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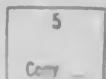
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## P R E F A C E .

OF all the poets of modern times, Byron and Moore have proved themselves the most eminently qualified to illustrate the charms of female grace and beauty : their poems, melodies and songs, teem with all that is most rare, impassioned and refined ; forming a beau-ideal, wherein, "the angel, yet the woman too," fills up the measure of the soul's content. In presenting, therefore, to the Public, this selection from the poems of these great authors, the publishers have acted under the impression that they were not only making an offering worthy of its taste and judgment, but also of its patronage and support ; for, as one of the highest aims of Art is to refine and chasten the mind, lifting it above the grosser pleasures of sense, and thereby rendering it susceptible of exquisite gratification from the contemplation of all that is most true and beautiful in Art and Nature, it must follow as a consequence, that the sublime *Source* of all Truth and Beauty, cannot fail to be more forcibly acknowledged, and the mind thus rendered wiser, better and happier.

It, however, but too often happens, that in the most celebrated productions, both of Literature and Art, there are found, as is frequently the case in the most costly blocks of Parian marble, some blemish or vein, which renders it as a whole, unfit for the uses of the Sculptor, though in parts, it furnishes material for his most precious purposes. In these selections, the latter observation will be fully exemplified, as all those passages which, in the works of these authors, have been considered flaws or shadows on their original brightness, are here carefully excluded. So that the reader is now presented with a series of intellectual gems, worthy of the genius of those whose  
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names they bear—names consecrated, not only by those qualities which form the poet, but also by those virtues which make the man! These are finely reflected throughout their works; where Love, Friendship, Patriotism and Devotion are portrayed with all the fervor and beauty, of which language is capable, but also with all that force and fire which, proceeding from true inspiration, must ever command the admiration of mankind, and place the names of Byron and Moore amongst the sacred few, whose genius has gained for them the meed of Immortality.

To render this volume an attractive ornament for the drawing-room and library, the publishers have spared neither pains nor expense in procuring suitable embellishments from designs by celebrated artists, in the various departments of History, Landscape and Portrait; accompanied by Historical, Biographical and Critical Notices of the Authors.



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## LEILA.

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The Giaour, a fragment of a Turkish tale, is partly drawn from real life. It is a wild and singular poem, for its irregularity gives it additional interest; and the descriptive digressions abounding in it contain some of the choicest gems that poetry possesses, or poets have ever conceived. The description of Leila is the first regular portrait of female loveliness that Byron produced, and is very pretty.

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,  
It will assist thy fancy well;  
As large, as languishingly dark,  
But Soul beam'd forth in every spark  
That darted from beneath the lid,  
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.  
Yea, *Soul*, and should our Prophet say  
That form was naught but breathing clay  
By Alla! I would answer nay;  
Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,  
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,  
With Paradise within my view,  
And all his Houris beckoning through.  
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read  
And keep that portion of his creed,  
Which saith that woman is but dust,  
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?

Stg. 1

On her might Muftis gaze, and own  
That through her eye the Immortal shone;  
On her fair cheek's unfading hue  
The young pomegranate's blossoms strew  
Their bloom in blushes ever new;  
Her hair in hyacinthine flow,  
When left to roll its folds below,  
As midst her handmaids in the hall  
She stood superior to them all,  
Hath swept the marble where her feet  
Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet  
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth  
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.  
The cygnet nobly walks the water;  
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,  
The loveliest bird of Franguestan!  
As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,  
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,  
When pass the steps of stranger man  
Along the banks that bound her tide;  
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—  
Thus arm'd with beauty would she check  
Intrusion's glance, till Föily's gaze  
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.

Leila is sewn up in a sack, and thrown into the sea, for infidelity, according to the custom of the East. Her lover, the Giaour, makes good his escape, and afterwards revenges her death upon her husband Hassan

but stung with remorse for having been the cause of her melancholy end, he enters an Eastern convent as a caloyer, and ends his days in anguish and despair. The agonies of the heart, when caused by guilt, and heightened by unavailing penitence, are fearfully portrayed with glowing colors. Among the many beautiful digressions in this poem, the following is one of the most remarkable, for the exquisite delineation of the intensity of deadly hatred.

Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,  
To seize and share the dear caress;  
But Love itself could never pant  
For all that Beauty sighs to grant  
With half the fervor hate bestows  
Upon the last embrace of foes,  
When grappling in the fight they fold  
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:  
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;  
True foes, once met, are join'd till death!

But the most beautiful digression (which is, in fact, the finest flower of this Oriental bouquet) is a sweet and melancholy description of Greece, compared to the angelic beauty that lingers upon the face of the

much-loved dead, for a short time only—that short time, when the mourner's heart can scarcely believe the dread reality.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.)  
And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
The first, last look by death reveal'd  
Such is the aspect of this shore;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.







## ZULEIKA.

---

THE Bride of Abydos is, on account of its regularity, unlike the Giaour; but this is the only dissimilarity, (apart from the two stories,) as the main features and beauties of the two poems are alike, owing to the purity and splendor of Eastern imagery, which they both possess.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gál in her bloom;  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,  
And the purple of ocean is deepest in die;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—  
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?  
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell  
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which  
they tell.

The beauty of Zuleika is embellished with those delicious similes which Byron delighted to use. The charms that he ascribed to female loveliness, might be appropriately termed Spiritual Beauty, from the entire absence of all sensual attributes. These last destroy the brighter and better qualities of love, by exciting the baser emotions of lust. His example in this respect, even at this present day, will very well bear to be imitated.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind;  
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,  
Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind—  
But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;  
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision  
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,  
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,  
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;  
Soft, as the memory of buried love;  
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above;  
Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,  
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay  
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?  
Who doth not feel, until his falling sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight

His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess  
 The might—the majesty of Loveliness ?  
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone  
 The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone ;  
 The light of love, the purity of grace,  
 The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—  
 And, oh ! that eye was in itself a Soul !

The tender love of Selim for Zuleika is minutely depicted. The poet here reveals the secret yearnings of his own heart, and the deep devotion with which he could cherish some pure and lovely being, who understanding his nature, would soften down his rugged excesses by attaching him to virtue ! He also unveils in this poem his presentiment of the bitterness of his future life.

Bound where thou wilt, my barb ! or glide, my prow !  
 But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou !  
 Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark ;  
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark !  
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,  
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life ;

The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray !  
 Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall  
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call ;  
 Soft—as the melody of youthful days,  
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise ;  
 Dear—as his native song to exile's ears,  
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.  
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower  
 Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.  
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,  
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command !

But life is hazard at the best ; and here  
 No more remains to win, and much to fear :  
 Yes, fear !—the doubt, the dread of losing thee  
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.  
 That dread shall vanish with the favoring gale,  
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail :  
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,  
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.  
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms ;  
 Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms !  
 Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,  
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck :  
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be  
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee !





## ZULEIKA BEFORE GIAFFIR

---

THE character of Giaffir, in the *Bride of Abydos*, is a faithful counterpart of Ali Tehelen, Pacha of Yanina. To this celebrated personage, the Corsair, Lara, and Hassan, as well as Giaffir, are indebted for their origin, resembling him truly in their many vices, and *very few* virtues. Ferocity and fear, in the following lines, are well contrasted.

“Son of a slave,”—the Pacha said—  
“From unbelieving mother bred,  
Vain were a father’s hope to see  
Aught that becometh a man in thee.  
Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,  
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,  
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,  
Must pore where babbling waters flow,  
And watch unfolding roses blow.  
“Go—let thy less than woman’s hand  
Assume the distaff—not the brand.  
But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed :  
And hark—of thine own head take heed—  
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—  
Thou see’st yon bow—it hath a string !”

Old Giaffir gazed upon his son  
And started ; for within his eye  
He read how much his wrath had done ;  
He saw rebellion there begun :  
“Come hither, boy—what, no reply ?

I mark thee—and I know thee too ;  
But there be deeds thou dar’st not do :  
But if thy beard had manlier length,  
And if thy hand had skill and strength,  
I’d joy to see thee break a lance,  
Albeit against my own, perchance.”

As sneeringly these accents fell,  
On Selim’s eye he fiercely gazed :  
That eye return’d him glance for glance,  
And proudly to his sire’s was raised,  
Till Giaffir’s quail’d and shrunk askance—  
And why—he felt, but durst not tell.

Giaffir, having murdered his own brother, Abdallah, to obtain his Pachalic, brings up his only son, Selim, as his own by a Greek slave. Selim, having learned his real parentage from Haroun, informs Zuleika, his intended bride, of the fratricide of her father. This deed was actually committed by Ali, who thus poisoned the Pacha of Scutari.

Each brother led a separate band ;  
They gave their horsetails to the wind,  
And mustering in Sophia’s plain  
Their tents were pitch’d, their post assign’d ;  
To one, alas ! assign’d in vain !  
What need of words ? the deadly bowl,  
By Giaffir’s order drugg’d and given,  
With venom subtle as his soul,  
Dismiss’d Abdallah’s hence to heaven.

Reclined and feverish in the bath,  
 He, when the hunter's sport was up,  
 But little dream'd a brother's wrath  
 To quench his thirst had such a cup :  
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore ;  
 He drank one draught, nor needed more !

Zuleika is about to flee with her lover, when her absence from the Harem is discovered by Giaffir, who in his fury murders his nephew, as he endeavors to escape—Selim meeting his death, whilst searching with the last fond look of affection for Zuleika.

There as his last step left the land,  
 And the last death-blow dealt his hand—  
 Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look  
 For her his eye but sought in vain ?  
 That pause, that fatal gaze he took,  
 Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain.  
 Sad proof, in peril and in pain,  
 How late will Lover's hope remain !  
 His back was to the dashing spray ;  
 Behind, but close, his comrades lay,  
 When, at the instant hiss'd the ball—  
 " So may the foes of Giaffir fall !"

Whose voice is heard ? whose carbine rang ?  
 Whose bullet through the night-air sang,  
 Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err ?  
 'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer !

Lord Byron, having witnessed a similar sight off the Dardanelles, took the opportunity of connecting it with Selim's fate, as follows :—

The sea-birds shriek above the prey,  
 O'er which their hungry beaks delay,  
 As shaken on his restless pillow,  
 His head heaves with the heaving billow ;  
 That hand, whose motion is not life,  
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife,  
 Flung by the tossing tide on high,  
 Then levell'd with the wave—  
 What recks it, though that corse shall lie  
 Within a living grave ?  
 The bird that tears that prostrate form  
 Hath only robb'd the meaner worm ;  
 The only heart, the only eye  
 Had bled or wept to see him die,  
 Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,  
 And mourn'd above his turban-stone,  
 That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—  
 Yea—closed before his own .







## THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE.

---

THE picture of a coquette is not hard to be imagined by either a poet or a painter; for they would be lucky beings, and blissful in their ignorance, if they did not often meet in the gentler sex many originals to assist their inspiration. The beautiful fancy of the artist reveals to you the whole story at a glance. Sometimes false, mostly true, but always fickle! Such—too often—alas! is woman!

1.

Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,  
To those thyself so fondly sought;  
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle  
Are doubly bitter from that thought:  
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grieve'st,  
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

2.

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

3.

To dream of joy, and wake to sorrow,  
Is doom'd to all who love or live;

And if, when conscious on the morrow,  
We scarce our fancy can forgive,  
That cheated us in slumber only,  
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

4.

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

It is curious to investigate the various changing phases of our subtle nature, and the springs of action that impel their course, which are hidden in the human heart. Under no phase do we appear more strange or inscrutable, than that of love, for the cause inevitably produces contrary effects, either simultaneously or successively; for pain and pleasure, torture and rapture, and trouble and peace, spring forth at a breath, or follow in quick transition.

The poet, a worshipper of women, who were, in fact, the ruling stars of his destiny, knew by experience the fickle tendency of their affections, and the chilling affectation that follows a satiety of bliss; but he knew

also, that these clouds would disperse and give place to a brighter and more congenial sunshine; that tenderness would hide itself awhile, when annoyed by the lurking imp of coquetry, but would soon return, unless pride had forever barred its way; and that the fleeting quarrels of lovers seldom terminated otherwise than in stronger and more lasting love.

*"Amantium iræ amoris red integratio est!"*

The knowledge that woman is not always "false," but "fickle," is all powerful in love; and if timely and properly applied, it would have saved many a breaking heart. The "fickle" whim of a passing moment is often misconstrued into a "false" intent for life, and pride—soul-damning pride, that turned

angels out of Heaven—usurps the place of reason, and changes love into hate!

No hand can wound deeper than the hand that has once delighted to soothe the tender and assailable point which confiding passion has unwittingly disclosed; and when coquetry, alas! is successful; jealousy, a sense of wrong and revenge, directed by pride, launch there the sure and fatal dart of malignant hatred, that rankles deep, and makes a wound that never heals! O that the Angel of Charity would inspire the mouth of vexation to smile and whisper, "Thou art not false, but thou art fickle," and the scowling demon would depart, and the sweet consoling fondness of a woman's heart would return with tenfold force to strengthen the strained and tender bands of affection!





## ANGIOLINA.

---

THE tragedy of "Marino Faliero," though never intended by its author for, and entirely unadapted to the stage, was nevertheless represented there, against his wish and without his consent, in the year 1821, soon after publication. This proceeding caused him a great deal of unfeigned annoyance; his protestations and feelings were entirely disregarded, and, as might have been expected, the piece failed. The critics could not conceive of a tragedy without love or jealousy in it, and would not believe, despite of reality, of a prince conspiring against a state, to avenge the inadequacy of punishment awarded to a ribald who had grossly insulted the virtuous Duchess. The fact was, it was too true, too tragically, terribly true, to suit them; had it only been false, only *otherwise*, why, then it would have succeeded. Yet its dramatic qualities are of the highest order, the unities being strictly observed, and the scenes well wrought and effective; and moreover, whenever represented since that period, it has always been admired: but before, there was too much truth in it, and it was then *fashionable* to envy and condemn Lord Byron and his writings. It will always prove a source of interest to attentive readers, who, in their

researches, treasure up true gems of beauty, pathos, and the intensity of the sterner and consuming passions.

Angiolina is enthroned among the loftiest and best of Byron's female characters. She is the emblem of purity, the very essence of chastity; one that might well call forth the terrible passion of the Doge for the un-avenged insults offered to her. As there is not room for further comment, such extracts are given as space will admit of.

My child!

My injured wife, the child of Loredano,  
The brave, the chivalrous, how little dream'd  
Thy father, wedding thee unto his friend,  
That he was linking thee to shame!—Alas!  
Shame without sin, for thou art faultless. Hadst thou  
But had a different husband, *any* husband  
In Venice save the Doge, this blight, this brand.  
This blasphemy, had never fallen upon thee.  
So young, so beautiful, so good, so pure,  
To suffer this, and yet be unavenged!

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas not a foolish dotard's vile caprice,  
Nor the false edge of aged appetite,  
Which made me covetous of girlish beauty,  
And a young bride: for in my fieriest youth  
I sway'd such passions; nor was this my age  
Infected with that leprosy of lust  
Which taints the hoariest years of vicious men

Making them ransack to the very last  
 The dregs of pleasure for their vanish'd joys ;  
 Or buy in selfish marriage some young victim,  
 Too helpless to refuse a state that's honest,  
 Too feeling not to know herself a wretch.  
 Our wedlock was not of this sort ; you had  
 Freedom from me to choose, and urged in answer  
 Your father's choice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where is honor,  
 Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the rock  
 Of faith connubial : where it is not—where  
 Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities  
 Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,  
 Or sensual throbs convulse it, well I know  
 'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream  
 Of honesty in such infected blood ;  
 It is consistency which forms and proves it .  
 Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change.  
 The once fall'n woman must forever fall ;  
 For vice must have variety, while virtue  
 Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around  
 Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.

\* \* \* \* \*

I speak to thee in answer to yon signor.  
 Inform the ribald Steno, that his words  
 Ne'er weigh'd in mind with Loredano's daughter  
 Further than to create a moment's pity  
 For such as he is : would that others had  
 Despised him as I pity ! I prefer  
 My honor to a thousand lives, could such  
 Be multiplied in mine, but would not have  
 A single life of others lost for that  
 Which nothing human can impugn—the sense  
 Of virtue, looking not to what is call'd  
 A good name for reward, but to itself.  
 To me the scorner's words were as the wind  
 Unto the rock : but as there are—alas !  
 Spirits more sensitive, on which such things  
 Light as the whirlwind on the waters ; souls  
 To whom dishonor's shadow is a substance

More terrible than death, here and hereafter ;  
 Men whose vice is to start at vice's scoffing,  
 And who, though proof against all blandishments  
 Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are feeble  
 When the proud name on which they pinnacled  
 Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the eagle  
 Of her high aiery ; let what we now  
 Behold, and feel, and suffer, be a lesson  
 To wretches how they tamper in their spleen  
 With beings of a higher order. Insects  
 Have made the lion mad ere now ; a shaft  
 P' the heel o'ertrew the bravest of the brave ;  
 A wife's dishonor was the bane of Troy ;  
 A wife's dishonor unking'd Rome forever ;  
 An injured husband brought the Gauls to Clusium  
 And thence to Rome, which perish'd for a time ;  
 An obscene gesture cost Caligula  
 His life, while Earth yet bore his cruelties ;  
 A virgin's wrong made Spain a Moorish province ;  
 And Steno's lie, couch'd in two worthless lines,  
 Hath decimated Venice, put in peril  
 A senate which hath stood eight hundred years,  
 Discrown'd a prince, cut off his crownless head,  
 And forged new fetters for a groaning people.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then farewell, Angiolina !—one embrace—  
 Forgive the old man who hath been to thee  
 A fond but fatal husband—love my memory—  
 I would not ask so much for me still living,  
 But thou canst judge of me more kindly now,  
 Seeing my evil feelings are at rest.  
 Thou turn'st so pale !—Alas ! she faints,  
 She has no breath, no pulse !—Guards ! lend your  
 aid—  
 I cannot leave her thus, and yet 'tis better,  
 Since every lifeless moment spares a pang.  
 When she shakes off this temporary death,  
 I shall be with the Eternal.—Call her women—  
 One look !—how cold her hand !—as cold as mine  
 Shall be ere she recovers.—Gently tend her,  
 And take my last thanks—I am ready now.







*Castle of Schellen*

1848. P. 1. NOT WITH THE  
1848. P. 1. WHILE IN A BIRD'S NEST  
1848. P. 1. NOT WITH THE





## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

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THE Château de Chillon is situated at the eastern extremity of the Lake of Geneva, between Clarens and Villeneuve, in Switzerland. It is a large Gothic edifice, and with its lofty, white walls, laved by the blue waves of the rushing Rhone, presents a noble appearance, and can be seen for a great distance along the lake. It is surrounded by the most romantic and sublime scenery of that magnificent country, whose far-famed spots are shrines consecrated to the deathless memories of the most gifted sons of the genius of poesy. From the battlements, a grand panorama of the lake and its environs is beheld, comprising the cantons of Berne and Fribourg, the Pays de Vaud, and the duchy of Savoy. On the left is the town of Villeneuve, and the two entrances of the Rhone; on the right, Lausanne in the distance, Vevay, and the Château and village of Clarens, so delightfully situated, are beheld; while opposite, the rocks of Meillerie, and the eternal snow-clad Alps above Boveret and St. Gingoux, soar upward in their ruggedness and solemn sternness. The names of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Gibbon have hitherto been cherished among the charms of these enchanted haunts, which are now assimilated with those

of Byron, Shelley, and Madame de Stael. The Château was built in the twelfth century, and in its dungeons the early reformers, and afterwards prisoners of state, were confined. Of the latter, the most noted was the good Bonnivard.

“The Prisoner of Chillon” is the surviving brother of three reformers, who are supposed, by the poet, to have been cruelly immured there. The mournful narration is clothed in soul-subduing and heart-chilling pathos, glaring with the gloomy horrors of captivity, and showing its frightful effects on the human mind. The extracts given need no comment; they almost *speak out* in tones of agony and horror!

They chain'd us each to a column stone,  
And we were three—yet, each alone;  
We could not move a single pace,  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light,  
That made us strangers in our sight.

\* \* \* \* \*

My brother's soul was of that mould  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the steep mountain's side;  
But why delay the truth?—he died.  
I saw, and could not hold his head,  
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—

Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain,  
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave,  
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
 I begg'd them as a boon, to lay  
 His corse in dust whereon the day  
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,  
 But then within my brain it wrought,  
 That even in death his freeborn breast  
 In such a dungeon could not rest.  
 I might have spared my idle prayer—  
 They coldly laugh'd and laid him there :  
 The flat and turfless earth above  
 The being we so much did love ;  
 His empty chain above it leant :  
 Such murder's fitting monument !

But he, the favorite and the flower,  
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour  
 His mother's image in fair face,  
 The infant love of all his race,  
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,  
 My latest care, for whom I sought  
 To hoard my life, that his might be  
 Less wretched now, and one day free ;  
 He, too, who yet had held untired  
 A spirit natural or inspired—  
 He too, was struck, and day by day  
 Was wither'd on the stock away.  
 Oh, God ! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood :—  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,  
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of Sin delirious with its dread :  
 But these were horrors—this was woe  
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow  
 He faded, and so calm and meek,  
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,

So tearless, yet so tender—kind,  
 And grieved for those he left behind ;  
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
 Whose tints as gently sunk away  
 As a departing rainbow's ray—  
 An eye of most transparent light,  
 That almost made the dungeon bright,  
 And not a word of murmur—not  
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—  
 A little talk of better days,  
 A little hope my own to raise,  
 For I was sunk in silence—lost  
 In this last loss, of all the most ;  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :  
 I listen'd, but I could not hear—  
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear ;  
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonish'd ;  
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—  
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
 And rush'd to him :—I found him not,  
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,  
 I only lived—I only drew  
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;  
 The last—the sole—the dearest link  
 Between me and the eternal brink,  
 Which bound me to my falling race,  
 Was broken in this fatal place.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last men came to set me free,  
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,  
 It was at length the same to me,  
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,  
 I learn'd to love despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

My very chains and I grew friends,  
 So much a long communion tends  
 To make us what we are :—even I  
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

## THE CORSAIR.

---

“ But who is she ? whom Conrad’s arms convey  
From reeking pile and combat’s wreck, away—  
Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed ?  
The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd !”

This interesting picture represents the pirate chief bearing Gulnare in his arms, at the head of his companions, who rescue the inmates of the seraglio from the flames they themselves had lit. Conrad, disguised as a Dervise, boldly introduces himself into the presence of Seyd, who questions him closely. These are parried however with pleasing tact.

“ A captive Dervise from the Pirate’s nest  
Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest.”

He artfully evades eating the sacred bread and salt, and is about to be dismissed, but the galleys being fired he is detected. He throws off his disguise, and, single-handed, makes fearful slaughter.

“ What ails thee, Dervise ? eat—dost thou suppose  
This feast a Christian’s ? or my friends thy foes ?  
Why dost thou shun the salt ? that sacred pledge,  
Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre’s edge ;  
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,  
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight.”

Sta. 3

“ Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still  
The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill ;  
And my stern vow and order’s laws oppose  
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes.”

\* \* \* \*

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

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

\* \* \* \*

Sweeps his long arm—that sabre’s whirling sway  
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay ;  
Completes his fury, what their fear begun,  
And makes the many basely quail to one.

\* \* \* \*

“ ’Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must die—  
Much hath been done—but more remains to do—  
Their galleys blaze—why not their city too ?”

13

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

“ Oh ! burst the Haram—wrong not on your lives  
 One female form—remember—we have wives.  
 On them such outrage Vengeance will repay ;  
 Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay :  
 But still we spared—must spare the weaker prey.  
 Oh ! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive  
 If at my word the helpless cease to live :  
 Follow who will—I go—we yet have time  
 Our souls to lighten of at least a crime.”

He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the door,  
 Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor ;  
 His breath choked, gasping with the volumed smoke,  
 But still from room to room his way he broke.

They search—they find—they save : with lusty arms  
 Each bears a prize of unregarded charms ;  
 Calm their loud fears ; sustain their sinking frames  
 With all the care defenceless beauty claims :  
 So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,  
 And check the very hands with gore imbrued.

The refinement, nobility of soul, humanity,  
 and his gentle respect for the weaker sex,  
 form redeeming traits on the bright side of  
 Conrad's character. By humanely saving  
 the females from a cruel death, and neglect-  
 ing to pursue Seyd, who thus becomes  
 aware of the smallness of their number, the  
 pirates themselves are attacked, and finally  
 vanquished by an overpowering force.

“ One effort—one—to break the circling host !”  
 They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost !







# THE MAID OF ATHENS.

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## THE MAID OF ATHENS.

*Ζών μου, σὸς ἀγαπῶ.\**

1.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζών μου, σὸς ἀγαπῶ.*

2.

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

3.

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

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\* My life, I love you.

4.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istanbul,  
Athens holds my heart and soul;  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζών μου, σὸς ἀγαπῶ.*

Towards the latter end of December, 1809, Lord Byron visited Athens for the first time. During his stay, which lasted nearly three months, he resided with Theodora Macri, a Grecian lady, and widow of the late English consul at Athens, and passed his time in visiting the most celebrated spots surrounding that interesting and classic shrine of ancient glory, or in paying attentions to the three virtuous and beautiful daughters of his amiable hostess. Their names were Theresa, Mariana, and Katinka; and Theresa, the eldest, for whom he either feigned or felt an intense passion which was, however, purely Platonic, was, as "the Maid of Athens," the subject of this warm and pretty ecomium. According to the custom of courtship in this country, he had wounded himself with a dagger across

his breast in her presence, but without eliciting any corresponding sympathy from the youthful beauty, who stoically witnessed the operation as a trifling tribute to her charms. The history of this family, apart from this, is as interesting as it is painfully romantic.

The consul dying, leaving them in poverty, they obtained a livelihood by renting a part of their house to English travellers, and being more accomplished than Grecian females usually are, incomparably lovely, and possessing many virtues and social qualities, they gained the esteem of all who knew them; but rendered famous by the publication of Lord Byron's eulogy, they afterwards formed one of the greatest attractions of Athens. Among the many Englishmen who resorted to their house, a Mr. W \* \* \* \* \* and Mr. C \* \* \* \* \*, by unremitting attentions, gained the affections of Theresa and Katinka, and they were honorably engaged to be married. Their pretended lovers at length left for England, where they remained, and thus cruelly and infamously deserted them, alleging as a reason that their fathers

objected to their unions. The confiding hearts of the two sisters were torn with bitterness and anguish by this shameful neglect, and they entirely withdrew from all society.

When the Turks took Athens, the family fled to Corfu in an open boat, where, at first, they were not permitted to land; and being utterly destitute, they would have perished, had they not fortunately found a friend, whose influence procured them admission. Lord Guilford, who was then in Rome, happened to hear of their circumstances, and generously sent them one hundred pounds to relieve their pressing wants.

Mariana, the youngest sister, has been dead a long time; the two eldest were married, and are now living in comfort and happiness, and although time has dimmed their youthful beauty, their mental adornments have increased with maturity.

Theresa, (whose name is now Mrs. Black,) it is said, has a daughter, whose loveliness surpasses that for which her mother was formerly so celebrated.





## MEDORA WATCHING THE RETURN OF CONRAD.

PREVIOUS to the return of Conrad, Medora watches with painful anxiety for his vessel, and passes many dismal nights in keeping the beacon-fire alive, that forms in darkness the clue to his island. At their meeting she describes with great tenderness her solicitude and deep affection for him, and gently implores him to quit his perilous crimes.

“Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,  
My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,  
And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail  
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;  
Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,  
That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge;  
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,  
Lest spics less true should let the blaze expire;  
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,  
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.  
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,  
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,  
And still I gazed and gaz'd—and not a prow  
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow!  
At length—'twas noon—I hail'd and blest the mast  
That met my sight—it near'd—Alas! it past!  
Another came—Oh God! 'twas thine at last!”

It is at least pleasing to think, that one so perverted and hardened in guilt, should love so true and tenderly.

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

“Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been  
changed,

Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like avenged,  
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,  
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.”

He chills her heart by telling her they must soon part. She will not believe it; and the sweet, simple manner in which she urges him to partake of rest and food is very affecting.

It would be a mockery to describe their parting in any other words than Byron's. It is here quoted entire.

“This hour we part!

Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and share  
The feast these hands delighted to prepare;  
Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!  
See, I have pluck'd the fruit that promised best,  
And where not sure, perplex'd, but pleas'd, I guess'd  
At such as seem'd the fairest; thrice the hill  
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;  
Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,  
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!  
The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers;  
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears.  
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice  
What others deem a penance is thy choice.

But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp  
Is trimm'd, and heeds not the sirocco's damp:  
Then shall my handmaids while the time along,  
And join with me the dance, or wake the song;  
Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,  
Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,  
We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,  
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old."  
"Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord's away,  
Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;  
And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,  
Security shall make repose more sweet.  
List!—'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—  
One kiss—one more—another—Oh! Adieu!"

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,  
Till his heart heav'd beneath her hidden face.  
He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,  
Which downcast droop'd in tearless agony.  
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,  
In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms;  
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt,  
So full—that feeling seem'd almost unfelt.  
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun!  
It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed the sun.  
Again—again—that form he madly press'd,  
Which mutually clasp'd, imploringly caress'd!  
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,  
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;  
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,  
Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone?  
"And is he gone?"—on sudden solitude  
How oft that fearful question will intrude!  
" 'Twas but an instant past—and here he stood—  
And now"—without the portal's porch she rush'd,  
And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd;  
Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;  
But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell!"

For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er  
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair  
O'er every feature of that still, pale face,  
Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase:  
The tender blue of that large loving eye  
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,  
Till—Oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of him,  
And then it flow'd—and phrensied seem'd to swim  
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dew'd  
With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.  
"He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is driven,  
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to heaven—  
She look'd and saw the heaving of the main;  
The white sail set—she dared not look again;  
But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate—  
"It is no dream—and I am desolate!"

The graphic transition of the vessel from  
the Pirate's isle to Coron is like magic; they  
gain their ambush unnoticed by the Pacha  
Seyd's galleys, equipped for their destruc-  
tion.

Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,  
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;  
Pass'd the high headlands of each clustering isle,  
To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile  
And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay  
Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.  
Count they each sail—and mark how there supine  
The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.  
Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow pass'd by,  
And anchor'd where his ambush meant to lie!  
Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,  
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.  
Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—  
Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep;  
While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting flood,  
And calmly talk'd—and yet he talk'd of blood!







## G U L N A R E.

---

She gazed in wonder, " Can he calmly sleep,  
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep ?  
And mine in restlessness are wandering here—  
What sudden spell hath made this man so dear ?  
True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,  
And me and mine he spared from worse than wo :  
'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—  
How heavily he sighs !—he starts—awakes !"

The captive corsair, bleeding and loaded with chains, is closely imprisoned, so that he may be impaled. Gulnare, grateful for her life, and pitying his misfortunes, visits him in his cell by stealing the Pacha's signet-ring, which she had often done before in sport. Before his capture, Conrad, after saving her, had treated her kindly, and left her safe at the house of a friend.

"'Twas strange—that robber thus with gore bedew'd  
Seem'd gentler than Seyd in fondest mood.

\* \* \* \*

The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—vain :  
Yet much I long to view that chief again ;  
If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,  
The life—my loving lord remember'd not !"

Astonished at finding so much gentleness and courtesy in a pirate, which she had never seen even in Seyd, her own lord ; and

overjoyed that Conrad had also prevented her from falling a prey to what would have been worse than death, she resolves to save him, if possible, from torture. The corsair in the melee, seeing all was lost, had in vain sought for death.

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

Gulnare had painfully witnessed him battling thus with the hosts around him ; and had seen him, bound and bleeding, borne to prison, with his life preserved only for a time, so that as soon as his strength should be recruited, he could support longer the awful pangs of impalement. She innocently enough shudders to think of this horrible spectacle, which she will have to witness with Seyd when he thus ferociously gluts his revenge, and she generously resolves to avert it, even at the cost of her life. Execution by impalement is a favorite Turkish practice, the agonies of which are worse than crucifixion. It is thus fearfully pictured :

To-morrow—yea—to-morrow's evening sun,  
 Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun,  
 And rising with the wonted blush of Morn  
 Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.  
 Of torments this the longest and the worst,  
 Which adds all other agony to thirst.  
 That day by day death still forbears to slake,  
 While famish'd vultures flit around the stake.  
 "Oh! water—water!" Smiling Hate denies  
 The victim's prayer; for if he drinks—he dies.

This horrible death does not alarm him,  
 but the thought that Medora will break her  
 loving heart at the news, almost maddens  
 him.

One thought alone he could not—dared not meet—  
 "Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?"  
 Then—only then—his clanking hands he raised,  
 And strain'd with rage the chain on which he gazed.

This thought agonizes him so much that  
 he strives to forget it by courting repose;  
 and when asleep he is visited by the com-  
 passionate Gulnare.

He slept. Who o'er his placid slumber bends?  
 His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends:  
 Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?  
 No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!

\* \* \* \*

He raised his head—and dazzled with the light,  
 His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:  
 "What is that form? if not a shape of air,  
 Methinks, my jailor's face shows wondrous fair!"  
 "Pirate! thou know'st me not—but I am one,  
 Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;  
 Look on me—and remember her, thy hand  
 Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful band.  
 I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—  
 Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die."





## M E D O R A .

---

The sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night,  
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height,  
Medora's heart. The third day's come and gone—  
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one!  
The night-breeze freshens—she that day had past  
In watching all that Hope proclaim'd a mast;  
Sadly she sate—on high :—Impatience bore  
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,  
And there she wander'd heedless of the spray  
That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away :  
She saw not—felt not this—nor dared depart,  
Nor deem'd it cold—her chill was at her heart ;  
Till grew such certainty from that suspense—  
His very sight had shock'd from life or sense !

The sincere affection that dwells in the fond heart of the beautiful Medora is a delicious reality ; there is no fiction here, nothing could be truer than her love for Conrad. To love one so imbued in guilt would be a soul-damning crime, were it not that to her he is always gentle and kind. She knows that he has been deeply wronged, and now avenges these wrongs upon his fellow-men ; but she hopes at length to win him away from guilt by love, and oft forgets or covers up his faults.

It came at last—a sad and shatter'd boat,  
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought ;  
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—  
Scarce knew they how escaped—this all they knew.

In silence, darkling, each appear'd to wait  
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate :  
Something they would have said, but seem'd to fear  
To trust their accents to Medora's ear.  
She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled not—  
Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot :  
Within that roek fair form, were feelings high,  
That deem'd not till they found their energy.  
While yet was Hope—they soften'd—flatter'd—  
wept ;  
All lost—that softness died not—but it slept ;  
And o'er its slumber rose that strength when said,  
“ *With nothing left to love—there's naught to dread.*”

She sees him not amongst the bleeding crew, and knows from this that he is dead or dying. But remembering the stern lessons that Conrad taught her, she endeavors to assume an unnatural firmness that she does not possess. But the strength of her soul is ebbing away, like a spirit gliding into eternity! and the pulsations of her heart become lengthened, and her blood courses through her veins slowly, and chillily as ice. Grief, Desolation, and Woe—as huge forms arise, plain and palpable before her ; she views their mocking smiles, through her hallucination, in the pitying looks of those who weep and share her misery around her. Madness usurps the

place of reason; and with burning brow  
and glaring eye, she makes a fearful effort  
to show the sternness worthy Conrad's wife.

"Silent you stand—nor would I hear you tell  
What—speak not—breathe not—for I know it well—  
Yet would I ask—almost my lip denies .  
The—quick, your answer—tell me where he lies."

"Lady! we know not—scarce with life we fled;  
But here is one denies that he is dead:  
He saw him bound, and bleeding—but alive."  
She heard no further—'twas in vain to strive—  
So throbb'd each vein—each thought—till then with-  
stood;

Her own dark soul, these words at once subdued:  
She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave  
Perchance but snatch'd her from another grave,  
But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,  
They yield such aid as pity's haste supplies:

Dash o'er her death-like cheek the ocean dew,  
Raise—fan—sustain—till life returns anew.

\* \* \* \* \*

She lives—she breathes again—and her  
worst fears are realized! He is taken alive,  
and will be impaled. She sees his cher-  
ished form torn and mangled, and writhing  
around the awful stake! She screams in  
agony—cries for mercy—and with her  
latest breath prays for pardon for his many  
crimes. Angels hear her voice; they hover  
round her lovely form, receive her soul, and  
bear it off to heaven.

Whate'er his fate—the breasts he form'd and led  
Will save him living, or appease him dead.  
Wo to his foes! there yet survive a few,  
Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.







## GULNARE AND SEYD.

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THE Pacha Seyd, satisfied of the security of his prison to hold the pirate, who is enchained in his cell, permits him to live longer than he intended, solely that he may endure more torture. Gulnare, true to her promise to save his life, endeavors to excite Seyd's cupidity for the large ransom he could obtain by freeing him.

"Gulnare!—if for each drop of blood a gem  
Were offer'd rich as Stamboul's diadem;  
If for each hair of his a massy mine  
Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;  
If all our Arab tales divulge or dream  
Of wealth were here—that should not him redeem!  
It had not now redeem'd a single hour,  
But that I know him fetter'd, in my power;  
And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still  
On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill."

Horrified at his hatred and barbarity, Gulnare uses a slender artifice, by representing that the pirate, deprived of his wealth and half his band, would soon fall an easy prey. This at once arouses the Pacha's jealousy and suspicion.

"I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:  
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word  
Of thine stamps truth on all suspicion heard.

Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—  
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?  
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:  
'Tis not his life alone may claim such care!  
In words alone I am not wont to chafe:  
Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe!"  
He rose—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,  
Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu.

Gulnare, shocked and enraged at being accused of unfaithfulness, of which she is wholly innocent, permits her love for her lord and master to turn into hate, and thirsts for revenge. She bribes the guard and provides a boat for Conrad's escape, and at midnight repairs to his cell with a poniard, in her hand, that she offers him to murder Seyd with, if he would be free.

"But in one chamber, where our path must lead,  
There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor  
Seyd!"

Here Conrad appears truly noble, for his magnanimity and generosity. He knows that the Pacha has doomed him to the most awful tortures, that his own Medora's heart is breaking in his absence; but he cannot kill a sleeping enemy, although he has slain

hundreds in fighting; so would rather die than be free upon such base terms.

“Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now  
My abject fortune, wither’d fame so low :  
Seyd is mine enemy : had swept my band  
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,  
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,  
To smite the smiter with the scimitar ;  
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—  
Who spares a woman’s seeks not slumber’s life.  
Thine save I gladly, Lady, not for this—  
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.  
Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy breast !  
Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest !”

“Rest ! rest ! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,  
And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.  
I heard the order—saw—I will not see—  
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.  
My life—my love—my hatred—all below  
Are on this cast—Corsair ! ’tis but a blow !  
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,  
I’ll try the firmness of a female hand.”

She flies from him to do the cruel deed herself. He gathers up his chains to pre-

vent her. When he finds her, she is returning.

No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—  
“Thanks to her softening heart—she could not kill !”  
Again he look’d, the wildness of her eye  
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.  
She stopp’d—threw back her dark far-floating hair,  
That nearly veil’d her face and bosom fair :  
As if she late had bent her leaning head  
Above some object of her doubt or dread.  
They meet : upon her brow—unknown—forgot—  
Her hurrying hand had left—’twas but a spot ;  
Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—  
Oh ! slight but certain pledge of crime—’tis blood !  
\* \* \* \* \*

He had shed the blood of his foes in torrents, and seen many ghastly scenes unmoved, but this cruel murder fills him with horror.

So thrill’d—so shudder’d every creeping vein,  
As now they froze before that purple stain.  
That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,  
Had banish’d all the beauty from her cheek !  
Blood he had view’d—could view unmoved—but then  
It flow’d in combat, or was shed by men.





## K A L E D .

---

THE tale of Lara is a continuation of the Corsair, but unlike the most of sequels, it fully equals its precursor ; yet, strange to say, Lord Byron never admitted this publicly, and the cause of its production elucidates one of his most peculiar characteristics, viz., satirical revenge. He had asserted upon the appearance of the Corsair, that it would be his last production ; but this, his apparent and intended silence, together with the Prince Regent's animosity, was the signal for his enemies to commence an unjust and most unmerciful persecution. To revenge himself, he wrote and published Lara, being determined to make his traducers, despite of their envy and prejudice, acknowledge the superiority of his genius, that could thus continue a poem already complete in itself, and yet render it more complete in a mysterious and most attractive manner. But to delude them, he made this sequel appear like a new story, by making the real connection obscure and seemingly contradictory, introducing new features, and adding new beauties, yet at the same time taking care to preserve the unity of the two parts unbroken. The blundering critic, so very wise in his own conceit, stumbled at every step by drawing wrong conclusions, and thus unwittingly, at his own expense, fur-

nished intense amusement for the fancied victim he imagined he was torturing. The Corsair as Lara, and Gulnare as Kaled his page, are the chief characters. A slight sketch of the latter is here given, as connected with the engraving.

Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,  
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,  
So femininely white it might bespeak  
Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek,  
But for his garb, and something in his gaze,  
More wild and high than woman's eye betrays ;  
A latent fierceness that far more became  
His fiery climate than his tender frame :  
True, in his words it broke not from his breast,  
But from his aspect might be more than guess'd.  
Kaled his name, though rumor said he bore  
Another ere he left his mountain shore ;  
For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,  
That name repeated loud without reply,  
As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,  
Start to the sound, as but remember'd then ;  
Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake,  
For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

The two assumed characters of Lara and Kaled, though minutely drawn, do not differ in the least from their original counterparts. Gulnare, who had before murdered Seyd when asleep, to liberate Conrad, here murders Sir Ezzelin, (who had recognised Lara as the Corsair, to prevent him disclosing Lara's real character to the

world. This fact is partially concealed with consummate art, but this passage is enough to reveal it :

He had look'd down upon the festive hall,  
 And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd of all ;  
 And when the crowd around and near him told  
 Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,  
 Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore  
 Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,  
 The color of young Kaled went and came,  
 The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame ;  
 And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw  
 The sickening iciness of that cold dew,  
 That rises as the busy bosom sinks  
 With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks,  
 Yes—there be things that we must dream and dare,  
 And execute ere thought be half aware :  
 Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow  
 To seal his lip, but agonize his brow.

Courad, also, who would not before murder a sleeping enemy, does not here participate in any way whatever in the murder of Sir Ezzelin, though this is attested to by only a single line.

If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul !  
 His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll ;  
 And charity upon the hope would dwell  
 It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

This last line of the quotation emphatically clears Lara of this crime, the poet inserting the preceding one solely to mislead the critic ; for had it have been otherwise, the charm of mystery would have been dissolved, and the wilful intentions of the ingenious satirist would have entirely been frustrated.

The death of Lara is described with unsurpassed vigor and beauty, and the *dénouement* of Kaled's real sex is made with extreme tenderness and delicacy :

Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss ;  
 For when one near display'd the absolving cross,  
 And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,  
 Of which his parting soul might own the need,  
 He look'd upon it with an eye profane,  
 And smiled—Heaven pardon ! if 'twere with disdain  
 And Kaled, though he spok'e not, nor withdrew  
 From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,  
 With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,  
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,  
 As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,  
 Nor seem'd to know his life but then began,  
 That life of Immortality, secur'd  
 To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

\* \* \* \* \*

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,  
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew ;  
 His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er  
 The weak yet still untiring knee that bore ;  
 He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—  
 It beats no more, but Kaled will not part  
 With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,  
 For that faint throb which answers not again.  
 "It beats !" Away, thou dreamer ! he is gone—  
 It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh ! never yet beneath

The breast of man such trusty love may breathe !  
 That trying moment hath at once reveal'd  
 The secret long and yet but half-conceal'd ;  
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast,  
 Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confest ;  
 And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—  
 What now to her was Womanhood or Fame ?







*Witch of the Isle*

## THE WITCH OF THE ALPS.

---

"MANFRED" has been considered by many to be, not only the finest production of the pen of Lord Byron, but the sublimest and best executed composition of English poetry. It certainly stands unrivalled for the sweetness and soft purity of its delicious language—its grand and beautiful descriptions of the mighty wonders of majestic nature—the wildness and bewitching imagination of its spiritual conceptions—and its terrible pathos, revealing the horror and agony of that deep remorse which follows the extremest deeds of evil, and the tortures of that self-despair which forms the innate hell of the human mind.

The moral of this poem is a sad and bitter truth—"The tree of Knowledge is not that of Life;" for "knowledge is not happiness, and science only an exchange of one kind of ignorance for another," the attainment of which never contents or satisfies mankind, who, though "half dust and half deity," become degraded and polluted by sin, so as to be a shame to themselves and to each other.

Manfred is a Magian of fearful skill, with a superhuman mind, whose lofty talents have been perverted and misapplied; he is well versed in the abstruser sciences, and by his art commands and communes with

the imaginary spirits who are fancied to control the universe; he is even immortal in his nature, which appears to have been acquired by the self-sacrifice or murder of his devoted sister Astarte, whom he tenderly loved, but destroyed with his guilty affection, which broke her heart: and his consuming grief for this awful deed, and excruciating sufferings in his undying state in search of oblivion, are the most impressive parts of this appalling drama. For the touching desolation Manfred feels, even when surrounded by the glories of Alpine grandeur, Lord Byron drew upon his own poignant sorrow and outraged feelings, as may be proved by his own words: "The recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me."

These sentiments are beautifully express-

ed in the following passages in the celestial beauty of the "Witch of the Alps," the sweet loveliness of her retreat, and the heart-rending agony of Manfred, wrung from him in their fruitless colloquy.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch  
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,  
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column  
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,  
And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,  
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes  
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness ;  
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,  
And with the Spirit of the place divide  
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.—  
Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,  
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form  
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow  
To an unearthly stature, in an essence  
Of purer elements ; while the hues of youth—  
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,  
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,  
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves  
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth, embracing with her heaven—  
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame  
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.  
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,  
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,  
Which of itself shows immortality,  
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son  
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit  
At times to commune with them—if that he  
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,  
And gaze on thee a moment.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I  
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce  
To the abodes of those who govern her—  
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought  
From them what they could not bestow, and now  
I search no further.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—  
I loved her, and destroy'd her! \* \* \*  
Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart—  
It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed  
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed—  
I saw—and could not stanch it.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour—  
But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,  
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me!  
My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the Furies;—I have gnash'd  
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then curs'd myself till sunset;—I have pray'd  
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.  
I have affronted death—but in the war  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,  
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand  
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,  
Back by a single hair, which would not break.  
In fantasy, imagination, all  
The affluence of my soul—which one day was  
A Cæsus in creation—I plunged deep,  
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back  
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.  
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness  
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,  
And that I have to learn—my sciences,  
My long-pursued and superhuman art,  
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—  
And live—and live forever.





