

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

## Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

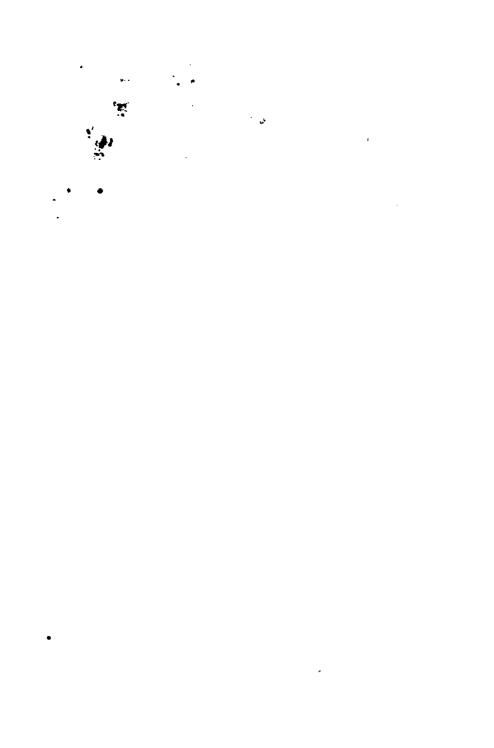
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

## **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/







·	

•	•		

MEMORIES.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

# MEMORIES:

## A LIFE'S EPILOGUE.

'These weeds are memories.'-King Lear.

NEW EDITION,
with
A LAMENT FOR PRINCESS ALICE.



# LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO. 1879.

All rights reserved.

280. 0. 431



# CONTENTS.

PROLOGUE PAGE ix							
CANTO I.							
The Mountain Rock—The Ship—The Passengers—The Voyage—Moonlight—England—Early Recollections—The Merchant's Training, Adventures, and Misfortunes—The Suburb—Greetings—The Sabbath—Pugilistic Bailiffs—The Spunging House—Lawyers—Release—Farewell!							
CANTO II.							
Chancery—Mary—The Boy—Schools and Companions—The Mag- dalen—Books—The Dame in Blue Hose—English Bards and Scotch Reviewers—The Book Missing—Where Found 27							
CANTO III.							
Arrivals—A Courtship after Waterloo—Theological Difficulties—Solution—The Distant Isle—The Child—Good-bye!—Sad Tidings—Adieu!							
CANTO IV.							
The Soldier from the far West—Kent—Recollections of the Peninsula—Martial Music—Medley of Books—Schoolmasters—A Captain of the Grand Army—The Youth leaves England—The Sea—A Voice from the Forecastle—Childe Harold—Southern Shores—Calpe—Riego 63							

## CANTO V.

An English Home-Languages-0	Chiappi-	-Arri	eta	Cerva	ıntes—	Luis
de Leon — Sunrise — Andalusia	- Carte	ia — '	Abdal	la an	d Zay	da—
Ceuta—Tangier—French Books-	-Poison	and	Anti	dote-	-The	Jew
and the Bible-Death of Arrieta	•	•			PAG	E 83

## CANTO VI.

D	evon-The Moor-Murmurs-English Exiles-Bruno-Sorrows of
	Poets—Tribute to Byron in the Bay—Shelley—Montgomery—Others
	Proscribed-'Commodity'-Sordid Love-Beauty in the Mart-
	The Landscape-Churches and Rectories-Sale of Livings-The
	Parish Priest-Boroughs-Army and Navy-Neglected Merit-Night
	—The Stars

## CANTO VII.

## CANTO VIII.

The Cambrian's Home—Beginning of Love-	−F	Picnic	by I	)war	Fo	rest
-Songs-Prudent Counsel-Renewal o	f	Love-	-Otl	ner å	Son	gs
Leave-taking—The Leech's Prescription						157

## CANTO IX.

London	Revi	sited-	-Chai	nges—	Politics	—Da	ys of	Paris-	-St. S	teph	en's
-The	Abl	be <del>y</del> —1	he ?	Theatr	e—The	Str	eets	Sunda	у Мо	rning	at
Coven	t Gar	den-	Secta	rian S <sub>l</sub>	oirit—T	he Zo	oologis	st—Irv	ing—(	Chalr	ners
Con	trast-	-Life	of So	chiller-	—Wear	y of 1	the Ci	ty—W	hat co	nstit	utes
a Sta	te?	— Chi	ristma	15 A	Cathe	dral	Tow	n — R	eunior	ı '	The
Carol		_	_	_		_					179

