit attaquée. Risquer une guerre, c'étoit s'exposer à la captivité, à la mort, à l'infamie du triomphe.”—MONTESQUIEU.

Page 294, line 13.

Some invoked

Death and escaped.

“Spare me, I pray, this indignity,” said Perseus to Æmilius. “Make me not a public spectacle; drag me not through your streets.”—“What you ask for,” replied the Roman, “is in your own power.”—PLUTARCH.

Page 297, line 28.

then on that master-piece.

“You admire that picture,” said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the Refectory of his Convent, the figures as large as the life. “I have sat at my meals before it for seven and forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place among us—so many have come and gone in the time—that, when I look upon the company there—upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are—I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows.”

The celebrated fresco of Lionardo da Vinci in the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan must again and again have suggested the same reflection. Opposite to it stood the Prior's table, the monks sitting down the chamber on the right and left; and the Artist, throughout his picture, has evidently endeavoured to make it correspond with what he saw when they were assembled there. The table-cloth, with the corners tied up, and with its regular folds as from the press, must have been faithfully copied; and the dishes and drinking-cups are, no doubt, such as were used by the fathers in that day.—See GOETHE, vol. xxxix. p. 94.

Indefatigable was Lionardo in the prosecution of this work. “I have seen him,” says Bandello the novelist, “mount the

scaffold at day-break and continue there till night, forgetting to eat or drink. Not but that he would sometimes leave it for many days together, and then return only to meditate upon it, or to touch and retouch it here and there." The Prior was for ever complaining of the little progress that he made, and the Duke at last consented to speak to him on the subject. His answer is given by Vasari. "Perhaps I am then most busy when I seem to be most idle, for I must think before I execute. But, think as I will, there are two persons at the supper to whom I shall never do justice—Our Lord and the disciple who betrayed Him. Now if the Prior would but sit to me for the last——"

The Prior gave him no more trouble.

Page 301, line 1.

Have none appeared as tillers of the ground.

The Author of the Letters to Julia has written admirably on this subject.

"All sad, all silent! O'er the ear
No sound of cheerful toil is swelling.
Earth has no quickening spirit here,
Nature no charm, and Man no dwelling!"

Not less admirably has he described a Roman Beauty; such as "weaves her spells beyond the Tiber."

"Methinks the Furies with their snakes,
Or Venus with her zone might gird her;
Of fiend and goddess she partakes,
And looks at once both Love and Murder."

Page 304, line 17.

Wander like strangers.

It was not always so. There were once within her walls "more erected spirits."

"Let me recall to your mind," says Petrarch, in a letter to old Stephen Colonna, "the walk we took together at a late hour in the broad street that leads from your palace to the Capitol. To me it seems as yesterday, though it was ten years ago. When we arrived where the four ways meet, we stopped; and, none interrupting us, discoursed long on the fallen fortunes of your House. Fixing your eyes steadfastly upon me and then turning them away full of tears, 'I have nothing now,' you said, 'to leave my children. But a still greater calamity awaits me—I shall inherit from them all.' You remember the words, no doubt; words so fully

accomplished. I certainly do; and as distinctly as the old sepulchre in the corner, on which we were leaning with our elbows at the time.”—*Epist. Famil.* viii. 1.

The sepulchre here alluded to must have been that of Bibulus; and what an interest it derives from this anecdote! Stephen Colonna was a hero worthy of antiquity; and in his distress was an object, not of pity, but of reverence. When overtaken by his pursuers and questioned by those who knew him not, “I am Stephen Colonna,” he replied, “a citizen of Rome!” and, when in the last extremity of battle a voice cried out to him, “Where is now your fortress, Colonna?” “Here!” he answered gaily, laying his hand on his heart.

Page 305, line 5.

Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric.

Music; and from the loftiest strain to the lowliest, from a Miserere in the Holy Week to the Shepherd’s humble offering in Advent; the last, if we may judge from its effects, not the least subduing, perhaps the most so.