## A S T A R T E .

---

THE exquisite engraving of Astarte, that is here presented, reveals as truly to the beholder—as the poem does to the reader—the sister of Manfred, who appears but as a phantom. The figure shows not life nor death: the hands, though raised in mild reproach, are stiff and frozen *there* in rigid firmness, as if sculptured out of solid marble; nor does she seem of breathing clay, being dust and ashes,—the spirit only seems to glow—wearing the semblance of its earthly form—lending a contrite and remorseful look, in dim and shadowy sorrow.

We read of her, as once blooming in purity and innocence, with mind and features like her brother, having like desires, but of a far gentler and humbler nature:—

She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,  
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone  
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;  
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty:  
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,  
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind  
To comprehend the universe: nor these  
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,

Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not,  
And tenderness—but that I had for her;  
Humility—and that I never had.

Their pure affection, maturing from childhood, at last becomes defiled—perhaps, only in *soul*—and Astarte withers like a blighted lily, and broken-hearted perishes.

Manfred, though immortal, finds no happiness in knowledge and enduring life, so seeks forgetfulness or death. Through his power over the spirits, he obliges Nemesis to call up the Phantom of Astarte, whose aid he invokes in the following touching passages; finally receiving from her the knowledge that his earthly ills will end in death.

Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek;  
But now I see it is no living hue,  
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red  
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.  
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread  
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,  
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—  
Forgive me or condemn me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hear me, hear me—

Astarte! my beloved! speak to me;

I have so much endured—so much endure—  
 Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more  
 Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me  
 Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made  
 To torture thus each other, though it were  
 The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.  
 Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear  
 This punishment for both—that thou wilt be  
 One of the blessed—and that I shall die;  
 For hitherto all hateful things conspire  
 To bind me in existence—in a life  
 Which makes me shrink from immortality—  
 A future like the past. I cannot rest.  
 I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:  
 I feel but what thou art—and what I am;  
 And I would hear yet once before I perish  
 The voice which was my music—Speak to me!  
 For I have call'd on thee in the still night,  
 Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,  
 And woke the mountain wolves, and made the eaves  
 Acquainted with thy vainly echo'd name,  
 Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—  
 Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.  
 Yet speak to me! I have outwatched the stars,  
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.

Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,  
 And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!  
 Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:  
 I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—  
 Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—  
 I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—  
 This once—once more!

It remains only to enforce again, at parting with the subject, its impressive moral. If *Man* were immortal in his earthly state,—possessing power to control the elements and domineering unthwarted over all around—he would still be dissatisfied; he would, like *Lucifer*, either impiously try to dethrone OMNIPOTENCE, or, like the fallen Archangel, be ever tortured in a self-made hell of remorse and agony. Death is our natural rest. We must die as we would sleep,—if we live well, we rest in peace, and awake with a refreshed and calmer nature, having brighter and better aspirations.







*Illustration*

## MEETING OF HUGO AND PARISINA.

THE melancholy facts relating to the tragedy of Parisina, occurred in Ferrara, in the year 1405, under the reign of Nicholas III. Lord Byron, in his exquisitely mournful poem on this distressing subject, renders the story thus:—Hugo, the natural son of Azo, (Nicholas,) Marquis of Este, by Bianca, was betrothed to Parisina: the Marquis, disdaining Hugo—being of illegitimate birth—as a rival, (although he, alone, was the guilty cause of the imputed shame,) covets his son's destined bride, and makes Parisina his wife; but afterwards discovering the incestuous love of the guilty pair, he sentences Hugo to be beheaded.

This beautiful tragedy, though not made up of highly-wrought plots and violent scenes, is yet a meritorious and almost faultless composition; it is a painful recital of guilt and retribution, and the easy, touching transitions delineate the utmost depths of horror, terror, grief, pity, and sadness, in their gloomiest shades; the language is simple and pathetic, and the versification is harmonious and spirited; the delicacy of the subject has never been abused, nor the guilt palliated; and the remorse and speechless agony of the guilty, are portrayed in words whose force may be *felt*, but not so easily *re-expressed*.

The few fragments here given, embrace the historical portion of the poem, which

will not bear mutilation, except at the expense of beauty; but is too long to be inserted entire.

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;  
And gentle winds, and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear.

\* \* \* \* \*

But it is not to list to the waterfall  
That Parisina leaves her hall,  
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light  
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;  
And if she sits in Este's bower,  
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower:  
She listens—but not for the nightingale—  
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.

There glides a step through the foliage thick,  
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.  
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,  
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:  
A moment more—and they shall meet:  
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

With many a lingering look they leave  
The spot of guilty gladness pass'd;  
And though they hope and vow, they grieve  
As if that parting were the last.  
The frequent sigh—the long embrace—  
The lip that there would cling forever,  
While gleams on Parisina's face  
The Heaven she fears will not forgive her,  
As if each calmly conscious star  
Beheld her frailty from afar—

The frequent sigh, the long embrace,  
 Yet binds them to their trysting-place.  
 But it must come, and they must part  
 In fearful heaviness of heart,  
 With all the deep and shuddering chill  
 Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,  
 To covet there another's bride ;  
 But she must lay her conscious head  
 A husband's trusting heart beside.  
 But fever'd in her sleep she seems,  
 And red her cheek with troubled dreams,  
 And mutters she in her unrest  
 A name she dare not breathe by day,  
 And clasps her Jord unto the breast  
 Which pants for one away :  
 And he to that embrace awakes,  
 And, happy in the thought, mistakes  
 That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,  
 For such as he was wont to bless ;  
 And could in very fondness weep  
 O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,  
 And listen'd to each broken word :  
 He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start ?

\* \* \* \* \*

And whose that name ? 'tis Hugo's—his—  
 In sooth he had not deem'd of this !  
 'Tis Hugo's,—he, the child of one  
 He loved—his own all-evil son—  
 The offspring of his wayward youth,  
 When he betray'd Bianca's truth,  
 The maid whose folly could confide  
 In him who made her not his bride.

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,  
 But sheathed it ere the point was bare—  
 Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,  
 He could not slay a thing so fair—  
 At least, not smiling—sleeping—there.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The Convent bells are ringing,  
 But mournfully and slow ;  
 In the gray square turret swinging,  
 With a deep sound, to and fro.  
 Heavily to the heart they go !  
 Hark ! the hymn is singing—  
 The song for the dead below,  
 Or the living who shortly shall be so !  
 For a departing being's soul  
 The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll .  
 He is near his mortal goal ;  
 Kneeling at the friar's knee ;  
 Sad to hear—and piteous to see—  
 Kneeling on the bare cold ground,  
 With the block before and the guards around ;  
 And the headman with his bare arm ready,  
 That the blow may be both swift and steady,  
 Feels if the axe be sharp and true—  
 Since he set its edge anew :  
 While the crowd in a speechless circle gather  
 To see the Son fall by the doom of the Father

\* \* \* \* \*

The parting prayers are said and over  
 Of that false son—and daring lover !  
 His beads and sins are all recounted,  
 His hours to their last minute mounted—

\* \* \* \* \*

These the last accents Hugo spoke :  
 "Strike!"—and flashing fell the stroke—  
 Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk  
 Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,  
 In the dust, which each deep vein  
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain ;  
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver,  
 Convulsed and quick—then fix forever.  
 He died, as erring man should die,  
 Without display, without parade,  
 Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,  
 As not disdaining priestly aid,  
 Nor desperate of all hope on high.





## THE DREAM.

---

IN this singular poem Byron typifies his own life, and endeavors to justify some of the inconsistencies of his conduct: it may be called his ideal history. He thus describes himself and Mary Chaworth, to whose non-appreciation of his affection he always attributed his after misfortunes.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth,

\* \* \* \* \*

And both were young, and one was beautiful.  
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him.

\* \* \* \* \*

He had no breath—no being—but in hers;  
She was his voice. \* \* \*

\* \* She was his sight—

She was his life:—

The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
Even as a brother, but no more; 'twas much,  
For brotherless she was.

In his diary, he thus alludes to the effects which would have flowed from their union:

“Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers, it would have joined lands, broad and rich; it would have joined one heart and two persons—not ill-matched in years, (she is two years my elder;)—and—and—and—what has been the result?”

He thus alludes to the old hall at Annesley, the family-seat of the Chaworths:

There was an ancient mansion, and before  
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned:  
Within an antique oratory stood  
The boy of whom I spake; he was alone  
And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon  
He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced  
Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned  
His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 'twere  
With a convulsion; then arose again,  
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear  
What he had written—but he shed no tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

He passed

From out the massy gate of that old hall,  
And mounting on his steed he went his way;  
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

It was confessed by the noble poet, to a friend, that this scene is strictly true, and

that he actually rode to Annesley to make a formal declaration of his love to Mary Chaworth; but the unconcern of her manner, when she came in to welcome him, chilled him so that he rode off, as stated in the poem before us.

The next change in his dream alludes to his wanderings in Greece: this was considered by Walter Scott as admirably painted, so far as keeping was concerned.

In the wilds

Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt  
With strange and dusky aspects. \* \* \*

\* \* \* On the sea

And on the shore he was a wanderer:  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all; and in the last he lay  
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
Of ruined walls, that had survived the names  
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side  
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man  
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,  
While many of his tribe slumbered around:  
And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

The next phase of his dream is, as everybody knows, purely imaginary; as Mary Chaworth was happily married to Mr. Musters, and had, apparently, as pleasant and contented a life as need be desired. The poet's vanity strongly peeps out in this passage:

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.  
What could her grief be? she had all she loved,  
And he who had so loved her was not there  
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish.

In the next change of the spirit of the dream we know—unhappily for Byron's peace of mind—that it only depicts the truth, and that it is an exact description of his own marriage with Miss Milbank.

I saw him stand

Before an altar, with a gentle bride.  
\* \* \* \* \*

And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words.  
And all things reeled around him.

Even at this moment the poet was thinking  
Of the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,  
And her who was his destiny, came back  
And thrust themselves between him and the light:  
What business had they there at such a time?

In the next change, the poet thus alludes to his separation from Lady Byron:

The wanderer was alone as heretofore:  
The beings which surrounded him were gone,  
Or were at war with him; he was a mark  
For blight and desolation, compassed round  
With hatred and contention: pain was mixed  
In all which was served up to him, until  
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
But were a kind of nutriment: he lived  
Through that which had been death to many men,  
And made him friends of mountains; with the stars  
And the quick spirit of the universe  
He held his dialogues.







# L A U R A .

---

BEPPO is a volatile and humorous Venetian story, founded on an anecdote that had amused Lord Byron, and was written, as he said, to prove that he could write cheerfully, and to repel the charge of monotony and mannerism: it was completely successful; and this, probably, was one of the causes that originated Don Juan.

The poem abounds in laughable and truthful descriptions of Italian life and society, with occasional digressions, replete with caustic wit and sarcasm: it contains no seriousness or cloudy gravity, but sparkles in brilliancy and sunshine—showing the author's knowledge of the world and human nature, and ridiculing and exposing the follies and foibles of mankind, and their manners. The composition is polished, but not beautiful; light, yet not immoral; and gentlemanlike, without being *genteelly* sober: in short, it is a versification of every-day life and conversation, seasoned by one whose hours of gayety and grief were in the extremes of both.

The story, in brief, is this:—Beppo, a Venetian merchant, remaining away from home rather too long to suit the taste of Laura, his wife, she, believing or wishing him dead, falls in love with a certain Count, who

usurps her husband's place. Beppo, in the mean time, having been made a slave, and then becoming a Turk and pirate, returns home, and, like a good stoic, calmly takes back his wife; and, like a good-natured man, lives in friendship with the Count; which philosophical conduct upsets the entire modern catalogue of ravings and tears, divorces and damages, as well as duels and executions. The annexed verses relate the whole story.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best

Of time, and time returned the compliment,  
And treated her genteelly, so that, dress'd,  
She look'd extremely well where'er she went.

A pretty woman is a welcome guest,

And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent;  
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seemed to flatter  
Mankind with her blaek eyes for looking at her.

\* \* \* \* \*

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose,

If only you will but oppose their choice?)

Till Beppo should return from his long eruse,

And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,

A man some women like, and yet abuse—

A coxcomb was he by the public voice;

A Count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,

And in his pleasures of great liberality.

\* \* \* \* \*

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,

Talking, she knew not why and cared not what

So that her female friends, with envy broiling,  
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;  
And well-dress'd males still kept before her filing,  
And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat;  
More than the rest one person seem'd to stare  
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

He was a Turk, the color of mahogany;  
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,  
Because the Turks so much admire phylogyny,  
Although their usage of their wives is sad;  
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any  
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad:  
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,  
Four wives by law, and concubines "ad libitum."

\* \* \* \* \*  
Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,  
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,  
Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honor,  
And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay!"  
Could staring win a woman, this had won her,  
But Laura could not thus be led astray;  
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle  
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Count and Laura found their boat at last,  
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,  
Discussing all the dances gone and past;  
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;  
Some little scandals eke: but all aghast  
(As to their palace stairs the rowers glide)  
Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,  
When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

"Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,  
"Your unexpected presence here will make  
It necessary for myself to crave  
Its import? But perhaps 'tis a mistake;  
I hope it is so; and, at once to wave  
All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake:  
You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."  
"Sir," (quoth the Turk,) "'tis no mistake at all.

"That lady is my *wife*!" Much wonder paints  
The lady's changing cheek, as well as it might;  
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,  
Italian females don't do so outright;  
They only call a little on their saints,  
And then come to themselves, almost or quite;  
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling  
faces,  
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

She said—what could she say? Why, not a word:  
But the Count courteously invited in  
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard:  
"Such things, perhaps, we'd best discuss within,"  
Said he; "don't let us make ourselves absurd  
In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,  
For then the chief and only satisfaction  
Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction."

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd—it came,  
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,  
Although the way they make it's not the same.  
Now Laura, much recover'd, or less loth  
To speak, cries "Beppo! what's your pagan name?  
Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!  
And how came you to keep away so long?  
Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
His wife received, the patriarch rebaptized him,  
(He made the church a present, by the way);  
He then threw off the garments which disguised him,  
And horror'd the Count's smallclothes for a day:  
His friends the more for his long absence prized him,  
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,  
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them,  
For stories—but I don't believe the half of them.

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age  
With wealth and talking made him some amends,  
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,  
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.











## THE DEATH OF MEDORA.

---

CONRAD having escaped, through the means of Gulnare, who accompanies him, is picked up by his companions, on the sea, who had sailed in search of him, or to avenge his death. They sail for his isle, and reach there at night; seeing no light in Medora's tower, his heart sadly forbodes the real cause.

He reach'd his turret door—he paused, no sound  
Broke from within; and all was night around.  
He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply  
Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh;  
He knock'd—but faintly—for his trembling hand  
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.  
The portal opens—'tis a well known face—  
But not the form he panted to embrace.  
Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,  
And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd;  
He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—  
It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.  
He would not wait for that reviving ray—  
As soon could he have linger'd there for day;  
But, glimmering through the dusky corridor,  
Another checkers o'er the shadow'd floor;  
His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold  
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold!

He had been doomed to die; a horrid  
murder had been committed by another to

save him, and he at length had been permitted to reach the long-desired home of his heart; but Medora, the only being on earth whom he loved, was dead, and lay in still and solemn purity before him on her funeral bier; and this is his welcome home! His heart was crushed and desolate. What was life now to him, when his life's life lay before him, in all her beauty—cold, motionless, and dead? here, too, where he had last tenderly strained her to his bosom, promising soon to return. He is now a lone wanderer on the face of the earth, with the mark of Cain on his brow; with anguish, remorse, and despair in his heart, creating the burning torments of a living hell!

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

And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—

Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,  
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!  
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,  
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—  
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,  
And wish'd repose—but only for a while;  
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,  
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;  
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—  
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

He asks not how she died; for she is lost  
to him on earth, and thus lost forever! He  
will not see her hence, for she has fled to  
Heaven, whose crystal gates are closed to  
men of unrepented crimes!

He ask'd no question—all were answer'd now  
By the first glance on that still marble brow.  
It was enough—she died—what reck'd it how?

Even Byron, with all his eloquence, cannot describe the bleeding agonies of real grief; and his woes and sorrows were very far from being of a light nature. The bleeding pangs of a true mourner's heart,

grief's palsied tongue can ne'er but faintly show. The sorrow felt for the loss of the one dearest being, our all on earth, outgears all description.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
For Truth denies all eloquence to Wo.  
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,  
And stupor almost lull'd it into rest;  
So feeble now, his mother's softness crept  
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept.  
It was the very weakness of his brain,  
Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.

They who can read this tale unmoved, must have adamantine feelings, so let them heed its moral. Nothing is stronger on earth than woman's love. In a virtuous Medora, it clings around the dear object, and the heart bursts with anguish when deprived of the light in which its soul did naught but bask. In a perverted Gulnare, even bloody murder cannot stop its strong terrific force. And the heart of man, though dark with guilt, may yet hold one pure pearl of virtue, for he was once made in the image of a righteous and a holy God!





## H A I D E E .

It was the saying of Charles Lamb, that Shakspeare had monopolized the finest of all womankind, and he then rushed into a glowing panegyric of Desdemona, Ophelia, Imogen, Isabella, &c. We candidly confess that Byron has not been successful in his treatment of the fairer sex ; all his women partake too much of the sensual or the melodramatic. Medora is perhaps a modified exception ; but in Haidee he has thoroughly and nobly vindicated the nobility of womanhood, and done justice to his own genius. Haidee is the sweetest and most touching of his feminine creations.

She is the fair spirit of the second and third cantos of Don Juan ; she is just the creature to have inspired the wish in "Childe Harold,"

Oh ! that a desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one bright spirit as a minister !

Don Juan has been shipwrecked, and cast ashore insensible. On his coming to his consciousness, he first perceives Haidee ; she is thus beautifully described :

And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen  
A lovely female face of seventeen !

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth  
Seemed almost prying into his for breath ;  
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth  
Recalled his answering spirits back from death ;

And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe  
Each pulse to animation, till beneath  
Its gentle touch, and trembling care, a sigh  
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial poured, and mantle flung  
Around his scarce-clad limbs, and the fair arm  
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung ;  
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,  
Pillowed his deathlike forehead ; then she wrung  
His dewy curls, long drenched by every storm ;  
And watched with eagerness each throb that drew  
A sigh from his heaved bosom, *and hers, too !*

\* \* \* \* \*

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,  
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,—  
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled  
In braids behind ; and though her stature were  
Even of the highest for a female mould,  
They nearly reached her heel ; and in her air  
There was a something which bespoke command  
As one who was a lady in the land !

Her hair, I said, was auburn ; but her eyes  
Were black as death, the lashes the same hue  
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies  
Deepest attraction ; for when to the view  
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,  
Ne'er with such forcè the swiftest arrow flew ;  
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,  
And hurls at once his venom and his strength !

These two lines contain one of the most felicitous images in all poetry ; there is a darting, forky force about the words which admirably second the thought.

Her brow was white and low; her cheek's pure dye  
 Like twilight rosy with the set of sun;  
 Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh  
 Ever to have seen such; for she was one  
 Fit for the model of a statuary,  
 (A race of mere impostors, when all is done!)  
 I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
 Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just  
 One should not rail without a decent cause:  
 There was an Irish lady, to whose bust  
 I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was  
 A frequent model; and if e'er she must  
 Yield to stern Time, and Nature's wrinkling laws,  
 They will destroy a face which mortal thought  
 Ne'er compassed, nor less mortal chisel wrought!

This is a fair specimen of Don Juan: in  
 the midst of a passage full of tenderness  
 and beauty, he breaks off into some gro-  
 tesque allusion, utterly at variance with the  
 spirit of his foregoing theme. It may, per-  
 haps, interest our readers to know that the  
 Irish lady here alluded to was the Countess  
 of Blessington, who has had the *curiosa*  
*felicitas* of being immortalized by the first  
 poets of the Old and New World; we allude  
 by Byron, Moore, Landor, Leigh Hunt, and  
 Willis.

And such was she, the lady of the Cave:

Her dress was very different from the Spanish,  
 Simpler, and yet of colors not so grave;  
 For, as you know, the Spanish women banish  
 Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave  
 Around them (what I hope will never vanish)  
 The basquina and the mantilla, they  
 Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the case:  
 Her dress was many-colored, finely spun;

Her locks curled negligently round her face,  
 But through them gold and gems profusely shone;  
 Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace  
 Flowed in her veil, and many a precious stone  
 Flashed on her little hand; but, what was shocking,  
 Her small, snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

The next stanza describes the attendant  
 of Haidee; it concludes with this charac-  
 teristic distinction of the patrician and the  
 plebeian:

Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes  
 As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

Haidee was the daughter of a Greek  
 pirate, who had his retreat in one of the  
 Cyclades: out of this dark old villain comes  
 this sweet flower of poetical womankind,  
 just as a fair white lily has its root in the  
 black earth. After describing the father-  
 pirate, he thus comes to the beautiful  
 daughter:

He had an only daughter, called Haidee,  
 The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;  
 Besides, so very beautiful was she,  
 Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles;  
 Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree,  
 She grew to womanhood, and between whiles  
 Rejected several suitors, just to learn  
 How to accept a better, in his turn.

The fair Haidee, walking out upon the  
 beach, discovers the insensible Juan, and  
 cherishes him in a cave: this they were  
 enabled to do with comparative safety, as  
 the old pirate father was at sea on one of  
 his freebooting expeditions: leaving him to  
 his repose, the sweet Haidee, and her at-  
 tendant Zoe, return to the pirate's dwelling.







## D O N J U A N .

---

DON JUAN is undoubtedly the only modern epic. It is as true a picture of our times, as the Iliad and the Odyssey were of theirs. That it is the most wonderful monument of Byron's genius is undoubted. His powers were admirably adapted to portray, with unparalleled force and vivacity, that flippant, mocking spirit, which so singularly mingles now with even the most momentous questions, whether of morals, politics, or theology. It has likewise the merit of being the best-abused poem of the present generation; a certain proof of its influence upon the age. It would indeed be difficult, if not impossible, to name any work which shows so vast an acquaintance with human nature. We admit that the author has Byronized it to a certain extent; but, making every deduction for the idiosyncrasy of the poet, it must still remain the most remarkable production of modern literature. To those who complain of Lord Byron's egotism, let it always be remembered, that the egotism of a great mind is very different from that of the common-place man: the latter nauseates you with mere duplicates of his own daguerreotype likeness; while the former presents an ever-varying kaleidoscope of mind and nature, interesting in every aspect. There is variety in one, monotony

in the other. We consider this to be eminently the characteristic of Byron's genius; his view is extensive, though somewhat tinged with the prevailing color of his own wonderful mind. In this, he certainly offers a remarkable contrast to Shakspeare, who differed from the moody Childe far as the poles asunder. We attribute to this marked distinction between the dramatist and the modern poet, the common belief in Byron's egotism and want of universality. How unfounded this charge is, need not to be pointed out to the student of "Don Juan."

That the poet has more thoroughly developed his own nature in this celebrated epic than in Manfred, Lara, Conrad, and Childe Harold, is evident to all who know any thing of his habits or his life. The light and shade of his nature are here interwoven so inextricably as to form a complete portrait, while in the earlier poems all is dark and gloomy. It is a picture without any relief; or, to use a homely simile, like a profile cut out of black paper. Byron's character was eminently changeable; his spirit was moody, but full of variety, shifting like a quicksand, and swallowing up all that was passing over it at that particular instant. So loud has been the outcry against this remarkable poem, that many of

our readers will no doubt be surprised when we affirm that some of the purest and loftiest passages in modern poetry are to be found in this much-denounced epic; that it also contains much of that Mephistophelian spirit, which unhappily disfigures some of his noblest works, is undoubtedly true; but Byron is a mighty garden, where, among the finest of herbs, the costliest of exotics, and the brightest of flowers, there grows at the same time the deadly weed. Let us not indiscriminately crush the multitudinous wheat and destroy the harvest, in our short-sighted effort to destroy the tares.

The faculty which we possess of calling up, by an effort of thought, a well-remembered face, is very often exercised by lovers. Byron has availed himself of this well-known propensity, to make it frequently the subject of his muse. We have given one instance in the present illustration.

Donna Julia is thus introduced to the reader:

There was the Donna Julia, whom to call  
Pretty, were but to give a feeble notion  
Of many charms, in her as natural  
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean.

\* \* \* \* \*

The darkness of her Oriental eye  
Accorded with her Moorish origin;  
Her blood was not all Spanish, by the bye.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her eye—(I'm very fond of handsome eyes)—  
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire,  
Until she spoke; then through its soft disguise  
Flashed an expression more of pride than ire,

And love than either; and there would arise  
A something in them which was not desire,  
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul  
Which struggled through, and chastened down the  
whole.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow  
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;  
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,  
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,  
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,  
As if her veins ran lightning!

Juan's attachment to Julia is discovered, and he is sent to sea. Julia was dispatched to a convent, from whence she contrived to convey that letter which has been celebrated by the lovers of poetry. We subjoin an extract:

They tell me 'tis decided; you depart;  
'Tis wise, 'tis well—but not the less a pain:  
I have no further claim on your young heart—  
Mine is the victim, and would be again;  
To love too much has been the only art  
I used: I write in haste, and if a stain  
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears;  
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

The next stanza has been considered by many as embodying a painful truth:

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range  
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart—  
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange  
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,  
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;  
Men have all these resources, we but one—  
To love again, and be again undone.





# I A N T H E.

---

## TO IANTHE.

Nor in those climes where I have late been straying,  
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless  
deem'd;  
Not in those visions to the heart displaying  
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,  
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd :  
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek  
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—  
To such as see thee not, my words were weak ;  
To those who gaze on thee, what language could they  
speak ?

Ah ! mayst thou ever be what now thou art,  
Nor unbecom the promise of thy spring,  
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,  
Love's image upon earth without his wing,  
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining !  
And surely she who now so fondly rears  
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,  
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,  
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West !—'tis well for me  
My years already doubly number thine ;  
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,  
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine ;

Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline ;  
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,  
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign  
To those whose admiration shall succeed,  
But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours  
decreed.

Oh ! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,  
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,  
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,  
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny  
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,  
Could I to thee be ever more than friend :  
This much, dear maid, accord ; nor question why  
To one so young my strain I would commend,  
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse intwined ;  
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast  
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined  
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last :  
My days once number'd, should this homage past  
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre  
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,  
Such is the most my memory may desire ;  
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship  
less require ?

The opening stanzas of Childe Harold were addressed to Lady Charlotte Harley in 1812, who was then only eleven years old, under the appellation of "Ianthe."

This delicate tribute of sincere friendship is a sweet embodiment of the gifted poet's admiration of budding innocence and beauty; and the solicitude he feels for this youthful "Peri," that she may continue to bloom as pure in heart, and guileless beyond the fondest imagination of Hope, is as tenderly affectionate as a parent's love.

When Lord Byron wrote in praise of female loveliness, he invested the living beauties whose charms he described, with a far more exquisite imagery than the fancies of his own creation. His wish for Ianthe is, that she may be as true as "Love's image upon earth without his wing," and that her anxious mother may behold her, as the bright rainbow whose heavenly hues will dispel all future sorrow. The last sublime sentiment has only been exceeded by him in one instance, viz., in the magnificent lines addressed to Lady Wilmot Horton :

"She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;

And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies."

The grand metaphor he uses, is the least sensual, and the most poetical of any that can ever be imagined.

"And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent;  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!"

He here, as before, appropriately pays the lofty homage due to female purity and virtue; an example which has been set by divine inspiration.

Again, in speaking of his cousin Margaret Parker, who died at a very early age, he says,—

"I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace!"







## THE ALBANI AN.

---

FIERCE are Albania's children, yet they lack  
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.  
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?  
Who can so well the toil of war endure?  
Their native fastnesses not more secure  
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:  
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure.  
When gratitude or valor bids them bleed,  
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

The little shepherd-boy, pensively watching his flock, forms a pleasing picture of childish innocence; and it would appear strange that when matured, he would constitute the fierce and daring warrior, as described in the above stanza.

— peering down each precipice, the goat  
Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,  
The little shepherd in his white capote  
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,  
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

But it is stranger still to think, that Ali, the cruel Pacha of Yanina, and chief of Albania, should be a venerable man, with a mild and gentle aspect, showing at times great tenderness of heart, and often engaging in acts of courteous kindness.

Sta. 5\*

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring  
Of living water from the centre rose,  
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,  
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose  
ALI reclined, a man of war and woes:  
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws  
Along that aged venerable face,  
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with  
disgrace.

It is not that yon hoary, lengthening beard  
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth:  
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,  
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—  
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,  
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man  
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth:  
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,  
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

In a letter to his mother, the poet describes Ali thus:—

“ His highness is sixty years old, very fat, and not tall, but with a fine face, light blue eyes, and a white beard; his manner is very kind, and at the same time he possesses that dignity which I find universal among the Turks. He has the appearance of any

thing but his real character; for he is a remorseless tyrant, guilty of the most horrible cruelties, very brave, and so good a general that they call him the Mahometan Buonaparte.

\* \* \* \* \*

He has been a mighty warrior; but is as barbarous as he is successful, roasting rebels," &c. &c.

Very little of Albania had been traversed by Europeans, and still less known of its interior, before Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse visited it.

On the poet's mind, his travels there had a lasting effect through life, and formed an important epoch of his literary and private career, which wrought their due effects at a future period. The kind and fatherly treatment he received from Ali, and the rugged courtesy and hospitality he experienced from the Albanians, as well as the devoted faithfulness of his servants, attached him more strongly than ever to this interesting country that he had already loved with warm and passionate feelings. Together with his love of liberty, his reception here was the main instigation that prompted him to lend his aid, and sacrifice his life, in the hope of freeing unhappy Greece! The dress of the Arnauts, or Albanese, with their white kilts, their hardy habits, dialect, figure, and manner of living, according to his own account, carried him back to the days of

his childhood, when he wandered over Morven, in the Highlands of Scotland, which could not but have made upon him a strong and indelible impression. Their undaunted spirits excited his ardent admiration, and hoping, too fondly, that men so resolute could not but restore Greece to her ancient freedom and happiness, he embarked in his arduous undertaking, which might have succeeded then had it not been for his premature and melancholy death! The following stanzas are a specimen of his deep feeling in her cause:—

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?

By their right arm the conquest must be wrought?

Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!

True, they may lay your proud spoilers low,

But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.

Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!

Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;

Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,

If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:

Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,

The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,

Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,

And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:

Ah! Greece, they love thee least who owe thee most;

Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record

Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!





## JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

---

AND Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, "If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands,

"Then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt-offering."

So Jephthah passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them; and the Lord delivered them into his hands. \* \* \* \* \*

And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances: and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter. \* \*

And it came to pass at the end of two months, that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed.

JUDGES, ch. xi.

From this affecting passage of Sacred History, the noble poet composed a few of the sweetest and most pathetic lines that could ever depict the depths of female resignation and devotion. The pure patriotism, tender affection, and heavenly submission that he ascribes to this holy maid of Israel, are invested in the simplest, yet most powerful appeals that could be made to awaken the sympathies of our better nature.

1.

Since our country, our God—Oh, my sire!  
Demand that thy daughter expire;  
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—  
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

2.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
And the mountains behold me no more:  
If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow!

3.

And of this, O my father! be sure—  
That the blood of thy child is as pure  
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
And the last thought that soothes me below.

4.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
Be the judge and the hero unbent!  
I have won the great battle for thee,  
And my father and country are free

5.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,  
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!

Who can read these mournful verses  
without being convinced of the awful re-

sponsibility of vowing rash vows unto the Lord! the fulfilment of which too often bring deserved ruin and desolation, for such offerings are unholy. We shrink from entering into the bitter feelings of a fond father's heart, who thus bound his soul to slay the only object of his love. Many commentators have supposed that Jephthah did not really offer up his daughter as a burnt-offering, but redeemed her with money, and offered up the usual burnt-sacrifice instead. However pity may have prompted

the humane suggestion, the stern meaning conveyed in the unalterable words of Holy-Writ proves this view of the subject to be incorrect, and the unwilling mind is forced to admit the sickening reality of this fatal catastrophe. Notwithstanding the disgust that the mention of human sacrifices invariably creates, the sincere affection, and willingness of the unfortunate victim, endue this awful subject with beauties that will always elicit the warmest admiration.







## OH THAT THE DESERT WERE MY DWELLING-PLACE!

---

OH that the desert were my dwelling-place  
With one fair spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her !  
Ye Elements ! in whose ennobling stir  
I feel myself exalted—can ye not  
Accord me such a being ? Do I err  
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?  
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

The pilgrim's shrine is won—he has trod  
upon the dust of empires, visited mighty  
ruins of ancient cities, wandered over battle-  
plains where the fate of nations has been  
doomed, and viewed every spot he listed  
that would prove interesting to a mind stored  
with classic lore ; but his heart is broken—  
the tender chords of its affection snapped  
asunder with ruthless violence, his hopes  
blighted and decayed, and the loved beings  
of his soul, that made life dear to him, have  
forsaken him forever !

His desolation and loneliness distract him  
with anguish, and he yearns for one true  
ministering spirit to cling to for protection  
and support, for he is sick and weary of the  
cold selfishness of his fellow-men. He turns  
to nature with his plaintive quest :

“ Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her !”

The magnificent scenes of nature, her  
elements and wonders, are now his only  
source of enjoyment, and her solitude his  
only comfort.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes.  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

He had already shown in his lay the folly  
and vanity of the human heart, which clogs  
itself with worldly pleasures until it pro-  
duces that dull satiety which is the only  
barrier that conceals Contentment, (the cas-  
ket which holds the jewel Happiness, but  
yielding it only when unlocked by the key  
of Religion!) and it only remained for him  
to compare the utter insignificance of man,

with the works of creation, over whom he should have had a boundless and absolute control. To the Ocean he is but as a drop of rain.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he  
 wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

As is his wont, when communing with  
 Nature, he pours forth his song with un-

surpassable sublimity, and he clothes the mighty ocean with some of the attributes of the Omnipotent God. The indescribable grandeur of these last concluding notes, as pealing forth from his wild and enchanting harp, exists as an imperishable monument to show posterity the power of his genius.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,  
 alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.





*The Artist*

*London*

# LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

---

## LOVE'S LAST ADIEU!

“*Αἰεὶ δὲ, αἰεὶ με φέτεται.*”—*ΑΣΑΚΡΕΟΝ.*

1.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,  
Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,  
Till Time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,  
Or prunes them for ever in love's last adieu!

2.

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,  
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;  
The chance of an hour may command us to part,  
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu!

3.

Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-swollen  
breast,  
Will whisper, “Our meeting we yet may renew:”  
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's repress,  
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu!

4.

Oh! mark you yon pair: in the sunshine of youth  
Love twined round their childhood his flowers as  
they grew;  
They flourish awhile in the season of truth,  
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu!

5.

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way  
Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hue?  
Yet why do I ask?—to distraction a prey,  
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu!

6.

Oh! who is yon misanthrope, shunning mankind?  
From cities to caves of the forest he flew:  
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind;  
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu!

7.

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy chains  
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;  
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins;  
He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu!

8.

How he envies the wretch with a soul wrapt in steel!  
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few  
Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,  
And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu!

9.

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

## 10.

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

## 11.

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

The Hours of Idleness, when considered as the production of a tyro in poetry, and a mere youth, are certainly entitled to a great deal of praise. The lofty thoughts that are loosely scattered through them, show the eager graspings of a soaring and ambitious mind striving to pierce into mighty things which it cannot clearly comprehend ; or the young, aspiring student thirsting to obtain that knowledge at once, which the hoary-headed master has attained solely by time, attended with painful experience. They invariably appear to have been written by one far older in thought, than a youth whose aim is usually folly and pleasure. "Love's Last Adieu" would seem to have been written by an old man, unskilled in poetry, but whose heart had been bereft of every object of its love ; and whose affections and feelings

had withered and become blunted, and had thus tamed down, as it were, the pathos with which the versification is invested.

As a germ of poetical tenderness and mournful melody, it is insignificant when compared with the subsequent fruits of his mind, when wo and grief had taught his harp to give responsive strains. The bitter morality which it teaches, and the absence of all repulsive, love-sick ravings, enrich it with that good sound sense, that approximates very nearly to grandeur and sublimity. The exquisite thought, however, of "Love's Last Adieu," so unskilfully handled, has been far from exhausted. The word "Farewell!" contains a mine of sorrow, but it only denotes Love's temporal parting, which often creates pleasure through the bright anticipations of Hope! But "Love's Last Adieu" is the eternal parting of life and love forever! It is the death-blow of hope, and the destroyer of every joy, the blighting desolation that makes solitude agony, and society a curse,—the gnawing canker of grief, and the burning torch of immedicable wo, for which there is no balm but that of religion, no end but the grave, and no rest but the sweet and ever-blessed rest of Heaven!







## M A Z E P P A .

---

THE harmonious language describing the impetuous speed of the horse, and his faint and feeble reeling when he attains his native plains, may be likened to a magnificent burst of solemn and majestic music, succeeded by a soft and plaintive melody.

Onward we went—but slack and slow ;

His savage force at length o'erspent,  
The drooping courser, faint and low,  
All feebly foaming went.

A sickly infant had had power  
To guide him forward in that hour ;

But useless all to me.

His new-born tameness naught avail'd—  
My limbs were bound ; my force had fail'd,

Perchance, had they been free.  
With feeble effort still I tried  
To rend the bonds so starkly tied—

But still it was in vain ;  
My limbs were only wrung the more,  
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,

Which but prolonged their pain :  
The dizzy race seem'd almost done,  
Although no goal was nearly won :  
Some streaks announced the coming sun—

How slow, alas ! he came !

Byron not only excites our pity for Mazeppa's sufferings, but bespeaks it for

Sig. 6\*

the drooping and dying animal ; there is even pathos of the highest order in his limning of the noble courser's arrival, staggering and exhausted, among his terrible, untamed companions, who come thundering on in their plunging pride to meet him, only to see him fall, gasp, and die at their feet : they stop—start—and check their wild career at so strange and bloody a sight ; approach—retire—

“ And backward to the forest fly,  
By instinct, from a human eye.”

The accompanying engraving represents this beautiful and impressive passage.

At length, while reeling on our way,  
Methought I heard a courser neigh,  
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.  
Is it the wind those branches stirs ?  
No, no ! from out the forest prance

A trampling troop ; I see them come !  
In one vast squadron they advance !

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.  
The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;  
But where are they the reins to guide ?  
A thousand horse—and none to ride !  
With flowing tail and flying mane,  
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,  
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein.

And feet that iron never shed,  
 And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,  
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,  
 Came thickly thundering on,  
 As if our faint approach to meet ;  
 The sight renerv'd my courser's feet,  
 A moment staggering, feebly fleet,  
 A moment, with a faint low neigh,  
 He answered, and then fell ;  
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
 And reeking limbs immoveable,  
 His first and last career is done !  
 On came the troop—they saw him stoop,  
 They saw me strangely bound along  
 His back with many a bloody thong :  
 They stop—they start—they snuff the air,  
 Gallop a moment here and there,  
 Approach, retire, wheel round and round,  
 Then plunging back with sudden bound,  
 Headed by one black mighty steed,  
 Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,  
 Without a single speck or hair  
 Of white upon his shaggy hide ;  
 They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,  
 And backward to the forest fly,  
 By instinct, from a human eye.

The following lines are the best in the poem ; we might almost name them the Death of Mazeppa, for death is there portrayed, palpable and real as the very feeling of its pangs. The quivering, departing breath—gradual sinking—and thrilling agony of his last moments of consciousness, could not have been more truly delineated, even if dissolution had taken place.

The sun was sinking—still I lay  
 Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed  
 I thought to mingle there our clay ;

And my dim eyes of death had need,  
 No hope arose of being freed :  
 I cast my last looks up the sky,  
 And there between me and the sun  
 I saw the expecting raven fly,  
 Who scarce would wait till both should die,  
 Ere his repast begun ;  
 He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,  
 And each time nearer than before ;  
 I saw his wing through twilight flit,  
 And once so near me he alit  
 I could have smote, but lack'd the strength :  
 But the slight motion of my hand,  
 And feeble scratching of the sand,  
 The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,  
 Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,  
 Together scared him off at length.—  
 I know no more—my latest dream  
 Is something of a lovely star  
 Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,  
 And went and came with wandering beam,  
 And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense  
 Sensation of recurring sense,  
 And then subsiding back to death,  
 And then again a little breath,  
 A little thrill, a short suspense,  
 An icy sickness curdling o'er  
 My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—  
 A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,  
 A sigh, and nothing more.—  
 What need of more?—I will not tire  
 With long recital of the rest,  
 Since I became the Cossack's guest :  
 They found me senseless on the plain—  
 They bore me to the nearest hut—  
 They brought me into life again—  
 Me—one day o'er their realm to reign !  
 Thus the vain fool who strove to glut  
 His rage, refining on my pain,  
 Sent me forth to the wilderness,  
 Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,  
 To pass the desert to a throne.





## HAIDEE, ENTERING THE CAVE.

---

AFTER a troubled night, the beautiful and innocent Haidee, with her attendant, visit Juan :

And down the cliff the Island Virgin came,  
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,  
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,  
And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew,  
Taking her for a sister ; just the same  
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,  
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,  
Had all the advantage, too, of *not* being *air*.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepp'd  
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw  
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept ;  
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe,  
(For sleep is awful,) and on tiptoe erept  
And wrapped him closer, lest the air, too raw,  
Should reach his blood ; then o'er him, still as death,  
Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-drawn  
breath.

While Zoe, the servant, is engaged in preparing the breakfast, the sensitive Haidee is hanging over her shipwrecked *protégé* :

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,  
Hushed as the babe upon its mother's breast,  
Drooped as the willow when no wind can breathe,  
Lulled like the depth of ocean when at rest ;  
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,  
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest :  
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,  
Although his woes had turned him rather yellow.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,  
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade  
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain  
Had further sleep a further pleasure made ;  
For woman's face was never formed in vain  
For Juan, so that even when he prayed  
He turned from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,  
To the sweet portals of the Virgin Mary.

She tells him,  
With an Ionian accent low and sweet,  
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

Now Juan could not understand a word,  
Being no Grecian ; but he had an ear,  
And her voice was the warble of a bird,  
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,  
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard ;  
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,  
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,  
Whence melody descends as from a throne.

We cannot avoid pointing out to our readers the fatality which seems to attend Byron when he uses the word "overpowering;" these two lines are out of harmony with the rest of the description of Haidee's voice.—The tenderness with which she nurses Juan, is described with the poet's usual felicity. She attires him as a Greek, and teaches him Romæic :

Thus Juan learned his alpha beta better  
From Haidee's glance, than any graven letter.

The absence of Lambro, Haidee's father, enabled the lovers to be constantly together :

And every day by daybreak—rather early

For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—  
She came into the cave, but it was merely

To see her bird reposing in his nest ;  
And she would softly stir his locks so curly,

Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest ;  
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,  
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet South.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,  
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

The description of her dress is very felicitous :

Of all the dresses I select Haidee's :

She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow ;  
Of azure, pink, and white, was her chemise—  
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow ;  
With buttons formed of pearls, as large as peas,  
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow ;  
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,  
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flowed round her.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,  
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold,  
That the hand stretched and shut it without harm ;  
The limb which it adorned its only mould,  
So beautiful, its very shape would charm,  
And clinging as though loath to lose its hold,  
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin  
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,  
A like gold bar above her instep rolled,  
Announced her rank : twelve rings were on her hand,  
Her hair was starred with gems ; her veil's fine fold

Below her breast, was fastened with a band  
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told ;  
Her orange silk full Turkish trowsers furled  
Above the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel  
Flowed like an Alpine torrent, when the sun  
Dyes with his morning light, and would conceal  
Her person, if allowed at large to run ;  
And still they seem resentfully to feel  
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun  
Their bonds whene'er some zephyr caught began  
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,  
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,  
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife  
With all we can imagine of the skies,  
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—  
Too pure even for the purest human ties ;  
Her overpowering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Leigh Hunt remarked one day to the writer, that, however beautiful these two last lines are in themselves, they do not coincide with the rest of the description of Haidee ; the compound epithet of "overpowering presence" belongs rather to Lady Macbeth, than the guileless, lovely Greek girl.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged,  
(It is the country's custom,) but in vain ;  
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,  
The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,  
And in their native beauty stood avenged ;  
Her nails were touched with henna ; but again  
The power of art was turned to nothing, for  
They could not look more rosy than before.







# DON JUAN AND HAIDEE

IN LOVE.

THE absence of Haidee's father Lambro, on his piratical cruise, enables the lovers to enjoy each other's society without restraint. The poet has beautifully described their endearments.

T' our tale—The feast was over, the slaves gone,  
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired ;  
The Arab lore, and poet's song were done,  
And every sound of revelry expired ;  
The lady and her lover left alone,  
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired ;—  
Ave Maria ! o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee !

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour,  
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft  
While sung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest-leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of prayer !  
Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of love !  
Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above !  
Ave Maria ! Oh, that face so fair !  
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove—  
What though 'tis but a pictured image ! strike—  
That painting is no idol—'tis too like !

\* \* \* \* \*

Haidee and Juan thought not of the dead ;  
The heavens, and earth, and air seem'd made for  
them ;  
They found no fault with time—save that he fled ;  
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn :  
Each was the other's mirror, and but read  
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,  
And knew such brightness was but the reflection  
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

In this glorious gem of a Grecian isle, the lovers live a waking dream, more resembling that of our first parents in paradise, than a reality in this cold world. There is an Eastern coloring in this romantic picture, which no other poet, except Moore, has ever approached : the whole scene is redolent of perfume, love, and sunny enjoyment. The absence of Lambro still continuing, months flew over their heads in this blissful manner: their existence was the intoxication of happiness, to be sobered by a terrible reality.

They gazed upon the sunset ; 'tis an hour  
Dear unto all, but dearest to *their eyes*,  
For it had made them what they were : the power  
Of love had first o'erwhelmed them from such skies,  
When happiness had been their only dower ;

And twilight saw them linked in passion's ties ;  
Charmed with each other, all things charmed that  
brought

The past still welcome as the present thought.

But even amid this glow of delight, a pre-  
sentiment stole over them ever and anon  
prophetic of evil.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,  
E'en as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,  
And swept, as 'twere, across their hearts' delight,  
Like the wind o'er a harp-string !

This foreboding of evil

Called from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,  
While one new tear arose in Haidee's eye !

Unable to shake off the sense of impending  
sorrow,

Juan and Haidee gazed upon each other  
With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,  
Which mixed all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother,  
All that the best can mingle and express  
When two pure hearts are poured in one another,  
And love too much, and yet cannot love less,  
But almost sanctify the sweet excess  
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

How magnificently Byron's misanthropy  
breaks out in the following stanza describing  
Juan and Haidee's love !

They should have lived together in deep woods,  
Unseen as sings the nightingale ; they were  
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes,  
Called social haunts of vice and hate and care ;  
How lonely every free-born creature broods !  
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair ;  
The eagle soars alone ; the gull and crow  
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below

In this state of apprehension the lovers are

Pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep ;

\* \* \* \* \*

A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,  
For ever and anon a something shook  
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep ;  
And Haidee's sweet lips murmured like a brook  
A wordless music ; and her face so fair  
Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.