# CANTO X.

Lapse of Forty Years—Return to the Cathedral Town—Midnight—Vacant Streets—Former Inhabitants—Where are they?—Reflections and Presentiments—Too late!—Retrospect—Who will go first?—A Voice from the Sick Chamber
CANTO XI.
Historic Memories—Knell of St. Paul's—The Last Accession—The Happy Spousal—The Disinterment—Louis Philippe—Lamartine—Louis Napoleon—Exhibition 1851—Days of December—A Roman Exile—Crimea—Cawnpore—Liberation of Italy—Mazzini—Again the Knell—National Grief—Wars on both Continents—The Empress Charlotte of Mexico
CANTO XII.
Progress of the Drama—Spain awakes—The Duel of France and Germany—Baptism of Fire—Ruins—Where next?—Aspect of England—A Warning Voice—More genial Views—Philanthropists—Who fears for England?—Conclusion
A Lament for Princess Alice
NOTES

# PROLOGUE.

Who for the memories cares of any man
In this bewilder'd age? Who'll stop to scan,
In these fast times, when only Death brings leisure,
Stanzas in Spenser's antiquated measure,
To see how the cæsura is observed,
Where a foot's wanting, and what lines are curved?
A few, I'm told, still in that labour revel,
Who punish author and spare printer's devil,
Who mark grammatic errors with a sic!
And test the numbers by arithmetic;
Note all the stops, the missing dots discover,
And at the mis-spelt words whose wrath boils over.

As for the matter, only this I'll say,
The tales are true, and forms that lived pourtray.
If crude my notions about men and things,
And my conjectures vague imaginings,
Tell me how far your views, long-sighted friend,
Beyond six feet of hillock'd earth extend?
When for a rustic once the bell did toll,
'Twas hinted even he might have a soul,

Possess'd a heart with human sympathies, And had his thoughts, doubts, hopes, and reveries. If parish-bound with hedgerows as with bars, He saw like you earth, ocean, sun and stars; Nay, might have witness'd in far-distant fields Men fall as corn to scythe or sickle yields, And for twelve pence a day exchanged a leg, But ne'er did alms to grease his potherbs beg; Could keep the hamlet gaping half the night At combats Napier cared not to recite: Still more important, those who make the laws Received his vote and gain'd the world's applause. One thing is sure, he was to trouble born, To pain and sorrow, yet not left forlorn. The finest type must mingle with the clod, The meanest worm may creep where giants trod, And minds like moles may have some gleams of light Before the dawn that follows Earth's last night.

# MEMORIES

CANTO I



## CANTO I

I

A MOUNTAIN ROCK, and at its base the Sea;
A trellis'd porch, entwined with passion-flower;
A fair-hair'd woman on her suppliant knee,
Watching and weeping, as the rosy hour
Flush'd every peak and tinged each fortress-tower;
And then a ship, that from the embrasured strand
Dash'd o'er the brine as through a silver shower,
Bearing a care-worn man to his far land,
With a pale boy, who shoreward waved his tremulous hand.

II

The boy no more can see the mother's form,
Returning with stretch'd arms a mute farewell;
On every yard the agile seamen swarm;
Before the freshening gale and rising swell,
Like a white cloud till then invisible,
Or snowy peak uplifted from the deep,
The loosen'd canvas at the boatswain's spell
Rises and spreads; while by embattled steep
And hostile shore the folds of England's ensign sweep.

ш

The boy look'd on in wonder, not in fear,
All was so strange and glorious to his view;
But most his bosom thrill'd when on his ear
Peal'd the grand murmurs of the waters blue,
Stronger as nearer to the Main they drew;
Until, at last, like vollied thunders roll'd
The broad Atlantic, while the sunset threw
O'er all the crested waves a sheen of gold,
And louder grew the sound as night came dark and cold.