Once, as I was approaching Frescati in the sunshine of a cloudless December-morning, I observed a rustic group by the road-side, before an image of the Virgin, that claimed the devotions of the passenger from a niche in a vineyard-wall. Two young men from the mountains of the Abruzzi, in their long brown cloaks, were playing a Christmas-carol. Their instruments were a hautboy and a bagpipe; and the air, wild and simple as it was, was such as she might accept with pleasure. The ingenuous and smiling countenances of these rude minstrels, who seemed so sure that she heard them, and the unaffected delight of their little audience, all younger than themselves, all standing uncovered and moving their lips in prayer, would have arrested the most careless traveller.

Page 309, line 1.

To the black pall, the requiem.

Among other ceremonies a pall was thrown over her, and a requiem sung.

Page 309, line 22.

And the young nymph, preparing for the dance.

“Io piglio, quando il dì giunge al confine,
Le lucciole ne’ prati ampj ridotte,
E, come gemme, le comparto al crine;

Poi fra l'ombra da' rai vivi interrotte
 Mi presento ai Pastori, e ognun mi dice;
 Clori ha la stelle al crin come ha la Notte."

VARANO.

Page 310, line 9.

Those trees, religious once and always green.

Pliny mentions an extraordinary instance of longevity in the ilex. "There is one," says he, "in the Vatican, older than the City itself. An Etruscan inscription in letters of brass attests that even in those days the tree was held sacred."

Page 321, line 6.

Three days they lay in ambush at my gate.

This story was written in the year 1820, and is founded on the many narratives which at that time were circulating in Rome and Naples.

Page 324, line 14.

I had almost forgotten how to pray.

"Pray that you may pray;" said a venerable Pastor to one who came to lament that he had lost the privilege of prayer.

It is related of a great transgressor that he awaked at last to reflection as from a dream, and on his knees had recourse to the prayer of his childhood.

Page 325, line 21.

And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide.

If the bay of Naples is still beautiful, if it still deserves the epithet of *pulcherrimus*, what must it not once have been;¹ and who, as he sails round it, can imagine it to himself as it was—when not only the villas of the Romans were in their splendour,² but the temples; when those of Herculaneum and Pompeii and Baia and Puteoli, and how many more, were standing, each on its eminence or on the margin

¹ "Antequam Vesuvius mons, ardescens, faciem loci verteret."—TACIT. *Annal.* iv. 67.

² With their groves and porticoes they were everywhere along the shore, "erat enim frequens amœnitas oræ;" and what a neighbourhood must have been there in the last days of the Commonwealth, when such men as Cæsar and Pompey and Lucullus, and Cicero and Hortensius and Brutus, were continually retiring thither from the cares of public life!

of the sea; while, with choral music and with a magnificence that had exhausted the wealth of kingdoms,¹ the galleys of the Imperial Court were anchoring in the shade or moving up and down in the sunshine.

Page 329, line 1.

the house of Pansa.

Pansa, the Ædile; according to some of the interpreters; but the inscription at the entrance is very obscure.

It is remarkable that Cicero, when on his way to Cilicia, was the bearer of a letter to Atticus "ex Pansæ Pompeiano."² (Ad. Att. v. 3.) That this was the house in question; and that in the street, as we passed along, we might have met him, coming or going, every pilgrim to Pompeii must wish to believe.

But delighting in the coast and in his own Pompeianum, (Ad. Att. ii. 1), he could be no stranger in that City; and often must he have received there such homage as ours.

Page 337, line 8.

*He clanks his fetters to disturb my peace.
Yet who would wear them.*

I cannot here omit some lines by a Friend of mine now no more.

“For who would make his life a life of toil
For wealth, o’erbalanced with a thousand cares;
Or power, which base compliance must uphold;
Or honour, lavished most on courtly slaves;
Or fame, vain breath of a misjudging world;
Who for such perishable gaudes would put
A yoke upon his free unbroken spirit,
And gall himself with trammels and the rubs
Of this world’s business?”

LEWESDON HILL.

Page 343, line 2.

to thy great wall, Cathay.

China. After line 2. in the MS.

“That wall, so massive, so interminable,
For ever, with its battlements and towers,

¹ “Gemmatis puppibus, versicoloribus velis,” &c.—SÜETON. *Calig.* 37.

² According to Grævius. The manuscripts disagree.

Climbing, descending, from assault to guard
 A people numerous as the ocean-sands,
 And glorying as the mightiest of mankind;
 Yet where they are, contented to remain;
 From age to age resolved to cultivate
 Peace and the arts of peace—turning to gold
 The very ground they tread on and the leaves
 They gather from their trees, year after year.”¹

Page 345, line 1.