In this sleep she has a dream of horror and  
dismay ; she wakes to a deeper dismay.  
Her waking is thus described :

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face  
Faded, or altered into something new—  
Like to her father's features, till each trace  
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—  
With all his keen worn look, and Grecian grace ;  
And starting, she awoke, and what to view ?  
Oh ! powers of Heaven ! what dark eye meets she  
'Tis—'tis her father's—fixed upon the pair ! [there ?

Then shrieking she arose, and shrieking fell !

This woke Juan, who, springing up, caught  
the fainting and affrighted girl in his  
arms. Snatching his sabre, he is told by  
Lambro scornfully that he has a thousand  
at his call. Haidee, reviving, tells Juan  
it is her father, and implores him to kneel  
and crave his pardon. Juan refuses to  
deliver up his sword, whereupon Lambro  
is about to shoot him, when Haidee throws  
herself before the pistol. The old pirate  
calls in some of his band, who wound and  
disarm Juan : he is dragged away, and sent  
to a galliot at sea, while Haidee is carried  
by her infuriate father to his own house.





## THE DEATH OF HAIDEE.

BYRON is not alone the poet of power; he is also the poet of pathos. There are few things in his writings equal to the death of Haidee: a golden glow of divine melancholy rests upon it, just as the sunlight falls on the day-descending earth. Imagination naturally belongs to life in every aspect; but to death it clings with a tenacity which defies destruction. In that of Haidee, there is a sweet yet brilliant sentiment which smiles like an atmosphere over the whole. Singular enough, it is one of the few sustained serious passages, undisfigured with those rapid transitions to the burlesque which so frequently jar on the solemnity of the scene. It seems as though the poet felt, for once, the influence of his own pathos, and was awed by the presence of the angel of Death, as it released the gentle spirit of Haidee from the chains of earth.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe—  
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;  
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half  
Of those with which his Haidee's bosom bounded?  
She was not one to weep—to rave—and chafe,  
And then give way, subdued because surrounded;  
Her mother was a Moorish maid, from Fez,  
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness!

\* \* \* \* \*  
The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,  
And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;

His blood was running on the very floor  
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;  
Thus much she viewed an instant, and no more—  
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan:  
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held  
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled!

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes  
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;  
And her head drooped, as when the lily lies  
O'ercharged with rain:—her summoned hand-  
maids bore  
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;  
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,  
But she defied all means they could employ,  
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill,  
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;  
She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still;  
No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead;  
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill  
All hope: to look upon her sweet face bred  
New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—  
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

\* \* \* \* \*  
She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,  
Rather the dead, for life seemed something new;  
A strange sensation, which she must partake  
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view  
Struck not her memory, though a heavy ache  
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat, still true,  
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause—  
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She looked on many a face with vacant eye,  
 On many a token, without knowing what;  
 She saw them watch her, without asking why,  
 And recked not who around her pillow sat;  
 Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a sigh  
 Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat  
 Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave  
 No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;  
 Her father watched; she turned her eyes away;  
 She recognized no being, and no spot,  
 However dear and cherished in their day;  
 They changed from room to room, but all forgot,  
 Gentle, but without memory she lay;  
 At length those eyes, which they would fain be  
 weaning  
 Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

How deeply to be regretted, that a poet  
 who could faithfully and tenderly paint the  
 changes of the female mind in its approach  
 to insanity through wounded love, should  
 not have more frequently drawn upon the  
 finer part of his imagination, and given us a  
 gallery of portraits commensurate with his  
 genius, and the purity of womankind! How  
 exquisitely the apathy to life is portrayed  
 in this sketch of Haidee! a slave brings a  
 harper, who played

A long low Island song  
 Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

On the first prelude she gazed on the  
 harper,

Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp  
 Her thoughts from sorrow, through her heart resent.

Anon her thin white fingers beat the wall  
 In time to his old tune: he changed the theme,

And sung of love; the fierce name struck through all  
 Her recollection; on her flashed the dream  
 Of what she was, and is; if ye could call  
 To be so, *Being*: in a gushing stream  
 The tears rushed forth from her unclouded brain,  
 Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Short solace, vain relief! thought came too quick,  
 And whirled her brain to madness; she arose,  
 As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,  
 And flew on all she met, as on her foes;  
 But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,  
 Although her paroxysm drew towards its close;—  
 Hers was a phrensy which disdained to rave,  
 Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

Yet she betrayed at times a gleam of sense:  
 Nothing could make her meet her father's face,  
 Though on all other things with looks intense  
 She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;  
 Food she refused, and raiment—no pretence  
 Availed for either; neither change of place,  
 Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her  
 Senses to sleep—the power seemed gone forever!

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,  
 Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show  
 A parting pang, the spirit from her passed;  
 And they who watched her nearest could not know  
 The very instant, till the change that cast  
 Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,  
 Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—  
 Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!

Thus closes one of the sweetest pictures  
 in the range of Byron's poetry; it sounds  
 like the very dirge of love and beauty.  
 Campbell well says—"over this charming  
 creature the poet has thrown a beauty and  
 a fascination which were never, we think,  
 surpassed."







## BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

---

The following quotations, alluding to this sombre passage of Death, will give the reader a minute and thrilling description:—

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;  
 A palace and a prison on each hand:  
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:  
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles  
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
 Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred  
 isles!

\* \* \* \* \*

— In Venice "*but*" 's a traitor.  
 But me no "*but*," unless you would pass o'er  
 The bridge which few repass.

\* \* \* \* \*

— Your midnight carryings off and drownings,  
 Your dungeons next the palace roofs, or under  
 The water's level; your mysterious meetings,  
 And unknown dooms, and sudden executions,  
 Your "Bridge of Sighs," your strangling chamber, and  
 Your torturing instruments, have made ye seem  
 The beings of another and worse world!

\* \* \* \* \*

— Their senses, though

Alike to love, are yet awake to terror;  
 And these vile damps, too, and yon thick green wave  
 Which floats above the place where we now stand—

Sig. 7.

A cell so far below the water's level,  
 Sending its pestilence through every crevice,  
 Might strike them.

\* \* \* \* \*

— What letters are these which  
 Are scrawl'd along the inexorable wall?  
 Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah! the names  
 Of my sad predecessors in this place,  
 The dates of their despair, the brief words of  
 A grief too great for many. This stone page  
 Holds like an epitaph their history;  
 And the poor captive's tale is graven on  
 His dungeon barrier, like the lover's record  
 Upon the bark of some tall tree, which bears  
 His own and his beloved's name.

The communication between the ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons, called "*pozzi*," or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace; and the prisoner, when taken out to die, was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up; but the passage is still

open, and is still known by the name of the Bridge of Sighs. The pozzi are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. They were formerly twelve, but on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half-choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may perhaps owe something to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have defended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body, not

only from their signatures, but from the churches and belfries which they have scratched upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a specimen of the records prompted by so terrific a solitude. As nearly as they could be copied by more than one pencil, three of them are as follows:—

## 1.

NON TI FIDAR AD ALCUNO PENZA E TACI  
SE FUGIR TUOI DE SPIONI INSIDIE E LACCI  
IL PENTIRTI PENTIRTI NULLA GIOVA  
MA BEN DI VALOR TUO LA VERA PROVA  
1607. ADI 2. GENARO. FUI RE-  
TENTO F' LA BESTEMMA F' AVER DATO  
DA MANZAR A UN MORTO  
IACOMO . GRITTI . SCRISSE.

## 2.

UN PARLAR POCHO et  
NEGARE PRONTO et  
UN PENSAR AL FINE PUO DARE LA VITA  
A NOI ALTRI MESCHINI  
1605.  
EGO IOHN BAPTISTA AD  
ECCLESIAM CORTELLARIUS.

## 3.

DE CHI MI FIDO GUARDMI DIO  
DE CHI NON MI FIDO MI GUARDARO IO

A T A H A N A  
V . L A S . C . K . R .

The copyist has followed, not corrected the solecisms; some of which are however not quite so decided, since the letters were evidently scratched in the dark. It only need be observed, that *bestemmia* and *man-giar* may be read in the first inscription, which was probably written by a prisoner confined for some act of impiety committed at a funeral; that *Cortellarius* is the name of a parish on terra firma, near the sea; and that the last initials evidently are put for *Viva la santa Chiesa Kattolica Romana*.





111  
St. Mark's Square, Venice

## V E N I C E .

---

OH Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls  
Are level with the waters, there shall be  
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,  
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!  
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,  
What should thy sons do?

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear:  
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.  
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,  
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,  
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,  
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot  
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot  
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,  
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not  
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall  
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

This fine engraving gives a view of Venice as seen from the main quay and harbor. The first mansion on the left is the Zecca,

or Mint, and the Library of St. Mark. Next will be observed two lofty granite columns, each consisting of a single block, standing on either side of the Piazzetta di S. Marco. One is surmounted by a statue of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the Republic. The other, by the famous winged Lion of St. Mark, in bronze. These trophies were brought from Greece in the year 1174, and the lion was venerated by the people as a symbol of their widely-extended power. Adjoining this latter column is the magnificent Ducal palace. The buildings opposite are the prisons of Venice, and are separated from the palace by a narrow canal, but connected at a lofty height above by the famous Bridge of Sighs. This bridge, however, cannot be seen in the engraving.

The Ducal palace was first built in the ninth century, and was rebuilt in the fourteenth by Doge Marino Faliero, who was beheaded for conspiracy. This grand structure consists of a mixture of Moslem and Gothic architecture, and has a noble and solemn appearance. It has eight gates; the principal one is at the corner of the Pi-

azetta, and leads into a large court, from which ascends the Giant's Staircase, so called from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune that adorn the summit. They lead into an arcade, from which the Ducal apartments and the State chambers are entered. The hall of the Grand Council is now a public library, and the halls of the Council of Ten, and of the Tribunal of the Inquisition, together with the Bridge of Sighs, and its gloomy cells, are the chief objects of painful interest.

Lord Byron, in mourning over the desolation of Venice, pays a sincere and worthy offering to the great genius and cruel wrongs of Torquato Tasso, who was imprisoned by Duke Alfonso in a madhouse in Ferrara. The exile of Dante, and the imprisonment of Tasso, are everlasting and fatal monuments of the shame and disgrace of Italy.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.  
Hark to his strain! And then survey his cell!  
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,  
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:

The miserable despot could not quell  
The insulted mind he sought to quench and blend  
With the surrounding Maniacs, in the hell  
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end  
Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend  
The tears and praises of all time; \* \* \*

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his  
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong  
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows, but to miss.  
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!  
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long  
The tide of generations shall roll on,  
And not the whole combined and countless throng  
Compose a mind like thine? though all in one  
Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form  
a sun.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,  
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;  
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,  
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore  
Their children's children would in vain adore  
With the remorse of ages; and the crown  
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,  
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,  
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifed—not thine  
own.







# MOUNT OF OLIVES.

(FROM THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.)

---

THE view from the walls of Jerusalem not only shows the desecration of the most holy hill of Sion, where

“ Our temple hath not left a stone,  
And Mockery sits on Salem’s throne,”

but presents other interesting scenes, the time-hallowed mementoes of those solemn events recorded in Sacred History.

On the right of the wall, in the foreground, may be seen the deep excavation known as the “Pool of Bethesda,” and the high northern boundary of the Haram’s enclosure, with a minaret above, connected with the great Mosque of Omar. The magnificent Mosque of Omar, (occupying the site of the “Holy of Holies” of the temple of Solomon,) with the smaller Mosque of El Aksa, seen in the distance, together with the groves, fountains, and spacious enclosure of the Haram, form of themselves a distinct and beautiful picture.

Below the wall, on the left, is a narrow, level ridge, used as a Turkish cemetery; and beneath this is the “Valley of Jehoshaphat,” containing the “Garden of Gethsemane,” with its grotto, the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and the “Brook of Kidron.”

Above and beyond this valley, the “Mount of Olives” arises; and the pathway leading to Bethany, over the centre of the Mount, may be observed, as well as the Church of the Ascension which adorns the summit.

In the following selections from the Hebrew Melodies, the poet bewails the execration attending Judah’s fallen race, and the pollution of her desolate shrines, in the purest and most pathetic poetry the English language contains.

## THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild gazelle on Judah’s hills  
Exulting yet may bound,  
And drink from all the living rills  
That gush on holy ground;  
Its airy step and glorious eye  
May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,  
Hath Judah witness’d there;  
And o’er her scenes of lost delight  
Inhabitants more fair.  
The cedars wave on Lebanon,  
But Judah’s statelier maids are gone!

More bless’d each palm that shades those plains  
Than Israel’s scattered race;

For, taking root, it there remains  
 In solitary grace :  
 It cannot quit its place of birth,  
 It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,  
 In other lands to die ;  
 And where our fathers' ashes be,  
 Our own may never lie :  
 Our temple hath not left a stone,  
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

## OH ! WEEP FOR THOSE.

Oh ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream ;  
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ;  
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the Godless  
 dwell !

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?  
 And when shall Sion's songs again seem sweet ;  
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice  
 The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,  
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest !  
 The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,  
 Mankind their country—Israel but the grave !

## ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,  
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,  
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—  
 Yet there—even there—oh God ! thy thunders sleep :

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone !  
 There—where thy shadow to thy people shone  
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire :  
 Thyself—none living see and not expire !

Oh ! in the lightning let thy glance appear ;  
 Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear .  
 How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod !  
 How long thy temple worshipless, oh God !

In the lament for the destruction of Jerusalem, Lord Byron achieves one of those singular and successful efforts of his genius ; he blends the strains, almost of triumph and resignation, even amid the bitter anguish and despair of the wretched captives.

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM  
 BY THEES.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome  
 I beheld thee, oh Sion ! when render'd to Rome :  
 'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall  
 Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,  
 And forgot for a moment my bondage to come .  
 I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,  
 And the fast-fetter'd hands that made vengeance  
 in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed  
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed ;  
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline  
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy  
 shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,  
 But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away ;  
 Oh ! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,  
 And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head !

But the gods of the Pagan shall never profane  
 The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign ;  
 And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,  
 Our worship, oh Father, is only for thee.





The City of St. Domingo, 1800

## BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO.

---

But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,  
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—  
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb !

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,  
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—  
Worthiest of God, the holy, and the true.  
Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
Forsook his former city, what could be,  
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,  
Of a sublimer aspect ? Majesty,  
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled  
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

This view from the left bank of the Tiber  
discloses the Castle of St. Angelo on the  
right, with its bridge in the centre. This  
bridge, although seen here in front, is in  
the rear of the mighty Cathedral of St. Pe-  
ter, which, with its wondrous dome, is seen  
towering aloft in stately majesty.

The Childe, after weeping over the many  
woes of Italia, turns to his long-sought  
shrine, beloved Rome ! the city of his soul !

Italia ! oh Italia ! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of Beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,

And annals graved in characters of flame.  
Oh God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control  
In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !  
Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo ;  
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,  
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;  
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;  
The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,  
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress

In viewing the withering desolation sur-  
rounding the seven-hilled city, he endeavors  
to sink his own agonizing griefs, as being  
insignificant when compared with such an  
awful wreck.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony  
 Shall henceforth be my music, and the night  
 The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,  
 As I now hear them, in the fading light  
 Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,  
 Answering each other on the Palatine,  
 With their large eyes, all glistening gray and bright,  
 And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine  
 What are our petty griefs?—let me not number mine.

But it is useless: gazing at the weeping  
 mother of many empires, some of whom are  
 dead, and others hastening to decay, he  
 readily admits the painful lesson that is  
 taught. He perceives the eternal justice  
 of the Deity, in devoting matter corrupted  
 by sin, to a temporal and purifying corrup-  
 tion. This stern truth again tears open his  
 bleeding heart, that he may learn rejected  
 knowledge he might have known before.  
 He finds that sin and sorrow are concomi-  
 tants: that our heinous faults and follies are  
 often deservedly punished by injuries and  
 wrongs inflicted by our erring fellow-mor-  
 tals, and the healing balm for his woes at

once presents itself. In revenge for the  
 deadly wounds he has received, he hurls a  
 curse on the head of his unfeeling torment-  
 ors; but it is the thrice-blessed curse of  
 forgiveness! the only hope the contrite sin-  
 ner has that he *himself* can be forgiven.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now  
 I shrink from what is suffer'd: let him speak  
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,  
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;  
 But in this page a record will I seek.  
 Nor in the air shall these my words disperse,  
 Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak  
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,  
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse.

That curse shall be forgiveness.—I have I not—  
 Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—  
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?  
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?  
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,  
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?  
 And only not to desperation driven,  
 Because not altogether of such clay  
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey







## THE TWO FOSCARI.

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IN 1445, Giacopo, the only surviving son of Francesco Foscari, was denounced to the *Ten* as having received presents from foreign potentates. The offence, according to the law, was one of the most heinous which a noble could commit. Even if Giacopo were guiltless of infringing this law, it was not easy to establish innocence before a Venetian tribunal. Under the eyes of his own father—compelled to preside at the unnatural examination,—a confession was extorted from the prisoner on the rack; and from the lips of that father, he received the sentence that banished him for life.

Some time after, being suspected, on slight grounds, of having instigated the assassination of a chief of the *Ten*, the young Foscari was recalled from Treviso, tortured again in his father's presence, and not absolved, even after he resolutely persisted in denial unto the end.

Banished once more from his country, which, notwithstanding his wrongs, he still regarded with passionate love; excluded from all communication with his family; torn from the wife of his affections; debarred from the society of his children;

and hopeless of again embracing those parents who had already far outstripped the natural term of human existence, his imagination ever centered on the single desire to return. For this purpose he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, imploring his good offices with the senate; and for the heavy crime of soliciting foreign intercession with his native government, Giacopo was once more "raised on the accursed cord no less than thirty times" under the eyes of the unhappy Doge; and when released, was carried to the apartments of his father, torn, bleeding, senseless, and dislocated, but unchanged in purpose. Neither had his enemies relented—they renewed his sentence of exile, and added that its first year should be spent in prison. Such are the historical facts on which Lord Byron has founded his tragedy.

*Mar.* I have ventured, father, on  
Your privacy.

*Doge.* I have none from you, my child.  
Command my time, when not commanded by  
The state.

*Mar.* I wish'd to speak to you of him.  
*Doge.* Your husband?

*Mar.* And your son.  
*Doge.* Proceed, my daughter!  
*Mar.* I had obtain'd permission from "the Ten"  
 To attend my husband for a limited number  
 Of hours.  
*Doge.* You had so.  
*Mar.* 'Tis revoked.  
*Doge.* By whom?  
*Mar.* "The Ten."—When we had reach'd "the  
 Bridge of Sighs,"  
 Which I prepared to pass with Foscari,  
 The gloomy guardian of that passage first  
 Demurr'd: a messenger was sent back to  
 "The Ten;" but as the court no longer sate,  
 And no permission had been given in writing,  
 I was thrust back, with the assurance that  
 Until that high tribunal reassembled,  
 The dungeon walls must still divide us.  
*Doge.* True.  
 The form has been omitted in the haste  
 With which the court adjourn'd; and till it meets,  
 'Tis dubious.  
*Mar.* Till it meets! and when it meets,  
 They'll torture him again; and he and I  
 Must purchase, by renewal of the rack,  
 The interview of husband and of wife,  
 The holiest tie beneath the heavens!—Oh God!  
 Dost thou see this?  
*Doge.* Child—child—  
*Mar.* (*abruptly.*) Call me not "child!"  
 You soon will have no children—you deserve none—  
 You, who can talk thus calmly of a son,  
 In circumstances which would call forth tears  
 Of blood from Spartans! Though these did not weep  
 Their boys who died in battle, is it written  
 That they beheld them perish piecemeal, nor  
 Stretch'd forth a hand to save them?  
*Doge.* You behold me:

I cannot weep—I would I could; but if  
 Each white hair on this head were a young life,  
 This ducal cap the diadem of earth,  
 This ducal ring with which I wed the waves  
 A talisman to still them—I'd give all  
 For him.  
*Mar.* With less he surely might be saved.  
*Doge.* That answer only shows you know not  
 Venice.  
 Alas! how should you? she knows not herself,  
 In all her mystery. Hear me—they who aim  
 At Foscari, aim no less at his father;  
 The sire's destruction would not save the son:  
 They work by different means to the same end,  
 And that is—but they have not conquer'd yet.  
*Mar.* But they have crush'd.  
*Doge.* Nor crush'd as yet—I live.  
*Mar.* And your son,—how long will he live?  
*Doge.* I trust,  
 For all that yet is past, as many years,  
 And happier than his father. The rash boy,  
 With womanish impatience to return,  
 Hath ruin'd all by that detected letter;  
 A high erime, which I neither can deny  
 Nor palliate, as parent or as Duke:  
 Had he but borne a little, little longer  
 His Candiote exile, I had hopes—he has quench'd  
 them—  
 He must return.  
*Mar.* To exile?  
*Doge.* I have said it.  
*Mar.* And can I not go with him?  
*Doge.* You well know  
 This prayer of yours was twice denied before  
 By the assembled "Ten," and hardly now  
 Will be accorded to a third request,  
 Since aggravated errors on the part  
 Of your lord renders them still more austere.





## YOUNG JESSICA.

To those who love a moral lesson gracefully conveyed, this little poem cannot fail to give delight: it is one of those highly finished gems which leave nothing to be desired. The playful wit and sly humor, which so strongly characterize all the lighter compositions of Moore, are here displayed to the greatest advantage, and we cannot imagine any thing more elegant or appropriate, in the way of light literature, as a contribution to the boudoir of a fashionable belle.

### I.

Young Jessica sat all the day,  
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining;  
Her needle bright beside her lay,  
So active once!—now idly shining,  
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts  
That love and mischief are most nimble;  
The safest shield against the darts  
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

### II.

The child, who with a magnet plays,  
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,  
The tempter near a needle lays.  
And laughing says, "We'll steal it slyly."

The needle, having nought to do,  
Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle;  
Till closer, closer come the two,  
And—off, at length, elopes the needle.

## III.

Now, had this needle turned its eye  
To some gay reticule's construction,  
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,  
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.  
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,  
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;  
The safest shield against the darts  
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

Beautiful Jessica! very little indeed do you appear inclined to follow the advice of the poet. Most happily has the painter, in the dreamy idleness of her aspect, and the luxurious negligence of her position, expressed a nature not only adverse to needles in particular, but to all other implements of useful employment. But should the exercise of industry and self-denial become not only a moral necessity, but an actual one, what will be her fate? the answer is but too easily found in the history of thousands, who, accustomed from infancy to all the elegancies of rank and wealth, have suddenly found themselves deprived of all, and forced to enter the battle of life, without weapons, and without armor. Should these remarks appear too grave, the reader must charitably conclude them to be intentionally so, in order to enhance the gayety of the poem, as a fair jewel shines all the brighter for being darkly set.







## THE SUNFLOWER.

In all that at once delights the imagination, and affects the heart, Moore shines unparalleled; a striking instance of this is exemplified in the quotation from the melody, which receives additional force when accompanied, as it is, by a representation of youthful beauty, in whose lineaments are so well expressed, that gentle trust and fond fidelity which knows no wavering; and who, in the language of the poet, having once

"truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

Here the loveliness depicted by the artist, has made us transpose the object of adoration from the male to the female, but the sentiment remains intact and beautiful as before; and it is impossible, whilst reading the enchanting song from which it is taken, to avoid feeling the best and holiest impulses of our nature, roused to the same degree of tender enthusiasm, which, in the moment of inspiration, must have guided those of the poet. This beautiful melody is, and ever must be, one of those, which, living in the heart for ever, defies all criticism of the head, and reigns supreme. Nevertheless, even in this diamond, an attempt has been made to query, at least, whether there may not be a flaw; but as it merely relates as to whether the sunflower does turn its head to the great luminary or not, and as

much has been said on both sides of the question, we shall only venture to remark, that if it did not so turn *before* the poem was written, it certainly ought to have done so ever after.

## I.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

## II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear  
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear;  
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.





## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THERE are few words that awaken more mingled emotions than these—that make us sigh while we smile—and ponder over the sweet fond follies of our youth, the charm of the song blending with our thoughts and heightening the pleasure or pain of remembrance.

### I.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright  
My heart's chain wove;  
When my dream of life, from morn till night,  
Was love, still love.  
New hope may bloom,  
And days may come,  
Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,  
As love's young dream:  
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life,  
As love's young dream.

### II.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
When wild youth's past;  
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,  
To smile at last;  
He'll never meet,  
A joy so sweet,  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And at every close, she blush'd to hear  
The one loved name.

## III.

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot  
Which first love traced;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste.  
'Twas odor fled  
As soon as shed;  
'Twas morning's winged dream:  
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream;  
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream.

Look at the young girl in the portrait! that "morning's winged dream" may perchance e'er night be one that "ne'er can shine again on Life's dull stream."





Prayer.



## HOLY EYES.

LIKE joyful elves bursting from a chain of flowers, and floating off into the sunny heaven, seem the words of this most beautiful song, when combined with music. As they roll, every lip wears a gayer smile, every eye a brighter beam, in sympathy with their gladness. But while thus beguiled by the magic of the poet's mirthful minstrelsy, with a touch of his wand he changes their thoughts from earth to heaven, and presents to the mind's eye the holy appealing look of purity and innocence, in lieu of those more gay and sportive glances which had just been described as brightening this earth of ours.

The artist has illustrated this "look so holy" in a most beautiful manner; nor can we imagine a more complete contrast than it affords to those which precede and follow it, according to the song:—

### I.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,  
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,  
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,  
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.  
For thick as stars that lighten  
Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,  
The countless eyes that brighten  
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.  
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all! so drink them all!

## II.

Some looks there are so holy,  
 They seem but given, they seem but given,  
 As shining beacons, solely,  
 To light to heaven, to light to heaven.  
 While some—oh! ne'er believe them—  
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,  
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)  
 The other way, the other way.  
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,  
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

## III.

In some, as in a mirror,  
 Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,  
 But shun the flatt'ring error,  
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.  
 Himself has fixed his dwelling  
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,  
 And lips—but this is telling—  
 So here they go! so here they go!  
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,  
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
 So drink them all! so drink them all!









## EVELEEN'S BOWER.

### I.

On! weep for the hour,  
When to Eveleen's bower  
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;  
The moon hid her light  
From the heavens that night,  
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

### II.

The clouds pass'd soon  
From the chaste cold moon,  
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;  
But none will see the day,  
When the clouds shall pass away,  
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

### III.

The white snow lay  
On the narrow pathway,  
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;  
And many a deep print  
On the white snow's tint  
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

### IV.

The next sun's ray  
Soon melted away  
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came  
But there's a light above  
Which alone can remove  
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

This is one of those songs which, separated from its appropriate melody, loses much of its grace and expression, unless we allow ourselves fancifully to suppose the muse had followed with faltering pace in the track of those fatal footsteps. In this little song, so full of sad meaning, a great sorrow and a great wrong are vividly represented and deplored in few and simple words, while the beauty and aptness of the similes cannot fail to strike every reader. Possibly, too, in some bosoms, deeper thoughts may be awakened, since an important truth will sometimes penetrate the heart as effectually when lanced from the light quiver of song, as when conveyed through the more solemn medium of a sermon.







## SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

THE young southern girl sleeping in her summer beauty beneath the shadowy boughs, may well awaken the voice of song, even in hearts less attuned to the delights of the tender passion than that of her young and romantic lover; who, for that he is one of that privileged class, must be allowed to rave or reason as he pleases regarding the perfections of his mistress, unchecked by criticism or remonstrance, which in such a case would be nothing short of treason, or at the best, of grave impertinence.

### I.

"Slumber, oh slumber; if sleeping thou mak'st  
My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st."  
Thus sung I to a maiden,  
Who slept one summer's day,  
And, like a flower o'erladen  
With too much sunshine, lay.  
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

### II.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks;  
"If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost when she speaks."  
Thus sing I, while, awaking,  
She murmurs words that seem  
As if her lips were taking  
Farewell of some sweet dream.  
Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

This pretty trifle, like one of Moore's Cashmerian butterflies, must find its appropriate element amongst fields of flowers and sunshine; or in other words, in lighted halls where youth and beauty meet, and pleasure smiles. In such a scene, where some young rich voice accompanied by the harp swells deliciously on the ear, giving love's own tenderness and grace of expression to the words,—then would the poet, if present, be apt to exclaim: "*That* is the kind of criticism! the only kind, which can do justice to **my song!**"

## THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

IN comparing the poems of Moore to a chaplet of precious stones, the Fire-worshippers may fairly be considered the great Koh-i-noor Diamond, the real mountain of light. The gorgeous Orientalism of the whole, the inexhaustible treasures of thought and imagination, lavished with such tropical profusion throughout, seem fully to justify the appellation.

Here, the burning thoughts, and fervid aspirations of the poet have found ample scope, and verge enough. Here, that generous scorn against all that is low and base, that noble indignation against oppression and wrong, have found objects vilely great enough whereon to spend their fury; and, on the other hand, characters in whose portraiture the tenderest and noblest qualities are heightened and adorned by all those refinements and graces, in whose delineation Moore has no equal. In order to give an idea of the poem, an outline, or even an extract, is much the same as giving a single rose-leaf as a specimen of the whole flower to one who has never seen it: nevertheless, as it is possible the latter may be the case as regards the poem, a few remarks may not be entirely inapplicable. Hereditary hatred of the most fierce and sanguinary character had long existed between Al Hassan, an Arab chief, and the Persian sect of Ghebers, of Fire-worshippers, whose chief, Hafed, accidentally beholding Hinda, the daughter of Al Hassan, a deep and romantic attachment takes

place between them, heightened on the part of Hinda by the mystery which surrounds her lover; for she knows not, until informed by himself in one of their stolen interviews, that he is chief of the detested sect whom from childhood she has been accustomed to regard with fear and abhorrence. This startling revelation gives rise to the most thrilling incidents, and casts over the enchantments of their passion those lurid lights and dark shadows, which give so deep an interest to this unrivalled poem. The mutual love of Hinda and Hafed is the golden thread, on which, like pearls, the beauties of the poem are strung; and so closely, that it seems impossible to separate a single one without scattering the whole. 'Take, however, as a first specimen, one of "purest ray,"—the description of Hinda.

And see—where, high above those rocks  
 That o'er the deep their shadows fling,  
 Yon turret stands;—where ebon locks,  
 As glossy as a heron's wing  
 Upon the turban of a king,  
 Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—  
 'Tis she, that EMIR'S blooming child,  
 All truth, and tenderness, and grace,  
 Though born of such ungentle race;—  
 An image of Youth's radiant Fountain  
 Springing in a desolate mountain!

Oh what a pure and sacred thing  
 Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight  
 Of the gross world, illumining  
 One only mansion with her light!  
 Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—  
 The flower that blooms beneath the sea,  
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
 Hid in more chaste obscurity.

So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,  
 Like holy myst'ries, lain enshrined.  
 And oh, what transport for a lover  
     To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—  
 Like those who, all at once, discover  
     In the lone deep some fairy shore,  
     Where mortal never trod before,  
 And sleep and wake in scented airs  
 No lip had ever breathed but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,  
     On summer-eves, through YEMEN's dales,  
 And bright the glancing looks they hide  
     Behind their litters' roseate veils;—  
 And brides, as delicate and fair  
 As the white jasmine flowers they wear,  
 Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,  
     Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,  
 Before their mirrors count the time,  
     And grow still lovelier every hour.  
 But never yet hath bride or maid  
     In ARABY's gay Haram smiled,  
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade  
     Before AL HASSAN's 'blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless  
 An infant's dream, yet not the less  
 Rich in all woman's loveliness;—  
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray  
 Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,  
 Blinded like serpents, when they gaze  
 Upon the em'rald's virgin blaze;—  
 Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,  
 Mingling the meek and vestal fires  
 Of other worlds with all the bliss,  
 The fond, weak tenderness of this:

A soul, too, more than half divine,  
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,  
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,  
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,  
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,  
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,  
 As makes the very darkness there  
 More beautiful than light elsewhere.

The description of Hafed forms a strong contrast to this, and, after a recapitulation of the demon powers ascribed to him by his enemies, we are presented with the following masterly picture of the high-souled and fiery-hearted young chief.

Such were the tales, that won belief,  
 And such the coloring Fancy gave  
 To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—  
 One who, no more than mortal brave,  
 Fought for the land his soul adored,  
 For happy homes and altars free,  
 His only talisman, the sword,  
 His only spell-word, Liberty!  
 One of that ancient hero-line,  
 Along whose glorious current shine  
 Names, that have sanctified their blood;  
 As LEBANON'S small mountain-flood  
 Is render'd holy by the ranks  
 Of sainted cedars on its banks.  
 'Twas not for him to crouch the knee  
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny;  
 'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast  
 In the bright mould of ages past,  
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed  
 With all the glories of the dead,



Though framed for IRAN's happiest years,  
 Was born among her chains and tears!—  
 'Twas not for him to swell the crowd  
 Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd  
 Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,  
 Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—  
 No—far he fled—indignant fled  
     The pageant of his country's shame;  
 While every tear her children shed  
     Fell on his soul like drops of flame;  
 And, as a lover hails the dawn  
     Of a first smile, so welcomed he  
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn  
     For vengeance and for liberty!

Into the character of Hafed, Moore has infused his own patriotic fire; the wrongs of his country, and aspirations for its liberty burst in spontaneous eloquence from his lips, and were the word Ireland substituted for Iran, it would be easy to perceive what a labor of love the delineation of the heroic Hafed had been to Moore. The scene in Hinda's kiosk, or pavilion, to which the plate affords an apt illustration, thus beautifully opens—

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,  
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
 So long had they in silence stood,  
 Looking upon that tranquil flood—  
 "How sweetly does the moonbeam smile  
 "To-night upon yon leafy isle!  
 "Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,  
 "I've wish'd that little isle had wings,  
 "And we, within its fairy bowers,  
     "Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
 "Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
     " And we might live, love, die alone!

"Far from the cruel and the cold,—  
 "Where the bright eyes of angels only  
 "Should come around us, to behold  
 "A paradise so pure and lonely.  
 "Would this be world enough for thee?"—  
 Playful she turn'd, that he might see  
 The passing smile her cheek put on;  
 But when she mark'd how mournfully  
 His eyes met hers—that smile was gone;  
 And, bursting into heartfelt tears,  
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,  
 "My dreams have boded all too right—  
 "We part—for ever part—to-night!  
 "I knew, I knew it *could* not last—  
 "Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!  
 "Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
 "I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
 "I never loved a tree or flower,  
 "But 'twas the first to fade away.  
 "I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
 "To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 "But when it came to know me well,  
 "And love me, it was sure to die!  
 "Now too—the joy most like divine  
 "Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
 "To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—  
 "Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?  
 "Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—  
 "Those frightful rocks—that treach'rous sea—  
 "No, never come again—though sweet,  
 "Though heaven, it may be death to thee.  
 "Farewell—and blessings on thy way,  
 "Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!  
 "Better to sit and watch that ray,  
 "And think thee safe, though far away,  
 "Than have thee near me, and in danger!"





In the conclusion of this scene Hafed declares his name and rank—and in the consequent tumult of feeling rushes hastily from her presence, in which he does not again appear, until amidst a storm at sea, when the bark which is bearing her homeward is attacked by his followers.

So wholly had her mind forgot  
All thoughts but one, she heeded not  
The rising storm—the wave that cast  
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—  
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread  
Of gath'ring tumult o'er her head—  
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie  
With the rude riot of the sky.—  
But, hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—  
That crash, as if each engine there,  
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,  
Mid yells and stampings of despair!  
Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be?  
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully  
The ship has shudder'd as she rode  
O'er mountain-waves—"Forgive me, God!  
"Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and knelt,  
Trembling all over—for she felt  
As if her judgment-hour was near;  
While crouching round, half dead with fear,  
Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor stirr'd—  
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—  
And now, as if a bolt of thunder  
Had riven the laboring planks asunder,  
The deck falls in—what horrors then!  
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men  
Come mix'd together through the chasm,—  
Some wretches in their dying spasm  
Still fighting on—and some that call  
"FOR GOD and IRAN!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away  
 The perils of th' infuriate fray,  
 And snatch'd her breathless from beneath  
 This wilderment of wreck and death?  
 She knew not—for a faintness came  
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame  
 Amid the ruins of that hour  
 Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,  
 Beneath the red volcano's shower.  
 But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread  
 That shock'd her ere her senses fled!  
 The yawning deck—the crowd that strove  
 Upon the tott'ring planks above—  
 The sail, whose fragments, shiv'ring o'er  
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,  
 Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash  
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash  
 Upon their blades, high toss'd about  
 Like meteor brands—as if throughout  
 The elements one fury ran,  
 One gen'ral rage, that left a doubt  
 Which was the fiercer, Heaven or Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—  
 'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,  
 While yet her fading eyes could see,  
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught  
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,  
 That glory of her soul,—even then,  
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,  
 Shining above his fellow-men,  
 As, on some black and troublous night,  
 The Star of EGYPT, whose proud light  
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest  
 In the White Islands of the West,  
 Burns through the storm with looks of flame  
 That put Heaven's cloudier eyes to shame.

But no—'twas but the minute's dream—  
 A fantasy—and ere the scream  
 Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,  
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse  
 Of soul and sense its darkness spread  
 Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

The ocean after a tempest, as thus mirrored, will be fully recognized by those who have experienced its sublime vicissitudes.

How calm, how beautiful comes on  
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone;  
 When warring winds have died away,  
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—  
 Fresh as if Day again were born,  
 Again upon the lap of Morn!—  
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn  
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,  
 Hang floating in the pure air still,  
 Filling it all with precious balm,  
 In gratitude for this sweet calm;—  
 And every drop the thunder-showers  
 Have left upon the grass and flowers  
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem  
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!  
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,  
     There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
     And each a diff'rent perfume bears,—  
 As if the loveliest plants and trees  
 Had vassal breezes of their own  
 To watch and wait on them alone,  
 And waft no other breath than theirs:  
 When the blue waters rise and fall,  
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all;

And even that swell the tempest leaves  
 Is like the full and silent heaves  
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly bless'd,  
 Too newly to be quite at rest.

The bark is finally moored, a bandage is bound over the eyes of Hinda, and she is borne over steep rocks to a mountain-fortress.

But does she dream? has Fear again  
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,  
 Or did a voice, all music, then  
 Come from the gloom, low whisp'ring near--  
 "Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"  
 She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,  
 She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."  
 'Twas his own voice—she could not err—  
     Throughout the breathing world's extent  
 There was but *one* such voice for her,  
     So kind, so soft, so eloquent!  
 Oh, sooner shall the rose of May  
     Mistake her own sweet nightingale,  
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay  
     Open her bosom's glowing veil,  
 Than love shall ever doubt a tone,  
 A breath of the beloved one!

Here Hafed, unconscious that ere night the treachery of one of his band will have betrayed him to Al Hassan, attempts to reassure the mind of Hinda, who then tells him of the intended attack.

But soon the painful chill was o'er,  
 And his great soul, herself once more,  
 Look'd from his brow in all the rays  
 Of her best, happiest, grandest days.







Never, in moment most elate,  
     Did that high spirit loftier rise;—  
 While bright, serene, determinate,  
     His looks are lifted to the skies,  
 As if the signal lights of Fate  
     Were shining in those awful eyes!  
 'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom  
 In IRAN'S sacred cause is come;  
 And, though his life hath pass'd away,  
 Like lightning on a stormy day,  
 Yet shall his death-hour leave a track  
     Of glory, permanent and bright,  
 To which the brave of after-times,  
 The suff'ring brave, shall long look back  
     With proud regret,—and by its light  
     Watch through the hours of slavery's night  
 For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes.  
 This rock, his monument aloft,  
     Shall speak the tale to many an age;  
 And hither bards and heroes oft  
     Shall come in secret pilgrimage,  
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell  
 The wond'ring boys where HAFED fell;  
 And swear them on those lone remains  
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,  
 Never—while breath of life shall live  
 Within them—never to forgive  
 Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain  
 Hath left on IRAN'S neck a stain  
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

The parting between Hafed and Hinda is one of the most exquisite parts of the poem.

Alas for him, who hears her cries!  
     Still half-way down the steep he stands,  
 Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes  
     The glimmer of those burning brands,  
 SIG. 9\*

That down the rocks, with mournful ray,  
 Light all he loves on earth away!  
 Hopeless as they who, far at sea,  
     By the cold moon have just consign'd  
 The corse of one, loved tenderly,  
     To the bleak flood they leave behind;  
 And on the deck still ling'ring stay,  
 And long look back, with sad delay,  
 To watch the moonlight on the wave,  
 That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

From this mournful reverie, Hafed is aroused by the Moslem signal of assault. Maddened by the sound, the infuriate Ghebers pour like a lava-flood down the ravine, and the sanguinary conflict when at its height, in language so glowing and terrible as almost to make the reader share its horrors, is thus described:—

What ruin glares! what carnage swims!  
 Heads, blazing turbans, quiv'ring limbs,  
 Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,  
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—  
 Wretches who wading, half on fire  
     From the toss'd brands that round them fly,  
 'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—  
     And some who, grasp'd by those that die,  
 Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er  
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

This extract may suffice to show the spirit and fire which pervade the whole, and to prepare the mind for what follows—victory over the Moslem—the extermination of the Ghebers—and the death of Hafed, whose latest energies are expended in aiding one of his dying





warriors to gain the sacred precincts of their temple on whose altar burns the holy fire.

Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—  
 When, lo!—his weak, worn comrade falls  
 Dead on the threshold of the Shrine.  
 “Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!  
 “And must I leave thee with’ring here,  
 “The sport of every ruffian’s tread,  
 “The mark for every coward’s spear?  
 “No, by yon altar’s sacred beams!”  
 He cries, and, with a strength that seems  
 Not of this world, uplifts the frame  
 Of the fall’n Chief, and tow’rds the flame  
 Bears him along;—with death-damp hand  
 The corpse upon the pyre he lays,  
 Then lights the consecrated brand,  
 And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze  
 Like lightning bursts o’er OMAN’S Sea.—  
 “Now, Freedom’s God! I come to Thee,”  
 The youth exclaims, and with a smile  
 Of triumph vaulting on the pile,  
 In that last effort, ere the fires  
 Have harm’d one glorious limb, expires!

In the mean time, the situation of Hinda, who within hearing of the strife, and almost a spectatress of its appalling details, is presented to the mind’s eye in a manner rendered, if possible, more vivid by the force of contrast. The calm beauty of the heavens, the star-lit waves on whose gleaming surface her boat seems spell-bound, the mute agony of her own despairing thoughts, and the ill-repressed eagerness of the veterans to whose charge she has been confided, as the fearful truth dawns on them, that whilst thus condemned to inglorious inactivity, their faithful comrades are struggling against fearful odds, within their mountain fastnesses—are all described in

that true manner which makes the heart beat, the cheek burn, and the hand tremble. Then comes the last Act of the Drama—and over scenes so thrilling and so varied the curtain falls.

But see—what moves upon the height?  
 Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.  
 What bodes its solitary glare?  
 In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine  
 All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thine  
 Fix their last fading life-beams there.  
 'Twas but a moment—fierce and high  
 The death-pile blazed into the sky,  
 And far away, o'er rock and flood  
 Its melancholy radiance sent;  
 While HAFED, like a vision stood  
 Reveal'd before the burning pyre,  
 Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire  
 Shrined in its own grand element!  
 "Tis he!"—the shudd'ring maid exclaims,—  
 But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;  
 High burst in air the funeral flames,  
 And IRAN'S hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave;  
 Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,  
 Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,  
 And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—  
 Deep, deep,—where never care or pain  
 Shall reach her innocent heart again!

To Hinda, this brightest creation of the poet's dream, the artist's pencil, and the minstrel's lyre, alike contribute their graceful homage; and few strains leave more lingering sweetness on the memory, than the ocean requiem of the beautiful Peri, as she sings—"Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!"







## PARADISE AND THE PERI.

DEEMING it impossible to render full justice to this matchless poem by mere extracts, it is presented to the reader almost entire, accompanied by its appropriate illustrations. Amidst the wealth of Eastern imagery with which it abounds, it is not a little curious to learn from the authority of Moore himself, that to the secluded life he led during the years 1813 and 1816, in a lone cottage among the fields in Derbyshire, that he owed the inspiration of some of the best and most popular portions of *Lalla Rookh*; and that it was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters, that he found himself enabled by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its clime.

One morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;  
And as she listen'd to the Springs  
Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;

And, as he nearer drew and listen'd  
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd  
 Within his eyelids, like the spray  
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
 On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—  
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

“Nymph of a fair but erring line!”  
 Gently he said—“One hope is thine.  
 “’Tis written in the Book of Fate,  
   *“The Peri yet may be forgiv’n*  
   *“Who brings to this Eternal gate*  
   *“The Gift that is most dear to Heav’n!*  
 “Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—  
 “’Tis sweet to let the pardon’d in.”

The genius of Moore having thus powerfully awakened our sympathies for the forlorn and beautiful Peri, we gaze on her, as represented by the artist, with that pity akin to love, which the sight of beauty in sorrow, so naturally inspires. In this case, the artist has purified the idea, by giving a child-like grace and bashfulness to the figure: with hair, that o’er her form, and drooping glance, “floats like a stream of gold, and curls in wavy dance.” With such a being as this for the heroine of the poem, the object to be attained does not seem so utterly hopeless, and we join in her pilgrimage in search of the redeeming treasure, with all the ardor of a Cumming himself in those delightful expeditions to the resorts where lions “most do congregate.”

While thus she mused, her pinions fann’d  
 The air of that sweet Indian land,  
 Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads  
 O’er coral rocks, and amber beds;





Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam  
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;  
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;  
Whose sandal groves and bow'rs of spice  
Might be a Peri's Paradise!  
But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death  
Came reeking from those spiey bow'rs,  
And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath  
Upwafed from th' innoeent flow'rs.  
Land of the Sun! what foot invades  
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—  
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,  
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?  
'Tis he of GAZNA—fierce in wrath

He comes, and INDIA'S diadems  
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—

His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,  
Torn from the violated necks  
Of many a young and loved Sultana;  
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,  
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,  
And chokes up with the glitt'ring wrecks  
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,  
And, through the war-field's bloody haze  
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone beside his native river,—  
The red blade broken in his hand,  
And the last arrow in his quiver.

“Live,” said the Conqu'ror, “live to share  
“The trophies and the crowns I bear!”  
Silent that youthful warrior stood—  
Silent he pointed to the flood  
All crimson with his country's blood,

Then sent his last remaining dart,  
For answer, to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;  
The Tyrant lived, the Hero fell!—  
Yet marked the PERI where he lay,

And, when the rush of war was past,  
Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—  
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,

"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.

"Though foul are the drops that oft distil

"On the field of warfare, blood like this,

"For Liberty shed, so holy is,

"It would not stain the purest rill,

"That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!

"Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,

"A boon, an offering Heav'n holds dear,

"'Tis the last libation Liberty draws

"From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave

The gift into his radiant hand,

"Sweet is the welcome of our Brave

"Who die thus for their native Land.—

"But see—alas!—the crystal bar

"Of Eden moves not—holier far

"Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,

"That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Disappointed she turns to earth again, alighting in an orange grove, where dying of the plague lies a beautiful youth, whose only consolation in this fearful moment arises from the thought that his







beloved is safe and far away from dangers so deadly and appalling  
Suddenly, she appears.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,  
This melancholy bow'r to seek,  
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,  
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,  
He knew his own betrothed bride,  
She, who would rather die with him,  
Than live to gain the world beside!—  
Her arms are round her lover now,  
His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
And dips, to bind his burning brow,  
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.  
Ah! once, how little did he think  
An hour would come, when he should shrink  
With horror from that dear embrace,  
Those gentle arms that were to him  
Holy as is the cradling place  
Of Eden's infant cherubim!  
And now he yields—now turns away,  
Shudd'ring as if the venom lay  
All in those proffer'd lips alone—  
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,  
Never until that instant came  
Near his unask'd or without shame.  
“Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
“The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,  
“And whether on its wings it bear  
“Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!  
“There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—  
“Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
“And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
“To give thy brow one minute's calm.  
“Nay, turn not from me that dear face—  
“Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—  
Sig. 10\*

"The one, the chosen one, whose place  
 "In life or death is by thy side?  
 "Think'st thou that she, whose only light  
 "In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
 "Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
 "That must be hers when thou art gone?  
 "That I can live, and let thee go,  
 "Who art my life itself?—No, no—  
 "When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
 "Out of its heart must perish too!  
 "Then turn to me, my own love, turn,  
 "Before, like thee, I fade and burn;  
 "Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
 "The last pure life that lingers there!"  
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
 In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,  
 So quickly do his baleful sighs  
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.  
 One struggle—and his pain is past—  
 Her lover is no longer living!  
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
 Long kiss, which she expires in givin

\* \* \* \* \*

But morn is blushing in the sky;  
 Again the PERI soars above,  
 Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh  
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.  
 High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,  
 Th' Elysian palm she soon shall win,  
 For the bright Spirit at the gate  
 Smiled as she gave that off'ring in;  
 And she already hears the trees  
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells  
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze  
 That from the throne of ALLA swells;  
 And she can see the starry bowls  
 That lie around that lucid lake,

Upon whose banks admitted Souls  
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

Again she is disappointed and resumes her search,—

To one, who look'd from upper air  
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,  
How beauteous must have been the glow,  
The life, the sparkling from below!  
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
Of golden melons on their banks,  
More golden where the sun-light falls;—  
Gay lizards, glitt'ring on the walls  
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
As they were all alive with light;  
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
Variously in the crimson beam  
Of the warm West,—as if inlaid  
With brilliants from the mine, or made  
Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.  
And then the mingling sounds that come,  
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum  
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,

Banqueting through the flow'ry vales;  
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,  
And woods, so full of nightingales.

But naught can charm the luckless PERI;  
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—  
Joyless she sees the Sun look down  
On that great Temple, once his own,  
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
Flinging their shadows from on high,  
Like dials, which the wizard Time,  
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd  
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,  
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd  
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
 With the great name of SOLOMON,  
 Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,  
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,  
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,  
 The charm, that can restore so soon  
 An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;  
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even  
 In the rich West begun to wither;  
 When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging  
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
 Among the rosy wild-flow'rs singing,  
 As rosy and as wild as they;  
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,  
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
 Like winged flow'rs or flying gems:—  
 And, near the boy, who tired with play  
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
 She saw a wearied man dismount  
 From his hot steed, and on the brink  
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount  
 Impatient fling him down to drink.  
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;  
 In which the PERI's eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;







The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—  
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd  
 With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,  
 Black as the damning drops that fall  
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime  
 (As if the balmy evening time  
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,  
 Watching the rosy infant's play:—  
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance  
     Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
 As torches, that have burn'd all night  
 Through some impure and godless rite,  
     Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to pray'r,  
     As slow the orb of daylight sets,  
 Is rising sweetly on the air,  
     From SYRIA'S thousand minarets!  
 The boy has started from the bed  
 Of flow'rs, where he had laid his head,  
 And down upon the fragrant sod  
     Kneels with his forehead to the south,  
 Lispering th' eternal name of God  
     From Purity's own cherub mouth,  
 And looking, while his hands and eyes  
 Are lifted to the glowing skies  
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
 Just lighted on that flow'ry plain,  
 And seeking for its home again.  
 Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—  
 A scene, which might have well beguiled  
 Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh  
 For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man  
 Reclining there—while memory ran  
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
 Nor brought him back one branch of *grace*.  
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild,  
 Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!  
 "When, young and haply pure as thou,  
 "I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"  
 He hung his head—each nobler aim,  
 And hope, and feeling, which had slept  
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

\* \* \* \* \*

And now—behold him kneeling there  
 By the child's side, in humble pray'r,  
 While the same sunbeam shines upon  
 The guilty and the guiltless one,  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heav'n  
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiv'n!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,  
 There fell a light more lovely far  
 Than ever came from sun or star,  
 Upon the tear that warm and meek,  
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.  
 To mortal eye this light might seem  
 A northern flash or meteor beam—  
 But well th' enraptured PERI knew  
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
 Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—  
 "The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"





## THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN

UNDER the pretended sanction of a divine mission to free mankind from error, and people paradise with his favorites, Mokanna, an impostor, allures great numbers to his standard: it is during the reception of Azim, a young and noble proselyte, that the most affecting incident of the poem dawns upon us in the person of Zelica, Chief Sultana of the Prophet, and High Priestess of the Faith.

But there was one, among the chosen maids,  
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,  
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day  
Has been like death: you saw her pale dismay,  
Ye wond'ring sisterhood, and heard the burst  
Of exclamation from her lips, when first  
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,  
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah ZELICA! there *was* a time, when bliss  
Shone o'er thy heart from ev'ry look of his;

\* \* \* \* \*

Once happy pair!—In proud BOKHARA'S groves,  
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?

\* \* \* \* \*

But war disturb'd this vision,—far away  
From her fond eyes summon'd to join th' array  
Of PERSIA'S warriors on the hills of THRACE,

\* \* \* \* \*

Month after month, in widowhood of soul  
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll.

\* \* \* \* \*

————— at length those sounds of dread  
 Fell with'ring on her soul, "AZIM is dead!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain  
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.  
 Warm, lively, soft, as in youth's happiest day,  
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray.

In this mood, she becomes the victim of the Prophet, bound by a fearful oath never to desert him. Being continually kept in a wild and feverish state, that passes for inspiration, she proves one of his most successful agents in procuring new converts, being installed as the Prophet's chief favorite and Priestess of the Faith. The Haram, whilst in preparation for the reception of Azim, is thus described:—

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights  
 And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites;—  
 From room to room the ready handmaids hie,  
 Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,  
 Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,  
 O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,  
 Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,  
 Like SEBA'S Queen could vanquish with that one:—  
 While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue  
 The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,  
 So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem  
 Like tips of coral branches in the stream:  
 And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,  
 To give that long, dark languish to the eye,  
 Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull  
 From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

All is in motion; rings, and plumes, and pearls  
Are shining ev'rywhere:—some younger girls  
Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,  
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;—  
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see  
How each prefers a garland from that tree  
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day  
And the dear fields and friendships far away.  
The maid of INDIA, bless'd again to hold  
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,  
Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES' flood,  
Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud  
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam  
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;  
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell  
Of her own mountain flow'rs, as by a spell,—  
The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree  
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,  
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,  
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;  
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,  
And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,  
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls  
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound  
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,  
Young AZIM roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess  
What means this maze of light and loneliness.  
Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors  
Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,  
Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,  
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;  
And spicy rods, such as illumine at night  
The bow'rs of TIBET, send forth odorous light,  
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road  
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode;—

And here, at once, the glittering saloon  
 Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;  
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays  
 In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays  
 High as th' enamell'd cupola, which tow'rs  
 All rich with Arabesques of gold and flow'rs,  
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through  
 The sprinkling of that fountain's silv'ry dew,  
 Like the wet, glist'ning shells, of ev'ry dye,  
 That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings  
 Of woman's love in those fair, living things  
 Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown  
 For their weak loveliness—is like her own!  
 On one side gleaming with a sudden grace  
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase  
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,  
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine!—  
 While, on the other, latticed lightly in  
 With odoriferous woods of COMORIN,  
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—  
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between  
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree  
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:  
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush  
 Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,  
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;—  
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop  
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food  
 Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood,  
 And those that under Araby's soft sun  
 Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;  
 In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly  
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie  
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell  
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!



So on, through scenes past all imagining,  
 More like the luxuries of that impious King,  
 Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,  
 Struck down and blasted ev'n in Pleasure's porch,  
 Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,  
 Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement—  
 Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,  
 His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound  
 But ill according with the pomp and grace  
 And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

Here the Odalisques, the sirens of the place, exert their fascinations:—

sparkling through

The gently open'd curtains of light blue  
 That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,  
 Peeping like stars through the blue ev'ning skies.  
 Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair  
 That sat so still and melancholy there:—  
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in  
 From the cool air, 'mid show'rs of jessamine  
 Which those without fling after them in play,  
 Two lightsome maidens spring,—lightsome as they  
 Who live in th' air on odors,—and around  
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,  
 Chase one another, in a varying dance  
 Of mirth and langnor, coyness and advance,  
 Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit;—  
 While she who sung so gently to the lute  
 Her dream of home, steals timidly away,  
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—  
 But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh,  
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by  
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,  
 Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danced  
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced

More brilliant than the sea-glass glitt'ring o'er  
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;  
 While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall  
 Of curls descending, bells as musical  
 As those that, on the golden-shafted trees  
 Of EDEX, shake in the eternal breeze,  
 Rung round their steps, at ev'ry bound more sweet  
 As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet.  
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreathed  
 Within each other's arms; while soft there breathed  
 Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs  
 Of moonlight flow'rs, music that seem'd to rise  
 From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;  
 And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,  
 The ear could track through all that maze of chords  
 And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words.

Here the unhappy Zelica sinks fainting at his feet—an explanation afterwards ensues, and Azim thenceforth lives only to avenge her wrongs—urging her to fly with him, she replies—

“With thee! oh bliss!  
 “’Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.  
 “What! take the lost one with thee?—let her rove  
 “By thy dear side, as in those days of love,  
 “When we were both so happy, both so pure—  
 “Too heav’nly dream! if there’s on earth a cure  
 “For the sunk heart, ’tis this—day after day  
 “To be the bless’d companion of thy way;  
 “To hear thy angel eloquence—to see  
 “Those virtuous eyes for ever turn’d on me;  
 “And, in their light rechristen’d silently,  
 “Like the stain’d web that whitens in the sun,  
 “Grow pure by being purely shone upon!  
 “And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—  
 “At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt





"Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,  
 "Full of sweet tears, unto the dark'ning skies,  
 "And plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare  
 "To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;  
 "Till the good angels, when they see me cling  
 "For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,  
 "Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiv'n,  
 "And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heav'n!  
 "Oh yes, I'll fly with thee——"

Scarce had she said

These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread  
 As that of *MONKER*, waking up the dead  
 From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—  
 Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"  
 Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that Maid's look!—  
 "'Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook  
 Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,  
 Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies  
 And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—  
 "'Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—  
 "Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—  
 "My oath, my oath, oh God! 'tis all too true,  
 "True as the worm in this cold heart it is—  
 "I am *MOKANNA'S* bride—his, *AZIM*, his—  
 "The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,  
 "Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!  
 "Their eyes glared on me, while I pledge that bowl,  
 "'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!  
 "And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night  
 "What angels know not of—so foul a sight,  
 "So horrible—oh! never may'st thou see  
 "What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!  
 "But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,  
 "Nor Heav'n's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—  
 "Hold me not—ha! think'st thou the fiends that sever  
 "Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!"

The Caliph becoming alarmed at the increasing power of the

Prophet leads an army against him. And after two days' hard fighting is on the point of defeat when Azim appears, and rallying the fugitives turns the tide of battle again in his favor.

But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,  
 Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,  
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,  
 MOKANNA'S soul would have defied them all;  
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong.  
 For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along:  
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array  
 Of flying thousands—he is borne away;  
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,  
 In this forced flight, is—murdring as he goes!  
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might  
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,  
 Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks,  
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,  
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,  
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.

The power of Mokanna being completely annihilated, he shuts himself up with the residue of his followers in a strong fortress, and amidst the delirious revel of a poisoned banquet, Zelica is summoned to his presence; the artist has chosen to represent her at the moment when, transfixed with horror, she pauses on the threshold.

She enters—Holy ALLA, what a sight  
 Was there before her! By the glimm'ring light  
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands  
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,  
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,  
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—  
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd  
 All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?







Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,  
With their swoll'n heads sunk black'ning on their breasts,  
Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,  
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;  
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,  
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!

The monster having filled up the measure of his crimes by self-destruction, Zelica, whom to the last moment he had jealously retained, then uses the stratagem of assuming his silvery veil in order to procure death from the arrows of the besiegers.

"In through the breach," impetuous AZIM cries;  
But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile  
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile,—  
Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced  
Forth from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanced  
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see  
The well-known Silver Veil!—"Tis He, 'tis He,  
"MOKANNA, and alone!" they shout around;  
Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground—  
"Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task  
"To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask."  
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,  
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow  
And falteringly comes, till they are near;  
Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,  
And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—  
Oh!—'tis his ZELICA's life-blood that flows!

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

MOORE, in what may be styled his musical confessions, says, that he always felt in adapting words to an expressive air, that he was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to the souls of others all that was conveyed in its wordless eloquence to his own. Accustomed, too, always to consider the music as a no less essential part than the poetry, he describes himself as being possessed with a strange feeling of uneasiness and regret when beholding his songs divorced from the beautiful airs which had hitherto formed their chief ornament and strength. It is therefore in the sweet union most accordant with the taste of their author that we present some of his most celebrated melodies.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them.





Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.  
So soon may *I* follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away.  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

Since Poetry thus makes Music eloquent, may it not be added, that from their mingled inspiration Painting and Engraving, with their beautiful colors, and magical illusions of light and shadow, weave spells as attractive and often more durable?

## RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

THE illustration happily presents the youthful and noble heroine of the song pursuing, in rich attire and costly ornament, her pilgrim way o'er moor and mountain, from one end of the Green Isle to the other, without fear of violence or molestation. Hail to the memory of King Brien! in whose glorious days so adventurous a feat could be accomplished! Alas! what a contrast does this shining fable present to the dark tale which would have to be told of a similar experiment repeated in these degenerate days!

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand;

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
"So lone and lovely through the bleak way?  
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold  
"As not be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
"No son of Erin will offer me harm;—  
"For though they love woman and golden store,  
"Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;  
And blest for ever is she who relied  
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.











## THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

THOUGH the plain sense of a song may very often be confined to a very small space compared to its beautiful amplifications, yet certain philosophers say that some portion is indispensably necessary to give interest and durability to the whole—to such, as a pleasure and punishment, should be consigned the momentous task of breaking this exquisite butterfly on the wheel of their cruel criticisms. We can well fancy that while so doing, the merry Sprite would sing more merrily than ever his mocking chorus—and fly for support, if needful, to the subject of the Illustration.

Wouldst know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,  
Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,  
Who wing through air from the camp to the court,  
From king to clown, and of all make sport ;  
    Singing, I am the Sprite  
    Of the merry midnight,  
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight ?

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept  
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept ;  
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,  
And he waked to catch—but away I sprang,  
    Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,  
She was waiting her love at that starlight hour :

“Hist—hist!” quoth I, with an amorous sigh,  
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,  
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,  
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from above,  
And he swoon’d—for he thought ’twas the ghost, poor man!  
Of his lady’s eyes, while away I ran,  
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

The fairies of the Green Isle, as well as those of Merry England, and Scotland, though fairly driven from some of their choicest haunts, still linger lovingly in many a flowery nook, and ancient neighborhood. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive that in the lands which have produced Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, Moore, and Byron, their race should ever become utterly extinct. Be that as it may, even should they no more “dance lightly on the air, or skim along the ground,” their frolic presence will still, as in the instance before us, enliven the poet’s page, and be reproduced by the pencil of the painter; at once preserving and suggesting a thousand memories of that olden time, whose traditions are fading so fast away. Oh! that in these wondrous days, when each minute coins a marvel, the existence of a colony of fairies might gain the credence perpetually awarded to fantasies equally wild, and seldom so harmless.





## LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER CLOUD

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—  
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;  
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,  
Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast.

Oh, if to love thee more  
Each hour I number o'er  
If this a passion be

Worthy of thee,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:  
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,  
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,  
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;  
Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,  
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.

Oh, if there be a charm  
In love, to banish harm—  
If pleasure's truest spell  
Be to love well,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:  
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,  
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

One of the beautiful Angels, whose heavenly brightness has grown dim beneath the shadow of earthly love, may more readily enter the imagination as giving utterance to these impassioned

words, than any mere mortal habitant of this lower sphere. Long may it be ere such sweet delusive promises find ready entrance into the ears, or belief in the hearts, of its lovely and susceptible Daughters.

Much of the immense popularity of Moore's writings may, doubtless be attributed to the graceful versatility of his genius, and the easy flow of his verse, in whose voluptuous lull love breathes its enchanting sound—to whose lighter, livelier measure the bosom bounds with an impetuosity accordant to the strain—or in whose deeply melancholy effusions the sorrows of the patriot, the lover, and the friend find utterance. The foregoing song, so full of dreamy languor, "replete with love, soft intercourse of hearts, and music of resistless whispered sounds," is one of which the name alone furnishes both text and comment. A very rose, blown from the brow of Cupid, to sweetest song distilled, for lady's ear. In compositions of this class, Moore is truly inimitable, not a little aided by the native gallantry of a truly Irish heart, seldom wanting in the most noble and generous emotions, however warped, or turned aside by force of circumstance.



## THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

LOVE, in all its shadowy variations and rapid transitions, forms the subject of this poem, which overflows with Eastern imagery, and abounds with all that can delight the imagination and touch the heart. Scarcely a line that does not suggest a picture of Oriental loveliness and magnificence, through which the master passion struggles and shines with an intensity and fire, which, peculiar to the Asiatic temperament, finds but few parallels in those of our colder clime. Worthy of such devotion seems the fair young Nourmahal, the bride of the Sultan, whose rich and varied charms seem to render her well worthy her name—the Light of the Haram.

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,  
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,  
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.  
This *was* not the beauty—oh, nothing like this,  
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss!  
But the loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies  
From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;  
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,  
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heaven in his dreams.  
When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,  
That charm of all others, was born with her face!

And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquillest climes  
 Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—  
 The short, passing anger but seemed to awaken  
 New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when shaken.  
 If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye  
 At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,  
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings  
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.  
 Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing  
 From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in spring:  
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,  
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages,  
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;  
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,  
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—  
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.  
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave  
 NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East for her slave.

Yet all these fascinations suffice not to protect the lovely Sultana  
 from the clouds and tempests which all who sail on love's summer  
 sea invariably encounter, and they are described with an eloquence  
 to which the fair maidens and beautiful brides of our own land  
 might give ear, perchance, not without instruction.

Alas!—how light a cause may move  
 Dissension between hearts that love!  
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied;  
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
 When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something, light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.  
And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin;  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said;  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetnesses of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,  
That smiling left the mountain's brow  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,  
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
As in the Fields of Bliss above  
He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round;—  
Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
Nor ever let him use his wings;  
For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight  
Will rob the plumes of half their light.  
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest  
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—  
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
Lose all their glory when he flies!

These exquisite beauties of thought and language, prelude the estrangement of the peerless Nourmahal from her royal lover. Oppressed by love and sorrow, each pursues a different mode of relief, the latter, to gather around himself all the delights of luxury; the

former, under the direction of Namouna a famed enchantress, to procure, and combine the requisite flowers wherewith to compose a wreath, which shall confer on its wearer the power of regaining lost affection.

Then, rapidly, with foot as light  
 As the young musk-roe's, out she flew,  
 To eull each shining leaf that grew  
 Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,  
 For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams,  
 Anemones and Seas of Gold,  
 And new-blown lilies of the river,  
 And those sweet flow'rets, that unfold  
 Their buds on CAMADEVA's quiver;—  
 The tube-rose, with her silv'ry light,  
 That in the Gardens of Malay  
 Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,  
 So like a bride, scented and bright,  
 She comes out when the sun's away;—  
 Amaranths, such as crown the maids  
 That wander through ZAMARA's shades;—  
 And the white moon-flow'r, as it shows,  
 On SERENDIB's high crags, to those  
 Who near the isle at evening sail,  
 Seenting her clove-trees in the gale;  
 In short, all flow'rets and all plants,  
 From the divine Amrita tree,  
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants  
 With fruits of immortality,  
 Down to the basil tuft, that waves,  
 Its 'fragrant blossom over graves,  
 And to the humble rosemary,  
 Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed  
 To scent the desert and the dead:—  
 All in that garden bloom, and all  
 Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,





Who heaps her baskets with the flow'rs  
 And leaves, till they can hold no more;  
 Then to NAMOUNA flies, and show'rs  
 Upon her lap the shining store.

The mystic wreath being duly woven beneath the incantations of the sorceress, sleep descends upon the eyelids of Nourmahal, and a spirit of music and light makes her whole being vocal with his melodious dream songs. She wakes radiant with happiness, her heart bounding, her eyes sparkling, and in her ear yet thrilling the entrancing sounds, "thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again." We next behold her at a banquet in the royal gardens, disguised as an Arab maid.

Th' Imperial SELIM held a feast  
 In his magnificent Shalimar;—  
 In whose Saloons, when the first star  
 Of evening o'er the waters trembled,  
 The Valley's loveliest all assembled;  
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,  
 Glide through its foliage, and drink beams  
 Of beauty from its founts and streams;  
 And all those wand'ring minstrel-maids,  
 Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades  
 Of that dear Valley, and are found  
 Singing in gardens of the South  
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound  
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile;—  
 Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,  
 And from the Garden of the NILE,  
 Delicate as the roses there;—  
 Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,  
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks;—

Light PERI forms, such as they are  
 On the gold meads of CANDAHAR;  
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,  
     In their own bright Kathaian bow'rs,  
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,  
     That they might fancy the rich flow'rs,  
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,  
 Had been by magic all set flying.

Every thing young, every thing fair  
 From East and West is blushing there,  
 Except—except—oh, NOURMAHAL!  
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,  
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,  
 Amidst a world the only one;  
 Whose light, among so many lights,  
 Was like that star on starry nights,  
 The seaman singles from the sky,  
 To steer his bark for ever by!  
 Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought,  
     And every thing seem'd drear without thee;  
 But, ah! thou wert, thou wert,—and brought  
     Thy charm of song all fresh about thee;  
 Mingling unnoticed with a band  
 Of lutanists from many a land,  
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades  
 The features of young Arab maids,—  
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,  
 To do its best in witchery,—  
 She roved, with beating heart, around,  
     And waited, trembling, for the minute,  
 When she might try if still the sound  
     Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine;  
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine  
 On CASBIN'S hills;—pomegranates full  
     Of melting sweetness, and the pears,



And sunniest apples that CAUBUL  
In all its thousand gardens bears;—  
Plantains, the golden and the green,  
MALAYA'S nectar'd mangusteen;  
Prunes of BOKHARA, and sweet nuts  
From the far groves of SAMARCAND,  
And BASRA dates, and apricots,  
Seed of the Sun, from IRAN'S land;—  
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,  
Of orange flowers, and of those berries  
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles  
Feed on in ERAC'S rocky dells.  
All these in richest vases smile,  
In baskets of pure sandal-wood,  
And urns of porcelain from that isle  
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,  
Whence oft the lucky diver brings  
Vases to grace the halls of kings.  
Wines, too, of every clime and hue,  
Around their liquid lustre threw;  
Amber Rosolli,—the bright dew  
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing;  
And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran  
As if that jewel, large and rare,  
The ruby for which KUBLAI-KHAN  
Offer'd a city's wealth, was blushing,  
Melted within the goblets there!

A Georgian slave now gracefully advances, and, accompanying her voice on an Indian Syrinda, or guitar, sings a wild and voluptuous strain.

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,  
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;  
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,  
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.

And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth  
 To a new one as warm, as unequal'd in bliss;  
 And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh  
 As the flow'r of the Amra just oped by a bee;  
 And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,  
 Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.  
 Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth  
 When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,  
 And own if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,  
 Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,  
 Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,  
 And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.  
 And, bless'd with the odor our goblet gives forth,  
 What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?  
 For, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,  
 When the same measure, sound for sound,  
 Was caught up by another lute,  
 And so divinely breathed around,  
 That all stood hush'd and wondering,  
 And turn'd and look'd into the air,  
 As if they thought to see the wing,  
 Of ISRAFIL, the Angel, there;—  
 So pow'rfully on ev'ry soul  
 That new, enchanted measure stole.  
 While now a voice, sweet as the note  
 Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float

Along its chords, and so entwine  
Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether  
The voice or lute was most divine,  
So wondrously they went together:—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
When two, that are link'd in one heav'nly tie,  
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!  
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth  
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss.  
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,  
But that deep magic in the chords  
And in the lips, that gave such pow'r  
As Music knew not till that hour.  
At once a hundred voices said,  
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"  
While SELIM, who had felt the strain  
Deepest of any, and had lain  
Some minutes rapt as in a trance,  
After the fairy sounds were o'er,  
Too inly touch'd for utterance,  
Now motion'd with his hand for more:—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,  
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;  
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,  
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,  
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less  
For flow'ring in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope  
The silv'ry-footed antelope  
As gracefully and gayly springs  
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be  
The loved and lone acacia-tree,  
The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart,—  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,  
Predestined to have all our sighs,  
And never be forgot again,  
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy ev'ry glance and tone  
When first on me they breathed and shone;  
New, as if brought from other spheres,  
Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known  
No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn  
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,  
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—  
Fresh as the fountain under ground,  
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake  
Some other maid, and rudely break

Her worshipp'd image from its base,  
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake  
When thawing suns begin to shine,  
Then trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,  
That, ev'n without enchantment's art,  
Would instantly have found its way  
Deep into SELIM's burning heart;  
But, breathing, as it did, a tone  
To earthly lutes and lips unknown;  
With every chord fresh from the touch  
Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much!  
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—  
Which, all the time of this sweet air,  
His hand had held, untasted, up,  
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—  
And naming her, so long unnamed,  
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,  
“Oh NOURMAHAL! oh NOURMAHAL!  
“Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,  
“I could forget—forgive thee all,  
“And never leave those eyes again.”

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—  
And SELIM to his heart has caught,  
In blushes, more than ever bright,  
His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Who does not at times cast an ardent, longing glance toward the spirit-land? peopling it with beings who to the attributes of heaven's bright world unite the gentle sympathies and holy charities of this. For the existence of such an order of beings we have the assurance of Holy Writ, the awful glimpses of the death-bed, and the traditions of all mankind, in every age and nation of the world.

Moore informs us that, in choosing the subject of this poetical romance, he was influenced by the desire "to shadow out the fall of the soul from its original purity; the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of perishable pleasures, and the consequent punishment it undergoes both from conscience and Divine justice;" it being his wish to impart to it "a *moral* influence." He then introduces, at the glorious and mournful hour of sunset, a group of fallen angels, who are described seated on the side of a hill.

And, as they look'd, from time to time,  
To the far sky, where Daylight fur'd  
His radiant wing, their brows sublime  
Bespoke them of that distant world—  
Spirits, who once, in brotherhood  
Of faith and bliss, near ALLA stood,  
And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown  
The wind that breathes from ALLA'S throne.

Inspired by the influences of the hour, each relates the story of his love. Commencing with that of the First Angel, we extract his description of Lea, the beautiful object of his fatal passion, as she first appeared when he beheld her sporting in the fountain.

I saw, from the blue element—  
 Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!  
 One of earth's fairest womankind,  
 Half veil'd from view, or rather shrined  
 In the clear crystal of a brook;  
 Which, while it hid no single gleam  
 Of her young beauties, made them look  
 More spirit-like, as they might seem  
 Through the dim shadowing of a dream.  
 Pausing in wonder I look'd on,  
 While, playfully around her breaking  
 The waters, that like diamonds shone,  
 She moved in light of her own making.

At length, as from that airy height  
 I gently lower'd my breathless flight,  
 The tremble of my wing all o'er  
 (For through each plume I felt the thrill)  
 Startled her, as she reach'd the shore  
 Of that small lake—her mirror still—  
 Above whose brink she stood, like snow  
 When rosy with a sunset glow.  
 Never shall I forget those eyes!—  
 The shame, the innocent surprise  
 Of that bright face, when in the air  
 Uplooking, she beheld me there.  
 It seem'd as if each thought, and look,  
 And motion, were that minute chain'd  
 Fast to the spot, such root she took,  
 And—like a sunflower by a brook,  
 With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

Casting down his eyes in pity to her confusion, she in that moment makes her escape; thenceforth his sole task is to hover around her, and to press his suit with all the ardor of unholy love. Well would it be for the dignity of the sex were all libertine avowals received as that of the angel's to Lea.

Had you but seen her look, when first  
 From my mad lips th' avowal burst;  
 Not anger'd—no—the feeling came  
 From depths beyond mere anger's flame—  
 It was a sorrow, calm as deep,  
 A mournfulness that could not weep,  
 So fill'd her heart was to the brink,  
 So fix'd and froz'n with grief, to think  
 That angel natures—that ev'n I,  
 Whose love she clung to, as the tie  
 Between her spirit and the sky—  
 Should fall thus headlong from the height  
 Of all that heav'n hath pure and bright!

Bewildered and remorseful, he is on the point of naming the spell-word by which his native skies should again be ascended; but passion breathes on the good resolve; it is consumed in a moment, and he rushes to a banquet

where, full of mirth,  
 Came—crowding thick as flow'rs that play  
 In summer winds—the young and gay  
 And beautiful of this bright earth.  
 And she was there, and 'mid the young  
 And beautiful stood first, alone;  
 Though on her gentle brow still hung  
 The shadow I that morn had thrown—  
 The first, that ever shame or woe  
 Had cast upon its vernal snow.



My heart was madden'd;—in the flush  
 Of the wild revel I gave way  
 To all that frantic mirth—that rush  
 Of desperate gayety, which they,  
 Who never felt how pain's excess  
 Can break out thus, think happiness!  
 Sad mimicry of mirth and life,  
 Whose flashes come but from the strife  
 Of inward passions—like the light  
 Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

From the orgies of the revel, with tortured spirit, flushed cheek,  
 and burning brow, the erring angel seeks her pure and vestal  
 presence, of whose love he has hitherto shown himself so unworthy.  
 The deep silence of the shadowy gardens, the white robes of Lea  
 gleaming beneath the dark cypresses, and the various lulling sounds  
 which make night so beautiful, contrast finely with the previous  
 scene.

I sought her in the accustom'd bow'r,  
 Where late we oft, when day was gone,  
 And the world hush'd, had met alone,  
 At the same silent, moonlight hour.  
 Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd  
 To her loved star, whose lustre burn'd  
 Purer than ever on that night;  
 While she, in looking, grew more bright,  
 As though she borrow'd of its light.

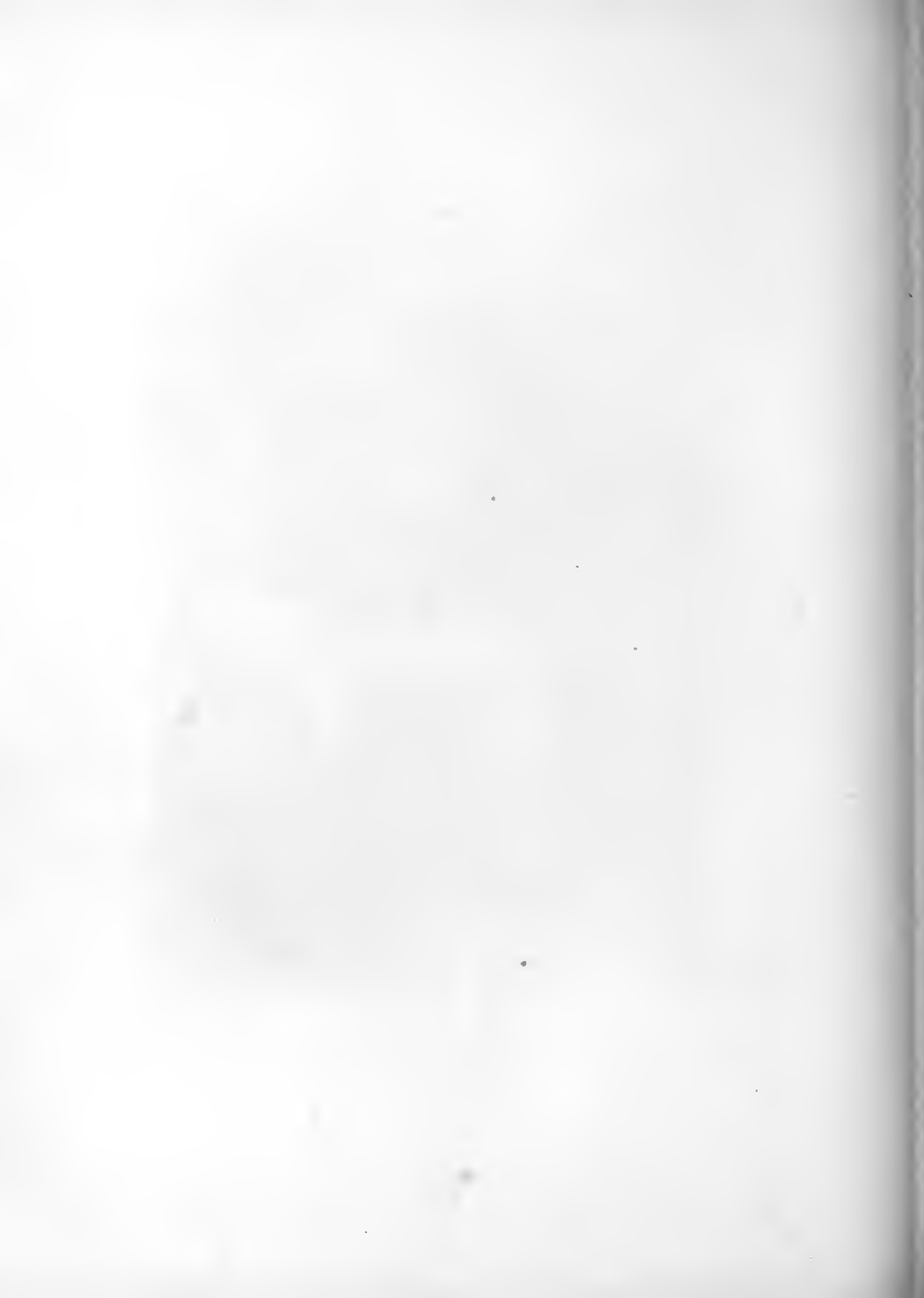
There was a virtue in that scene,  
 A spell of holiness around,  
 Which, had my burning brain not been  
 Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,  
 As though I trod celestial ground.  
 Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,  
 And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,

I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—  
 The memory of Eden came  
     Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;  
 And though too well each glance of mine  
     To the pale, shrinking maiden proved  
 How far, alas, from aught divine,  
 Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,  
     Was the wild love with which I loved,  
 Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,  
     'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw  
 The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,  
     The homage of an Angel's awe.

In this scene the moral influence of female charms, more powerfully displayed than in a thousand meretricious blandishments, recalls to the angel his better nature, and he implores but one embrace ere pronouncing the spell that plumes his wing for heaven.

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,  
 Of me, and of herself afraid,  
 Had shrinking stood, like flow'rs beneath  
 The scorching of the south-wind's breath:  
 But when I named—alas, too well,  
     I now recall, though wilder'd then,—  
 Instantly, when I named the spell,  
     Her brow, her eyes uprose again,  
 And, with an eagerness, that spoke  
 The sudden light that o'er her broke,  
 "The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,  
     "And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd—  
 Unknowing what I did, inflamed,  
 And lost already, on her brow  
     I stamp'd one burning kiss, and named  
 The mystic word, till then ne'er told  
 To living creature of earth's mould!  
 Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,  
 Her lips from mine, like echo, caught





The holy sound—her hands and eyes  
Were instant lifted to the skies,  
And thrice to heav'n she spoke it out  
With that triumphant look Faith wears,  
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,  
A vapor from this vale of tears,  
Between her and her God appears!  
That very moment her whole frame  
All bright and glorified became,  
And at her back I saw unclose  
Two wings, magnificent as those  
That sparkle around ALLA'S Throne,  
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose,  
Above me, in the moonbeam shone  
With a pure light, which—from its hue,  
Unknown upon this earth—I knew  
Was light from Eden, glist'ning through!  
Most holy vision! ne'er before  
Did aught so radiant—since the day  
When EBLIS, in his downfall, bore  
The third of the bright stars away—  
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair  
That loss of light and glory there!  
But did I tamely view her flight?  
Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice  
The pow'rful words that were, that night,—  
Oh, ev'n for heaven too much delight!—  
Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,  
And soul to soul, in Paradise?  
I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—  
I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;  
For me the spell had pow'r no more.  
There seem'd around me some dark chain  
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,  
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavor:  
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain  
Since that sad hour, and will remain—  
So wills the offended God—for ever!

## THE SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

IN the opening of this poem, the creation of Eve is so exquisitely delineated, whilst made subservient to the main purpose of the poem, that pity is involuntarily awakened for the recreant angel, who, subdued by wonder and admiration, relinquishes heaven in the presumptuous hope to fathom that purest and holiest of its mysteries, a woman's heart.

You both remember well the day,  
When unto Eden's new-made bow'rs,  
ALLA convoked the bright array  
Of his supreme angelic pow'rs,  
To witness the one wonder yet,  
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,  
He must achieve, ere he could set  
His seal upon the world, as done—  
To see that last perfection rise,  
That crowning of creation's birth,  
When, mid the worship and surprise  
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes  
First open'd upon heav'n and earth;  
And from their lids a thrill was sent,  
That through each living spirit went,  
Like first light through the firmament!  
Can you forget how gradual stole  
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul  
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd  
To grow transparent, as there beam'd  
That dawn of Mind within, and caught  
New loveliness from each new thought?

Slow as o'er summer seas we trace  
 The progress of the noontide air,  
 Dimpling its bright and silent face  
 Each minute into some new grace,  
 And varying heav'n's reflections there—  
 Or, like the light of evening stealing  
 O'er some fair temple, which all day  
 Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing  
 Its several beauties, ray by ray,  
 Till it shines out, a thing to bless,  
 All full of light and loveliness.  
 Can you forget her blush, when round  
 Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground  
 She look'd, and saw, the sea—the skies—  
 And heard the rush of many a wing,  
 On high behests then vanishing;  
 And saw the last few angel eyes,  
 Still ling'ring—mine among the rest,—  
 Reluctant leaving scenes so blest?  
 From that miraculous hour, the fate  
 Of this new, glorious Being dwelt  
 For ever, with a spell-like weight,  
 Upon my spirit—early, late,  
 Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,  
 The thought of what might yet befall  
 That matchless creature mix'd with all.—  
 Nor she alone, but her whole race  
 Through ages yet to come—whate'er  
 Of feminine, and fond, and fair,  
 Should spring from that pure mind and face,  
 All waked my soul's intensest care;  
 Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me  
 Creation's strangest mystery!

The description of Eve after the fall suggests a picture of tenderness and beauty which has been rarely equalled; and, indeed, in the works of no writer, ancient or modern, is the might and

majesty of female loveliness depicted with such adorable grace as in those of Moore, to whom may be applied the anecdote which he himself introduces of Anacreon, who, being blamed by his friends for making woman his constant theme, while other poets chose goddesses, briefly replied—"Woman is my goddess!"

She, who brought death into the world,  
 There stood before him, with the light  
 Of their lost Paradise still bright  
 Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd  
 Down her white shoulders to her feet—  
 So beautiful in form, so sweet  
 In heart and voice, as to redeem  
 The loss, the death of all things dear,  
 Except herself—and make it seem  
 Life, endless Life, while she was near!

By a happy thought Moore has transferred to the angel, while yet in a state of innocence, those excursive flights and speculative fancies concerning the wonders of eternity, which doubtless were familiar to his own mind in those days of fervid boyhood, when the youth so well gave promise of the man.

Oh what a vision were the stars,  
 When first I saw them burn on high,  
 Rolling along, like living cars  
 Of light, for gods to journey by!  
 They were my heart's first passion—days  
 And nights, unwearied, in their rays  
 Have I hung floating, till each sense  
 Seem'd full of their bright influence.  
 Innocent joy! alas, how much  
 Of misery had I shunn'd below,  
 Could I have still lived bless'd with such;  
 Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know  
 The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.



Incited by those two formidable qualities for good or evil—unbounded zeal and insatiate curiosity, the creation of woman has given new impetus to both; and his eager search for some creature lovely as the newly awakened Eve, whose beauty has inspired him with wild idolatry for the sex, is at length crowned with success. The beautiful Lilis, in the blaze of her manifold perfections, is thus exquisitely presented.

There was a maid, of all who move  
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit  
To be a bright young angel's love,  
Herself so bright, so exquisite!  
The pride, too, of her step, as light  
Along th' unconscious earth she went,  
Seem'd that of one, born with a right  
To walk some heavenlier element,  
And tread in places where her feet  
A star at ev'ry step should meet.  
'Twas not alone that loveliness  
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—  
Of lips, whose very breath could bless;  
Of playful blushes, that seem'd naught  
But luminous escapes of thought;  
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,  
Were fire itself, but, at a word  
Of tenderness, all soft became  
As though they could, like the sun's bird,  
Dissolve away in their own flame—  
Of form, as pliant as the shoots  
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;  
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,  
That drop from it in summer's hour;—  
'Twas not alone this loveliness  
That falls to loveliest women's share,  
Though, even here, her form could spare

From its own beauty's rich excess  
 Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—  
 But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear  
 Through her whole frame—the soul, still rear,  
 To light each charm, yet independent  
 Of what it lighted, as the sun  
 That shines on flowers, would be resplendent  
 Were there no flowers to shine upon.

'Twas this, all this, in one combined—  
 Th' unnumber'd looks and arts that form  
 The glory of young woman-kind,  
 Taken, in their perfection, warm,  
 Ere time had chill'd a single charm,  
 And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,  
 As gave to beauties, that might be  
 Too sensual else, too unrefined,  
 The impress of Divinity!

'Twas this—a union, which the hand  
 Of Nature kept for her alone,  
 Of every thing most playful, bland,  
 Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,  
 In angel-natures and her own—  
 Oh this it was that drew me nigh  
 One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,  
 A bright twin-sister from on high—  
 One, in whose love, I felt, were given  
 The mix'd delights of either sphere,  
 All that the spirit seeks in heaven,  
 And all the senses burn for here.

A glance at the mind of this pure maiden, is like gazing amidst the tranquillity of nature, through the floating lilies of some clear lake. in whose crystal depths the sky with all its stars is mirrored.

Vague wishes, fond imaginings,  
 Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—  
 Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,  
 And rainbow joys that end in weeping;  
 And passions, among pure thoughts hid,  
 Like serpents under flowerets sleeping:—  
 'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er  
 Young hearts are beating—I saw there  
 Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond  
 Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—  
 Glimpses of glory, far away  
 Into the bright, vague future given;  
 And faneies, free and grand, whose play,  
 Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!  
 With this, too—what a soul and heart  
 To fall beneath the tempter's art!—  
 A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er  
 Enshrined itself in form so fair,  
 Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,  
 With every fruit of Eden bless'd,  
 Save one alone—rather than leave  
 That *one* unreach'd, lost all the rest.

The character of the erring angel, by turns sublime or groveling, as the divine or human propensities prevail, enchains our attention and commands our sympathies less by picturesque effect and startling incident than by the unmasked display of a heart palpitating with emotions, whose counterpart may be found in every human breast, and whose language is common to all mankind; of this the misery and chaos of a soul laboring under remorse is eloquent proof.

Days, months elapsed, and, though what most  
 On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all—  
 Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st,

How'er they smile, and feign, and boast,  
 What happiness is theirs, who fall!  
 'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen  
 Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between  
 Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell  
 In agonizing cross-light given  
 Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell  
 In purgatory catch of heaven!

\* \* \* \* \*

Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,  
 Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,  
 Which looks at once before and back,  
 Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,  
 And sees both comfortless, both black—  
 Spite of all this, I could have still  
 In her delight forgot all ill;  
 Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,  
 At least have borne and murmur'd not.  
 When thoughts of an offended heaven,  
 Of sinfulness, which I—ev'n I,  
 While down its steep most headlong driven—  
 Well knew could never be forgiven,  
 Came o'er me with an agony  
 Beyond all reach of mortal woe—  
 A torture kept for those who know,  
 Know *every* thing, and—worst of all—  
 Know and love Virtue while they fall!

The mournful beauty of the following lines will strike a chord of sorrowful remembrance in those who, oppressed by similar sentiments, have tremblingly watched from day to day the super-human irradiation of countenance, the vivid bloom and transparent delicacy, which, like the rosy and fleeting clouds of sunset, have surrounded the fast-sinking orb of some sweet life whose loss has brought darkness that never grows truly bright again.

Of, too, when that disheartening fear,  
Which all who love, beneath yon sky,  
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—  
The dreadful thought that it must die!  
That desolating thought, which comes  
Into men's happiest hours and homes;  
Whose melancholy boding flings  
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,  
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads  
The grave beneath young lovers' heads!  
This fear, so sad to all—to me  
Most full of sadness, from the thought  
That I must still live on, when she  
Would, like the snow that on the sea  
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;  
That heaven to me this final seal  
Of all earth's sorrow would deny,  
And I eternally must feel  
The death-pang, without power to die!

The garden scene breathes the very spirit of melancholy foreboding, and prepares the mind for the tragic sequel, when the young and blooming Lilis proudly aspiring to share the embrace of her lover, arrayed in all his glory as an angel of heaven, with fatal persuasion at last induces him to grant her request.

How could I pause? how ev'n let fall  
A word, a whisper that could stir  
In her proud heart a doubt, that all  
I brought from heaven belong'd to her.  
Slow from her side I rose, while she  
Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,  
But not with fear—all hope, and pride,  
She waited for the awful boon,  
Like priestesses, at eventide,  
Watching the rise of the full moon,

Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,  
 'Twill madden them to look upon!