IV

It was the ship of a proved Admiral,
Courteous as gallant, at whose liberal board
The bidden guests held frequent festival;
His cellar, with the Southern vintage stored,
Did many a choice and costly flask afford;
But brighter than the sparkling wine the wit
From many lips as from full beakers pour'd;
Nor did the care-worn man morosely sit,
But his broad humour made stout ribs with laughter split.

v

The boy, too, had his mirth in his own way,
Although at times a sigh escaped his breast,
Thinking of her who watch'd him o'er the bay,
And dreams of home would often cheer his rest:
But, like a fledgeling that has left its nest,
When the day broke his spirits flutter'd wild;
The gold-laced urchins vied with their young guest,
Each in his heart growing once more a child,
While at their kitten pranks the sturdy seamen smiled.

## VΙ

5

So wore the voyage on, save when the Moon Would the calm sea with her pale shimmer fleck, And to some well-known muscle-moving tune From flutes and viols, without pause or check, Sailors and lads went whirling neck and neck, Till, to a softer strain, the twinkling feet Of silk-robed dames scarce touch'd the level deck, And gallant forms, with steps as light and neat As ladies could desire, did every cadence meet.

#### VII

Wide from the Lusian shore their course they cleave, Whose orange blossoms still perfume the gale; And now the broad Biscayan billows heave, While to the ruder blast they shorten sail; And one bleak dawn the wish'd-for land they hail, Albion's bold headlands, tipp'd with purple light, Which flocks of sea-birds like white banners scale: Each heart throbs proudly at the joyous sight, And like a hive the ship resounds from morn to night.

#### VIII

Another dawn, and hills of living green
Disclose their fleecy slopes, and ivied towers
Above the white-wall'd cottages are seen,
And mansions fair look out from sylvan bowers:
A land less blest with sunshine than with showers,
Not grand, like the scorch'd Sierras they had left,
Cluster'd with vineyards and with gorgeous flowers,
But of its verdure not one month bereft,
While gorse and heather bloom on every rocky cleft.

#### IX

Sails furl, and in the Downs the ship is moor'd,
And to her guns the bastion'd shore replies;
Boats gather round her, and friends crowd on board,
Strong hands grip hard, and tearful look some eyes;
'Hold fast,' 'cast off'—continuous are the cries;
And now the guests have bid the host adieu!
'Good-bye!' the lad to his young playmates sighs;
Farewell, blithe shipmates! kindest thanks to you,
To the good ship farewell! farewell, her jovial crew!

#### x

The oars ply fast—they step on English ground,
For the first time the boy, yet in no vein
Could there a drop of alien blood be found;
But years have pass'd of wandering, toil, and pain,
Since on that soil the elder stood. Again
His heart feels young, to reach the much-loved shore,
Though born far West, near the Devonian chain,
Where the bright Dart descends from the wild Moor,
And murmurs through the vales till lost in Ocean's roar.

#### ΧI

There was he gently rear'd, and tutor'd well
By one who was a Clerk in more than name,
Whose voice was joyous as a marriage bell,
And him the boot and gown alike became:
Still his 'view-hallo' rings in rustic fame.
Some Greek and Latin to the youth he taught,
But lectured best on those who proved their claim
As England's Captains, and such impress wrought,
The boy would plough the seas, and fight as Drake once fought.

## XII

His love of bold adventure had its fill:
Borne in his father's ship to a far coast,
Where his hot blood received an icy chill,
And all his limbs were numb'd with Arctic frost.
Three times the wild Atlantic Main he cross'd,
But for a sunnier clime he once did steer,
Where on a day cargo and ship were lost!
Not that they kept Lisboa's rock too near,
But on their wake came down a raking Privateer.

#### XIII

His 'prentice hand made the Masonic sign,
And a true brother the sly Frenchman proved,
Who ask'd him in his own snug berth to dine;
But, much as he his English brother loved,
He could not to give back the prize be moved
By mystic pleas: yet thanks to him, and thanks
To brother Junot, free the captive roved
From Tagus to the Guadaletè's banks,
From lodge to lodge, through hosts of philanthropic Franks.