‘What hangs behind that curtain?’

This story, if a story it may be called, is fictitious; and I have done little more than give it as I received it.

Page 350, line 31.

How oft, where now we rode.

Every reader of Spanish poetry is acquainted with that affecting romance of Gongora,

“*Amarrado al duro banco,*” &c.

Lord Holland has translated it in his excellent *Life of Lope de Vega*.

Page 352, line 20.

This house was Andrea Doria’s.

There is a custom on the Continent well worthy of notice. In Boulogne we read as we ramble through it, “*Ici est mort l’Auteur de Gil Blas;*” in Rouen, “*Ici est né Pierre Corneille;*” in Geneva, “*Ici est né Jean-Jacques Rousseau:*” and in Dijon there is the *Maison Bossuet*; in Paris, the *Quai Voltaire*. Very rare are such memorials among us; and yet, wherever we met with them, in whatever country they were or of whatever age, we should surely say that they were evidences of refinement and sensibility in the people. The house of Pindar was spared

“when temple and tower
 Went to the ground;”

and its ruins were held sacred to the last. According to Pausanias, they were still to be seen in the second century.

¹ An allusion to the porcelain and the tea of the Chinese.

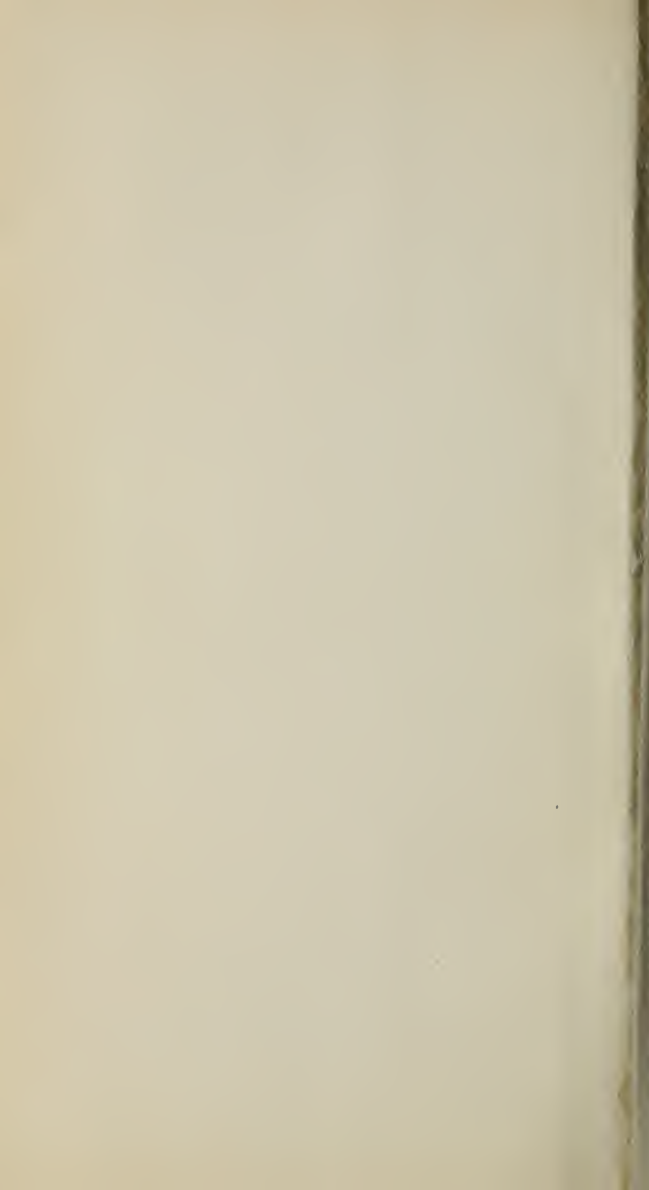
Page 360, line 11.

And what transcends them all, a noble action.

After line 11 in the MS.

“ What though his ancestors, early or late,
Were not ennobled by the breath of kings;
Yet in his veins was running at his birth
The blood of those most eminent of old
For wisdom, virtue—those who could renounce
The things of this world for their conscience-sake,
And die like blessed martyrs.”

THE END.





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