Of all my glories, the bright crown,  
 Which, when I last from heaven came down,  
 Was left behind me, in yon star  
 That shines from out those clouds afar,—  
 Where, relic sad, 'tis treasured yet,  
 The downfallen angel's coronet!—  
 Of all my glories, this alone

Was wanting:—but th' illumined brow,  
 The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now  
 Had love's spell added to their own,  
 And pour'd a light till then unknown;—  
 Th' unfolded wings, that, in their play,  
 Shed sparkles bright as ALLA'S throne;  
 All I could bring of heaven's array,  
 Of that rich panoply of charms  
 A Cherub moves in, on the day  
 Of his best pomp, I now put on;  
 And, proud that in her eyes I shone  
 Thus glorious, glided to her arms;  
 Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,  
 Her dazzled brow had, instantly,  
 Sunk on her breast) were wide extended  
 To clasp the form she durst not see!  
 Great Heaven! how *could* thy vengeance light  
 So bitterly on one so bright?  
 How could the hand, that gave such charms,  
 Blast them again, in love's own arms?  
 Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame  
 When—oh most horrible!—I felt  
 That every spark of that pure flame—  
 Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—  
 Was now, by my transgression, turn'd  
 Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,  
 Burn'd all it touch'd as fast as eye  
 Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;

Till there—oh God, I still ask why  
 Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie  
     Blackening within my arms to ashes!  
 That brow, a glory but to see—  
     Those lips, whose touch was what the first  
 Fresh cup of immortality  
     Is to a new-made angel's thirst!  
 Those clasping arms, within whose round—  
 My heart's horizon—the whole bound  
 Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!  
 Which, even in this dread moment, fond  
     As when they first were round me cast,  
 Loosed not in death the fatal bond,  
     But, burning, held me to the last!  
 All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd  
 As if Love's self there breathed and beam'd,  
 Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,  
 Withering in agony away;  
 And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,  
 From which the desolation came;—  
 I, the cursed spirit, whose caress  
 Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas maddening!—but now hear even worse—  
 Had death, death only, been the curse  
 I brought upon her—had the doom  
 But ended here, when her young bloom  
 Lay in the dust—and did the spirit  
 No part of that fell curse inherit,  
 'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—  
 Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear.

Just when her eyes, in fading, took  
     Their last, keen, agonized farewell,  
 And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!  
     Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell  
 Thou mayst to human souls assign,  
 The memory of that look is mine!—

In her last struggle, on my brow  
Her ashy lips a kiss impress'd,  
So withering!—I feel it now—  
'Twas fire—but fire ev'n more unblest'd  
Than was my own, and like that flame,  
The angels shudder but to name  
Hell's everlasting element!  
Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,  
Madd'ning and torturing as it went;  
And here—mark here, the brand, the stain  
It left upon my front—burnt in  
By that last kiss of love and sin—  
A brand, which all the pomp and pride  
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

Throughout this little poetic drama, as in that of life, the serpent passions become to their possessors the most torturing avengers; with this moral ever in view, the poet follows its shining thread through the intricate mazes of human thought and human feeling, lighting up in all their bliss and all their agony the death paths of ungovernable pride and unhallowed affection, and proving, moreover, that intellect, when worn ignobly, brings ruin and disgrace even upon an angel.



## THE THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

THE first creative thought from which, like a flower of Paradise, this poem hath expanded, is too replete with truth and beauty to be given in other words than those of the author.

Alas, that it should e'er have been  
In heav'n as 'tis too often here,  
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,  
But it hath pain and perils near;—  
Where right and wrong so close resemble,  
That what we take for virtue's thrill  
Is often the first downward tremble  
Of the heart's balance unto ill;  
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,  
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,  
In moments, ev'n the most secure,  
Beneath his altar may glide in!

Those beautiful words form a fitting introduction to the presence of Zaraph, an angel whose whole being was love—full, intense, for God and all his works—what wonder, then, that it should be extended to one whose youthful loveliness, first beheld in the act of adoration, seemed scarcely less an emanation of deity than himself!

Twas first at twilight, on the shore  
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute  
And voice of her he loved steal o'er  
The silver waters, that lay mute,

As loth, by even a breath, to stay  
 The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,  
 Whose echoes still went on and on,  
 Till lost among the light that shone  
 Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—  
 There, where the rich cascade of day  
 Had o'er th' horizon's golden rim,  
 Into Elysium roll'd away!

Of God she sung, and of the mild  
 Attendant Mercy, that beside  
 His awful throne for ever smiled,  
 Ready, with her white hand, to guide  
 His bolts of vengeance to their prey—  
 That she might quench them on the way!  
 Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,  
 Upon whose star, shining above  
 This twilight world of hope and fear,  
 The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd  
 So fond, that with her every tear  
 The light of that love-star is mix'd!—  
 All this she sung, and such a soul  
 Of piety was in that song,  
 That the charm'd Angel, as it stole  
 Tenderly to his ear, along  
 Those lulling waters where he lay,  
 Watching the daylight's dying ray,  
 Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,  
 An echo, that some sea-nymph gave  
 To Eden's distant harmony,  
 Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,  
 Tracing that music's melting course,  
 He saw, upon the golden sand  
 Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,  
 Before whose feet th' expiring waves  
 Flung their last offering with a sigh—

As, in the East, exhausted slaves  
 Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—  
 And, with her lute hung by her, hush'd,  
 As if unequal to the tide  
 Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,  
 She raised like one beatified,  
 Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given  
 To be adored than to adore—  
 Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,  
 But ne'er were raised to it before!

To the Egyptian saying that "Music is the sister of Religion," how many harmonious thoughts will at once bear a glad accord,—its truth alike deeply felt in the humble village church as in the stately temple of Osiris; or in that where many of its traces still linger, and which almost rivals it in grandeur, the church of Rome; amongst whose means for gaining proselytes that of music is one of the most powerful; piercing, and melting to its will, hearts on which arguments, entreaty, or force had been employed in vain. That Moore was of this opinion the succeeding extract will sufficiently attest.

Oh Love, Religion, Music—all  
 That's left of Eden upon earth—  
 The only blessings, since the fall  
 Of our weak souls, that still recall  
 A trace of their high, glorious birth—  
 How kindred are the dreams you bring!  
 How Love, though unto earth so prone,  
 Delights to take religion's wing,  
 When time or grief hath stain'd his own!  
 How near to Love's beguiling brink,  
 Too oft, entranced Religion lies!  
 While Music, Music is the link  
 They *both* still hold by to the skies,

The language of their native sphere,  
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel  
That moment's witcheries?—one, so fair,  
Breathing out music, that might steal  
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer  
That seraphs might be proud to share!  
Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well—  
With warmth, that far too dearly cost—  
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,  
To which attraction, to which spell,  
Love, Music, or Devotion, most  
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

A wandering song of the beloved Nama, as borne through the leaves to the ear of her lover, whilst discoursing with the other angels, is one of those felicities for which Moore is so renowned.

Come, pray with me, my seraph love,  
My angel-lord, come pray with me;  
In vain to-night my lip hath strove  
To send one holy prayer above—  
The knee may bend, the lip may move,  
But pray I cannot, without thee!  
I've fed the altar in my bower  
With droppings from the incense tree;  
I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,  
But dim it burns the livelong hour,  
As if, like me, it had no power  
Of life or lustre, without thee!

A boat at midnight sent alone  
To drift upon the moonless sea,  
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,

A wounded bird, that hath but one  
Imperfect wing to soar upon,  
Are like what I am, without thee!

Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,  
In life or death, thyself from me;  
But when again, in sunny pride,  
Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,  
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—  
Oh happier thus than without thee!"

The transgression of Zaraph and Nama is visited by no severer doom than that of holy wedlock, subject to all the human joys and sorrows of that changeful condition; but so exquisitely is their future life shadowed forth, such truth, tenderness, and grace infused into the picture, that they seem but to have gained a heaven below, for the one they have forfeited above. The poem thus beautifully concludes.

In what lone region of the earth  
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,  
God and the Angels, who look forth  
To watch their steps, alone can tell.  
But should we, in our wanderings,  
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants  
But the adornment of bright wings,  
To look like heaven's inhabitants—  
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet  
Are humble in their earthly lot,  
As is the wayside violet,  
That shines unseen, and were it not  
For its sweet breath would be forgot—  
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,  
Whose voices utter the same wills—

Answering, as Echo doth some tone  
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,  
So like itself, we seek in vain  
Which is the echo, which the strain—  
Whose piety is love, whose love,  
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,  
Is not of earth, but from above—  
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,  
Whose light, from one to th' other thrown,  
Is heaven's reflection, not their own—  
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,  
So perfect here, we may be sure  
'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see;  
And call young lovers round, to view  
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue  
Their pathway towards eternity.





MISS MARY WATSON, THE DAUGHTER OF  
MR. WATSON OF LONDON, AS SHE APPEARED  
AT THE CONCERT, ON THE 14th OF  
MAY, 1791.



## THE GRECIAN MAID.

In a few glowing words harmoniously strung together, Moore presents us with a beautiful picture of Grecian girls, in all their picturesque attire and wild abandonment of grief, bidding farewell to their lovers, about to embark in the cause of Liberty. We see the graceful forms, the flashing eyes, the long black hair, in all the varied attitude and unstudied expression of such a moment; while one by one the boats leave the shore, watched over the flashing ocean till their white sails are no longer visible. To the excitement and consequent languor of a scene like this succeeds that gay rebound of spirits so striking in the elastic children of the South, bursting from the very shadow of grief into the sunshine of dance and song.

But say—*what* shall the measure be?  
“Shall we the old Romaika tread,”  
(Some eager ask'd) “as anciently  
“’Twas by the maids of Delos led,  
“When, slow at first, then circling fast,  
“As the gay spirits rose—at last,  
“With hand in hand, like links, enlock'd,  
“Through the light air they seem'd to flit  
“In labyrinthine maze, that mock'd  
“The dazzled eye that follow'd it!”  
Some call'd aloud “the Fountain Dance!”—  
While one young, dark-eyed Amazon,

Whose step was air-like, and whose glance  
 Flash'd, like a sabre in the sun,  
 Sportively said, "Shame on these soft  
 "And languid strains we hear so oft.  
 "Daughters of Freedom! have not we  
 "Learn'd from our lovers and our sires  
 "The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free—  
 "That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,  
 "But sword and shield clash on the ear  
 "A music tyrants quake to hear?  
 "Heroines of Zea, arm with me,  
 "And dance the dance of Victory!"

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,  
 Loosed the wide hat, that o'er her face  
 (From Anatolia came the maid)  
 Hung, shadowing each sunny charm;  
 And, with a fair young armorer's aid,  
 Fixing it on her rounded arm,  
 A mimic shield with pride display'd;  
 Then, springing tow'rds a grove that spread  
 Its canopy of foliage near,  
 Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,  
 "To arms, to arms!" while o'er her head  
 She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all  
 Obey'd their Chief's heroic call;—  
 Round the shield-arm of each was tied  
 Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be;  
 The grove, their verdant armory,  
 Falchion and lance alike supplied;  
 And as their glossy locks, let free,  
 Fell down their shoulders carelessly,  
 You might have dream'd you saw a throng  
 Of youthful Thyads, by the beam  
 Of a May moon, bounding along  
 Peneus' silver-eddied stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured tread,  
 Martialy, o'er the shining field;  
 Now, to the mimic combat led,  
 (A heroine at each squadron's head,  
 Struck lance to lance and sword to shield:  
 While still, through every varying feat,  
 Their voices, heard in contrast sweet  
 With some, of deep but soften'd sound,  
 From lips of aged sires around,  
 Who smiling watch'd their children's play—  
 Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay:—

## SONG.

“Raise the buckler—poise the lance—  
 “Now here—now there—retreat—advance!”

Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy  
 Danced in those happy days, when Greece was free;  
 When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,  
 Thus train'd their steps to war and victory.

“Raise the buckler—poise the lance—  
 “Now here—now there—retreat—advance!”

Such was the Spartan warriors' dance.  
 “Grasp the falchion—gird the shield—  
 “Attack—defend—do all, but yield.”

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,  
 Dance by the moon like this, till o'er the sea  
 That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light  
 They nobly died for thee and liberty!  
 “Raise the buckler—poise the lance—  
 “Now here—now there—retreat—advance!”  
 Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

## LESBIA.

FULL of archness and gayety, every line of this enchanting song bears an idea and a beauty all its own. The courtly Lesbia and artless Nora flit alternately through the pleased fancy, the peculiar graces of each heightening and contrasting those of her rival: the bashful glances of Nora seem more dear while gazing on the wild coquettish gleam which animates those of Lesbia.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,  
But no one knows for whom it beameth;  
Right and left its arrows fly,  
But what they aim at no one dreameth.  
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon  
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;  
Few its looks, but every one,  
Like unexpected light, surprises!  
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,  
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,  
Beauty lies  
In many eyes,  
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,  
Not a charm of beauty's mould  
Presumes to stay where nature placed it,





---

Oh! my Nora's gown for me,  
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,  
Leaving every beauty free  
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.  
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,  
My simple, graceful Nora Creina.  
Nature's dress  
Is loveliness—  
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,  
But, when its points are gleaming round us,  
Who can tell if they're design'd  
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?  
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,  
In safer slumber Love reposes—  
Bed of peace! whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the roses.  
Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!  
Wit, though bright,  
Hath no such light,  
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

## THE VESPER HYMN.

ONE of the most impressive and picturesque features of Italian travel is the Vesper Hymn: amidst the pomp and splendor of cathedral worship; in peaceful convent, on silent shore or glimmering ocean—wherever heard, that holy strain exerts a benign and soothing influence. Not only the magnifico in his palace, the mariner in his bark, the bright roses of the world, and the unsunned lilies that bloom for God alone, acknowledge the softening spell of the “Te Lucis Ante,” but even the colder temperaments of a different faith and clime bend the “knee of the heart” before the devotion it inspires.

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing  
O'er the waters soft and clear;  
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,  
And now bursts upon the ear:  
    Jubilate, Amen.

Farther now, now farther stealing,  
Soft it fades upon the ear:  
    Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating  
To the shore, it dies along;  
Now, like angry surges meeting,  
Breaks the mingled tide of song:  
    Jubilate, Amen.

Hush! again, like waves, retreating  
To the shore, it dies along:  
    Jubilate, Amen.







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By those who have heard the hymn "O Sanctissima," after sunset, along the shores of Sicily, prolonged by the echoes of that romantic region, its effect will long be remembered. By them, too, will more readily be conceived that bright picture presented by the historian, who tells, in the words of an eye-witness, "How one evening when the ship of Columbus was in full sail and all the men on their knees singing 'Salve Regina.'" To such scenes and hours the Vesper Hymn of Moore peculiarly belongs.

## THE COMING STEP.

THE coming step! one of life's sweet music notes, listened to, welcomed, and commented on in the little circle made glad by its approach; one of the home-charms especially dear to that golden clasp of many links, the aged and adored mother, in whom unite so many titles and ties of pure and sacred affection. Dear, too, that note of home-returning, to loving wife, fair blushing, bride, or gentle sister, and ah! perhaps more precious than all, to the conscious maiden, listening with fluttering heart and deepening blush, her lover's well-known footstep, which she, though first to hear is last to meet. Music of the heart! how enchantingly is the coming step of the fond father recognized and responded to by the quick delighted cries of childhood, as with pattering feet and joyful clamor they rush to meet him at the threshold, their little plump arms outstretched to receive, to cling around, and grasp him anywhere, everywhere! each little mouth pursed up ready for the *first* kiss, the very first, whose loss has to be compensated to the others by a double share of endearments, while gambolling in the midst, bounding, barking, almost speaking his wild joy, the favorite dog, completely one of themselves, gives vent to the exuberance of his joy in a thousand canine extravagances. Step of the beloved! joy-note of the heart, how many and delightful are thy echoes!





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Who has not felt how sadly sweet  
The dream of home, the dream of home,  
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,  
When far o'er sea or land we roam?  
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,  
To greener shores our bark may come;  
But far more bright, more dear than all,  
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far  
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,  
What charms him most, when ev'ning's star  
Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.  
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves  
At that sweet hour around him come;  
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,  
That dream of home, that dream of home.

## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

To the inspiration produced by the romantic scenery around the confluence of the rivers Avon and Avoca, between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, the public are indebted for this celebrated song; one of those jewels, which, how long soever worn, can never lose its lustre. The easy flow of the music, tinged like the words with a tender melancholy, makes the heart of the listener an answering harp which vibrates long after the strain itself has ceased. A song like this, is a leaf of the real Delphic laurel.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.





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The applause of the world must be doubly sweet to an author when bestowed on such emanations of his mind as are confirmed by his own character and conduct, when the man does not disgrace the poet—and the reader, after revelling in beautiful descriptions and noble sentiments, lays down the volume with the delightful conviction, that he has been sharing, not only the brilliant genius, but the sincere heart and soul of the author—this integrity of purpose belongs to Moore, it breathes and burns throughout his works, and constitutes their most vital charm.

## THE MAGIC MIRROR.

THE story of the gallant Earl of Surrey and the fair Geraldine, though often presented in various aspects, has not yet, we think, been accompanied by a moral, that while apparently given in all innocence and simplicity, creates, by its sly humor, that secret intellectual smile which the readers of Washington Irving so often enjoy.

Amidst the superstitions of the East, the belief in magic mirrors still prevails: a most amusing account of them is given by Lane in his "Modern Egyptians."

"Come, if thy magic Glass have power  
"To call up forms we sigh to see;  
"Show me my love, in that rosy bower,  
"Where last she pledged her truth to me."

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,  
Where lone and pale in her bower she lay;  
"True-hearted maid," said the happy Knight,  
"She's thinking of one, who is far away."

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,  
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;  
"'Tis" said the Knight, "the same bright boy,  
"Who used to guide me to my dear."

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,  
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flower;  
"Such," he exclaimed, "was the gift that she  
"Each morning sent me from that bower!"







She gives her page the blooming rose,  
With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!"  
"Thus," thought the Knight, "she soothes her woes,  
"By fancying, still, her true-love nigh."

But the page returns, and—oh, what a sight,  
For trusting lover's eyes to see!—  
Leads to that bower another Knight,  
As young and, alas, as loved as he!

"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love!"  
Then, darting forth, with furious bound,  
Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,  
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

## MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,  
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;  
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,  
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

## THE CASKET.

NELL GWYNNE's first peep in the mirror, when newly arrayed in her court finery, would, according to the descriptions given of that artless creature, have produced all the delighted effect visible in the countenance of the portrait, the freaks of fashion only making more odd and piquant her winning and whimsical ways. Pepys would certainly have said: "I did see in a book a limning of Mistress Nelly, mighty pretty, and did make me think of the time she came to my wife and I, in the gallery at Whitehall showing us her jewels, when I did steal a kiss, she laughing like mad, and my wife standing by, in her new satin gown, looking, poor wretch, mighty vexed withal." The poetic effusion may easily pass for that of her royal lover, well deserved by the humble and guileless Nelly, who, amidst the splendor and vice of that most corrupt court, retained the native goodness of heart and simplicity of character, which drew from Charles, on his death-bed, the well-known speech, "Do not let poor Nelly starve."

Array thee, love, array thee, love,  
In all thy best array thee;  
The sun's below—the moon's above—  
And Night and Bliss obey thee.  
Put on thee all that's bright and rare,  
The zone, the wreath, the gem,  
Not so much gracing charms so fair,  
As borrowing grace from them.





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Array thee, love, array thee, love,  
In all that's bright array thee;  
The sun's below—the moon's above—  
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,  
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,  
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,  
Victorious eyes advancing.  
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven  
From thee derives such light,  
That Iris would give all her seven  
To boast but *one* so bright.  
Array thee, love, array thee, love,  
&c. &c. &c.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,  
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,  
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,  
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.  
Thy every word shall be a spell,  
Thy every look a ray,  
And tracks of wond'ring eyes shall tell  
The glory of thy way!  
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,  
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,  
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,  
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

## THE EXILE.

THE name of Miss Curran, the betrothed of the younger Emmet, has acquired a celebrity equal to that of the melancholy event in which her lover bore so distinguished a part, and which forms one of the tragic pages of Ireland's gloomy history.

Among those who have perished in vain for that unhappy country, there are none who more irresistibly claim our sympathies, than the unfortunate pair whose memory is preserved from oblivion in the following beautiful song; nor over whose graves the "Implora Pace" might more fitly be inscribed.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are round her, sighing:  
But, coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking;—  
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.







---

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own loved island of sorrow.

The harp of Ireland is never heard to more advantage than when it thrills to love or sorrow: in this touching strain both are mingled; while distant echoings of sterner words, mental glimpses of scenes replete with strife and agony, fill the mind with images but too well corresponding with that ominous and fatal word, Rebellion.

## SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—  
Wherever blows the welcome wind,  
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,  
More sad than those we leave behind.  
Each wave that passes seems to say,  
"Though death beneath our smile may be,  
"Less cold we are, less false than they,  
"Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—  
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more:  
The stormiest sea's a resting place  
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.  
Or—if some desert land we meet,  
Where never yet false-hearted men  
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,—  
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

In striking contrast with his gay effusions, Moore in this song breathes forth the very spirit of melancholy depression. In it the disappointed adventurer, the indignant patriot, the heart-broken exile, make themselves audible. How many of all these have under such feelings sought and found in this better land new hopes, new homes, new happiness! no more oppressed and miserable outcasts, but prosperous and contented citizens, in whose breasts, however seared, a voice must oftentimes cry, God bless America!





## THE WREATH.

THIS juvenile production expresses all the enanored sentiment a school-boy may be supposed to feel for some belle of far maturer years than his own, and whose rejoinder would be in a mood infinitely less serious.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove  
Is fair—but oh, how fair,  
If Pity's hand had stolen from Love  
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,  
Did gems for dew-drops fall,  
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd  
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove  
Our emblem well may be;  
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love  
Must keep its tears for me.

As a specimen of Moore's boyish poetry this song cannot fail to be regarded with interest, as evidencing the precocity and fertility

of genius which distinguished him from his infancy ; his own words being, "So far back in childhood lies the epoch, that I am really unable to say at what age I first began to act, sing, and rhyme."

In many of the editions of Moore's Poems, the following lines, which originally formed the last verse in this song, are omitted :

And oh ! if airy shapes may steal  
To mingle with a mortal frame,  
Then, then, my love !—but drop the veil—  
Hide, hide from heaven the unholy flame.







A N N A .

To many most excellent persons the very name of "Poetry" suggests something too romantic and refined for this matter-of-fact age and work-a-day world, and who, when told how through the medium of verse the power of genius can lend both grace and dignity to truth, will smile incredulously, and remain skeptical as before; yet, in the following Juvenile Poem of our author, they will see at once how much a simple and pure sentiment gains, if not in value, at least both in force and beauty, from the charm of numbers :—

To see thee every day that came,  
And find thee still each day the same ;  
In pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear,  
To me still ever kind and dear —  
To meet thee early, leave thee late,  
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,  
That life, without this cheering ray,  
Which came, like sunshine, every day,  
And all my pain, my sorrow chased,  
Is now a lone and loveless waste.

Where are the chords she used to touch ?  
The airs, the songs she loved so much ?  
Those songs are hush'd, those chords are still,  
And so, perhaps, will every thrill  
Of feeling soon be lull'd to rest,  
Which late I waked in Anna's breast,  
Yet, no—the simple notes I play'd  
From memory's tablet soon may fade :

The songs, which Anna loved to hear,  
May vanish from her heart and ear ;  
But friendship's voice shall ever find  
An echo in that gentle mind,  
Nor memory lose nor time impair  
The sympathies that tremble there.

To constitute the perfections of such a character as that of the gentle Anna, would require something more than the quintessence of a whole legion of modern heroines. In her, the meek and gentle woman shines forth in all the touching grace and modesty of her sex, presenting to the mind's eye the embodiment of all the sweet influences which soften the asperities of daily life, and cheer and reward amidst its toils. In the season of youth the heart is apt to speak most spontaneously and truly, and if its effusions are less polished and varied than those of a later period, their sincerity may well atone for the more sounding strain.

Associating the "Anna" of the painter's fancy with the theme of the poet's song, it is impossible to avoid remembering the lovely and beloved Miss Linley—afterwards Mrs. Sheridan—immortalized by some of the most celebrated characters of her time, and who is charmingly described in one of Moore's most interesting works.





OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

To what may this most ethereal and fanciful little song be compared? Surely to nothing heavier nor less bright than bubble blown by Peri and floating away amidst sunbeams. Nothing can be more exquisitely playful and beautiful than the last verse. It is in such brilliant fancies, and sparks and freaks of imagination, that Moore has ever been unapproachable. Oh, for the same power of fancy to transfer to the illustration a little of that sylph-like beauty which must have belonged to her of whose shadow the poet speaks.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours  
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,  
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,  
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!  
So bright a dwelling should be our own,  
So warranted free from sigh or frown,  
That angels soon would be coming down,  
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,  
And in themselves a lustre bear,  
A stock of light, still ready there,  
Whenever they wish to use it;  
So, in this world I'd make for thee,  
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,  
And the flash of wit or poesy  
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere  
Hath still some shadow hov'ring near.

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In this new world of ours, my dear,  
Such shadows will all be omitted :—  
Unless they 're like that graceful one,  
Which, when thou 'rt dancing in the sun,  
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon  
Each spot where it hath flitted!

Though the poet's plan for remodelling "this earth of ours" might be liable to the grave objection of rendering half our virtues useless, yet where is the philosopher who would not exchange part of his wisdom for the beauty-haunted imagination which enables its possessor, amidst the clouds and storms of life, often whilst suffering beneath its worst and keenest ills, to create new realms, peopled with beings, in depicting whose thoughts and passions, joys and sorrows, Self—that most ignoble cause of disquiet—is for the time merged and forgotten? Such, doubtless, must frequently have been the case with Moore, who, brilliant and talented as he was, oft smarted beneath "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," to whose darkest hour, perchance, this charming song owes its existence light and lovely as one of the rose-winged nautilii of a summer sea.







## THE IRISH GIRL.

To the females of every country has been accorded some crown-  
ing excellence peculiar to their nation and themselves; thus, while  
the proud beauty of Spain charms by her air, the Frenchwoman by  
her manner, the Italian by her glances, the American by her classic  
and delicate features, the English and Scottish by that bloom which  
has made the expression "As fresh as a rose" one of the most com-  
mon modes of describing them, the fair daughters of Erin have ever  
been distinguished by an arch simplicity and winning tenderness,  
which, springing from a noble, constant nature, that knows no  
wrong and fears none, render the spells of Nora or Kathleen more  
potent than any Armida ever wove.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,  
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;  
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,  
We may order our wings, and be oft to the west;  
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,  
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,  
We never need leave our own green isle,  
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.  
Then remember, whenever your goblet is crown'd,  
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,  
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept  
By a dragon of prudery placed within call;

But so oft this unamiable dragon hast slept,  
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.  
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,  
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;  
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,  
Nor charms us least when it most repels.  
Then remember, whenever your goblet is crown'd,  
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you **roam**,  
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,  
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,  
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,  
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.  
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,  
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,  
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,  
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.  
Then remember, whenever your goblet is crown'd,  
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you **roam**,  
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.





*The Rapids, St. Lawrence River, Quebec*

## CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

MOORE says, "I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyagers* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "General History of the Fur Trade," prefixed to his Journal.







LIVES  
OF  
BYRON AND MOORE.







My dear Murray  
Yours very sincerely  
Byron

# LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

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## PART I.

FROM 1788 TO 1807.

HIS ANCESTRY—BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—BOYHOOD  
AND EARLY LOVES—EDUCATION, PURSUITS, AND  
ASSOCIATES.

THERE have been so many volumes written about Lord Byron, all so evidently colored with prejudice, that the publisher thought a new Biography, embracing all the known facts of his life, would be acceptable. This sketch will comprise all that is really valuable and interesting to the general reader, so as to present a complete idea of the man. We shall studiously avoid all elaborate discussion, and only aim at telling "a plain unvarnished tale." For this purpose, we shall avail ourselves of the various writers who have treated this subject, and endeavor to avoid the bias which too frequently tinges their narratives. We shall condense the pleasant gossip and personal reminiscences of Leigh Hunt, Moore, Medwin, and Galt, and interweave with these a simple account of his life, as authenticated either by himself or his contemporaries: these we shall illustrate with confirmatory extracts from his own correspondence, so as to form a succinct but comprehensive narrative of the most remarkable poet of his era. The better to carry out our plan, we have divided the Biography; thus exhibiting Byron as the boy, the student, the lover, the poet, the man, and the patriot.

To write the impartial life of a man who filled so conspicuous a position in the world's eye as Byron, and who dealt his blows so fiercely around him, is a difficult task, even though nearly a gen-

eration has passed away since he was laid in the tomb. The difficulty is increased by the fact that a few of those still linger who were his friends and his foes: above all, that *one*, whose difference with him exercised so great an influence on his existence. Byron was not one to pursue the even tenor of his way without reference to his contemporaries: he was eminently a man at the mercy of almost every one with whom he came in contact. He wanted more than any celebrated man of his time that self-reliance and repose which would have saved him many of his severest trials. Of a highly sensitive nature, quickened by circumstances into almost a morbid state, he viewed the simplest acts and expressions through a distorted medium, which made his commonest intercourse with his friends one of constant misconception and recrimination. This destroyed many of his most valuable friendships, and embittered much of his existence. There was, however, more bitterness in his tongue than in his heart; and one who knew him well has observed, that he frequently had to lash himself into a rage, before he could find it in his heart to abuse his assailants. He had pet antipathies, which he took immense pains to keep alive, and in a vigorous state of hate. It is necessary to keep this steadily in view, in order to understand many of the prominent actions of his life; otherwise some appear, without this commentary, so incongruous, as almost to justify the suspicion of occasional insanity.

In addition to this peculiar temperament, the circumstances of his life were of themselves sufficient to destroy the suavity of a stoic, much less

of one who sometimes was so morbid as to regard even an inconvenient shower of rain as almost a personal affront.

In order fully to understand the controlling, or rather disturbing, influences of his career, it will be necessary to glance at his ancestry, from whence sprang that family pride so strangely at variance with the loftiest characteristics of genius.

The Byron family had always been conspicuous for the *fierté* of its nature. In the Civil Wars, it took the shape of loyalty, and the best of its blood was shed on the field of battle, fighting for the royal cause. In later times, a lord of that name lived, who had much of the idiosyncrasy of the great poet, and with him commenced that feud with the Chaworth family, which the author of *Childe Harold* considered ought to have been healed by his marriage with its lovely representative, Mary. So strongly did the peculiarities of the poet's ancestor operate upon the ignorant mind of his tenantry, that they used to regard him with a feeling almost amounting to superstition. There is little doubt but that this man was the original of Manfred.

From the fields of Calais, Cressy, Bosworth, and Marston Moor, we pass to scenes more immediately connected with the poet. Before, however, finally abandoning his ancestry, we may remark that the nobility of the family dates its origin from 1643, when Sir John Byron was created Baron Byron of Rochdale, in Lancaster. This is the cavalier so honorably noticed by the writer of Colonel Hutchinson's memoirs.

By the maternal side, Byron had a still higher claim to ancestral distinction, his mother being one of the Gordons of Gight; descended lineally from Sir William Gordon, third son of the Earl of Huntley, by the daughter of James the First.

The celebrity of the Byron name seemed to slumber till 1750, when the shipwreck and sufferings of Admiral Byron, the poet's grandfather, awakened the sympathy of the public. A few years after this—viz. in 1765—the poet's grand-uncle stood a prisoner at the bar of the House of Lords, for killing, in a rencontre, his relative, Mr.

Chaworth; and no sooner had the popular excitement of this died away, before it was again roused by the still more painful event of the poet's own father eloping with the Marchioness of Carmarthen, whom, on the passing of the bill of divorce, he afterwards married. From this short union sprang the poet's half-sister Augusta, now the Hon. Mrs. Leigh. The death of this wife, in 1784, enabled the poet's father to repair his wasted finances, by marrying Catharine Gordon of Gight. This lady was the great poet's mother, and from her he undoubtedly inherited many of his vehemencies of disposition. That Byron's father really loved her is uncertain. The probable reason is that he wedded her to repair his wasted estate; and the events which rapidly succeeded this inauspicious union strongly confirm it. In less than a year, the greater part of her property was dissipated; and before she had been a wife two years, she found herself reduced to the comparatively small pittance of £150 per annum. These pecuniary difficulties compelled Mrs. Byron to retire to France, from whence she returned towards the end of 1787. In the following year, on the 22d January, at Holles Street, in London, George Gordon Byron, the author of *Don Juan*, was born.

Two years afterwards, Mrs. Byron took her child to Aberdeen, where her husband joined her. Here, however, the incompatibility of their tempers again prevented their living together, and, after a short time, they separated. Still, the father seems to have had a lingering touch of human nature in him: he occasionally accosted the child when out with his nurse; for at this time he had not left Aberdeen.

There is a tradition he one day solicited that his child should remain with him the whole night; but the infant Hercules of Poetry led his papa such a life, that he was glad never to repeat the invitation. Many stories are told of his juvenile violence; but this is one of the imbecilities of biography, for what child, whether fool or poet, has not had his fits of violence? Cutting of teeth is not alone confined to genius.

About this time the child began to be conscious of the inconvenience and annoyance of a club-foot. This accident had occurred at the time of his birth; and although the celebrated John Hunter applied palliatives, most of the remedies used increased the evil. On this point, even at this early age, he evinced extraordinary sensitiveness; and upon cursory allusions to his malformation, he has cried out in his youthful Scotch, "Dinna speak of it!" In after life he has, however, been known, on one occasion at least, to *jest* upon it, and say that the only two great men besides himself had been lame, viz.: Scott and Shakspeare. The limp of the latter he founded upon a passage in his Sonnets.

Another sentence will finish our notice of the poet's father. After a visit, in 1790, to Scotland, taken for the sole purpose of extorting money from his wife, he retired to Valenciennes, where he died in the following year. That she entertained a strong affection for her unworthy husband, is apparent from a letter which has lately been made public:

TO MRS. LEIGH.

"Aberdeen, August 23d, 1799.

"My dear Madam—

"You wrong me very much when you suppose I would not lament Mr. Byron's death. It has made me very miserable, and the more so that I had not the melancholy satisfaction of seeing him before his death. If I had known of his illness I would have come to him. I do not think I shall ever get the better of it. Necessity, not inclination, parted us, at least on my part, and I flatter myself it was the same with him; and notwithstanding all his foibles—for they deserve no worse name—I ever sincerely loved him; and believe me, my dear Madam, I have the greatest regard and affection for you, for the very kind part you have acted to poor Mr. Byron, and it is a great comfort to me that he was with so kind a friend at the time of his death. You say he was sensible to the last. Did he ever mention me? Was he long ill? and where was he buried? Be so good as to write

all those particulars, and also send me some of his hair. As to money matters, they are perfectly indifferent to me. I only wish there may be enough to pay his debts, and to pay you the money you have laid out on his account. I wish it was in my power to do all this; but a hundred and fifty pounds a year will do little, which is all I have, and am due a great deal of money in this country.

"George is well. I shall be happy to let him be with you sometimes, but at present he is my only comfort, and the only thing that makes me wish to live. I hope, if any thing should happen to me, you will take care of him. I was not well before, and I do not think I shall ever recover the severe shock I have received. It was so unexpected. If I had only seen him before he died! Did he ever mention me? I am unable to say more. Believe me, yours, with sincere affection,

"C. BYRON.

"Pray write soon."

In his fifth year he was sent to Mr. Bower's, a day-school in Aberdeen, where he remained nearly a twelvemonth. We will, however, condense, from a sort of Diary he kept, called "My Dictionary," an alphabet of his tutors.

Alluding to Aberdeen, he says:

"For several years of my earliest childhood I was in this city, but I have never revisited it since my tenth year. I was sent at five years old, or earlier, to a school kept by a Mr. Bower, who was called Boosey Bower. It was a school for both sexes. I learned here little, except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables, such as *God made man!*

"I was then consigned to a new preceptor, called Ross, afterwards a minister of one of the kirks. Under him I made extraordinary progress, and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured painstaking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was history. \* \* \* Afterwards I had a saturnine young man named Paterson. He was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar: with him I began Latin."

Moore relates that he is still remembered by

many of his schoolfellows, and that their impression is that "he was a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy—passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable with his schoolfellows: to a remarkable degree adventurous and fearless, and always more ready to give a blow than take one."

In the summer of 1796, after an attack of scarlet fever, his mother removed him to the Highlands. The residence was a farm-house in the neighborhood of Ballater, about forty miles from Aberdeen. Here the dark summit of Lochin-y-gair stood in gloomy grandeur before the eyes of the young bard; and in after years he commemorated it in his verse.

Some are weak enough to imagine that it requires fine scenery to arouse the poetical spirit; a wider knowledge of human nature convinces all that it will awake of itself, and defy outward circumstance. Nature has for a poet a thousand aspects, and an old city is as redolent of inspiration to a Chatterton, as a glowing landscape would be deficient of it to a man *without* genius.

It is related that here he had a narrow escape of his life, for in scrambling up some declivity he fell. Already he was rolling downwards, when the attendant *luckily* caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed. Great men have too many of these wonderful escapes to render them credible; we reply like the man who had heard much about ghosts, that he had *seen* too many to believe in them!

It was at this period—when he was not quite eight years old—that he first fell in love, which is an interesting fact, as a proof of the susceptibility of his nature; although we are strongly of opinion that this kind of sympathy exists in most persons earlier than is believed. The object of his first attachment was Mary Duff. Years after (in 1813), in his journal, he thus alludes to this infantine amour:

"I have been thinking a great deal lately of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl!

at an age, too, when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. \* \* \* I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary in the children's apartments, at their house, not far from the Plain Stones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister, Helen, played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way."

Byron goes on to say that her marriage in after years was a thunderstroke to him. He wrote all this meministic vagary in his twenty-fifth year!!

We have here anticipated the chronology of our biography, and must therefore return.

On May 19, 1798 (then in his tenth year), this young, wild runner about of the mountain became, by the death of his grand-uncle, a Peer of England. The next day, the young poet ran to his mother, and asked her if she "found out any difference between his being a Lord, for he could not!"

By the death of his grand-uncle, Lord Carlisle, who was related to the family, became his guardian; and in the autumn of 1798, Mrs. Byron and her son, attended by their faithful domestic, May Gray, left Aberdeen for Newstead Abbey.

This sudden transition from poverty and obscurity to comparative wealth and rank was a great misfortune to the future poet. Under a judicious mother, he might have avoided all the evils of this singular change in his position; but with a woman so capricious as Mrs. Byron, every peril was increased. At one time she petted—at another, she reviled him: the result was that the fulcrum of youthful control was destroyed, and Byron grew up as he chose to mould himself. She has been known to forget herself so far as to say "he was as great a blackguard as his father," and to reproach him with his lameness. Byron, boy as he was, had too much of the "divine afflatus" in him not to know that this was outrageous; and thus the *prestige* of a parent being destroyed, he had little regard for any established authority afterwards. All





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laws are the remains of the reverence we feel for commands in our childhood; and when that is withdrawn, the mind naturally falls into skepticism.

As though on purpose to render all things unfavorable to his moral culture, the young lord found, on his arrival at his family estates, that a halo of mysticism hung about the late lord. This, no doubt, had its sinister influence on his young fancy, and led to many thoughts, which in time became habits.

Here another attempt was made to obviate his lameness, by Mr. Lavender of Nottingham; but his efforts met with no success, and he was compelled to abandon his system, after having put his patient to much torture.

In the summer of 1799, Mrs. Byron removed her son to London, where he was put under the care of Dr. Baillie. By his advice, he was placed at Dr. Glennie's school, at Dulwich, near Norwood, a beautiful village five miles from London. Here he remained some time; but the injudicious influence of his mother did much to counteract the good he would otherwise have received from the regimen he underwent here. Mrs. Byron interfered so frequently, that the interference of his guardian, Lord Carlisle, was invoked. This and all added to the confusion.

During his tuition here he saw Margaret Parker, to whom he attributes his first dash into poetry; and here he met with that book which gave rise to some of the most exciting scenes in the shipwreck of Don Juan.

After being at Dr. Glennie's for two years, he was removed to Harrow. Before, however, settling there, he went with his mother, for a short time, to Cheltenham.

On his arrival at Harrow, Byron found the disadvantages of that shy disposition which had led to so many misconceptions on the part of his schoolfellows.

Dr. Drury was at this time head master of the school, and we are happy to be able to give his opinion of Byron in his own words:

"Mr. Hanson, Lord Byron's solicitor, confessed him to me at the age of 13½, with remarks

that his education had been neglected, but he thought there was a cleverness about him. \*

\* \* I soon found out that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management!"

At Harrow, Byron made many acquaintances, some of whom have achieved great fame—such as Peel; and others of a moderate degree of recognition, such as Harness, Proctor, Sinclair, &c. Many tales are told of Byron's liking for Peel, who was some years his younger, and we believe that the only event of his life which Peel esteems above being prime minister of England, is that of having been the schoolfellow of Byron.

In 1802, Byron visited Bath with his mother, and on their return took up their lodging at Nottingham, Newstead Abbey being let at that time to Lord Grey de Ruthven. About this period he became acquainted with that fair spirit whose beauty was the lodestar of his soul. For six weeks, he did little else save ride about with Mary Chaworth! He here, on the old terrace, sat oft, "loosened into tears," while she sang "Mary Anne," an old favorite English tune.

We cannot help saying that we think here Byron made the great error of his life, so far as personal happiness was concerned. Miss Chaworth was full two years older than the young lord, and we all know what a start two years gives a girl. We have it in evidence that Mary Chaworth considered her cousin as a mere wayward boy, to be petted; but the boy was not able to distinguish the petting, and hence the misery. Had Byron been a few years older, much anguish had been spared. We are aware these regrets are very idle, although they are natural, for poets are the mental cockchafers through which the world puts its pin, that it may enjoy its writhings; and while one says how exquisitely it dances for our delight, another knows how terribly it writhes for our warning.

How constantly and enduringly this vision of the sweet girl hung over him, we have his own evidence in the "Dream," written years afterwards. Here often, at his desk in school, he dreamed those dreams which doubtless have

more of pleasure in them than visions of sleep ; but from a dream let us step to a small spot of what the world calls reality, and note this curious extract from one of Byron's school-books :

"George Gordon Byron—Wednesday, June 26, A. D. 1805 ; three-quarters of an hour past 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Third school : Calvert, monitor. Tom Wildman on my right hand ; Harrow on the hill."

What a little, but most significant world, does this trifling memorandum let us into !

This ends his life in Harrow, so far as the date is concerned. How fondly he lingered over the recollection of it, is known to all who take an interest in him, for it was here that he ordered the body of his child Allegra to be brought from Italy ; and beneath the spot he loved when a boy, lies the frame of his natural daughter.

In October, 1805, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge ; and at first, it appears, he little liked the change : the reflections he makes are gloomy enough. In 1806 he rejoined his mother at Southwell. It was here that he formed the acquaintance of the Pigotts, Bechers, &c.—families of standard respectability, and for whom the poet always cherished a great regard.

At Cambridge, he had indulged his passion for forming friendships. Among the most romantic was one he cherished for a youth named Eddleston, who was one of the choir. The poem entitled "The Cornelian" was written to him.

Here also he became attached to Edward Noel Long, who was drowned in 1809, on his passage to Lisbon with his regiment.

Byron still retained that shyness of manners which was the result of his secluded Highland life. One who knew him then, writes of him thus :

"The first time I was introduced to him was at a party at his mother's, when he was so shy that she was forced to send for him three times before she could persuade him to come into the drawing-room to play with the young people at round game. He was then a fat, bashful boy,

with his hair combed straight over his forehead."

He corresponded at this time with many of his Harrow friends—such as Lord Clare, Lord Powerscourt, William Peel, Harness, &c. The earliest letters of his which have been preserved are a few to Miss Pigott, dated 1804. The handwriting of these is very boyish, and the spelling defective.

In 1806 he had a quarrel with his mother, which was of so violent a kind that he immediately left Newstead for London. It was on this occasion that the fierce lady threw poker, tongs, &c., at his head. She, however, lost no time in following her truant son, and a reconciliation ensued.

We have now sketched Byron from the infant to his seventeenth year, at which time the desire of "rushing into print" seized him. He had indulged in composition for some years, but now he resolved to give to the world his poems. We shall, however, reserve this for the next chapter.

## PART II.

FROM 1807 TO 1812.

"JUVENILIA"—"HOURS OF IDLENESS"—JOURNEYS—PORTUGAL—SPAIN—MALTA—GREECE—TURKEY—RETURN TO ENGLAND—DEATH OF HIS MOTHER—PUBLICATION OF "CHILDE HAROLD."

WE now enter upon that part of Byron's career, from whence sprang his fame. It is an old saying, that at some time in a man's life he must inevitably write verses, for poetry is the flower of love ; and none exist who have not endured that sweet calamity.

Of Byron's susceptibility to female influence we have had ample evidence, and this would naturally lead him to poetic musings. His wealth would render smooth the difficulties of publishing, and we regard, therefore, his becoming an author as one of the necessities of his condition ; but that the boy who wrote the *Juvenilia* and

Hours of Idleness should prove one of the giants of Parnassus, was more, however, than could be expected.

It is a common practice among even the admirers of Byron to speak slightly of his "Hours of Idleness"—turning from it as from a very commonplace volume of verses. We think this an error; for though we admit there are many mediocre poems in this volume, still there are unmistakable evidences of genius. Added to this, the masterly versification should alone have counselled forbearance. We are, however, somewhat anticipating the course of our biography.

In 1806, Lord Byron prepared some poems for the press. There is an anecdote extant, that one evening, when Miss Pigott was reading aloud Burns' Poems, Byron said he had also written something, and forthwith he commenced reciting,

"In thee I fondly hoped to clasp," &c.

From this minute, the desire to appear in print took possession of him, and Mr. Ridge of Newark has the honor of first receiving the manuscript poems of Byron. After some little time, a volume was printed, and the first copy was sent to Mr. Becher. It appears that this solemn fool took exception to some poem, and the whole edition was consequently burned. This is much to be regretted, for the first steps of a man of genius are always interesting.

To one of his correspondents he thus writes: it is a curious specimen of boyish conceit, and is addressed to a young lady (Miss Pigott), dated August 2, 1807:

\* \* \* \* \*

"Southwell is a damned place! I have done with it—at least in all probability. Excepting yourself, I esteem no one in all its precincts. You were my only rational companion, and, in plain truth, I had more respect for you than the whole bevy, with whose foibles I amused myself, in compliance with their prevailing propensities. You gave yourself more trouble with me, and my manuscripts, than a thousand dolls would

have done. Believe me, I have not forgotten you in this circle of sin!"

This is certainly a very singular epistle from a boy of seventeen to a young lady! In the next specimen we shall give there will be found a curious love of display of worldly wealth, which shows how little the poor beggar-boy of Aberdeen had become accustomed to the luxuries of the peerage. We italicize the equivocal phrases:

"London, August 11, 1807.

"To Miss Pigott:

"On Sunday next, I set off for the Highlands. A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. THERE WE SHALL LEAVE IT, and proceed in a tandem (a species of open carriage through the western passes to Inverary, where we shall purchase sherpies, to enable us to view places inaccessible to VEHICULAR CONVEYANCES. On the coast we shall hire a vessel!" And so on.

This is certainly a singular letter for a British nobleman to write. It portrays the vulgar astonishment of a man who suddenly found he had a carriage!