## XIV

His father died, and soon his own ships plough'd, Full to the hatches, the uncertain seas, While anxiously he watch'd each lowering cloud, And often heard forewarnings in the breeze. Midnight not seldom found him on his knees, For he believed in One who rules the storm On the great waters: childish fancies these To some who never left their chambers warm, Or on the Ocean met the tempest's awful form.

#### XV

His barks at times brought gain, but often loss,
And more than one her port did never reach.
Ready for sea he saw one wildly toss
In the Siroc; then near Palmonès' beach
She struck the ground, and from her hull's wide breach
Spars, timbers, cargo whirl'd upon the foam:
He heard the sailor's cry, the seabird's screech,
And rush'd, but could not to the rescue come.

'Twas this and more that brought the much-tried merchant
home.

## XVI

Ay, home! and home will England be, as long
As any have a drop of the warm blood
That caused their fathers' hearts to beat so strong:
Not all the seas can quench it with their flood.
Wherever born, it makes men's title good
To the old home, the wave-girt Fatherland,
And to the common British brotherhood:
Only more favour'd the devoted band
Who on the sacred soil as born compatriots stand.

## XVII

They may not tarry—harness'd are the steeds,
And fast the voyagers are borne away
Through Hampshire's wooded dales and cowslipp'd meads,
While nightingales sing on till break of day.
But now at last they see the morning grey
Over the Eastern hills; then the great cloud
Of London brightens in the golden ray;
The countless city-bells ring clear and loud,
While slowly glides the coach amid the eager crowd.

## XVIII

To a sequester'd suburb with the lad The care-worn man his hasty footsteps bent; His heart seem'd lighter, and his look less sad, For there, if not in affluence, in content His mother her long widowhood had spent, Soothed with her maiden daughters' gentle care, Their smiles like gleams to gild life's evening lent. They meet—how welcome words may not declare;

For many absent years did that glad morn repair.

Their greetings over, on that very day The merchant letters wrote with his address. To claim indulgence his just debts to pay, And told his earnest wish and readiness On claims, where lawyers might grave doubt express, To enter frankly. Nothing more he said, But that he came in all good faith, nor less In turn expected. Then the letters sped, And through the busy streets the wondering boy he led.

## XX

Another morn—it was the Sabbath morn, And from the steeples peal'd the hallow'd chimes, The sinful, careless, sorrowful to warn To turn their thoughts from Earth. In distant climes The merchant heard like sounds: but in old times Sweeter the Church-bells in his native Devon, To memory dear as hallow'd words or rhymes Which, when a child, lifted his soul to Heaven, And by his mother's knee he pray'd to be forgiven.

#### XXI

In clear remembrance once again he sees
The rustic folk pacing from field to field,
And down the valley by the tall elm-trees,
Where still the rooks as in his boyhood build:
Their shade the beech-trees cool as ever yield,
And now, amid the yew-trees' deeper gloom,
The morning rays the hoary turrets gild;
And then he finds some long-forgotten tomb,
Where yet the names remain, and fresh the whitethorns bloom.

## XXII

Soon like a dream the fond illusion fades,
As the vast sound of moving myriads grows:
From streets and squares, from alleys and arcades,
They come—they come, where'er the wanderer goes,
As ne'er to ebb the living river flows.
Their clangor now the warning bells suspend;
Then falls a calm as when the waves repose;
In prayer the people all devoutly bend,
Then thousand thousand tongues in Alleluia blend.

#### XXIII

On that blest day, so calm, so clear, so holy,
Of all who worshipp'd in the earnest throng
Was none who bow'd the knee more meek and lowly,
And none more fervent join'd the sacred song
Than he who had been tried so much, so long,
So brave had borne the stroke of hard mischance,
Freely forgiving those who did him wrong.
On his boy kneeling fell his anxious glance,
And smiles approving lit his furrow'd countenance.

#### XXIV

O love parental! fraught with hopes and fears, Nerving weak woman's breast with fortitude, Yet like a rainbow gleaming through her tears; Arming with triple steel man's hardihood, And humanizing natures fierce and rude, And planting happy homes amid the wild. Yet, as the bird that trembles for her brood, The parent fain would keep the child a child, And by an evil world unharm'd and undefiled.