In another letter to the same lady, dated 26th October, 1807, we have the same ostentatious spirit of boyism:

"My dear Elizabeth—

"Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning, for the last two days, at hazard!" \* \*

These are characteristic traits in the ill-educated bard. In his correspondence at this time it is easy to recognize that uncomfortable feeling which is ever the result of a transition mind in its first stages.

Another glance into the young poet's mind is afforded in the following passage, which, although short, lets in a world of light:

"Apropos, I have been praised to the skies in the *Critical Review*, and abused greatly in another publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the book!"

The critic of human nature will smile over these little revelations!

In the spring of 1808 appeared in the Edin-

burgh Review the memorable *critique* on his "Hours of Idleness." In a letter to Mr. Becher, dated February 26, 1808, he had expressed an expectation of such an attack; but that it would have appeared in so contemptuous and uncompromising a shape it is evident he did not anticipate.

It must be confessed that Lord Byron's early volume does not display *much* genius. Still there are evidences of rhythm and susceptibilities which prefigure much excellence. Doubtless the democratic critic was exasperated by the aristocratic pretension of the preface, and we all know what an influence a predisposition has upon a writer when he commences the perusal of a new volume.

Byron's rage at first was what every young author feels at a rude assault upon his cherished offspring. It is just possible that no one but a mother can sympathize with a poet's sensation, when the child of his brain is thus attacked. Judging from his correspondence, he first indulged in a little claret, and then commenced his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. After delivering himself of the first twenty lines, he declares that he felt considerably better.

Retiring to Newstead Abbey, he employed his time in finishing his reply to the critics. When completed, it was forthwith transmitted to the printers. Byron, in this satire, managed to hit Lord Carlisle for the coldness with which he had received the dedication to the Hours of Idleness. These dedications are foolish things at the best. Most authors are of a grateful and sensitive nature, and, anxious to evince their gratitude to some solemn blockhead (who has, more out of vanity than good feeling, done them a small favor), inscribe their volume to this particular noodle! The noodle in question thinks he is therefore a great man, and the whole mistake is worthy of punchinello! When will men of genius be wise, and cease to lower themselves by complimenting fools!

Byron's irritable nature made him very anxious to strike Carlisle in his new poem, and he did not neglect the opportunity.

On the 13th March (a few days before the satire was published), Byron took his seat in the House of Lords for the first time. Here he met with a slight mortification, which still further encouraged his bitter feeling against the dominant powers.

Byron was now fully plunged into the two worlds of politics and poetry, out of which he never extricated himself. How little we know ourselves is acknowledged by the lips of all, but our self-ignorance is one of the few things *not* believed in; otherwise the young poet must have known that a vigorous attack was of all things that which he most needed, to rouse his powers to their full exertion. At first the severity of the *critique* bewildered and disheartened him; but he soon rallied, and gave them blow for blow.

We have no wish to drag into light any of those amours which have so long disgraced the wealthy youth of all nations, but there was generally about the love affairs of Byron some redeeming circumstance, some sentiment, or some strong temptation, which relieved much of its grossness.

It was about this time that he indulged in one of these masquerade imprudences, and formed a connection with a young lady, who lived with him in the disguise of a page. She went with him to Brighton, and he had the folly to introduce her to some of his titled female acquaintances as his *younger brother!*

He also rejoiced in the companionship of pugilists and actors: indeed, he seemed determined, in all these peculiarities, to be as unlike what a poet should be as was possible. Some of his letters to Jackson, the boxer, are still preserved. The death of Lord Falkland, who was killed by Mr. Powell in a duel, about this time, affected him deeply, and the real generosity of his nature was shown in a more substantial manner than in the mere expression of sympathy. In March, 1809, his satire was published, and excited some attention, but not so much as has been commonly represented. The want of a judicious selection in the persons attacked injured the force

of the assault; for who would care for one who ran a muck, and tilted at all he met?

He had been for some time contemplating travelling, and in the summer of 1809 he put this resolution in practice. Embarking in the "Lisbon Packet," Capt. Kidd, he sailed from Falmouth on the 2d July, and arrived in the Tagus on the 7th of the same month. Leaving Lisbon, he travelled to Seville, and from thence to Cadiz and Gibraltar. The favorable impression Cadiz made upon him he has celebrated in his verses.

After a short stay at Gibraltar, he sailed for Malta, where he met the beautiful and romantic Mrs. Spencer Smith. This lady he celebrates in Childe Harold under the name of Florence.

Soon wearied with Malta, he, with his companion Hobhouse, sailed in a brig-of-war, employed to convoy a fleet of merchantmen to Patras and Prevesa. After anchoring for two or three days at Patras, they arrived at Prevesa on the 29th September. On their way thither, he caught a sunset view of Missolonghi. How little knew he that in a few years afterwards he was to lay down his life at that spot!

Landing at Prevesa, he took his journey *via* Albania, and went through many parts of Turkey. The anxious reader can consult Mr. Hobhouse's journal for the minute particulars of this tour. These continental wanderings of Byron are interesting, as forming the groundwork of Childe Harold. With that strange love for the incongruous which so distinguished the poet through life, he became a great admirer of the celebrated Ali Pacha, to whom he was introduced, and who seemed, in return, to take a great fancy to his young admirer, in his amiable sort of tiger way.

On the 21st November, the travellers reached the memorable Missolonghi! A touching incident occurred in his journey from Patras: he fired at a bird! It was a young eagle: it was only wounded. The poet tried to save it, but its bright sun-gazing eye pined and died; and in his own affecting words he says, "and I never did since, and never will, attempt the death of an-

other bird!" These little traits reveal more than a volume of sentiment!

At Athens he remained nearly three months, and he never let a day pass without some research into the localities of its past glories. There he became acquainted with the family of the late Consul's widow, Theodora Maeri, who had three beautiful and virtuous daughters. To the eldest of these (Theresa), Lord Byron dedicated his celebrated verses:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh! give me back my heart!"

This lady, who is now so endeared to the lovers of genius, is the wife of Mr. Black of Syra, and has shown herself worthy of the immortality bestowed by the poet, by her undeviating rectitude of conduct. Little did she think, when she saw the young nobleman enter her mother's house, that at that moment she had secured a fame which will last with the literature of the world. We refer our readers to another part, where they will find a more extensive reference to these three modern graces of Greece.

After a ten weeks' stay here, Byron availed himself, though very reluctantly, of a passage in an English sloop-of-war, to visit Smyrna. He remained there a short time, making a visit to Ephesus, to inspect the ruins. On the 11th April, he sailed for Constantinople, in a British frigate, and on the 1st of May Byron first beheld the Dardanelles. On the 3d he swam from Sestos to Abydos, a distance of about a mile. This act has been celebrated in imaginative literature; but our readers must remember that the distance achieved is not so much the feat, as the strength of the current is more fatiguing than the actual length of the performance.

On the 14th May, he arrived at Constantinople, and on that day two months he left. After touching at a small island called Zea, he proceeded once more to Athens.

On the 3d of June, 1811, he set sail from Malta in the Volage frigate, for England, where he arrived early in July. Here again, after two

years' absence, we land him, with a mind improved, and a heart quickened.

On the 15th July, Byron told Dallas he had a new poem ready for press: it was a paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry. Dallas had the good sense to tell him frankly what he thought of this production, which elicited from the poet that he had another poem—this other being "Childe Harold." That its author liked the Horatian paraphrase better is natural, seeing that his personal prejudices would dispose him in that direction, and there is little doubt, as a mere work of art, that the paraphrase is superior to the original poem.

Now commenced his first acquaintance with Mr. Murray, who had before expressed a desire to publish his works. While he was negotiating with him the publication of "Childe Harold," Lord Byron received intelligence of his mother's illness, and immediately started for Newstead; but before he reached his ancestral seat, she had breathed her last. She died August 1st, 1811. Soon after this, "Childe Harold" was published, and, to use the poet's own words, "he awoke the next day famous!"

This is undoubtedly one of the most successful instances in literature, and it took the reading world completely by storm. From this minute, the poetical popularity of Byron began, never to wane!

Here we close this chapter. The commonest reader cannot have failed to observe the giant strides the subject of our biography has made in a few years. From the bashful, clumsy boy, he has sprung into the poet, full of glowing fancies and noble inspirations. There is no example on record where so much has been so suddenly achieved, as in the author of "Childe Harold."

### PART III.

FROM 1813 TO 1817.

THE GIAOUR—MARRIAGE—BIRTH OF ADA—SEPARATION—DIFFICULTIES—DEPARTURE FROM ENG-

LAND—BRUSSELS—GENEVA—ITALY—TAKES UP HIS RESIDENCE IN VENICE.

BYRON'S next venture was the *GIAOUR*, which ran through five editions in a short time. To this succeeded the *Bride of Abydos*, which was equally successful. It is, however, painful at this time to read his private journal, for it merely reveals a course of empty frivolity and dissipation, fit only for dandies or monkeys. There was little of the dignity of the poet, or the simplicity of the man, in his pursuits; but under this outside of frosty affectation an Etna glowed within, and early in 1814 he gave evidence of it in the "Corsair."

This is one of his best minor poems, and abounds in the finest descriptions, whether of nature or of the human heart. We concede there is the nightly color on it, but the effect is magnificent, though somewhat sombre.

"Lara" rapidly succeeded, and the whole of these poems caused a *furor* in the poetical world, which has seldom been equalled.

We are now approaching the most momentous event of our poet's life,—one from which he was accustomed to date all his after sorrows. In September, 1816, in a letter to Mr. Moore, he announces his coming marriage in these terms: "I am going to be married—that is, I am accepted. My mother of the Gracchi (that are to be) you think too straight-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with golden opinions of all sorts of men, and full of most blest conditions as Desdemona herself: Miss Milbanke is the lady."

In this spasmodic jesting vein did he announce his inauspicious wedding, which was solemnized on the 2d January, 1815. It is said that on the very marriage-day Lord Byron had a chilling instance of her want of geniality, inasmuch as the blushing bride insisted upon having her lady's-maid companioned with her in the travelling carriage.

In the course of this spring he became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, through the instrumentality of Mr. Murray. The noble poet





*July 1847*



had made advances to the great Wizard of the North in the shape of a trifling present, and Scott responded cordially to the offering.

But from this literary correspondence we must turn to his domestic history, which began, very soon after his marriage, to assume a doubtful aspect. Towards the end of the first year of his union, his pecuniary difficulties became most oppressive; indeed, to such an extent, that he contemplated the sale of his library, to relieve himself from some temporary pressure.

In the midst of this trouble, his daughter was born, on the 10th December, 1815, and was christened Augusta Ada.

On the 29th February, 1816, when his child was scarcely three months old, the unhappy poet announced, in a letter to Mr. Moore, that he was on the point of separating from his wife. We extract from this letter the following significant remarks:

“My little girl is in the country, and they tell me is a very fine child, and now nearly three months old. Lady Noel, my mother-in-law (or rather at law), is at present overlooking it. Her daughter (Miss Milbanke that was) is, *I believe*, in London with her father. A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N.’s), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be, by the learned, very much the occult cause of our late domestic discrepancies.”

Here we have a rough guess at the whole tragedy. So many absurd causes have been mentioned as the reason for this separation, that the public will scarcely be satisfied with the common-sense solution of the mystery, which simply lay in the total difference of habits in the two parties. One was wayward, impulsive, and licentious; the other was cold, correct, and highly moral. What need be added to these fruitful elements of discord? In addition, there was the irritating fact of poverty!

Whatever were the real causes, no sooner was the fact ascertained, than a most senseless and vindictive clamor was raised against the former ‘dol of popular applause. He who had for two

years been the lion of society, became now a monster, that ought to be hunted down to the very death. How keenly Byron must have felt this astounding change in the spirit of his dream needs no pen to describe. At first he reeled beneath the torrent of invective that fell upon his devoted head; but calling his pride and his genius to back him, he, after a time, boldly rushed to the conflict, and resolved to fight it out; not, however, before he had, in a moment of weakness, written some lack-a-daisical verses to his wife, and some malignant ones to her nurse. These were unworthy a man of his genius, but great allowance must be made for the impetuosity of his nature. In April, these two domestic poems appeared, and the rupture was complete. So completely was the public tide against him, that his recognition in public was considered almost infamous. With the exception of one paper, which was silent, the whole press was united against him, and teemed with the most flagitious calumnies.

Stung with this universal and undeserved ex-  
 -eration, the great poet resolved to abandon a country forever which persecuted him so relentlessly, and on the 25th April, 1816, he sailed for Ostend. That the full humiliation of his heart may be understood, we quote from Moore the following painful paragraph:

“The circumstances under which Lord Byron now took leave of England were such as, in the case of any ordinary person, could not be considered otherwise than disastrous and humiliating. He had, in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery, had seen his hearth eight or nine times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank; and he had alienated from him the affections of his wife.”

This must be considered a melancholy picture, but it is a true one, and through this slough of despond was the greatest of modern poets dragged by the resistless circumstances of his fate. How pertinaciously the malice of his foes pursued him we shall see in the following pages.

Byron arrived at Brussels in May, and the course of his travels can now be traced in his own matchless verses. Passing on to Waterloo, he visited that memorable field of slaughter; and proceeding up the Rhine arrived at Geneva. Here he resolved to take up his abode for some time, and he consequently hired a villa on the banks of the lake. Here he occasionally saw Madame de Staël, who resided at Copet.

In a letter to Murray, dated June 27, 1816, he announces having finished the third canto of *Childe Harold*, which he promises to send by a safe opportunity.

In the September of this year he visited Chillon, in company with Hobhouse, and it was in consequence of this that he commenced his poem of the *Prisoner of Chillon*.

It was at Geneva that he met Shelley, and their acquaintance soon ripened into a warm friendship. Shelley, who was four years younger than Byron, had some time previously, in England, sent to him a copy of "*Queen Mab*," and the noble poet was known to have spoken in terms of high commendation of the poem: they therefore met with a strong mutual desire to be pleased with each other. Notwithstanding their common affinity as poets, few men were more dissimilar in their natures than the authors of *Childe Harold* and *Queen Mab*. One was as singularly pure in his pleasures as the other was sensual; and the self-denial of one, and the self-indulgence of the other, formed a singular contrast. One was visionary and spiritual, the other passionate and corporeal. Nevertheless, they entertained for each other a very warm and lasting regard.

In addition to this interesting group of Byron, Shelley, and his wife, was Dr. Polidori, a young man who had accompanied Byron in the capacity of physician.

It was at Geneva that he commenced his romance of the *Vampire*, which grew out of a conversation with Mrs Shelley. This, however, he never completed.

His time here was occasionally diversified with

visitors; among others were Monk Lewis, Sharp, Hobhouse, and Davies.

Weary of Geneva, in October he set out for Italy, and in October arrived at Milan, from whence he proceeded to Verona. After visiting all that was remarkable in that celebrated place, he proceeded to Venice, which became one of his favorite residences. He observes in one of his letters that the bride of the Adriatic was one of the few cities that answered to his expectations. There was a gloomy and decaying grandeur in this famous place which suited well the tone of his mind, and the peculiarities of their social habits rendered it still more attractive.

Woman had always been the rock on which Lord Byron had shipwrecked much happiness, and the besetting weakness pursued him here. Many tales, alike improbable and absurd, of his gallantries were eagerly caught at by his enemies, and reproduced in England with additions and distortions so eminently ludicrous, that nothing but a morbid desire to blacken his already damaged character could have given them currency. According to some of the pious slanderers, there was scarcely a crime he did not delight in. In a word, he was a pirate, seducer, murderer, and vampire!

It is painful to contemplate the delight with which the mass of our fellow-creatures catch at any thing calculated to drag down the illustrious to their own degraded level. That Byron gave many opportunities to his enemies is doubtless true, but it is now an ascertained fact that some of the correspondents of the English papers invented stories of his irregularities, in order to suit the taste of the public at home.

It was about this time that he became acquainted with his inamorata known in his correspondence under the name of Mariana, and many stories are related of her violent temper. Sometimes her noble admirer was half intimidated by her displays of vehemence, accustomed as he had been to the former ebullitions of his mother.

It was during his residence in Venice that he

wrote Manfred, one of the most beautiful of his productions.

In the May of this year he arrived in Rome, and here he revelled in all the gorgeous recollections of the past. How completely he identified himself with the solemn associations around him is visible in every page of his works. Few poets have possessed so deep a power of forcing the presence of the past upon their readers as Byron, and in no case has he more completely succeeded than in his allusions to the perished might and grandeur of the former Mistress of the World.

After remaining a month in the Eternal City, he returned to Venice, from whence most of his correspondence is dated.

He now commenced the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, and completely gave himself up to his "poesies and lady loves." He was now in his twenty-ninth year, and one of the most celebrated men of his age. His popularity as a poet was strangely contrasted with his unpopularity as a man, and the avidity with which the public devoured every thing that appertained to him formed a singular contradiction to their implied contempt and dislike.

Even now many began to suspect that they had used him with a cruelty, which, even to a criminal, would have been unjustifiable; and doubtless, as they paused over some of his matchless descriptions, the conviction must have been forced upon them that so great a mind could not be destitute so entirely of heart.

That much of this proceeded from his own love of mysticism is undoubted, for he appears to have taken an almost insane pleasure in making the world believe that he had dark inclinations at variance with the orthodox notions of virtue. Every irregularity he himself proclaimed, or else put into such a shape that it attracted more attention than a dozen such peccadilloes would in another man. This weakness, or rather perversity, evinced itself at a very early period, as we have seen in his correspondence with Miss Pigott, and it clung to him through life.

Much of this evidently sprung from that want of repose and self-respect to which we have before adverted, for pride is but a poor substitute for that calm consciousness which saves its possessor from so many mortifications.

Lord Byron was what is commonly called thin-skinned; indeed, he can hardly be considered as to have had a skin at all. What another would not have felt, drove him into rage and reprisals, and laid the foundation of many a deadly feud. That, on the other hand, he had great facility in attaching persons to him is apparent throughout the whole course of his life, while the intensity of his feelings is shown in many of his schoolboy friendships.

Of his love for the marvellous in action there are many instances on record. We have before named his youthful lady page—a sort of Kaled to his own Lara. Sometimes this took another shape, as in the case of the bear which he now and then travelled with. In a recent work, there is a curious account of his taking a place for this animal in the evening mail-coach, under the name of Mr. Bruin; and the horror of his other biped companion when morning dawned, and he beheld the kind of fellow-passenger he had passed the night with, may be readily imagined.

This is the same bear that he put up for a fellowship at college. A man who was fond of playing these practical jokes upon mankind could not fail to have many inconveniences himself to encounter, for the world has little toleration for any follies but its own, and is too apt to consider as a crime in another what itself daily indulges in. Our self-complacency is prodigious, and from it springs the uncharitableness of human judgments.

We close this part of our subject by observing that most of the great poet's actions had more of the form than the spirit of evil, and that Leigh Hunt said once to the writer that many acts, innocent in themselves, became questionable by the manner of Lord Byron's doing them.

## PART IV.

FROM 1818 TO 1821.

BYRON IN VENICE—RAVENNA—SARDANAPALUS—  
MARINO FALLERO—THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

BYRON remained at Venice in a state of self-satisfied dissatisfaction with the world, and employed himself, fortunately for *the world*, in venting those brilliant philippics, which have made him the Demosthenes of Poetry.

It has been the custom for British writers to censure him for his dislike to the society of English travellers. We must confess we see no just cause to blame him on this score. He, of all men, had least reason to be grateful to the country of his birth: it had been his toady in popularity—his merciless assailant in adversity. No society could have shown more of the vices of the mongrel than it did; and we think Lord Byron would have shown a self-contempt unparalleled, if he had affected a wish to see any of that nation which had so grossly abused him.

A good-tempered simpleton, who was permitted to visit him about this time indulges in some remarks, which seem to imply that he was as fond of Englishmen as he was of roast-beef, and he adduces the fact as evidence that there were both those intellectual representatives of that nation present—viz., himself and the Sir Loin. The truth is, doubtless, that the great poet's "l'amour propre" was too deeply wounded to admit of a cordial reconciliation, although he would at times indulge in a little harmless and unmeaning philanthropy; just as the lady of fashion celebrated by Pope, who

"Paid a tradesman once, to make him stare!"

Lord Byron owed nothing to his country save unmitigated abuse and relentless persecution. Irregularities which had been encouraged in royal persons, were visited with condign punishment when he was their perpetrator; and, however ungracious it may sound to the admirers of the great poet, we perfectly agree with the world in this respect. These degrading vices were natu-

ral to a George the Fourth, or a Heliogabalus, but they were sad exhibitions of human nature when a man of genius like Byron condescended to them.

With this qualification we fully agree with the English public.

One of Byron's peculiarities was to run down every man of original genius, and put some common-place, or, at best, some mediocre writer, in his stead. The lover of genuine poetry cannot fail being struck with this anomaly, as he peruses his entire correspondence. The most extravagant praises are given to such feeble writers as Rogers, and others of that class; while affected contempt, or unsparing sarcasm, is levelled constantly at Wordsworth and Coleridge. This is sufficiently glaring in his poems; but in his letters it would be perfectly ludicrous, if it were not so monstrously unjust. That Byron privately thought differently we know. Indeed, if his opinions were honestly what he said they were, their critical value would be next to nothing. This is, however, a curious fact in his psychological history, and shows how little the injustice that had been showered upon him, had made him just himself to others; but like begets like, and tyrants produce slaves, the difference being simply in the position. Of the little respect he felt for a man of genius, when he had a difference of opinion with him, we have a singular instance in a letter to Murray, where, after alluding to some observations in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, he closes his remarks with, "and hence this long tirade, which is the last chapter of his *vagabond life!*"

In the same epistle, there are two other interesting *morceaux* of information, which we will quote. This letter is dated October, 1817:

"I have written a poem of eighty-four *octave* stanzas, humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whistlecraft, on a Venetian anecdote which amused me."

This is the first announcement of that style of composition, in which he was destined to excel all the world.

The next is a curious confession for a man of poetical celebrity, or, indeed, of any taste in literature at all, to make :

“ I never read, and do not know that I ever saw, the *Faustus* of Marlow.”

He makes this observation in consequence of the originality of Manfred having been attacked.

He seems to have led now a life of careless indulgence, devoting his time to making love and writing verses. Of his activity in both pursuits, we have ample evidence. His favorite time for composition was night ; and when all was still and at rest, this great poet took up his pen, to send his voice along the sounding corridors of Time.

During this last year, he had attached himself to Madame Segati, the wife of a linen-draper, in whose house he had apartments. Growing, however, weary of this lady love, he hired the Mocenigo palace, and plunged into a mad round of debauchery, to which his former *liaison* was virtue. We prefer, however, not to dwell on this dark part of his existence, and should not have alluded to it at all, were it not absolutely necessary for the full understanding of his character.

It was about June, 1818, that he commenced the poem by which he will be longest remembered—*Don Juan*. This work is also connected with another epoch in Byron's life, and which influenced it to the very end. In April, 1819, he first saw the Countess Guiccioli. She was the daughter of Count Gamba of Ravenna, and wife to Count Guiccioli, an old and wealthy widower, to whom she had been married without the slightest inclination on her part. With the exception of Miss Chaworth, this was evidently the only real attachment of his whole life, and her response to it dragged him from the sensual sty into which he had thrown himself, out of pure desperation and disgust.

We must give in her own words her account of their first interview :

“ I became acquainted with Lord Byron in the April of 1819. He was introduced to me at Venice, by the Countess Benzoni, at one of that

lady's parties. This introduction, which had so much influence over the lives of both, took place contrary to our wishes, and had been permitted by us only from courtesy.

“ For myself, more fatigued than usual that evening, on account of the hours they keep at Venice, I went with great repugnance to this party, and purely in obedience to Count Guiccioli. Lord Byron, too, who was averse to forming new acquaintances, alleging that he had entirely renounced all attachments, and was unwilling any more to expose himself to their consequences, on being requested by the Countess Benzoni to allow himself to be presented, refused, and at last only assented from a desire to oblige her.

“ His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance—the tone of his voice—his manners—the thousand enchantments that surrounded him—rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me. From that evening, during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice, we met every day.”

When this lady was compelled to leave Venice, to accompany her husband to their residence in Ravenna, she wrote to Byron in the most impassioned manner, declaring her life was valueless without him. He therefore, in June, joined her there, and became her constant companion. However startling this may sound to English ears, it is so common in Italy as to be considered more a matter of custom than sin.

Moore, who visited him at this time, gives a very interesting account of the semi-conjugal happiness which seemed to attend the connection. She had now entirely left her husband, and lived with Byron.

When the first two cantos of *Don Juan* were published, the outcry was loud against the unlucky author. The old stories were ripped up, with new exaggerations, and again he was considered by the respectable as one abandoned by God and man. It is necessary to keep these

facts in mind, in order to account for the ferocity of much of the noble poet's verses, which, without the provocation he was so constantly receiving, would resemble a fiendish desire to give pain to his contemporaries.

In the November of this year, the Count made an attempt to recover his wife from Lord Byron. The latter thus writes to Mr. Murray on the subject:

"As I tell you that the Guiccioli business is exploding one way or the other, I will just add that, without attempting to influence the Countess, a good deal depends upon it. If she and her husband make it up, you will perhaps see me in England sooner than you expect. If not, I shall retire with her to France or America, change my name, and lead a quiet provincial life."

How deeply he felt his banishment from his native land, and the calumnies against him, we have certain evidence in the "Prophecy of Dante," written at this time. There is a *Dantesque grandeur* about this fine poem, worthy the gloomy Florentine himself. The opening is like a fine prelude of solemn music, admirably calculated to induce that particular frame of mind in which this magnificent composition should be read.

After a severe struggle, the Countess was compelled to return with her lawful spouse, and Mr. Hoppner testifies to the despondency which ensued, on Byron's part, upon his separation from his mistress.

Unable to endure Italy any longer, he resolved to return to England, and face his enemies. For this purpose, all had been arranged, when the news arrived that the fair Countess was dangerously ill at Ravenna, owing to grief at her separation from the object of her love. Byron flew at once to her side, and his fate was decided. He had just before sent to Murray the third canto of *Don Juan*, intending to superintend its progress through the press in person.

Byron arrived at Ravenna on Christmas-day, and the progress of the young lady's recovery was rapid. Here they enjoyed as much felicity

as persons in their position could. The Countess was a great admirer of poetry, and she had made great progress in the English language, so that she could enter with spirit into her noble lover's compositions. Injustice to her sense of womanly feeling, it is due to her to state that *Don Juan* was her great aversion, and that she frequently implored Byron not to proceed with it.

Another change was in progress for the lovers, for early in July, the Countess, who was now formally separated from her husband, was compelled, by the terms of her separation, to reside at a villa belonging to her father, Count Gamba, about fifteen miles from Ravenna.

Here Byron visited her, generally twice or thrice in the month; passing the rest of his time in perfect solitude. The lady felt this change in her life acutely, and whiled away the weary hours in educating herself for her illustrious friend. We can fully enter into the melancholy state of her existence at this time, and how blank all must have seemed when he, who was her lodestar, was away.

He employed his mind now in the composition of "*Marino Faliero*," which he told a friend of ours was first suggested by the situation of the Countess and her husband. This fine tragedy he dedicated to Goethe, who had paid Byron some very high compliments, on reading his "*Manfred*."

As a proof how Byron brooded over real or imaginary wrongs, he commenced a poetical portrait gallery, in which he resolved to give full-length pictures of his contemporaries. Some of these he finished; and one—that on Samuel Rogers—has been published. It first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, through the agency of the Countess of Blessington, to whom the satirist gave it, when at Geneva. The tone is very savage and undignified, descending to the fiercest personal abuse. In a letter to Murray, dated November 9th, 1820, Byron thus alludes to Rogers: "If the person had not, by many little, dirty, sneaking traits, provoked it, I should have been silent, though I had observed him."





*The Beauty of the East*



The revolutionary ferment was very active in Italy this year, and the well-known political liberalism of the English poet made him much suspected by the authorities. They, however, confined their malice to ordering the arrest of some of his political friends, who being Italians, were of course amenable to the laws of their country, however tyrannical.

In his journal, we have a minute account of the manner of his life at this time. It is somewhat frivolous, and relates more to his external than to his internal life. The entry dated 21st January, 1821, which completed his thirty-third year, is sufficiently gloomy to have cheered his direst enemy.

In entering upon a new year in his life, he had, as usual, his vexations; among others, an attempt made to perform "Marino Faliero," at Drury Lane. We do not wonder at Byron's indignation, for it is so essentially undramatic that it was only courting a failure.

While Byron was fretting his soul away in petty vexations, thankless for that which ought to have consoled him for all—the love of the guileless and beautiful Countess, who had sacrificed all for his sake—another English poet, scarcely inferior to him, was calmly counting the beatings of his broken and wearied heart, at Rome. Keats died on the        of February; and in a letter to Shelley, dated 26th April, Byron thus alludes to it:

"I am very sorry to hear what you say of Keats—is it actually true? I did not think criticism had been so killing."

It is a proud, and yet a disgraceful, page in English literature, that the conventionalism of that nation had driven into banishment three such poets as Byron, Shelley, and Keats, at one and the same time! Happy land! where they have so much *useless genius!*

"Sardanapalus" was completed in the June of this year, and transmitted to Murray for publication

It is pleasant to come upon such extracts as these:—"A young American, named Coolidge, called on me not many months ago. \* \* \* Whenever an American requests to see me (which is not unfrequently) I comply—firstly, because I respect a people who acquired their freedom by their firmness, without excess; secondly, because these transatlantic visits, 'few and far between,' make me feel as if talking with posterity from the other side of the Styx."

Lord Byron was roused from his poetical pursuits by receiving, this month, a letter from the Countess Guiccioli, in which she announces that her family had been proscribed. We have not space for it; but the whole speaks conclusively to the enduring affection which this young creature, scarcely twenty-two, had for the "banished poet of England." Subsequently she was compelled to fly to Florence with her father and brother, Lord Byron still remaining at Ravenna.

In reviewing the career of this celebrated man, it is impossible not to become attached to him, in spite of his failings. This was the opinion of one who believed he had been deeply injured by the "moody childe;" but he has repeatedly told the writer of this hasty sketch, that in his good, genial mood, Byron was one of the most "loveable beings" he had ever met. His complaint against him was, that his disposition was so fickle, that it was impossible to be certain whether you would be received with an almost boyish delight, or a chilling formality, that was perfectly insulting. All these correspond exactly with the tone of his writings; bearing out the conviction, that as his poetical genius was superior to most men, so was his consistency deficient. But it is not for the dull to put on their own Procrustean bed a man of such unquestioned intellect, and pronounce him bad, because he is not of their standard. Let them rather be too thankful to receive him, "with all his imperfections on his head," for, take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.

## PART V.

FROM JULY, 1821, TO APRIL, 1823.

SHELLEY—RAVENNA—BOLOGNA—PISA—ROGERS  
—LADY BLESSINGTON—DEATH OF ALLEGRA—  
LEIGH HUNT—LIBERAL—SHELLEY DROWNED—  
COUNT D'ORSAY—LADY BYRON, ETC.

In August, 1821, Shelley, at Byron's express invitation, arrived on a visit, and, in his correspondence, expresses much pleasure at his reception. The author of *Queen Mab* was undoubtedly one of those for whom Byron entertained the utmost respect. In a letter, he thus sketches the external of the poet's life :

"We ride out in the evening, in the pine forests which divide the city from the sea. Our way of life is this : Lord Byron gets up at two ; breakfasts ; we talk, read, &c., until six ; then we ride at eight, and after dinner sit talking to four or five o'clock in the morning ! Lord Byron is greatly improved, in every respect. His connection with Madame Guiccioli has been of inestimable benefit to him. He has read to me some of the unpublished cantos of *Don Juan*, which is astonishingly fine."

Agreeably to the arrangement with the Guiccioli, Lord Byron took up his abode in Bologna, where he met Mr. Rogers. The latter has, in his poem on Italy, in his usual feeble, but graceful style, commemorated the event.

Some time previous to this he had transmitted to Murray his drama of "*Cain*," which the publisher very naturally hesitated to publish.

In a letter to Murray, Byron says : "A man's poetry is a distinct faculty, or soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod."

Byron now took up his residence at Pisa, where he led his usual life. He was visited, in the April of 1822, with the severest domestic calamity he had yet experienced—we mean in the death of his little daughter, Allegra. In letters to Murray and Shelley, he alludes to this loss with much feeling. Here his old associations

came over him, and he resolved that the body of his favorite child should be deposited in Harrow churchyard, where often, when a lad, he had whiled away the sunny hours in musings which afterwards took the immortal shape of verse. In a letter, he thus particularizes his wish :

"There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachy), where I used to sit for hours and hours, when a boy. This was my favorite spot."

At the same time, he sent the following inscription :

"IN MEMORY OF  
ALLEGRA,  
DAUGHTER OF GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON,  
Who died at Bagna Cavallo, in Italy,  
April 20, 1822,  
AGED FIVE YEARS AND THREE MONTHS.  
I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."

When he was at Leghorn, he received a flattering invitation from the commander of the American squadron, which he accepted. He was received with the honors due to his genius. He mentions the circumstance, in his correspondence, with much delight.

A very vivid idea of the gloomy state of his mind can be realized from his "*Werner*," which was published at that time. He had been much impressed with this subject, which is taken from one of Miss Lee's *Canterbury Tales*. We learn, however, from his correspondents, that he had serious intentions of emigrating to America, and wrote to Mr. Ellis for information. His plan was to take the Countess with him, purchase an estate, change his name, renounce his nation, and devote himself to agricultural pursuits. This fever, however, passed off, like many others ; but it amused his mind for a short time.

In July of this year, Leigh Hunt arrived at Pisa, with his wife and family, having been invited by Shelley and Byron to edit a periodical called the *Liberal*, to which they promised both money and contributions. In the first number of this appeared the celebrated *Vision of Judgment*,

a brilliant and unsparing parody of Southey's disgusting eulogy on George the Third.

We shall not enter into the causes of its failure, but content ourselves by observing that no real union could *long* exist between such anomalous beings as Byron, Shelley, and Hunt. The former had by this time learned the value of money, and was by no means willing to keep his purse open, for the maudlin generosity of Hunt, or the extravagance of his wife. Lord Byron, however, requires no pen to exculpate him in this affair, for the author of *Rimini* has justified the noble poet, by his own version of the difficulty.

This ill-starred partnership was suddenly disrupted by the death of Shelley, who was drowned in a storm. The singular burning of his body by the sea-shore, which was attended by Byron, Hunt, Medwin, and Trelawney, has been so frequently described, that we shall merely record the fact.

Byron now removed to Genoa, where he was visited by Lord Clare, the companion of his boyhood. His delight at once more seeing his old schoolfellow, as related by eye-witnesses, partakes more of infantine joy than of sober manhood.

In April, 1823, the visit of Lord and Lady Blessington, with Count D'Orsay, gave a momentary gleam of sunshine to his life; for with all his affected misanthropy, Lord Byron was eminently social. His happiest hours were passed in the society of those who would listen to his spoken confessions, and sympathize with his misfortunes.

Few volumes throw a greater light upon his nature than Lady Blessington's volume of his conversations. We have been told by one of his most intimate friends that it is like listening to him. Always ready to acknowledge himself worse than he was, nothing annoyed him so much as to be taken at his word by his hearers! This was a peculiarity which sometimes puzzled his companions; but it is a common trait in human nature, and has been brought forth with much come effect in Sir Fretful Plagiary!

His attachment to Lady Blessington has laid them both open to many reproaches, which were evidently unfounded. The vulgar-minded are unable to realize that a strong and perfectly innocent friendship may exist between persons of opposite sexes, of exalted genius. Fools rush into the only gratification they can enjoy—those of the senses; but those who really taste the ecstasy of love, are the few who, like Rousseau, walk miles of a morning, merely to kiss the hand of Madame de Warrenne. The lower order pluck the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and hence their expulsion from the paradise of love; while self-denial and loftier appreciation of the dignity of womanhood gives to the last interview of age the zest of the first meeting of youth. The common idea of love is happily illustrated by the fable of the boy killing the goose, to reap at once all the hoarded golden eggs concealed within her mysterious recesses.

The same remark applies to his friendship with Lady Caroline Lamb, about which so much scandal has been written. Some latitude must be allowed to literary ladies. Genius is of no gender, and they are so accustomed to regard every thing in the *abstract*, that many outward circumstances are overlooked, which are calculated to produce a false impression on the world, which is made up of the masses, or rather the lower orders of society. We have neither space nor inclination to enter into the controversy as to how far it is wise to humor the prejudices of that many-headed hydra.

Turning over the correspondence of Byron, we come to a very interesting letter, addressed by him to Lady Byron, in which he acknowledges the receipt of a lock of Ada's hair, which he says "is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years of age." In this remarkable letter we come to this particular sentence:

"I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why—I believe that they are the only two or three words of your handwriting in my possession; for your let-

ters I returned; and except the two words, or rather the one word, 'Household,' written twice in an old account-book, I have no other."

The keen observer of the workings of the human heart can see in these simple words a vast history of mental suffering and regret. Surely the man who had the power to inspire so many lasting attachments must have had many noble qualities of the heart, as well as brilliant faculties of the head; and Fletcher, his old and attached valet, no doubt spoke the truth, when he said, "Lady Byron was the only woman I ever knew who could not manage my master." The fact is, she would not meet him half way: she would not take any trouble, nor sacrifice one jot of her prejudices, to conciliate or soothe one of the most singular beings that ever lived. Had she been a fool, and unable to appreciate his genius, it would have been another matter; but she was an eminently intellectual woman, and fully equal to an estimate of her husband's powers of mind. She knew his nature pretty well when she married him, and there was no excuse for her refusing to make some sacrifices for one she had sworn to love, honor, and obey. If the real reason was what has been privately stated by some of her friends, "that she would not undergo the pain and inconvenience of another pregnancy for all the husbands in the world," she need not have hesitated in boldly avowing this to the world; for we maintain there was more indelicacy in the thousand dark rumors and innuendos, springing from the mysterious silence, than from the openly spoken fact of the case.

In these few remarks, we have no desire to utter a disrespectful word of Lady Byron. We concede to her all the merits of the utmost prudence, and the coldest propriety; but a woman who had married a man like Byron, with her eyes open, at her mature age, should have thought it her *duty*, if it were not her *inclination*, to have made some sacrifices, and many efforts, ere she threw him into that abyss of debauchery, which she must have known would have followed upon her repudiation of him. She

must have been well aware that a man of genius has always a herd of barking curs at his heels, ready to hunt him to death, should the world once raise its fiendish howl against him; and that nothing gratifies "the pack of *litterateurs* and penny-a-liners" so much as to forge scandal against the man whom they hate and fear, out of that instinctive perception which ever dwells in the baser minds. As a fine poet of America has lately said in the *Home Journal*, "there is always a race of small, disappointed authors, who are ready to become booksellers' hacks, and establish a kingdom of envy!"

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## PART VI.

FROM MAY TO DECEMBER, 1823.

### BYRON IN GREECE.

THERE is a melancholy interest attached to the last years of this singular man, which belongs to very few others. He died at a time when he seemed to be entering into a new phase of existence. There are epochs in every man's life, and the entrance into each is ushered by that peculiar restlessness which Lamb used to call the growing pains of seraph wings. It would be considering the question too curiously to enter into any guess of what Byron might have been, or might have done, had his life been prolonged. It is more than probable that every human course is complete, without reference to the apparent number of mortal days. A modern poet has treated it in this light, when he says—

"Life, long or short, is truly circular!"

That Byron felt this irritability is sufficiently apparent from a glance at his correspondence, without any study of his character. To this alone can be attributed the singular fact of his leaving the Countess Guiccioli, to whom, there is no doubt, he was much attached. We must likewise take into account Byron's personal vanity, which was excessive. This foible peeped out in

many circumstances of his early life, and clung to him to his dying day. It also formed a large ingredient in the character of his illustrious contemporary, Napoleon. The vulgar idea of great men being exempt from the common failings of humanity, was happily ridiculed by Samuel Johnson, who, on a fool's saying he was astonished to find the Doctor took so much interest in his dinner, replied, "Sir, do you think God made all these good things for *you* block-heads?"

We must, also, not overlook another very powerful incentive in Byron's composition—viz., love of fame. When to this we add a burning desire to do something to shame the obloquy which had so long waited upon him, we have a very intelligible reason for his embarking in the Greek cause.

So far as the *principle of freedom* was concerned, we do not think he had very confirmed ideas. Naturally, he hated oppression, but the strong motive with him, in all his political acts, was more a dislike to orthodox governments, than a love for the abstract right. He was essentially discontented, and acted from this dissatisfaction of feeling throughout life.

In this state of mind, he was induced to listen to the proposals made by some gentleman interested in the Greek cause. We think that a close examination of his correspondence will show that, having incautiously pledged himself to embark in it, he was prevented, by a feeling of pride, from retracing his step, although he felt it was personally unwise. Some have believed that it was to break off his connection with the Guiccioli, of whom they argue he must have been weary.

Whatever was the motive, he finally resolved, in May, 1823, to hazard his life, fame, and fortune, in the struggle for Grecian liberty. How thoroughly he entered into the scheme, is evident to all who have read his letters to Bowring on the subject. Indeed, we do not see how any rational mind can doubt the sincerity of so impulsive a man as Byron. In a few lines

addressed to the Countess of Blessington, he says :

"Do not *defend* me : it will never do ; you will only make *yourself* enemies. *Mine* are neither to be diminished nor softened, but they may be overthrown ; and there are events which may occur, less improbable than those which have happened in our time, that may reverse the present state of things. We shall see."

It is clear from this that he had hopes of triumphing over his enemies in England, by the brilliancy of his exploits in Greece. He therefore bent himself resolutely to the plan, and wrote to Trelawney, who was in Rome, to come to him without delay. He also engaged Dr. Bruno to attend him as physician, and ordered three splendid helmets to be made, with "*Credo Byron*" on the crest.

A very interesting scene is related by Lady Blessington, which occurred when he was taking leave of her. Pressing her hand, he said, "Here we are together for the last time ! I have a strong presentiment we shall never meet again. I shall never return from Greece." After continuing the conversation, in this strain, for some short time longer, he leaned over the sofa, and burst into an uncontrolled fit of crying. When he recovered from his impulse, he presented to each a small token of his regard.

All being now settled, he hired an English brig, called the *Hereules*, and sailed with his personal attendants, on the 13th of July, on his expedition. The adverse state of the weather, however, compelled them to return the next day to Genoa, and it is said he considered this as ominous of the whole proceeding. While they were repairing the vessel, he stayed with Mr. Barry ; and that gentleman reports his conversation took the most gloomy turn. Sailing the next morning, they reached Leghorn in five days. When he arrived there, he had recovered all his former enthusiasm in the cause, and seemed impatient for action. It was here that he received some verses and a letter from Goëthe, to which he had just time to dispatch a cordial reply.

Sailing from Leghorn on the 24th July, he arrived at Argostoli, the chief port in Cephalonia, on the 5th August.

The arrival of so celebrated a man naturally caused a considerable sensation, and he was received by the governor, Colonel Napier, and his officers, in the most flattering manner. At a dinner given to him by the garrison, he expressed, with all the force of a poet's soul, the pleasure he experienced at the generous welcome.

He had, on the first minute of his arrival, dispatched a messenger to the seat of war; and after a lapse of eight days, he received a reply from the heroic Marco Bozzaris, who was then preparing for the attack in which he so gloriously fell. The noble Saliote announces in this letter that, the following day, he would set out, with a chosen band of warriors, to receive the British poet at Missolonghi, with due honors; but the gallant chief was not destined to see that morrow's sun, for that very night he fell, in his celebrated attack on the Turkish camp.

A very short time enabled Byron to see what a hopeless task he had embarked in. Under the influence of these feelings, he writes: "I am of St. Paul's opinion, that there is no difference between Jews and Greeks—the character of both being equally vile."

Byron having resolved to remain in the island of Cephalonia till he had come to a full understanding with the Greek government, he took up his quarters at Metaxata, a small village about seven miles from Argostoli.

As a proof of the little concert existing between the Grecian commanders, we may name that at this time he received three conflicting requests from them—one from Colocotroni, urging his presence at Salamis; another from Metaxa, begging him to hasten to Missolonghi; and a third from Mavrocordato, inviting him to Hydra.

Count Gamba, who had accompanied Byron, says that the great poet *amused* himself by exposing the intrigues of the various factions, and by confronting the lying agents.

It was during his stay at Argostoli that his

acquaintance commenced with Dr. Kennedy, who has published a volume of his conversations with his celebrated friend. The worthy Doctor, in his anxiety to convert Byron to Christianity, had somewhat overtaxed his patience; but he mentions himself that nothing could exceed the noble poet's toleration and courtesy.

These conversations are valuable, inasmuch as they evince Byron's predisposition to acknowledge the truth of divine revelation, as contained in the Scriptures. They are certainly a complete answer to the knot of bigots who have assailed him as being an atheist. One thing must strike every one in this volume, and that is the extraordinary knowledge displayed of the Bible, and the theological grasp of Byron's mind.

While staying here, he wrote frequently to the Countess Guiccioli, and for the first time, in English. In one of them he says: "October 7, 1823—I was a fool to come here; but being here, I must see what is to be done." And in another, written during the same month, he expresses an intention of soon returning to Italy, adding that he can say nothing in favor of the Greeks!

A few days later he writes still more emphatically, "You may be sure that the moment I can join you again will be as welcome to me as at any period of our recollection."

In December, the dissensions of the wretched men who had the management of the government reached such a point, that Byron addressed a remonstrance to them. The dignity and force of this production are above all praise, and show that whatever a man of genius undertakes to do, he does well!

How earnestly he entered into the cause is apparent from the generosity with which he advanced to the provisional government his own fortune, and we fearlessly assert that to no man does Greece owe so much as to Lord Byron. He came to their aid at the most critical point of their struggle; he threw into the scale the *prestige* of his fame, and the substantial aid of his wealth; but above all these, he compelled the



discordant chiefs to elect Mavrocordato the head of the government—the only man among them who had the faintest pretensions to the title of a patriot or a statesman.

Mavrocordato having been invested with full powers to organize Western Greece, Byron now resolved himself to enter on the scene of action. How anxiously he was expected, we may gather from the letters of the Prince Mavrocordato and Colonel Stanhope, who had a command in the Greek army. The former says—"Your counsels will be listened to like oracles;" and Stanhope writes that, in walking along the streets, the people stopped him to inquire when Byron would be among them.

Still the poet's half-prophetic mind saw his fate looming afar, and in a letter to Moore, written a few hours before he sailed for Missolonghi, he indulges in a semi-jocular strain as to meeting the fates of several warrior bards who had been cut short in middle life! Thus, like the pillar of fire, and the cloud of smoke, did the presentiment of his doom haunt the great poet, who marched onwards to his destined glory unswervingly to the end! How truly his own forebodings were fulfilled, the next chapter will show.

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## PART VII.

1823 AND 1824.

HIS LAST YEAR—AGED 36.