#### XXV

Assembled in the new-found home that night,
How much there is to ask, how much to tell!
Of other days they talk when all was bright,
Nor yet for one had plain'd the solemn bell,
And all within their little world was well.
They speak of absent friends, and one most dear,
Who smiling left them in their Western dell;
His parting blessing still they seem to hear,
But never more his presence did that household cheer.

## XXVI

The hour of rest draws nigh, and from the book
In which he first the Sacred Message read
The traveller reads, and had not far to look
For words appropriate as the leaves were spread,
The very words the gracious Master said;
And to the sound of David's harp they sing;
Then kneel and pray, and all feel comforted.
The parting kiss is given, the dark hours wing,
Nor reck they whether joy or grief the day will bring.

#### XXVII

The morrow dawns, and, like the rolling waves
Heard in some inland vale, the City's roar
Reaches that house remote. From cells like graves,
And rooms like charnels, the rough inmates pour
To spend in sweating toil one long day more.
To tasks more skilful, scarce less wearisome,
To swell the monster hives' exhaustless store,
From leagues around the swarming people come,
And o'er the engine's din ascends the busy hum.

#### XXVIII

The hour-bells pealing from a thousand towers,
The great wheels grinding o'er each paven street,
The tramp of horses as when battle lowers,
And shouts of men as when vast armies meet,
The sounds from the broad river and the fleet
It took the forests of wide realms to build:
The great heart of the world seems here to beat,
Less strong when Rome's dread name the nations thrill'd,
When keels from every shore the Delta's harbours fill'd.

#### XXIX

Amid such sounds and scenes the thoughtful man
Went forth that morn with the impulsive boy,
But none he met his visage cared to scan,
Or know his name, or learn what his employ:
Not from one eye he met a gleam of joy:
All look'd so serious, some indeed so sad,
Showing the blight that can the heart destroy,
He almost wept: some few the visage had
Of men whose fever'd life would strely drive them mad.

#### XXX

And yet withal it is a glorious place,
If hard the struggle, 'tis a noble strife:
Like one who plunges in the wave to brace
His shatter'd nerves, so in that sea of life,
So rough, so stormy, and with danger rife,
The traveller feels, and fortifies his soul.
No beat of drum, no spirit-stirring fife
The soldier needs when battle-thunders roll:
So does this mighty roar the throbbing breast control.

## XXXI

At noon returning to the quiet home,
The merchant cons his ponderous ledger's page,
While thousands over many as huge a tome
In murky chambers in like task engage:
The figures sometimes stretch from age to age,
And register the commerce of all lands.
Oh! strange that mortal men for lucre's wage
Should on such puzzles weary brains and hands,
While summer scents the gale, and azure heaven expands.

## XXXII

His letters yet unanswer'd, at the door
Quick steps are heard, and the loud warning peals:
One enters, who ne'er enter'd there before,
And three coarse men fast follow at his heels:
So on the fold at night the first wolf steals,
While close behind him come the ravenous pack.
Surprise but no alarm the merchant feels,
His name is ask'd and given—too sure the track!
And now the first presents a scroll with letters black.

#### IIIXXX

A dainty piece of paper it appear'd,
With a large seal and the High Sheriff's name,
Yet with some stains of barleycorn besmear'd;
A warrant call'd, it did the corpus claim.
The merchant's cheek grew flush'd, but not with shame,
When at a glance he did the purport note,
And who the plaintiffs were, the very same
To whom about the doubtful claim he wrote,
And never on his heart stroke so unkindly smote.

## XXXIV

His breast with honest indignation throbb'd,
But promptly must the warrant be obey'd,
And sore the bosoms in that dwelling sobb'd,
As slowly thence the hearse-like coach convey'd
The care-worn man, while on the threshold stay'd
The weeping lad till it was lost to sight.
The captors too a show of kindness made;
One said good bail might be procured ere night,
And one a lawyer knew who'd set the matter right.

#### XXXV

But with the grain they mix'd no little chaff;
Of law they spoke as of a kind of sport,
And told queer tales that made the grave man laugh,
Now of the Ring, then of the Insolvent Court,
Although the first would rather seem their forte.
They talk'd of Cribb's last fight with Molyneux,
And could the merits of each round report;
One saw it all, and this conclusion drew,
It was a grander, fairer fight than Waterloo!

## XXXVI

MEMORIES.

Through sunless bye-streets creeps the creaking coach, Where children squall and clacking housewives brood, But now a large tall mansion they approach, The best it seems in that low neighbourhood; And on the steps, in somewhat surly mood, The porter stands in Sheriff's livery dress'd. Here they alight; the door of stout oak-wood Opens and shuts like an inverted chest, While the top-booted host greets his reluctant guest.

## XXXVII

A Spunging-House is call'd the vast abode, Where prisoners have the privilege to be fleeced, Until by course of law or act of God They from their debts and troubles are released. One may lodge underground, just like a beast, Or from the attics contemplate the stars: On other floors they dwell like Kings, and feast Like Aldermen, and naught the pleasure mars But the long iron bars,—at every window bars!

### XXXVIII

The Matron of the House obligingly
Led him to two large rooms on the first floor,
Where he would have more light and liberty,
With a good walk along the corridor;
Besides which, they expected one or more
Nice gentlemen to-morrow afternoon.
The gentleman who left the day before—
Poor man! he had a cough would kill him soon—
Ten months he had been with them on the twelfth of June.

# [CANTO I

#### XXXIX

And there she left the world-sick voyager,
Who little thought that place forlorn to reach:
As on some crag the shipwreck'd mariner
Kneels while the billows threaten from the beach,
And only can the help of Heaven beseech;
So, while the rising waves of trouble roll'd,
In prayer the anguish of his heart found speech,
Clasping the Rock with trembling hands and cold,
Which from the blast hath shelter'd from the times of old.

#### XI.

Then, as the silent corridor he paced,
He thought of the great ship and her broad deck,
The breezes that his heart and sinews braced,
The azure skies without a cloud or speck,
The golden rays that did the twilight fleck,
The spangled nights, the music and the dance,
The mirth and wit that flow'd without a check;
All seem'd a dream, the vision of a trance,
Or some bright page that he had read of gay romance.

## XLI

When on the grated window-sill he saw
Some wan geraniums, pining for pure air,
And stretching their dull leaves, as if to draw
A parting sun-glance, or a drop to share
Of evening dew, that never reach'd them there,
'Twas then he sigh'd, and on the drooping flowers
Tears fell, their feeble fragrance to repair:
His heart was far away, among the bowers
That on the Mountain Rock engirdle the strong towers.

#### XLIT

The night wore on, and from the City's Dome Frequent he heard the stroke of the great bell; And, when he slept, his phantasy would roam From shore to shore, from town to leafy dell, Confounding time and space, and what befell. The morning came, and then a cloud of smoke Spread like another night, and the deep knell From the great Minster the strange silence broke, And like the forest's roar the slumbering City woke.

#### XLIII

At that same moment many a heart was stirr'd
With other impulse than the greed of gain;
The love that sendeth forth the early bird
From the green woodland over hill and plain
To fetch her craving brood the scatter'd grain,
Summon'd the toiler to his task that morn,
And did weak woman's tender heart constrain
To seek the couch where misery wakes forlorn,
And pour the balm on breasts with mental anguish torn.

#### XLIV

So, to the inmate of the lonely room
In that gaol-palace, on that morrow came
His sisters to dispel with smiles the gloom,
And bring him comforts in his mother's name.
It was, said they, no place of crime or shame
For him or them; whether in cot or hall
Or dungeon, he would be to them the same:
It matter'd little where the shade might fall,
The same eternal sun was shining over all.

#### XI.V

But that which most consoled him was the boy
They brought with them, who, like a yearling wild,
Leap'd round his sire in his unbridled joy.
At his delight the anxious father smiled,
And felt inclined once more to play the child,
And join his pranks. With him they left the lad,
Who to the place at once grew reconciled;
To see him folk on every floor were glad,
And lessons day by day in self-defence he had.

#### XI.VI

Attorneys came: defendant's spruce and keen; He for the plaintiffs most demure and bland, The folds of his white neckcloth look'd serene, And smooth kid-gloves he wore on either hand. So far as he the case could understand, Though counsel differ'd, little doubt had he; A mortgage he suggested of the land Defendant held, who then would be quite free To follow his affairs, and 'scape from bankruptcy.