Byron's life is eminently dramatic; it seems to resolve itself naturally into all the divisions of a *drama*. We are now at the beginning of the fifth act, and in it the hero falls with dignity.

It is certainly to be wished that he had fallen for a nation better worthy the sacrifice of so great a man! The hackneyed metaphor of stepping "from the sublime to the ridiculous" is truly expressive of the Greeks of the Iliad to the Greeks of our own times. Coleridge said once to Dr. Gillman that he could conceive nothing greater,

in the way of an anti-climax, than Isaiah uttering prophecy, and a modern Jew hawking old clothes.

That Byron, who had embarked his fame, fortune, and life, had a low opinion of the nation he had risked so much for, is evident, from the remark he made respecting the conduct of Sir Thomas Maitland. "I came out (says Byron) prejudiced against his government of the Greeks, but I have changed my opinion. *They are such barbarians*, that, if I had the government of them, I would pave these very roads with their bodies!"

This was certainly a melancholy prospect for the poet-hero. He could have no more sympathy with them, or respect for their cause, than a noble lion has for a drove of swine. We must, however, bear in mind that the "primum mobile" of the evil was the frightful tyranny under which they had groaned so long.

It was in this frame of mind that he resolved to leave Metaxata for Missolonghi. Dr. Kennedy called upon him to take leave, and found him reading "Quentin Durward." A few hours afterwards, they set sail—Byron on board the *Mistico*, and Count Gamba, with the heavy baggage, in the *Bombarda*.

After touching at Zante for the specie, on the evening of the 29th December they were fairly under weigh for the seat of war. The wind was favorable—the sky clear—the air fresh, but not sharp—the sailors sung patriotic songs, in which Byron, who was in the fullest gayety, took part. In the course of the night, the *Mistico* had a narrow chance of being captured by a Turkish frigate. They, however, ran their small craft among some rocks called the *Serofes*, and consequently escaped; but the larger vessel, in which Gamba, the horses, press, and eight thousand dollars were embarked, was taken, and carried into Patras. Here, after undergoing a scrutiny, they were released. The *Mistico* experienced much bad weather, and did not arrive at Missolonghi till the 5th January. He was received with that adulation which the base and

degraded ever exhibit, when they think they have got a "magnificent" fly into their miserable spider's web. When Byron landed, he had the satisfaction of finding the missing vessel safely arrived. But here his satisfaction ended, for never had imagination conjured up into one small space the ideal of a degradation equal to the reality here displayed.

The fleet had disbanded—the army was riotous and clamorous for their pay—the chiefs were quarrelling among themselves; and the inhabitants were desponding, and ready to join any adventurer.

In a letter to Mr. Hancock, written early in February, Byron says:

"I am to be commander-in-chief, and the post is by no means a sinecure, for we are not what Major Sturgeon calls "a set of the most amicable officers." Whether we shall have a boxing-bout between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, I cannot tell; but between Sulioté chiefs, German barons, English volunteers, and adventurers of all nations, we are likely to form as goodly an allied army as ever quarrelled beneath the same banner."

A few days afterwards, he received his commission from the government to lead the expedition against Lepanto, which was then in the hands of the Turks. At this very minute, however, his band of Suliotés broke out into open mutiny, and some lives were sacrificed before the riot was put down. This was a source of great annoyance to Byron, and increased his disgust at the conduct of the Greeks. From Gamba's account, we are almost tempted to believe that the poet looked forward with a hopeful eye that he might fall in some military enterprise. That this would have many charms to one of his nature, is apparent. It would have made his name one of the most glorious in the annals of the world. Already famous as a poet, it only required the soldier's death to place it beyond the chance of competition. Every thing was in readiness, when the intrigues of Colocotroni caused a quarrel between the great poet and his Sulioté band.

Although the latter abandoned their demands the next day, and re-entered Lord Byron's service, it had the effect of postponing the operations against Lepanto.

On the 15th of February, he was seized with a fit, which was the precursor of his illness and death. He was sitting with Parry, Hesketh, and Colonel Stanhope, when he complained of thirst. After taking a glass of cider, his face changed. He attempted to walk, but was unable, and finally fell into Mr. Parry's arms. In another minute he was in strong convulsions. The fit, however, was as short as it was violent. In a few minutes, his speech and senses returned, and no effect remained except excessive weakness. The next morning he complained of pains in his head, which induced the doctors to apply leeches to his temples. The bleeding was so excessive that he fainted from loss of blood. He had scarcely recovered from this, when his mutinous troops broke into his sick chamber, demanding some concessions and privileges, to which he had before refused to comply. Colonel Stanhope and Count Gamba, who were present, describe the dignity and dauntless behaviour of the English poet. Rising from his bed, he confronted them, replied to their insolence, and finally, by his courage and presence of mind, awed them into submission. That this, however, had a bad effect upon his nervous system, in his then weak and excited state, and hastened his death, there can be little doubt. He, however, resolved to rid himself of these lawless villains, and, after some negotiations, the whole Sulioté band was induced to depart from Missolonghi. With them, however, vanished all chance of the attack on Lepanto.

Every letter written by him at this time bears legibly on its page the shadow of his now rapidly approaching fate. Wearied with the quarrels of the chiefs, he resolved, with Mavrocordato, to proceed to Salona, to meet Ulysses, and the leaders of Eastern Greece. While waiting for some necessary information, he zealously employed himself in repairing the fortifications of Missolonghi, and

raising a brigade. Thus passed the last month but one of his checkered life.

From the time he was first attacked with the fit, he had been partially indisposed, suffering chiefly from vertigo and cold shuddering. Every day brought new trials to his health and temper. Added to these, the rains had made the plains around Missolonghi a perfect swamp, so that he was unable to take his usual exercise. This was the condition of things when April—the month in which he was to die—dawned upon the earth.

The first week was taken up in quarrels between the citizens, and so disturbed grew the populace, that a collision was very near taking place between them and Byron's body-guard of Suliores.

On the 10th of April, he was riding with Count Gamba and his body-guard of fifty Suliores, when, three miles from Missolonghi, he was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. It was his usual custom to dismount at the walls, and return to his own quarters in a boat. On the present occasion, he was importuned by Gamba to ride home to his very door, and so avoid the evil consequences of sitting in his wet clothes, exposed to the rain. Byron refused, saying: "A pretty soldier you would make me—afraid of a shower of rain." He therefore persisted in his determination, and returned in his usual manner. Two hours after his arrival home, he was seized with shuddering and rheumatic pains; and when Gamba entered his room at eight o'clock in the evening, he found the great poet lying on a sofa, restless and melancholy.

The next day he rose at his usual hour, transacted business, and was even well enough to ride in the olive wood, accompanied by his long train of soldiers. Byron was fond of dramatic pomp, and it followed him to his grave. This was the last time he ever crossed his threshold alive.

On his return, he told Fletcher he felt so ill that he feared the saddle had not been thoroughly dried. In the evening, Mr. Finlay and Dr. Mil-

lingen called upon him. They found him gay and than usual, but all on a sudden he became pensive, and in that state they left him.

His restlessness increased, and on the 12th he kept his bed. Although unable either to sleep or eat, on the two following days his fever seemed to decline; but so did his strength. During this time, he suffered much in his head.

Towards the evening of the 14th, Dr. Bruno urged him to be bled. To this operation he had, throughout life, evinced the strongest repugnance: he would therefore not consent. It was this night that he tested the accuracy of his memory, by repeating some Latin verses he learned at school. Only being one word out, he expressed himself satisfied with the result. Unlike as the two men are, we cannot help recalling to the reader's recollection a parallel experiment of Samuel Johnson, when on his deathbed.

All things seemed to conspire against the hero-poe. The weather was so stormy, that no ship could be sent to Zante for better medical advice; the rain descended in torrents; and between the floods from the shore, and the sirocco from the sea, Missolonghi was the home of malaria.

It was at this minute that Dr. Millingen was called in professionally. Unfortunately for the world, he was an advocate for bleeding. Byron's intellect, however, fell not without a logical struggle. He argued the question for some time, combating the quackeries of the medical profession with the solidities of common sense and experience. Among other remarks, Byron said "that bleeding a man so nervous as himself was like loosening the chords of a harp already suffering for want of tension." How true this was, the fatal sequel proved. "*Bleeding*," added the poet, "*will inevitably kill me*."

Parry, the military engineer, who sat by him this evening, says that "he seemed perfectly calm and resigned, and so unlike his usual manner, that my mind foreboded a fatal result."

Next morning, Drs. Millingen and Bruno renewed their importunities, and Byron, wearied out, extended his arm, angrily exclaiming—

"There, you damned butchers! since you will have it so, take as much blood as you like, and have done with it."

These ignorant, reckless quacks had, however, miscalculated. After the first copious bleeding, he grew worse. They bled again, and the case was hopeless. Byron was right: he wanted *more* blood than he already had—not to have it taken from him. As Tennyson says in the *Two Voices* :

" 'Tis life, whereof these veins are scant—  
More life, and fuller—that I want."

Dr. Southwood Smith and Dr. Arnott have repeatedly acknowledged to the writer of this memoir that a careful review of the case forced them to believe that Byron was bled to death!

On the 17th, the butcherly bleedings were repeated, but he grew worse. Then they blistered him. Mr. Booker, who was one of those stationed to mount guard at his chamber-door, and who was occasionally called in to hold the raving man of genius down in his bed, described, in a conversation with the writer, the melancholy details of these last few days. Gamba, Fletcher, and Tita were of little use as nurses, in consequence of their grief, which was so injudiciously displayed, as several times to arouse Byron's rebuke.

Parry says: "In all the attendants, there was the officiousness of zeal; but owing to their ignorance of each other's language, their zeal only added to the confusion. This circumstance, and the want of common necessities, made Lord Byron's apartment such a picture of distress, and even anguish, during the two or three last days of his life, as I never before beheld, and wish never again to witness."

On the 18th, Byron rose about three in the afternoon, and, leaning on Tita, his servant, was able to walk into the next room. When seated there, he asked for a book, which he read for a few minutes. Putting the volume suddenly down, he said he felt faint, and again taking Tita's arm, tottered into his bedroom, and returned to bed.

The physicians now becoming alarmed, called in Dr. Millingen's assistant, Dr. Freiberg, and a Greek physician, Luca Vaga, attached to Mavrocordato. After some hesitation on Byron's part, they were at last admitted to the patient. Dr. Millingen's account severely censures Bruno's course of treatment, for he says that, contrary to his advice, he administered valerian and ether, which produced an immediate return of the convulsions and delirium, in an aggravated shape. It is singular that, like Napoleon in his last moments, Byron fancied he was leading troops on to an assault, calling out, half in English, half in Italian—"Forwards! courage! follow me!"

On coming to himself again, he asked Fletcher to send for Dr. Thomas, as he wished to know what really was the matter with him. With that geniality which ever belongs to the true poet, he then expressed the regret he felt at requiring such a fatiguing attendance.

It was now evident to all around him that he felt his last hour was rapidly approaching, and that he was most anxious to communicate his dying wishes. Calling Fletcher to him, he commenced talking in so rapid and indistinct a manner as to bewilder that faithful servant. Upon his offering to bring pen and paper for Byron to write down what he meant, the departing poet cried—"There is no time: all is nearly over. I am dying. Go to my sister; go to Lady Byron—she will surely see you. Tell her"—here his feelings overpowered him, but, after a pause, he again commenced muttering and ejaculating, but so indistinctly, that only a word here and there was intelligible. For full twenty minutes did this painful scene go on, the attendants being able only to catch at intervals isolated words, such as "Guiccioli—Ada—my wife—Hobhouse—Augusta—Kinnaird." After a pause, he said in a clear, distinct manner—"Now I have told you all." Fletcher replied—"My lord, I have not understood a word your lordship has been saying." "Not understand me!" exclaimed the dying poet. "God help me! what a pity! It is too late: all is now over." "I hope not,"





said Fletcher: "but the Lord's will be done!" "Yes, His will—not mine," murmured Byron.

A sedative was now administered to him, and the bandage round his head was loosened. When it was done, he said, "Ah! Christ!" and shed a few tears. He then sank into a profound sleep. Awaking in about an hour, he began to mutter again to himself, but only words here and there could be distinguished. Among them were—"Poor Greece! Poor town! My poor servants! My hour is come! I do not care for death; but why was I not told of my fate sooner? Why did I not go to England before I came here? But all is over now. There are things here which make the world dear to me. For the rest, I am content to die."

Towards six o'clock this evening, he turned round in his bed, saying—"Now I shall go to sleep." These were the last words he ever uttered; for immediately after he fell into that sleep from which he never woke. For the next twenty-four hours, he lay without sense and motion; and at a quarter past six on the following day—the 19th April—he was observed to open his eyes, and immediately shut them again. The physicians felt his pulse—Byron was dead!

When this was known to the Greeks, they went about like children who had lost their only protector, saying in a quiet tone, as though they feared to wake a slumbering child—"The *great man* is gone!"

More than a quarter of a century has passed, and the world allows he *was* a great man; and England will, in a few years, be prouder of her Byron than her Wellingtons or her victories. Yet this said Colossus of Genius was hooted out of England, and his acquaintance considered infamous. These are bitter lessons, but they teach us what our fellow-creatures are: sycophants in our prosperity—persecutors in our weakness and misfortune. The mass now are the same as in the days of Pilate, when they released Barabbas, deified Nero, and crucified Christ! But, in Byron's own words, Time, the avenger, execrates those wrongs, and makes the old byword of re-

proach the synonym of glory. It is thus with the great poet before us, and he stands pre-eminent even among the Wordsworths, the Shelleys, the Keatses, and the Coleridges of his time.

He has translated the universe into his own tongue; constituted himself the high priest, not of human or physical nature, but of himself, Byron, the poet; and this is the grandest and crowning achievement of the human intellect.

Byron is undoubtedly the most personally interesting poet that ever lived; admiration for him seems to be part and parcel of the youthful heart—a sort of initiatory step in the progress of feeling. Much of this possibly proceeds from the peculiar sentiment everywhere dominant in his writings. There is also in his whole life a romance running through it, which forms a fitting accompaniment to the melody of his verse. The egotism of a mind like Byron's is as fascinating as that of an inferior person is insufferable.

We may adduce, as an instance, the case of Leigh Hunt's autobiographical writings. That he is a pleasant and entertaining conversationist all who know him admit; but the difference between mere second-hand talent and genius is felt at once, when we compare the egotism of the two men. While that of Byron throws a magic over every thing, the prattle of the author of *Rimini* becomes mere frivolous small-talk—puerile in its vanity, and contemptible for the suppressed malice which is ever willing to wound, but afraid to strike. In Byron, we have so magnificent a disregard of every thing save the humor of the minute, that it sometimes resembles more the mock heroic of the *Frogs and Mice* than the *Iliad*: yet we clearly recognize in both the master hand of Homer.

This is, however, only one phase of the great poet's mind, although at times very prominently shown, more especially in the most characteristic of his poems—*Don Juan*. In his first great work, *Childe Harold*, he assumes more the gloomy Epicurean thoroughly satiated with the pleasures of the world. There is more boyishness in this poem than his admirers like to admit.

It is, however, a state through which most youth have passed. Still there is this difference, that in Byron it was not so artificial as in the many. There is also a *mauvaise honte* in this otherwise beautiful production, which shows a want of a sure position. That this had its rise from his checkered life and financial embarrassments, is, we think, beyond a doubt; and although it would have been impossible to have altogether crushed the poetical genius of Byron, yet we think it most probable that uninterrupted prosperity would have materially checked the development of those powers which have astonished the world. Nature made him a poet, but his misfortunes made him a great one. Shelley truly says :

“Poets are cradled into verse by wrong—  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”

Truly this is a perilous price to pay for the life in this world beyond the tomb!

In his Corsair, Lara, Bride of Abydos, Giaour, Siege of Corinth, &c., we have an evident glance at the success of Scott's Lay, Marmion, &c., but with the difference that Byron was a poet, and Scott was not. Rapidly poured forth as these poems were, there is an evident constraint in them, which shows that they were not the natural ebullitions of his heart, but the predeterminations of his will. In Beppo, we have the first purely Byronic emanation, and he confirmed his success in the Vision of Judgment and Don Juan. The Vision of Judgment is undoubtedly one of the severest sarcasms ever penned; and even the profanities seem so naturally to spring from the

blasphemous pieties of Southey, as to disarm entirely the critical faculty, and rob condemnation of its sting.

Most of his desultory, short pieces are artificial, or written in an assumed mood foreign to his nature. We principally allude to his love verses, Sacred Melodies, &c. We think Moore shows a great want of knowledge of the human heart, when he adduces some of the Hebrew Melodies as proofs of Byron's religion. He was certainly not a religious man. He was occasionally devotional, but the very constitution of his genius was unorthodox. He had a hatred of all fixed rules—therefore he disliked a creed: it was too definite for him. He hated argument; indeed, he said he could not argue! We do not consider the gift of argumentation as belonging to genius. Indeed, the best arguers we know are dull men! Byron was too rapid, far-seeing, and lofty-flighted to wait for the patient creeping of a syllogism. He also well knew that he never could convince another man, and that another man never should convince him. He therefore very properly considered discussion as waste labor. But our space will not allow us to dwell on the peculiarities of this wonderful being. We must therefore conclude by saying that, since the days of Shakspeare, Byron is more the Poet of the People than any that has appeared, and that any one who studies his writings will achieve as complete a knowledge of the human heart of one of the greatest men that ever lived, as the student of Boswell can of that of Johnson. There is not a turn of mind or shade of thought that is not chronicled in the writings of Byron.







1832  
Paris

## LIFE OF THOMAS MOORE.

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"OF my ancestors on the paternal side," writes Thomas Moore in a fragmentary posthumous autobiography, "I know little or nothing, having never, so far as I can recollect, heard my father speak of his father or mother, of their station in life, or of anything at all connected with them. My uncle, Garret Moore, was the only member of my father's family with whom I was ever personally acquainted. Of the family of my mother, who was born in the town of Wexford, and whose maiden name was Codd, I can speak more fully and satisfactorily; and my old gouty grandfather, Tom Codd, who lived in the corn market, Wexford, is connected with some of my earliest remembrances. Besides being engaged in the provision trade, he must also, I think (from my recollection of the machinery) have had something to do with weaving. But though thus humble in his calling, he brought up a large family respectably, and was always, as I have heard, much respected by his fellow-townsmen. It was some time in the year 1778, that Anastasia, the eldest daughter of this Thomas Codd, became the wife of my father, John Moore, and in the following year I came into the world. My mother could not have been much more than eighteen (if so old) at the time of her marriage, and my father was considerably her senior. Indeed, I have frequently heard her say to him in her laughing mood, 'You know, Jack, you were an old bachelor when I married you.' At this period, as I always understood, my father kept a small lime store in Johnson's Court, Grafton street, Dublin; the same court, by-the-way, where I

afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received, I rather think, some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born."

In this autobiography Moore is particularly careful in recording the warm affection, assiduous attention and good sense, mingled with her love, which led his mother, during his earliest years, to lose no opportunity of providing for his education, and, what was of hardly less importance, as it proved in his case, than a knowledge of the elements of learning, of forwarding in various ways his intercourse with society. Under these influences, Moore entered upon life at the outset as something of a prodigy; in fact, he became in his very childhood a "lion," the part he was so accustomed to play in after years in the spheres of London and Paris. Profiting more than might have been expected from the instructions of his first schoolmaster, a wild, odd, drunken fellow, who "was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon, when he would generally whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers," young Moore was brought forward by his mother, who encouraged in him a fondness for recitation as "a sort of show child." When he was scarce four years old, he recited some satirical verses which had just appeared at the expense of the patriot Grattan. As soon as he was old enough to encounter the crowd of a large school, he was introduced to a grammar school in Dublin, kept by a distinguished

teacher, a Mr. Whyte, who some years before had the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan among his pupils, and had been able to discover nothing to promise any ability in that eminent wit; in fact, had pronounced him, as he doubtless seemed at the time, "a most incorrigible dunce." Young Moore appeared to better advantage, flourishing in the school exhibitions, and especially in the private theatrical performances, in which the master was a zealous leader and actor. This led to doggrel verse-making by the promising pupil, who also early acquired some little knowledge of music, with the aid of an "old lumbering harpsichord," which had been thrown on his father's hands as part payment of a debt from some bankrupt customer. Having an agreeable voice and taste for singing, he was brought forward to entertain the jovial parties of the family, and gained some applause in the songs of Patrick in the Poor Soldier, in the private theatricals. At the age of eleven he recited an epilogue of his own composition at one of these entertainments. In fact, his accomplishments had so impressed themselves upon his friends, that about the beginning of the year 1792, an enthusiastic acquaintance, an author and artist who had started a monthly publication in Dublin, proposed to insert in it a portrait of the juvenile Moore among the public celebrities of the time, an honor which his mother had too much good sense to allow him to accept, much, as he tells us, to her son's disappointment. In the following year a measure of Catholic emancipation was passed, by which persons of that faith were permitted to enter the Dublin University, a privilege which, strange as it now seems, had been previously denied them. Both the parents of Moore being Catholics, this offered a new opportunity for the advancement of their son. His mother, always on the look-out for his promotion, was anxious to carry out a long cherished scheme of bringing him up to the profession of the law. Accordingly, by the aid of a Latin usher attached to Mr. Whyte's school, he was pushed rapidly forward in his classical studies, and in the summer of 1794

became a student of Trinity College, Dublin. His kind-hearted usher had not only taught him Latin and Greek, but infused in him, as he tells us, "a thorough and ardent passion for poor Ireland's liberties, and a deep and cordial hatred to those who were then lordling over and trampling her down." The family associations were quite in favor of national reform. His father, whose house was frequented by Irish patriots, had taken him on one occasion to a public dinner in honor of the distinguished agitator of the day, Napper Tandy, where he had heard a toast given which haunted his memory in after life: "May the breezes of France blow our Irish oak into verdure!" The boy, too, on that evening, was much elated when the hero of the night, Napper Tandy, took him for some minutes on his knee.

It was about this time, in the year 1793, when Moore was at the age of thirteen, that he first appeared in print as the author of some verses in a Dublin magazine, entitled the "Anthologia Hibernica." One of these two little poems was addressed "To Zelia," a name assumed by a poetical lady-friend of the young poet, with whom he corresponded in verse, signing himself "Romeo," the anagram of Moore. The other, "A Pastoral Ballad," has a striking resemblance to the sweet musical lines of Shenstone, in such poems as he also entitled "Pastoral Ballads." Moore, when he wrote—

"My gardens are crowded with flowers,  
My vines are all loaded with grapes;  
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,  
And assumes her most beautiful shapes—  
evidently was echoing,  
"My banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
Whose murmur invites me to sleep;  
My grottos are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with sheep—"

of the poet of the Leasowes. In recalling this early effusion in his autobiographic sketch, Moore speaks with pleasure of some of the lines as "not unmusical," while he characterizes the whole as "mere mock-bird's

song." Most poets might say the same of their first productions. Their art is an imitative one, and naturally begins with the imitation of other poems, though it must learn afterward to draw its inspiration directly from life and nature, if it would make a permanent impression on the world. Of the magazine, the "Anthologia," Moore says it was one of the most respectable attempts at periodical literature that have ever been ventured on in Ireland, and that it met the fate of all such things in that country; "it died for want of money and of talent, for the Irish never either fight or write well on their own soil." His pride, he adds, on seeing his own name in the first list of subscribers, written out in full, "Master Thomas Moore," was only surpassed by finding himself recorded as one of its "esteemed contributors." It was in the pages of this magazine, he tells us, for the months of January and February, 1793, that he first read, being then a school-boy, Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," little dreaming, he adds, "that I should one day become the intimate friend of the author; and such an impression did it then make upon me, that the particular type in which it is there printed, and the very color of the paper, are associated with every line of it in my memory."

Moore at this time formed some acquaintance with the Italian language, by his intimacy with Father Ellis, who had lived some time in Italy, the priest of a friary in Dublin where the family attended mass on Sundays, and also acquired some knowledge of French from an intelligent emigré, who was also hospitably entertained in his father's house. In these various acquisitions the mother's influence was plainly visible. Moore never wearies in acknowledging his obligations to her thoughtful affection. At college we find him a not very zealous student in the prescribed course, but inclined to follow the bent of his tastes and inclinations, which on one occasion gained him the applause of the examiner, when he produced, instead of the usual Latin prose, a copy of English verses, for which he was rewarded by the Board

with a handsome copy of the "Travels of Anacharsis." He was at work, meanwhile, with a translation of the Odes of Anacreon, and had even, as early as the beginning of 1794, published a paraphrase of the fifth Ode in the "Anthologia Iibernica." In pursuing further this light task, says he, in the preface to his Poetical Works, "the only object I had for some time in view was to lay before the Board a select number of the odes I had then translated, with a hope—suggested by the kind encouragement I had already received—that they might be considered as deserving of some honor or reward. Having experienced much hospitable attention from Doct<sup>r</sup> Kearney, one of the senior fellows, a man of most amiable character, as well as of refined scholarship, I submitted to his perusal the manuscript of my translation as far as it had then proceeded, and requested his advice respecting my intention of laying it before the Board. On this latter point his opinion was such as, with a little more thought, I might have anticipated, namely, that he did not see how the Board of the University could lend their sanction, by any public reward, to writings so convivial and anatory as were almost all those of Anacreon. He very good-naturedly, however, lauded my translation, and advised me to complete and publish it; adding, I well recollect, 'Young people will like it.' For the means of collecting the materials of the notes appended to the Translation, I was chiefly indebted to the old library adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral, called, from the name of the Archbishop who founded it, Marsh's Library. Through my acquaintance with the deputy librarian, the Rev. Mr. Craddock, I enjoyed the privilege of constant access to this collection, even at that period of the year when it is always closed to the public. On these occasions I used to be locked in there alone; and to the many solitary hours which, both at the time I am now speaking of and subsequently, I passed in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I owe much of that odd and out-of-the-way sort of reading which may be found

scattered through some of my earlier writings."

Before leaving the University, Moore was brought before the authorities, on a suspicion of being implicated in the political agitations and conspiracies which were then rife, preparatory to the great outbreak of 1798. Robert Emmet and several of his associates, who took part in the rebellion, were Moore's fellow-students, and, though his seniors, he had a certain degree of intimacy with them, though it fell short of any participation in, or even acquaintance with, their incendiary political schemes. When examined in an inquisitorial way before Vice-Chancellor Fitzgibbon, he was at first reluctant to take the oath, lest he should be compelled in some way to criminate his associates; but upon being sworn, it was soon ascertained that he was not a member of the obnoxious United Irish Societies in the University, nor had he any knowledge of their alleged treasonable proceedings. He was consequently discharged without further embarrassment.

In 1798 or 1799, Moore left the University with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His name had already been entered at the Middle Temple, London, whither he now went ostensibly to engage in the study of the law. This was too exacting a profession, however, to secure much of his attention. Literature had already inspired his thoughts, and he was then and thenceforth devoted to her service. He complied with the forms of initiation at the Temple, somewhat straitened in his narrow purse in paying the fees, and set himself to obtain a publisher for his translation of *Anacreon*. The letters which he carried, and his social talents thus early developed, paved the way for his success. The manuscript of his work was favorably noticed by Dr. Laurence, the friend of Burke, he was himself entertained by Lord Moira, Lady Donegal, and others, met Peter Pindar in company, moved in the best society, and secured notable names for the subscription list to his work, among others that of the favourite of the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Fitzherbert. The work, when it appeared in 1800, from

the press of Stockdale, was dedicated by permission to the Prince himself. It was preaced by a Greek ode, written by the author. "This," he wrote to his mother, "I hope, will astonish the scoundrelly monks of Trinity, not one of whom, I perceive, except the Provost and my tutor, have subscribed to the work. Heaven knows, they ought to rejoice at any thing like an effort of literature coming out of their leaden body."

Moore's reputation in London was already made. At the age of twenty-one he was a fashionable poet of the day. His friends called him *Anacreon Moore*, and the title stuck to him through the greater part of his career. His small size and youthful appearance—he was very boyish in look—added, no doubt, a piquancy to his reception in social circles, where he entertained the company with his songs and lively conversation. His letters written at this period to his mother, recording his progress in society, are sprightly and full of enjoyment of the good things at his disposal; they show already, too, what was afterwards said of him, that "Tommy loves a lord." "I was yesterday," he writes in the summer of 1800, "introduced to his Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. He said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many opportunities of enjoying each other's society; that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine?" The introduction, however, he admits, put him to some inconvenience. It cost him a new coat, which he had made up in the emergency in six hours, providing half its price by the sale of his old one, being still, as he adds with some simplicity, "in my other tailor's debt." The prince grows still more affable on short further acquaintance, saluting him with, "How do you do, Moore? I am glad to see you." "Did you see my name in the paper among the lists of company at most of the late routs?" he writes to his mother. "You cannot think how much my songs are liked here. Monk Lewis was 'in

the greatest agonies' the other night at Lady Donegals at having come in after my songs; 'Pon his honor, he had come for the express purpose of hearing me.' I am happy, careless, comical, everything I could wish." While health and strength remained, through many a long year, this was the tenor of Moore's life, the pet of fashionable society.

He soon turned his prosperity to further account by the publication, in 1801, of his second book, "The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq.," as he entitled himself, in recognition of his diminutive size. He was censured by moralists for the warm coloring given to many of the poems in this collection, which were chiefly amatory; but the fashionable world had no stones to throw at him; his genius was admired; his popularity increased; Anacreon appeared in a new edition; dinners, suppers and routs were endless; there was wanting apparently only a full purse to make the earthly felicity complete, for the poor author often felt the want of money in the midst of the luxury with which he was surrounded. Something, it began to be whispered, would be done to better the fortunes of the bard. His friend, Lord Moira, who made him at home at his country seat, Donington Park, made influence for him, and he received the government appointment of Register to the Admiralty at the Island of Bermuda.

Leaving England in the *Phæton* frigate, in September, 1803, he arrived at his place of destination by way of Norfolk, Va., in January, 1804. His approach to the island in "most tremendous weather," was worthy of recalling to his imagination Shakespeare's picture in the "Tempest" of the "still-vested Bermoothes;" but the self-enjoyment and complacency of the bard proved superior to the elements. On the worst day of the gale, at dinner, tied to the table to prevent being prematurely thrown under it, "I eat," he says, in a letter to his mother, "the heartiest dinner of beefsteak and onions I ever made in my life; and at night, when the ship was rolling her sides into the water, and when it was in vain to think of sleeping from the

noise and the motion, I amused myself in my cot by writing ridiculous verses, and laughing at them." In this happy mood, redolent of youth and genius, Anacreon lighted upon the Bermudas.

"Bright rose the morning, every wave was still,

When the first perfume of a cedar hill  
Sweetly awaked us, and, with smiling charms,  
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.

Gently we stole, before the whispering wind,  
Through plaintain shades, that round, like  
awnings, twined

And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,  
Breathing our welcome to those vernal valets;  
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,  
Each wooded island shed so soft a green,  
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering  
play,

Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its  
way."

He had hardly been a week on the island, when, spite of the romantic beauties of the place, which seemed to him the fitting abode of the nymphs and graces, its white cottages assuming to his enraptured gaze the colors and proportions of Grecian temples and Pentic marble, he came to the conclusion that it was not worth his while to remain there. It is difficult to picture the luxury-loving pupil of Anacreon as a man of business, and his biographers dismiss very hastily this portion of his career; but it appears, from his letters written at the time, that he did actually encounter some slight employments in his office as admiralty clerk, examining witnesses, skippers, mates and seamen, doubtless smelling villainously of tar, in the case of several ships on trial, and on one occasion, which he records as positively shocking in such violent contrast to the beauties of the road over which he journeyed. "I was sent," he says, "to swear a man to the truth of a *Dutch invoice* he had translated." Sacrifices like these might have been borne a little longer, we are given to understand, had the business been sufficient to bring in a larger amount of fees; but the admiralty courts were too numerous for Bermuda to get any considerable share of

the spoils: and the uncertain prospect of a war with Spain, which seems to have been hoped for in the island, did not promise to make things much better. So Moore sighed for London, wrote pretty musical verses descriptive of the scenery, amorous "Odes to Nea," elegant epistles in verse to his friends, and, for the rest, solaced himself with the hospitalities of the place, filling himself with callipash and Madeira at grand turtle feasts, himself supplying the whole orchestra at musical entertainments. He was at first inclined to treat with great contempt the female beauties of the place. "If I were a painter," he writes, "and wished to preserve my ideas of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my house-keeper." But he softens afterwards, as he looks upon the women dancing gracefully without any other instruction than his own inspiring music. "Poor creatures!" he says, "I feel real pity for them. Many of them have hearts for a more favorable sphere; but they are here thrown together in a secluded nook of the world, where they learn all the corruptions of human nature, without any one of its consolations and ornaments."

So Moore managed to pass little over two months of the winter of 1804 in Bermuda, when he set sail in the Boston frigate for New York, with the intention of seeing something of the United States on his way home to England. He arrived in the city early in May, and, like the true British traveller of those days, on the instant forms his conclusions on the mental, moral and social capacities of the inhabitants. Bermuda, from which he had hastened so eagerly, looms up in his imagination a garden of Eden in comparison. "Such a place! such people! barren and secluded as poor Bermuda is, I think it a paradise to any spot in America that I have seen. If there is less barrenness of soil here, there is more than enough of barrenness in intellect, taste, and all in which heart is concerned." He was altogether four days in the city, diligently spent in seeing its sights, of which he chronicles the presence of young Jerome Buonaparte and his bride, Miss Paterson, as

"the oddest." He also felt a slight shock of an earthquake. New York could hardly have done more for him in the time. He left it in the frigate which had brought him hither, sailing for Norfolk, with the intention of leaving the vessel at that place, making a hurried tour along the seaboard, visiting Washington, Philadelphia, Niagara and Canada, joining the ship at Halifax on her way to England. All of this he accomplished. His impressions of the national capital, recorded in his poems, were much talked of for a long time. He disliked Jefferson, and, Irish patriot as he was, poured contempt on democracy. The nation, in his views, was already rotten. "Even now," he wrote,

"While yet upon Columbia's rising brow,  
The showy smile of young presumption plays,  
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays.  
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath  
Burns with the taint of empires near their  
death;

And like the nymphs of her own withering  
clime,

She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime."

He saw "bastard Freedom waving her fustian flag in mockery over slaves

"Where—motley laws admitting no degree  
Betwixt the vilely slaved and madly free—  
Alike the bondage and the license suit  
The brute made ruler and the man made  
brute."

His description of the city became quite current as a picture; indeed, has only recently been forgotten.

"Come, let me lead thee o'er this 'second  
Rome,'

Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,  
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber  
now:—

This embryo capital, where Fancy sees  
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;  
Which second-sighted seers, even now, adorn  
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,  
Though nought but woods and Jefferson they  
see,

Where streets should run and sages ought to  
be.'



Philadelphia made decidedly a better impression on the poet, for the reason, we cannot but suspect, that his genius had been there heralded by the press with extravagant laudation, and that he was there personally infinitely admired and caressed. It was the day of that elegant scholar and accomplished writer, Dennie, and of his lettered associates of the *Port Folio*. The city, too, always famed for its hospitality and social feeling, took the little man of genius to its heart. "My reception at Philadelphia," he writes to his mother, "was extremely flattering: it is the only place in America which can boast any literary society, and my name had prepossessed them more strongly than I deserve." Hence, all went "merry as a marriage bell," and the Quaker city was recorded as "the only place in America I have seen which I had the wish to pause in." On his way to Niagara, Athens, on the Hudson, however, claimed kindly notice. Delighted with the scenery of the Hudson, he went ashore there, and playfully, as was his wont, writes to his mother, "There you may imagine I found myself quite at home. I looked in vain, though, for my dear gardens; there were hogs enough, but none of Epicurus's herd." Pansing at Saratoga, he recalls the fate of Burgoyne, and notes the "savage" nature of the forests around him. At Bell Town Springs, he was stowed in an inn with thirty or forty people, "performing every necessary evolution in concert. They were astonished at our asking for basins and towels in our rooms, and thought we might condescend, indeed, to come down to the *public wash* with the other gentlemen in the morning." Visiting the Oneidas, the manners of the old chief Sennando appeared to him so extremely gentle and intelligent, that he was almost inclined to be "of the Frenchman's opinion, that the savages are the only well-bred gentlemen in America." He admits, however, as he approaches Niagara, that this New World is, after all, "very interesting; and with all the defects and disgusting peculiarities of its natives, gives every promise of no very distant competition with the first powers of the East-

ern hemisphere." Of Niagara itself, to which he was obliged to travel, for the latter part of his journey, on foot, he has only the usual vague and unlimited terms of admiration. "We must have new combinations of language," he writes in his journal, "to describe the Falls of Niagara." His passage down the St. Lawrence gave birth to one of his best known poetical productions—the "Canadian Boat Song." The notes, and some of the verses of the poem, were written upon a fly-leaf of Priestley's "Lectures on History," which he was reading on the way. Of Quebec, he records a strange impression. "If any thing can make the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts, amidst this delicious scenery, like a hog in armor upon a bed of roses." Early in November, he is again upon the deck of the Boston, sailing from Nova Scotia for old England.

He is again welcomed by the Prince Regent, and enters on his old round of gayeties in London society, meanwhile getting into shape a new volume of poetry covering his transatlantic experiences and inspirations, which appeared in quarto in 1806, with the title, "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems." The book fell at once into the hands of Jeffrey, who published a trenchant review of it in the *Edinburgh*, commenting unsparingly on its weak points of amatory license, and where the author was not moved to directness by his satiric petulance, its vague and wordy dithyrambs. The book was denounced as "a public nuisance," and its writer declared to be "the most licentious of modern versifiers." A homily was read to the author on his literary pruriency and seductive immorality. Puerile and ridiculous in the eyes of men, with its "tawdry, affected, finical millinery style," his book was pronounced an insult and injury to women. All this, conveyed in the most cutting language, was, of course, sufficiently uncomfortable reading for the author, always sensitive as to his social position, thus directly assailed. Though he admits that his Irish blood was at first a good

deal roused, he affected to treat it in a light and careless tone; while the notion of challenging the reviewer, which naturally occurred to any gentleman from the emerald isle in those days, was checked by the difficulty of getting any friend to go with him to Edinburgh on such an errand, and the still greater doubt whether, as he expressed it, "from the actual and but too customary state of my finances, I should be able to compass the expense of so long a journey." In this mood of the poet, the affair was brought to a crisis by the arrival of Jeffrey in London. A challenge of a most peremptory character, giving the lie direct to the reviewer, was concocted by Moore, and sent by his friend Hume. Jeffrey replied by his friend Horner, and Moore, having borrowed a case of pistols from William Spencer, his brother poet, the parties met on a bright summer morning, the 11th of August, 1806, at Chalk Farm, the noted duelling ground in the vicinity of London. It was their first introduction to one another. While the seconds, unused to the business, were slowly and, as it proved, clumsily loading the pistols, the poet and his new acquaintance were walking up and down the field together; and coming in sight of the operations, Jeffrey was somewhat grimly entertained by an Irish story which Moore related of Billy Egan, a barrister, who, once being out on a similar occasion, and sauntering about while the pistols were being prepared, his antagonist, a very little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. "Don't make yourself uneasy, my dear fellow," said Egan; "sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?" In this pleasant humor, the parties took their stations for the encounter. The seconds retired, the pistols were raised, when certain police officers rushed from behind a hedge and knocked the hostile weapons out of their hands, and conveyed the principals to Bow street, where they were bound over to keep the peace. The information which led to the arrest had been given at a dinner party the evening before, by Spencer. Fashionable society could not spare its

favorite. As for Moore and Jeffrey, unhappy as had been the manner of their acquaintance, they seem to have been delighted with one another when it was once formed. Jeffrey, immediately after the event, wrote to his friend Bell: "We have since breakfasted together very lovingly. He has confessed his penitence for what he has written, and declared that he will never again apply any little talent he may possess to such purposes; and I have said, that I shall be happy to praise him whenever I find that he has abjured those objectionable topics. You are too severe upon the little man. He has behaved with great spirit throughout this business. He really is not profligate, and is universally regarded, even by those who resent the style of his poetry, as an innocent, good-hearted, idle fellow."

There was an annoying sequel to the affair, in the circumstance that on the examination of the pistols at the police office, it was found that Jeffrey's pistol had no bullet, it having, as was proved by the report of the seconds, evidently fallen out while in the hands of the officers. This gave rise to the report that the whole was mere child's play, the duel to be fought with leadless bullets. A year or two later, when Byron, another young poet, in his turn smarting from the censures of the Edinburgh Review, was looking about for material for his famous satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," he introduced this incident into his poem, of which it formed one of the most amusing and aggravating passages:

"Health to great Jeffrey. \* \*  
Can none remember that eventful day,  
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,  
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,  
And Bow street myrmidons stood laughing  
by?

\* \* \* \* \*  
But Caledonia's goddess hovered o'er  
The field, and saved him from the wrath of  
Moore;  
From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,  
And straight restored it to her favourite's  
head."

Moore had published a statement immediately after the duel, giving the true account of the matter of the bullets, and was consequently led, when Byron re-issued his version of the affair in a second edition in 1810, to resent the publication as giving the lie to his own narrative of the transaction. He addressed Byron, to whom he was personally a stranger, on the subject; but the letter not being delivered by the friend to whom it was entrusted, the noble author just setting out on his foreign tour, Moore, on his return in 1811, re-opened the correspondence; which, while hinting strongly at the duello in its courteous terms, opened a door of easy escape. Byron met the affair in the same complimentary Pickwickian way, and the whole thing ended in a very satisfactory manner at the table of Rogers, the poet, where Byron met the host, Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and Moore himself for the first time. It was the beginning of the life-long intimacy of Moore and Byron. As in the quarrels of lovers, these preparations for the duello ended oddly enough in both cases, in warm and lasting friendships. In the edition of his collected works subsequently published, Moore dropped a number of the obnoxious early poems, and gratefully acknowledged that America, as well as his critic, had forgiven him. "The heavy storm of censure and criticism," he says, "some of it, I fear, but too well deserved—which, both in America and in England, the publication of my 'Odes and Epistles' drew down upon me, was followed by results which have far more than compensated for any pain such attacks at the time may have inflicted. In the most formidable of all my censors, at that period,—the great master of the art of criticism, in our day,—I have found ever since one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends; while the good-will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven."

After his return from America, Moore held

for a time his Bermuda appointment, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy, while he was still looking to his friend Lord Moira for further political patronage. Meanwhile he appears to have been quite at home for long periods at his Lordship's residence, Donington Park, enjoying its free quarters and availing himself of its fine library, welcomed by the owner when he was present, and master of the resources of the place when he was absent. It was Moore's good fortune ever to find a patron and share in the social advantages of the English aristocracy. Official preferment was not at hand, however, and though Moore expected for himself a commission in Ireland, he succeeded only in obtaining the appointment of barrack master in Dublin for his father. A surer resource he found in the exertion of his own talents, the favor of the public, and the steady reward of the booksellers. His association with James Power, the music seller, "a semi-musical, semi-literary connection," as it is described by their common friend Thomas Crofton Croker, began with the publication of the first number of what proved the most popular and remunerative work of the author, the *Irish Melodies*, in 1807. It lasted for twenty-seven years, during which the poet received by contract an annual payment of several hundred pounds from the publisher, with large advances, as he stood in need, which grew into a considerable debt on the part of the author. The "*Melodies*" were published in parts, at intervals, the work being completed in its present form in 1834. Deriving their inspiration from the native music of his country, and colored by the patriotic aspirations of his youth, they are the best and finest representation of his sensibilities and genius. They have been translated into various languages, called forth the talents of various artists for their illustration, notably among them the poet's fellow-countryman MacLise, in the sumptuous edition published by the Longmans, and there are certainly few English homes throughout the world where their voice has not been heard. "Upon this work," says one of his

biographers, "his true fame will rest. His amatory poems, though sweetly and playfully written, will always give offence to persons of good taste; his satires, however successful in attacking ephemeral subjects, will perish with the events to which they allude; but the melodies, combining beautiful words, purer morals, and good music, will have a lasting existence. They have an entirely original character; they have not the vigor, the truth to nature, and the deep, passionate feeling of our other great lyrical poet, Burns, but they are never, as he sometimes is, coarse; they have a uniform elegance, a lightness, a pathetic tenderness, a play of wit, a brilliancy of fancy, and a richness of adornment, which, though too often giving the impression of being artificial, are always pleasing. In the same class may be included the songs written under the title of 'National Airs,' published in 1805. We cannot, however, place the 'Sacred Songs,' which he published in the same year, in the same category. In them there is a strained adaptation of Scriptural words and ideas, with a lack of earnestness that renders them distasteful."

The composition of the Melodies, as we have seen, covered a long period of time. The poet meantime was working another vein of composition, in a series of satirical epistles, and occasional verses. "Corruption and Intolerance, two Poems addressed to an Englishman by an Irishman," appeared anonymously from his pen in 1808, followed the next year by "The Sceptic, a Philosophical Satire." The former of these were attempts in a serious style of political denunciation, somewhat ponderously applying to England the kind of censure which he had so freely bestowed upon America; the latter, with a tinge of that easy and not over profound philosophical pretension which is represented in English literature by Pope's Essay on Man, presents some of those contrarieties of opinion and action witnessed in politics, learning, and science, which discredit human wisdom, and from which the poet, in a spirit of humility, seeks refuge in "modest igno-

rance, the goal and prize, the last, best knowledge of the simply wise." These attempts in the stately Juvenalian style of satire, as the author subsequently described them, met, he admits, with but little success, never having attained, till he included them in his collected works, the honors of a second edition. "I found," says he, "that lighter form of weapon, to which I afterwards betook myself, not only more easy to wield, but from its very lightness, perhaps, more sure to reach its mark." The vein to which he alludes was worked to great advantage in his occasional contributions to the Morning Chronicle, and in the sportive, playful, yet sufficiently pungent volume, "Intercepted Letters; or, the Twopenny Post-Bag, by Thomas Brown, the Younger," which he gave to the world in 1813. In these gay epistles the satire, which was mainly directed against the Prince Regent, with an occasional foray upon the lighter follies of fashionable drawing-rooms and entertainments, was sheathed in humor, and lost more than half its bitterness in the exquisite versification. There was some delicacy in the author attacking his once admired patron, George, Prince of Wales, who had greeted him with such condescension on his first arrival from Ireland; but he was easily enabled afterwards to relieve himself from the charge of ingratitude by recalling how really little this royal personage had done for him. Beyond the gracious acceptance of the dedication of *Anacreon*, his memory was burdened with the slightest of favors. On two occasions he was admitted to the honor of dining at Carlton House, and when the Prince, on being made Regent, in 1811, gave his memorable fete, he was one of the crowd of fifteen hundred who enjoyed the privilege of being his guests on the occasion. "There occur some allusions, indeed," he adds, writing long afterwards, "in the Twopenny Post-Bag, to the absurd taste displayed in the ornaments of the Royal supper-table at that fete; and this violation—for such, to a certain extent, I allow it to have been—of the reverence due to the rites of the Hospitable Jove, which,

whether administered by prince or peasant, ought to be sacred from such exposure, I am by no means disposed to defend. But, whatever may be thought of the taste or prudence of some of these satires, there exists no longer, I apprehend, much difference of opinion respecting the character of the royal personage against whom they were aimed."

While these were Moore's public literary employments, an episode in his round of social entertainments led to his marriage with a gentle lady, whose quiet, unobtrusive domestic virtues so long adorned the simple home of the poet, where he often found solace from the round of fashionable gayeties to which he seems to have been bound by a sort of professional attachment, and which indeed came as a necessary relief to his overcharged literary exertions in his hours of privacy. The circumstances which led to this marriage we find narrated in an interesting sketch of the poet's career, in the "Edinburgh Review." "During one of Moore's Irish trips," says the writer, "he formed part of that famed theatrical society which figured on the Kilkenny boards; the male actors being amateurs, and the female ones mostly, if not all, professional, having at their head the 'star' of the hour, the celebrated Miss O'Neil. Moore acted well, especially in comedy, as we have been informed by one who was fortunate enough to witness those remarkable performances about the year 1810. Among other parts, his personation of 'Mungo' in the agreeable opera of 'The Padlock,' was, it is said, eminently happy. Two sisters, both of them extremely attractive in person, as well as irreproachable in conduct, also formed a part of this 'corps,' acting, singing, and ever and anon dancing, to the delight of their audience. With one of these beauties Moore fell desperately in love, and being regarded favorably in return by Miss Elizabeth Dyke, he a few months later united himself in marriage with her, without, it would seem, acquainting his parents with his intention. The ceremony took place at St. Martin's church, in London, in March, 1811, and Mrs. Thomas Moore was introduced to her husband's Lon-

don friends during the same spring. By these she was cordially received, although there was but one opinion among them as to the imprudence of the step in Moore's notoriously narrow circumstances."

In addition to the "Melodies," songs and occasional satires which gave profitable employment to Moore's pen during the next few years, there is to be mentioned an opera entitled, "M. P., or the Blue Stocking," which was produced on the stage the year of his marriage with moderate success. It is not included in the standard edition of his works, though it contributes a few songs to the collection. It was not long after this that Moore turned his thoughts to the composition of a poem of some magnitude introducing Eastern scenes and imagery. The notion commended itself to the poet's luxurious imagination. He applied himself diligently to the necessary courses of reading, studied all the poetry, legendary and historical literature of the region accessible in the works of D'Herbelot, Sir William Jones, the Oriental Collections and Asiatic Researches, and especially the works of travellers in the East, which presented many curious traits of local manners, and out of the whole in the end produced the varied, composite result entitled *Lalla Rookh*. The work was the labor of several years. The idea of its preparation was first conceived in 1812, with a view of entering the field with a narrative poem of sufficient length to challenge a share of the popularity enjoyed by the "Lady of the Lake" and several other publications in quarto of Sir Walter Scott. He kept the plan steadily in view, and at the end of 1814, we find him writing to his friend Dalton, "You will be glad, I know, to hear that I am employed most resolutely and devotedly upon a long poem, which must decide for me whether my name is to be on any of those medallions which the swans of the temple of fame, as Ariosto tells us, pick up with their bills from the stream of oblivion. The subject is one of Rogers's suggesting, and so far I am lucky, for it quite enchants me; and if what old Dionysius the critic says be true, that it is im-

possible to write disagreeably upon agreeable subjects, I am not without hopes that I shall do something which will not disgrace me." He was now indeed prepared to enter into a formal contract for its publication, though the time of completion of the work, of course, could not as yet be definitely fixed. The negotiation was readily effected with the Messrs. Longman, the proposition being simply to place in their hands a poem of the length of Scott's *Rokeby*, the publishers relying for the rest on the genius, popularity and good faith of the author. Moore himself tells us how generously the overture was received by the publishers.

"On this occasion, an old friend of mine, Mr. Perry, kindly offered to lend me the aid of his advice and presence in the interview which I was about to hold with the Messrs. Longman, for the arrangement of our mutual terms; and what with the friendly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit with which he was met on the other, there has seldom occurred any transaction in which Trade and Poesy have shone out so advantageously in each other's eyes. The short discussion that then took place between the two parties, may be comprised in a very few sentences. 'I am of opinion,' said Mr. Perry,—enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite,—'that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his Poem the highest price that has been given, in our day, for such a work.' 'That was,' answered the Messrs. Longman, 'three thousand guineas.' 'Exactly so,' replied Mr. Perry, 'and no less a sum ought he to receive.' It was then objected, and very reasonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a single line of the Poem—*Lalla Rookh*; and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them, before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But, no;—the romantic view which my friend, Perry, took of the matter, was, that this price should be given as a tribute to a reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, not a little

startled and alarmed me; but, to the honor and glory of Romance,—as well on the publisher's side as the poet's,—this very generous view of the transaction was, without any difficulty, acceded to, and the firm agreed, before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my Poem."

The following year Moore reports to the publishers the completion of some four thousand lines, about two-thirds of the projected work. "It will consist, altogether," he writes to Mr. Longman in April, "of at least six thousand lines, and as into every one of these I am throwing as much mind and polish as I am master of, the task is no trifling one. I mean, with your permission, to say in town, that the work is finished; and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season: this I wish to do, in order to get rid of all the teasing wonderment of the literary quidnuncs at my being so long about it, etc.; and as the fiction is merely a poetic license, you will perhaps let it pass current for me; indeed, in one sense, it is nearly true, as I have written almost the full quantity of verses I originally intended." It was not, however, till two years later, that the poem, dedicated to the poet Rogers, was actually published. It then proved a great and immediate success, passing rapidly through several editions. Writing to his mother, with whom, during her life, he kept up a constant correspondence, suffering no diversions of literary toil or fashionable society to divert his attentions from her, he said a week or two after the appearance of the book: "All the opinions that have reached me about it in London are very flattering; and I rather think I shall not be disappointed in the hope that it will set me higher in reputation than ever. Faults, of course, are found, but much less than I expected; and if I but get off well with the two *Reviews*, *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, I shall look upon my success as perfect." Of the former of these two critical authorities, which were then great powers in literature, he felt the most assured. Times had changed since Jeffrey had inflicted that early bitter wound on the

young poet's good name in the Edinburgh. The reconciliation between the two antagonists at Chalk Farm had proved warm and lasting. The poet's political effusions in the "Morning Chronicle" had brought him alongside the Whig writers for the Edinburgh to which at the earnest invitation of its editor, he had a year or two previously become a contributor. Jeffrey was prepared to do his best in introducing Lalla Rookh to his northern readers. The article which he devoted to the subject in the Review for November, 1817, is one of the finest illustrations of his powers as a critic, frankly exposing the inherent weakness of the poem, which he gracefully attributed to its embarrassment of riches, and doing full justice to its general animation, vivacity, elegance of description, and the unerring melody of its verse. Excess of ornamentation in a too rapid succession of brilliant beauties, he pronounces its most glaring defect. In the midst of the lavish abundance of glowing imagery and picturesque incidents, he sighs for "plainness, simplicity, and repose." After establishing the critical principles learnt in the school of nature and the works of the great masters of literature, he pronounces the sentence, "Now, Mr. Moore, it appears to us, is decidedly too lavish of his gems and sweets;—he labors under a plethora of wit and imagination—impairs his credit by the palpable exuberance of his possessions, and would be richer with half his wealth. His works are not only of costly material and graceful design, but they are everywhere glistening with small beauties and transitory inspirations—sudden flashes of fancy, that blaze out and perish, like earth-born meteors that crackle in the lower sky and unseasonably divert our eyes from the great and lofty bodies which pursue their harmonious courses in a serener region." This judgment of the critic has been confirmed by the opinions of another generation, while multitudes of readers have echoed the praises awarded to the sentimental beauties of the work. Its popularity has faded since its first glowing reception when it took the public by surprise with the charm of novelty. Mokanna, the

desperate hero of the first and most elaborate of the four distinct poems which compose Lalla Rookh, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, was indeed lately invoked in a cartoon of Punch to express the horror of the civilized world at the hateful atrocities of the Communists in Paris, but he is a being little known to the present world of readers, who have not forgotten the glowing apologue which succeeds in the work "Paradise and the Peri." The verses in which are embodied the warm pictures of patriotism, self-renunciation and penitence introduced in this animated poem, are still familiar as household words. "The Fire Worshipers," the third poem in the series, gave the poet an opportunity in its intermingled themes of love and liberty, where his genius never failed; while the concluding portion, "The Light of the Harem" is replete with the lyrical inspiration of the bard.

At the close of his review, Jeffrey, alluding to his former article, congratulated the poet on the improved morality of his muse. "On a former occasion," he writes, "we reproved Mr. Moore perhaps with unnecessary severity for what appeared to us the licentiousness of some of his youthful productions. We think it a duty to say that he has long ago redeemed that error; and that in all his latter works that have come under our observation, he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty and honor. Like most other poets, indeed, he speaks much of beauty and love; and we doubt not that many mature virgins and careful matrons may think his lucubrations on those themes too rapturous and glowing to be safely admitted among the private studies of youth. We really think, however, that there is not much need for such misapprehensions; and, at all events, if we look to the moral design and scope of the works themselves, we can see no reason to censure the author. All his favorites, without exception, are dutiful, faithful and self-denying; and no other example is ever set up for imitation. There is nothing approaching to indelicacy, even in his description of

the seductions by which they are tried; and they who object to his enchanting pictures of the beauty and pure attachment of the more prominent characters would find fault, we suppose, with the loveliness and the embraces of angels."

At this culminating point of Moore's career when he had given to the world specimens in their highest gusto of his best powers—in literature, in song, satire and passionate romantic description—we may place beside the criticism of Jeffrey, the sparkling estimate of the author's genius uttered by Hazlitt in one of his London lectures on the poets of England. "Mr. Moore's muse is another Ariel, as light, as tricky, as indefatigable and as human a spirit. His fancy is for ever on the wing; flutters in the gale; glitters in the sun. Every thing lives, moves and sparkles in his poetry, while, over all, love waves his purple light. His thoughts are as restless as many, and as bright as the insects that people the sun's beam. 'So work the honey bees,' extracting liquid sweets from opening buds; so the butterfly expands its wings to the idle air; so the thistles' silver down is wafted over the summer seas. An airy voyager on life's stream, his mind inhales the fragrance of a thousand shores, and drinks of endless pleasure under halcyon skies. Whenever his footsteps tread over the enamelled ground of fairy fiction

'Around him the bees in play flutter and cluster,

And gaudy butterflies frolic around.'

The fault of Mr. Moore is an exuberance of involuntary power. His facility of production lessens the effect of, and hangs as a dead weight upon, what he produces. His levity at last oppresses. The infinite delight he takes in such an infinite number of things, creates indifference in minds less susceptible of pleasure than his own. He exhausts attention by being inexhaustible. His variety cloy; his rapidity dazzles and distracts the sight. The graceful ease with which he lends himself to every subject, the genial spirit in which he indulges in every sentiment, prevents him from giving their full force to the

masses of things, from converting them into a whole. He wants intensity, strength and grandeur. His mind does not brood over the great and permanent; it glances over the surfaces, the first impressions of things, instead of grappling with the deep-rooted prejudices of the mind, its inveterate habits and that 'perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart.' His pen, as it is rapid and fanciful, wants momentum and passion. It requires the same principle to make us thoroughly like poetry, that makes us like ourselves so well, the feeling of continued identity. The impressions of Mr. Moore's poetry are detached, desultory and physical. Its gorgeous colors brighten and fade like the rainbows. Its sweetness evaporates like the effluvia exhaled from beds of flowers. His gay laughing style, which relates to the immediate pleasures of love and wine, is better than his sentimental and romantic vein. His Irish melodies are not free from affectation and a certain sickliness of pretension. His serious descriptions are apt to run into flowery tenderness. His pathos sometimes melts into a mawkish sensibility, or crystalizes into all the prettinesses of allegorical language, and glittering hardness of external imagery. But he has wit at will, and of the first quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best; it is first-rate. The politician sharpens the poet's pen. In this too, our bard resembles the bee—he has its honey and its sting."

Immediately after the publication of *Lalla Rookh*, Moore set out with his friend Samuel Rogers, on a visit to Paris, which he pronounced on his arrival in a letter to his music publisher, Power, "the most delightful world of a place I ever could have imagined," adding his intention, if he could persuade his wife "Bessy" to the measure, to take up his abode there for two or three years. Returning from this flying visit to his cottage home at Hornsey, he found his child Barbara mortally ill, and after her death, which shortly ensued, he took up his abode at a new residence, which he occupied for the remainder of his life, Sloperston Cottage, an elegant and comfortable rural abode in the immediate



vicinity of Bowood, the seat of his friend the Marquis of Lansdowne. Here we find him at the beginning of the following year, 1818, engaged upon his next publication, the fruit of his late French excursion, "The Fudge Family in Paris," a production of the Humphrey Clinker type, or, to follow a poetical precedent, of Anstey's delightful picture of the society of the celebrated watering place the "New Bath Guide." Moore's letter writing family enjoy a similar vein of pleasantry and agreeable lightness of versification, as they exhibit the humors of the observers and the entertaining incidents at Paris then with a zest of novelty newly reopened after the war with Napoleon to the English travelling world. Nor, with the lighter amusements of the place does the poet of freedom and patriotism forget the graver political issues of the times as he utters an indignant protest against the despotic Holy Alliance,

In the midst of the incense and applause so fairly earned by his recent publications, which seemed to have secured to the poet an unwonted prosperity in the future, he was suddenly dismayed by the intelligence that the deputy whom he had left in his office at Bermuda, and for whose acts he was personally responsible, after keeping back what was due to him, had absconded with the proceeds of a sale of ship and cargo deposited in his hands. Moore was summoned to make good the loss, amounting, it was claimed, to about six thousand pounds. He was offered assistance in this emergency by various friends; but, with his customary love of independence, he preferred to rely on his own exertions to extricate him from the embarrassment. The effort at settlement cost him much anxiety and trouble, the unsettled claim hanging over him for a long time before he was finally freed from the responsibility. Meanwhile he set vigorously to work upon his first prose work of consequence, the *Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*; from the labor upon which he was diverted by a second time to the continent, accompanying, this time, his friend Lord John Russell. The trip was, in a measure, forced upon him by his

liability to arrest and imprisonment in England in consequence of the liabilities of the unhappy Bermuda affair. He thought at one tour of availing himself of the old time-honored saucetuary in Edinburgh, refuge of many an impoverished debtor, but naturally yielded to the more inviting advice of Lord John in a letter hoping that he "would not prefer Holyrood House with a view of Arthur's Seat, to Paris with the range of all Europe." So it came to pass that he realized, though under less agreeable circumstances than he had imagined, his dream of a protracted residence with his dear Bessy in Paris. The journey upon which he started with his noble friend, previously to settling down in the French capital, was a very interesting one. As at this time he kept a Diary which he had recently commenced, and which he maintained through life, we may readily trace in it the incidents of the journey which extended into Italy. It exhibits the mind of the poet as it were in undress; his natural and unaffected opinions as he is brought in contact with objects which at a distance were frequently the incentive to his muse. After an affectionate parting with Bessy, he sets off, on the 4th of August, 1819, from London in company with his friend Lord Russell, by way of Calais to Paris, where he passes more than a month entering upon a brilliant round of social gayeties among the distinguished English residents and visitors, enjoying to the full the opera, theatres and other sights of the place, entertained with the most agreeable personal flatteries and attentions to which he was never insensible. On his approach to Geneva he is enraptured beyond description at the first sight of Mont Blanc, of which he has again another overwhelming impression on his return from a pilgrimage to Ferney, then filled with souvenirs of Voltaire. "Saw Mont Blanc with its attendant mountains, in the fullest glory, the rosy light shed on them by the setting sun, and their peaks rising so brightly behind the dark rocks in front, as if they belonged to some better world, or as if Astræa was just then leaving the glory of her last footsteps on their summits: nothing was ever

so great and beautiful." Crossing the Sim-  
plon, he arrives by Maggiore and Como at  
Milan, where, amid the multitude of sights,  
he is deeply moved by a painting by Guerci-  
no, of Abraham and Hagar,—“by far the  
most striking picture I ever saw. Never did  
any woman cry more beautifully than Hagar,  
and the hope that lingers still amidst her  
sorrow, is deeply affecting; in short, it at-  
tains the *si vis me flere* effectually, and  
brought the tears into my eyes as I looked at  
it.” This is characteristic of Moore; through-  
out the tour he is moved oftener by some  
touch of natural emotion, of sentiment or af-  
fection, than by the more celebrated grandiose  
objects of admiration set apart for tourists.

Parting with Lord John Russell at Milan,  
he hastens by Verona and Padua to join Lord  
Byron who, at that time, occupied a country  
house in its vicinity, within easy access of  
Venice, where, with the accommodating con-  
sent of her husband, he was entertaining in  
the first flush of his devotion, the Countess  
Guicciolo. Moore describes her “a blonde  
and young; married only about a year, but  
not very pretty,” though on a second inter-  
view, he thought she “looked prettier than  
she did the first time.” Our traveller is im-  
mediately conducted by Byron to Venice, em-  
barking at Fusina in a gondola in “a glorious  
sunset, the view of Venice and the distant  
Alps, some of which had snow on them reddening  
with the last light, magnificent; but my  
companion’s conversation, though highly lu-  
dricous and amusing, anything but romantic,  
threw my mind and imagination into a mood  
not at all agreeing with the scene.” In the  
city he was installed in his Lordship’s palace  
on the Grand Canal, and consigned to the  
care of his friend Scott. Byron “could not  
himself leave the Guiccioli.” With much, of  
course, to interest him, Moore finds many  
things to disconcert him. “The disappoint-  
ment,” he writes in his Diary, and with suffi-  
cient emphasis, “one meets with at Venice,—  
the Rialto so mean—the canals so stinking!”  
Doubtless had the author of Lalla Rookh  
visited Ispahan in his Vale of Cashmere, the  
disappointment would have been equally

great. After a few days’ sight-seeing, Moore  
returns to Lord Byron, who, at parting, pre-  
sents him with his celebrated personal Me-  
moirs, “to make what use he pleased of  
them.”

On his way from Bologna to Florence, we find  
Moore in the Journal entering into an analy-  
sis of his experiences, and planning a new  
series of Italian Epistles similar to those in  
which he had improved his observations of  
Paris; an idea which appears never to have  
been carried into effect. It is of interest to  
know what would have been the subject of  
some of them had they been written. “Among  
my Epistles from Italy, must be one on the  
exaggeration of travellers, and the false color-  
ing given both by them and by drawings to  
the places they describe and represent. An-  
other upon painting; the cant of connois-  
seurs; the contempt artists have for them.  
To a real lover of nature the sight of a pretty  
woman, or a fine prospect, beyond the best  
painted pictures of them in the world. Give,  
however, the due admiration to the *chefs-d’  
œuvre* of art, of Guido, Titian, Guercino and  
others. Mention the tiresome sameness of  
the subjects on which the great masters em-  
ployed themselves; how refreshing a bit of  
paganism is after their eternal Madonnas, St.  
Francisees, etc., Magdalen my favorite saint.  
Introduce in a note the discussions about the  
three Marys. Another Epistle must touch  
upon the difference between the Italian wo-  
men and the German in love; more of phy-  
sique in the feelings of the former: the Italian  
would kill herself for a living lover, whom she  
would forget if he died; the German would  
pine away for a dead one. The senses of the  
latter are reached through her imagination,  
as is the case very much with the English  
woman; but the imagination of the Italian  
woman is kindled through her senses.”

Arriving at Florence, he finds Sir Charles  
and Lady Morgan at home in the place, and  
is diligent in visiting the palaces and works  
of art. He does not appear to have been  
much impressed by seeing the Venus de  
Medici, and “was much disappointed by the  
Fonarina, which has coarse skin, coarse feat-

ures and coarse expression." Holy Families and Madonnas, with their touch of sentiment or passion, secure more of his admiration. At Rome, where he passes three weeks, he is in the midst of the best English society, greeted by Sir Humphrey and Lady Davy, Chantrey, the sculptor, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, while he sits to Jackson, the Royal Academician, for his portrait. Returning by the way of Florence, he crosses Mont Cenis to Chambery, Lyons, and, on the 11th of December, reaches Paris where, having established himself in lodgings, "a little fairy suite of apartments, an *entresol* in the Rue Chauteraine, at two hundred and fifty francs a month," he, on the 1st of January, 1820, conducts thither his wife Bessy, whom he had gone to meet at Calais. They are presently established in a cottage in the Champs Elysées, in the Allée des Veuves, which, with the exception of a short residence at another house near Paris, for the next year and a half becomes their home. For a time the poet is engaged in an attempt to get into shape his projected Epistles from Italy, in which he proposed to introduce his old machinery of the Fudge Family; but he finds himself, chiefly from the various demands upon his time, unable to do justice to the humorous part, and so abandons that portion with the idea of presenting his material in a new form under the title, "The Journal of a Member of the Procurante Society," for which he negotiates with the Longmans. He also occupies himself in his literary employments with the composition of new numbers of the Irish Melodies, and new studies which result in due time in "The Epicurean," and the poetic flights of "The Loves of the Angels."

It appears to have been a pleasant life enough Moore led in Paris at this time, sharing in some of the best society of the place, in learned intercourse with the travellers Denon, Humboldt and others, and meeting constantly the choice spirits whom love of pleasure or the pursuit of knowledge brought to the gay capital. Among these transient visitors were George Canning and Wordsworth, returning from an excursion in Switzerland.

Of the conversation of the latter, he has left an interesting record in the Journal, full of sagacity and thoughtful reflection on the part of the Lake poet as he discourses of Scott, Canning, Fox and Burke, the last of whom he pronounced "by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his 'Political Economy,' and Reynolds in his 'Lectures on Painting;'" Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke."

With two residents of Paris Moore became quite intimate; Kenny, the dramatic author of "Raising the Wind," who had married the widow of his brother dramatist, Holcroft, with six or seven children and "not a sixpence of money," and who had "five by her himself," who was his neighbor "in a waste house almost in a state of starvation," and Washington Irving, who had established his fame in English circles as the author of the "Sketch Book," and who was then planning the scenes and stories of his next work. The first acquaintance of Moore and Irving was made through the good offices of a Mr. McKay, an Irish gentleman on a mission to Paris to inspect the prisons. Moore thus notices the circumstance in his Journal of November 21, 1820: "Dined with McKay at the *table d'hôte* at Meurice's, for the purpose of being made known to Mr. Washington Irving, a good-looking and intelligent man." The acquaintance soon ripens into lasting friendship. Moore is with Irving constantly, dining with common friends and together at the cottage, visiting amusing places, interchanging literary ideas; in fact, Moore claims to have given his friend in conversation the exact description of the bookseller's dinner at Longman's, which was worked up with so much effect in "Bracebridge Hall." Irving, on his part, writes to his friend Brevoort from Paris: "I have become very intimate with Anacréon Moore, who is living here with his family. Scarce a day passes without our seeing each other, and he has made me ac-

quainted with many of his friends here. He is a charming, joyous fellow; full of frank, generous, manly feeling. I am happy to say he expresses himself in the fullest and strongest manner on the subject of his writings in America, which he pronounces the great sin of his early life. He is busy upon the life of Sheridan and upon a poem. His acquaintance is one of the most gratifying things I have met with for some time, as he takes the warm interest of an old friend in me and my concerns."

There were several flying visits of Moore to England before he returned with his wife to that country, in the first of which in September, 1821, he went in disguise, providing himself, by advice of the women, with a pair of mustachios as a mode of concealment, and at the suggestion of Lord John Russell assuming the name in the Dover packet, and at the inn, "Mr. Dyke." He was on this occasion handsomely entertained by the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, and visited his parents at Dublin. There were various negotiations going on meanwhile for the settlement of the Bermuda claims, which now resulted in their reduction to one thousand pounds, a sum which was chiefly made up by a temporary loan by Lord Lansdowne, immediately repaid by a draft on Murray, an advance on the Byron Memoirs, and the generous gift of two hundred pounds from Lord John Russell, the produce of his published "Life of Lord Russell," a sum he had set apart, as he alleged, for sacred purposes, and "as he did not mean to convert any part of it to the expenses of daily life, so he hoped to hear no more of it." This made the poet once more a free man. London and the great world of English society were now again open to him, and after some months further sojourn, with occasional interruptions of absence in Paris, he took up his residence in the English cottage, near Bowood.

His new publications in the year 1823, were "Fables for the Holy Alliance," a sheet of satirical verses on an old theme; "Rhymes on the Road," the work already spoken of, embodying his travelling experiences on his

Italian tour, and the "Loves of the Angels," a poetical romance in which he returned to the materials he had drawn upon in *Lalla Rookh*. The last mentioned poem, or rather series of poems, the author tells us was founded on the Eastern story of the Angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the lives of Uzziel and Shamehazai; the subject presenting "an allegorical medium through which might be shadowed out the fall of the soul from its original purity, the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in pursuit of the world's perishable pleasures, and the punishments both from conscience and divine justice, with which impunity, pride and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of heaven are sure to be visited." For the "Loves of the Angels," the author received from his publisher seven hundred pounds. The "Memoirs of Captain Rock," displaying the author's views and feelings on Irish politics, appeared in 1824, followed the next year by the "Life of Sheridan," which, as we have seen, had occupied him at intervals for several years; entertaining as a whole; a work of much merit in a literary point of view; discussing with ability and discretion matters of much difficulty, presenting, perhaps, too favorable a view of his hero's character, and exhibiting too dark a picture of the neglect into which he had fallen at the last.

Moore's next work, "The Epicurean," founded on the Egyptian studies which he had pursued in Paris with many advantages and much diligence, with the assistance of Denon and others, was originally designed to be written in verse. Its first conception, subsequently somewhat modified, is related in a passage of the poet's journal, dated July 25th, 1820.—"Began my Egyptian poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it. The story to be told in letters from a young Epicurean philosopher, who, in the second century of the Christian era, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the elixir of immortality, which is supposed to be one of the secrets of the Egyptian priests. During the Festival on the Nile, he meets with a beauti-

ful maiden, the daughter of one of the priests lately dead. She enters the catacombs, and disappears. He hovers around the spot, and at last finds the well and secret passages, etc., by which those who are initiated enter. He sees this maiden in one of those theatrical spectacles which formed a part of the subterranean Elysium of the Pyramids—finds opportunities of conversing with her—their intercourse in this mysterious region described. They are discovered, and he is thrown into those subterranean prisons, where they who violate the rules of Initiation are confined. He is liberated from thence by the young maiden, and taking flight together, they reach some beautiful region, where they linger, for a time, delighted, and she is near becoming a victim to his arts, but taking alarm, she flies and seeks refuge with a Christian monk, in the Thebaid, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had consigned her in dying. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians take place, and she is seized (chiefly through the unintentional means of her lover) and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described in a letter from the Solitary of the Thebaid, and the attempt made by the young philosopher to rescue her. He is carried off from thence to the cell of the Solitary. His letters from that retreat, after he has become a Christian, devoting his thoughts entirely to repentance and the recollection of the beloved saint who had gone before him.—If I don't make something out of all this, the deuce is in't."

According to this plan, as the author further informs us in his preface to the work, the events of the story were to be told in Letters or Epistolary Poems, addressed by the philosopher to a young Athenian friend; but, for greater variety, as well as convenience, he afterwards distributed the task of narration among the chief personages of the tale. The great difficulty, however, of managing in rhyme the minor details of a story, so as to be clear without growing prosaic, and still more, the diffuse length to which he saw narration in verse would extend, deterred him

from following this plan any further; and he then commenced the tale anew in its present prose shape. Of the poems written for the first experiment, a few specimens were introduced into the prose story. The remainder were thrown aside and remained neglected for many years after, till the author's friend, Mr. Macrone, the London publisher, calling upon him for some new poem or story, to be illustrated by Turner the artist, unable to gratify this wish, it was proposed to publish such an illustrated edition of the "Epicurean," the copyright of which was still in the hands of the author. To add to the bulk of the work, which was hardly sufficient for the publisher's purpose, Moore revived the original poems, and issued them with the tale, with the title, *Alciphron*. The whole thus appeared with four brilliant designs by Turner in 1839. In his preface to this work, the author says: "In the letters of *Alciphron* will be found, heightened only by a freer use of poetic coloring, nearly the same detail of events, feelings and scenery which occupy the earlier part of the prose narrative; but the letter of the hypocritical high priest, whatever else its claim to attention, will be found, both in matter and form, new to the reader." Several separate publications, "Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, etc.," 1829; "Evenings in Greece," the same year; "The Summer Fete," 1832; "The Fudges in England," a sequel to "The Fudge Family in Paris," severally partaking of the characteristics of Moore's previous volumes, with a large number of minor poems, satirical or sentimental, complete the series of his poetical works.

In 1830 appeared his best-known biographical work, the "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with notices of his Life." For this work, he received from Murray four thousand guineas. It is essentially composed of the letters of Byron, very many of them being addressed to the editor, Moore having been for a long period Byron's constant correspondent; its interest, therefore, lies mainly in the writings of Byron himself. This relieved the author from what would at the time have been a most inconvenient, if not impracti-

cable task, the construction of a perfect biography. Indeed, after all the attempts, such a work yet remains to be written. But Moore had a large stock of novel materials to communicate to the public, and his book was consequently seized upon with avidity. Its publication was preceded by a most interesting negotiation. When Moore, as we have seen, parted with Lord Byron at his country-house, near Venice, he was presented with an account of the poet's life, or "Memoirs," written by himself, with full permission to dispose of it as he would. The manuscript, which was shown by Moore to various persons, was understood to be of an exceedingly piquant, if not scandalous character. Moore, embarrassed by his Bermuda responsibilities, being in want of money, disposed of the manuscript to Mr. Murray, the publisher, for the sum of two thousand guineas, the work not of course to be available till after the poet's death. It was Moore's intention that he should have the privilege of redeeming the memoirs within three months after that event, and he held that this was agreed upon with the publisher. Upon Byron's death, in 1824, a strong effort was made by his family to secure the destruction of the manuscript. Moore, who regarded the work as an intended vindication of himself by his friend, demurred to this, urging the propriety of its publication, stripped of everything calculated to wound the feelings of living persons, or shock the public taste. "But the Byron family, the poet's sister, Mrs. Leigh, Sir John Hobhouse and Mr. Wilmot Horton, are inexorable; and so much importunity is addressed both to Moore and Mr. Murray by various distinguished parties, that they at length consent to place the 'Memoirs' in the hands of Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh; who forthwith commit the same to the flames at Murray's house. Mr. Murray, of course, stipulates to be repaid his money with lawful interest, which is accordingly done by a draft of Mr. Moore on Mr. Rogers. Much persuasion is used to induce Moore to accept of compensation at the hands of the Byron family—even

his most valued friends, such as Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Mr. Lattrell, Lord John Russell, with Mr. Rogers and his sister, concur in the opinion that he ought to do so. Moore's high sense of self-respect is, however, a match for all, and he steadily refuses. Indeed, for some time after the destruction of the 'Memoirs,' his mind is uneasy, lest he should have committed an act of constructive disloyalty towards his departed friend and benefactor. Ultimately he learns from Sir John Hobhouse that Lord Byron, when remonstrated with by himself as to his indiscretion of placing such a manuscript out of his own control, had replied 'that he regretted having done so, and that delicacy towards Moore alone deterred him from reclaiming it; on this Moore is reassured, and whilst regretting the loss to the world, rests satisfied with the course which he had himself pursued.' Such is the history of this transaction, which, it will be seen, was highly honorable to Moore.

There remains to be mentioned to complete the list of Moore's publications, another biographical work, "The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," a narrative of the Irish rebellion; "Travels of an Irish gentleman in search of a Religion," a learned defence of Roman Catholicism; and a "History of Ireland," written for Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia;" which appeared in 1835. "Alciphron," the poem already spoken of, was his latest work in 1839. In 1835, under the administration of Lord Melbourne, a pension of three hundred pounds a year was granted him by the Queen.

The last years of Moore's life were clouded by loss of memory and utter helplessness. His published Diary closes with an entry in May, 1847. He was then alone in the world with his wife, the sole survivor of his family. His father died in 1825; his mother in 1832; not one survived of his five children. "Yet," says his biographer, Earl Russell, "he preserved his interest about his friends; and when I saw him for the last time, on the 20th of December, 1849, he spoke rationally, agreeably and kindly on all those subjects which were the topics of our conversation. But

the death of his sister Ellen, and of his two sons, seem to have saddened his heart and obscured his intellect. The wit which sparkled so brightly, the gaiety which threw such sunshine over society, the readiness of reply, the quickness of recollection, all that marked the poet and the wit were gone. As we left his house, Lord Lansdowne remarked, that he had not seen him so well for a long time. Mrs. Moore has since made to me the same observation. But that very evening he had a fit, from the effects of which he never recovered. The light of his intellect grew still more dim; his memory failed still more; yet, there never was a total extinction of that bright flame. To the last day of his life, he would inquire with anxiety about the health of his friends, and would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favorite airs of his past days. Even the day before his death he 'warbled,' as Mrs. Moore expressed it; and a fond love of music never left him but with life."

Moore, having nearly completed his seventy-third year, expired calmly and without pain on the 26th of February, 1852. His wife survived this event thirteen years, her death occurring in September, 1865. Both, with three of their children, lie buried in the church-yard of Bromham, in the vicinity of the poet's cottage.

A study of the life of Moore brings before us many fine traits of personal character. The world was long accustomed to associate with the gaiety of his verse, and his frequent appearance in fashionable society, a levity of disposition and indifference to noble ends of living, and something of this censure survived him in the criticism of the day. But those who knew him best always thought more worthily of him; indeed, were led to admire much in his character. No writer of his time has had warmer or more distinguished eulogists. We have seen how, under most adverse circumstances, he gained the friendship and respect, without which there can be no true affection, of Jeffrey; and how he secured and held constant to the end the wayward regard and confidence of Byron. If

he offended a strict morality in his early writings, he soon abandoned his error; and while he was ready to vindicate his character, could profit by the warnings of his stern assailant. If Moore cannot be ranked with the grave and lofty spirits of literature, we must not forget the many kindly services he has rendered to humanity in his encouragement of the cheerful, kindly, domestic affections; that his wit was employed in the cause of honor, freedom and patriotism; that he scorned meanness, loved independence, and knew himself how to make sacrifices in her cause. His home life, obscured by the brilliancy of his talents in society during his public career, appears, from the revelations made after his death in his diary, and the statement of his friends, to have been simple, affectionate and self-denying. His regard and care for his parents were never intermitted.

"The most engaging as well as the most powerful passions of Moore," writes his biographer, Earl Russell, "were his domestic affections. It was truly and sagaciously observed of him by his friend, Miss Godfrey, 'You have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home-fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all.' Twice a week during her whole life, except during his absence in America and Bermuda, he wrote a letter to his mother. If he had nothing else to tell her, these letters conveyed the repeated assurance of his devotion and attachment. His expressions of tenderness, however simple and however reiterated, are, in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world, and continue to retain to his old age the accents and obedient spirit of infancy. In the same strain, and from the same source, flowed the waters of true, deep, touching, unchanging affection for his wife. From

1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and to peace. Keen as was his natural sense of enjoyment, he never balanced between pleasure and happiness. His letters and his journal bear abundant evidence of these natural and deep-seated affections. His affections as a father were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded. The deaths of some of his children at an early period, of his remaining daughter, and of his sons at a more advanced age, together with some other circumstances, cast a gloom over the latter years of his life, which was never entirely dispelled."

We have alluded to Moore's spirit of independence. It was shown on various occasions in his encountering privation and severe literary labor to secure remuneration from his publishers rather than to be under obligations to his friends; nor did he at any time press his claims upon his political associates in office or upon the government of the day. When the small salary bestowed upon his father was withdrawn, he did not seek for other support from the state, but set apart a liberal allowance from his own limited resources. From the, to him unprecedented, sum which he received after years of exertion for his most laborious work, Lalla Rookh, he himself derived no immediate benefit. One-third was assigned to the payment of obligations; the remainder was invested for the benefit of his parents. He refused the bounty of friends in paying off the Bermuda obligations accidentally thrust upon him. He would, as we have seen, accept nothing from the Byron family for the destruction of the manuscript memoir,

which would doubtless, had it been published, have proved to him an abundant source of wealth. "Rightly," says his biographer, "did Mr. Moore understand the dignity of the laurel. He never would barter his freedom away for any favor from any quarter. Although the wolf of poverty often prowled round his door, he never abandoned his humble dwelling for the safety of the city or the protection of the palace. From the strokes of penury, indeed, more than once, neither his unceasing exertion,

'—nec Appolinis infula, texit.'

But never did he make his wife and family a pretext for political shabbiness; never did he imagine that to leave a disgraced name as an inheritance to his children was his duty as a father. Neither did he, like many a richer man, with negligence amounting to crime, leave his tradesmen to suffer for his want of fortune. Mingling careful economy with an intense love of all the enjoyments of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the details of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant on narrow means, to support his father, mother and sister, besides his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him."

In his religious opinions, following the faith of his family, he was a Catholic, though not a bigoted one. He occasionally attended the Protestant church; his wife being a Protestant, his children were baptized in that church; he himself when in London attended a Roman Catholic chapel. "Of two things," writes Earl Russell, "all who knew him must have been persuaded: the one, his strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longing for life and immortality, and his submission to the will of God; the other, his love of his neighbor, his charity, his Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his good-will to all men." In the last days of his life he frequently repeated to his wife, 'Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God.' That God is love, was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbor as himself, seems to have been the rule of his life."



Of Moore's personal appearance and character there is a fine description in a passage of Sir Walter Scott's "Diary," in which he humorously compares the Irish poet with himself. It is dated November 22d, 1825. "I saw Moore for the first time, I may say, this season. We had, indeed, met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding about him, which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little, very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in person; God knows, not in conversation; for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description; moreover, he looked always like a school-boy. Now, Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression is very animated, especially in speaking or singing, so that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it. I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat; with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet, there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humored fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to contain in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself 'the great Twalmly inventor of the floodgate iron for smooting linen.' He always enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It would be a

delightful addition to life, if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me."

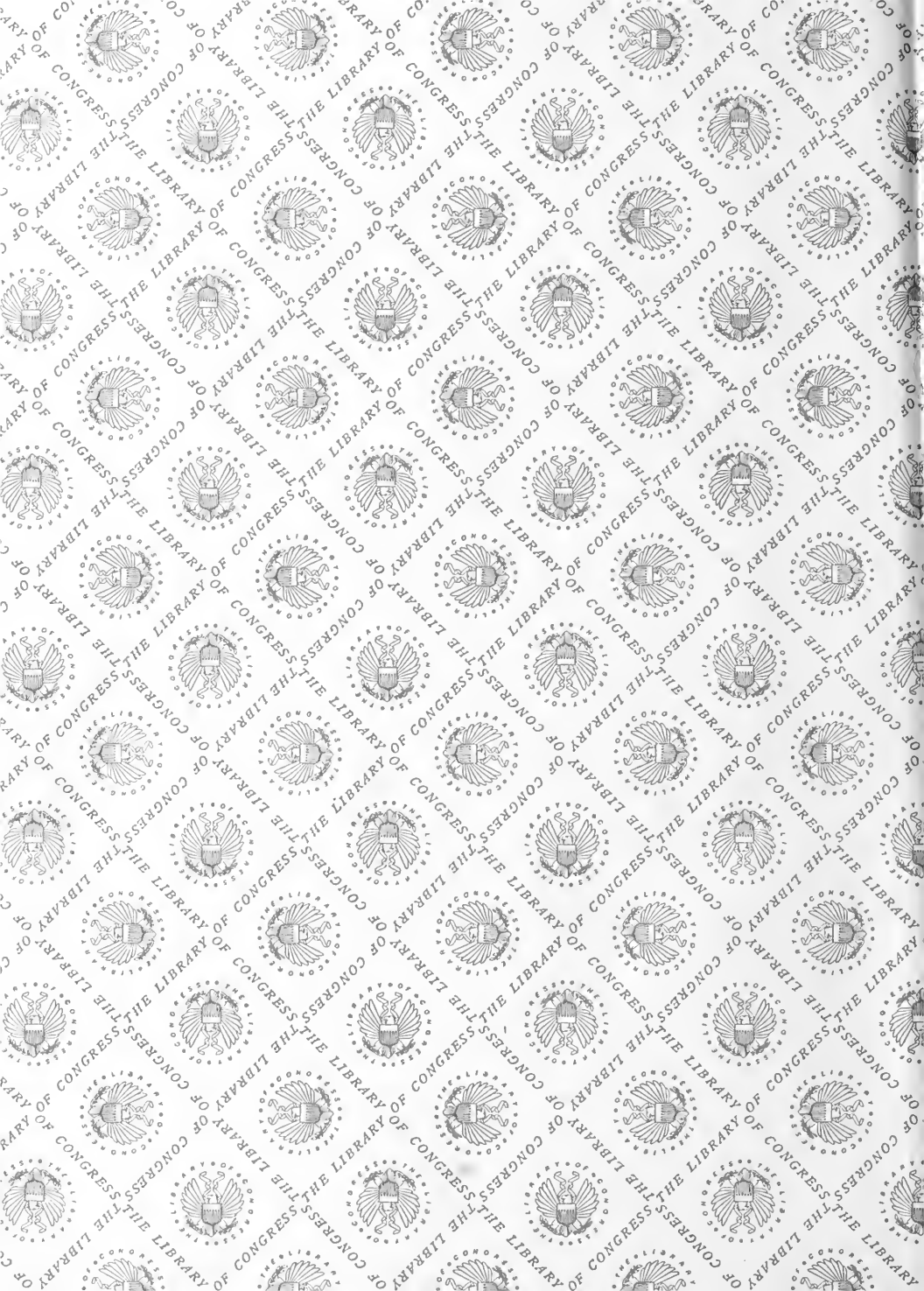
So Moore ingratiated himself with Sir Walter Scott. He seems to have been a favorite with Scotchmen. One of their most brilliant critics, Professor Wilson, in his "Recreations of Christopher North," even gives him in some points the advantage over Burns. "Now of all the song writers," he says, "that ever warbled, or chanted or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore. True that Robert Burns has indited many songs that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment; or, let us say that sometimes when he sings, it is like listening to a linnet in the broom, a blackbird in the brake, a laverick in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them—and so did he; and the man, woman or child, who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in Heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of lyrical poetry when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated—after a fashion—Anacreon. And Moore has lived much in towns and cities—and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did—but then how many disadvantages has he undergone, from which the Ayrshire Ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free? You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high—all in high life is not low; and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall—in "cauld, clay begging, as in marble palace." Burns sometimes wrote like a mere boor—Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best—and both are inimitable. Both are national poets—and who shall say, that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of

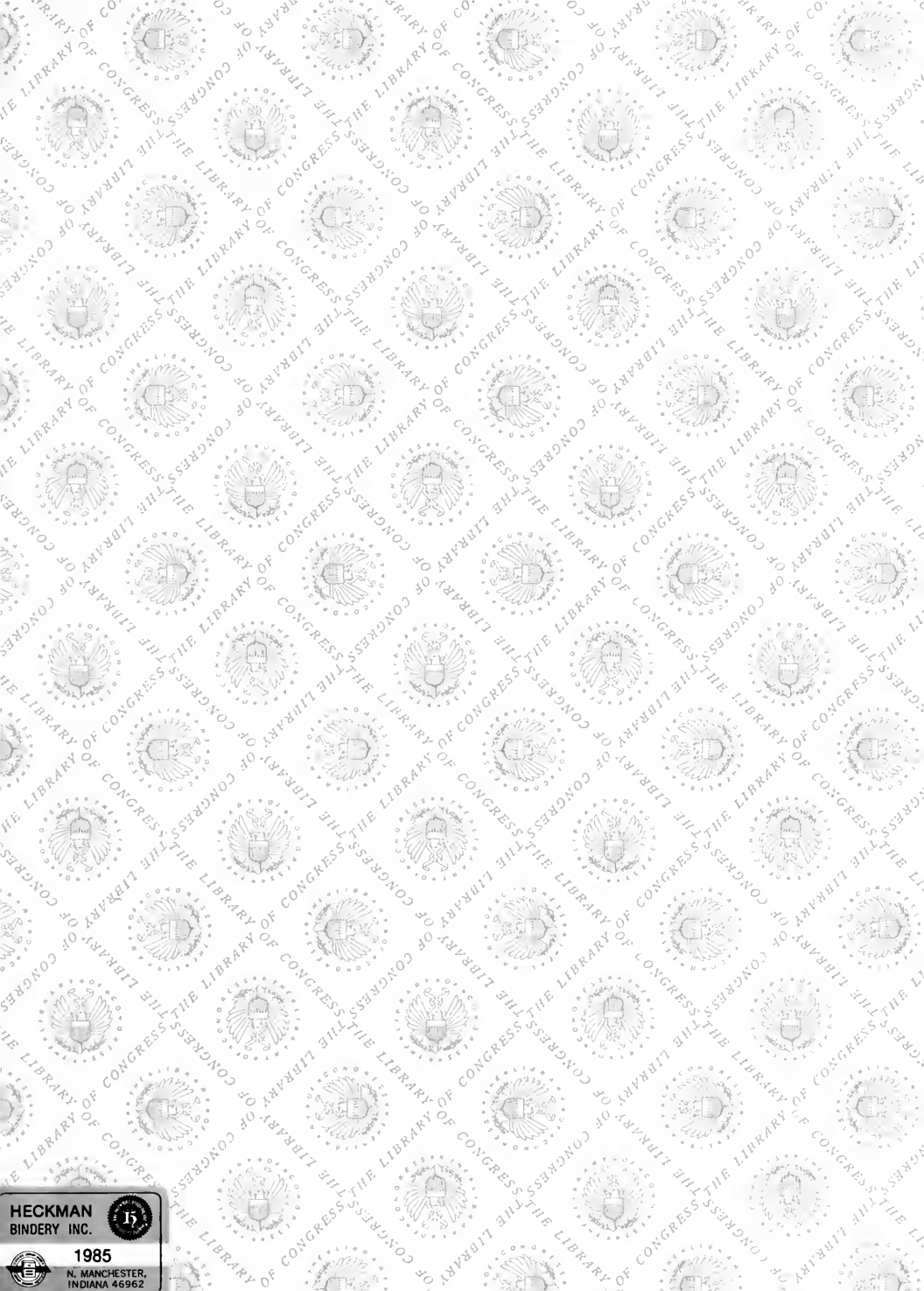
knowledge and virtue and religion as Scotland is—and surely without offence, we may say that it never was and never will be—though we love the green island well—that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a lyricist as Burns; while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, in variety, in grace, and in the power of art, he is superior to the Ploughman ?”









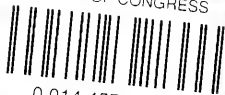


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