#### XLVII

A different view the other lawyer took;
The cargo which the Spaniard left unpaid
Was on commission sold; and then a book
From his blue bag he drew, where it was laid
As law undoubted, a clear rule of trade,
The factor was not liable, unless
Acting del credere, as the Italians said:
On the vague letters he would put no stress,
And usage must supply what words did not express.

#### XLVIII

The boy at the palaver was amazed, 'And once he thought he heard a serpent hiss; But when into their cunning eyes he gazed, He did the subtle coiler's lustre miss, Such as in clefts of the great precipice Where he was born he had so much admired. They smack'd their lips as if about to kiss, And used such sugar'd words, the lad inquired If they would let them out? Both promised as desired.

#### XLIX

Smiling, the kid-gloved then in cordial tones
Advised a friendly suit to clear the point:
So the leech gently, while the patient moans,
Manipulates a dislocated joint.
Not so did the Samaritan anoint
The sufferer on his way—but that old tale
Is obsolete. 'Hags of the law, aroint!'
The victim mutter'd; adding, 'In this gaol,
Kind sirs, I mean to bide till justice shall prevail.'

1

The parley ended, and they rose to part,
And all shook hands in the old English mode,
That testifies a warm and manly heart.
The lawyers to their chambers took their road,
And by the way their laughter did explode,
But what their cause of mirth not mine to say.
So undertakers, when they leave their load
Of human flesh in the cold ground, are gay,
And smoke the pipe of peace, and moisten their dry clay.

LI

The weeks wore on, and numerous letters pass'd,
With conference daily as the noontide knell'd,
Each to as little purpose as the last;
And high the piles of brief and foolscap swell'd,
While folds of tape the heaps together held,
The scarlet tape that typifies the stream
Drawn by the lawyer's lancet; peas new-shell'd
Drop in the pot less fast than guineas gleam
In the hot stews where clerks of learned counsel steam.

#### LII

Meanwhile the lad slept in his father's arms,
Uninjured by the gaol's mephitic blight,
And heedless of the outer world's alarms;
Yet, sometimes waking ere the ruddy light
Had fringed the sable curtain of the night,
He heard a heavy sigh from that warm breast;
And then he vaguely guess'd their piteous plight,
And closer still to that dear bosom press'd,
And with a loving kiss the pallid cheek caress'd.

#### LIII

One dawn, as thus he lay, there came a sound
As if battalions tramp'd in loose array;
The steps of tens of thousands shook the ground,
And screams and hootings fill'd him with dismay:
'Twas one continuous roar till broke the day,
And then the noise subsided by degrees.
That morning several souls were launch'd away
From Newgate, and their limbs swung in the breeze,
For murders some, and some for minor felonies.

#### LIV

At length, revolving all his troubles o'er,
And thinking of the dear ones o'er the sea,
The merchant settled to withstand no more,
But mortgage his few roods for liberty,
Yet subject to a further scrutiny.
A deed of skins would flay a flock of ten
Was then prepared, which it took more than three
Good writers to engross with broad-nibb'd pen
In the old Gothic letters, as was practised then.

#### T.V

The stout hall-door then open'd, and the guest Bade to the host and matron kind adieu,
And they wish'd him God-speed, and both confess'd That they had found such courtesy in few.
The pugilistic tutor linger'd, too,
To bid the lad 'Good-bye,' who, for his years,
Was, as he swore, an infant Molyneux;
The lodgers waved their hats, but shed no tears,
And from the attics came a far-off sound of cheers.

#### LVI

And oh! how balmy felt the city air,

Though clouds of smoke and dust went whirling by;

And, when they paced along some open square,

And once more caught a glimpse of the blue sky,

And saw the groups of flowers of every dye

The rainbow shows, and breath'd their mix'd perfume,

And when they heard among the branches high

The West wind murmur, Eden seem'd to bloom,

And then each felt like one escaping from the tomb.

#### LVII

As slow they traversed the long, crowded street,
The bustle cheer'd them, and each thoughtful face
Appear'd to them with smiles their smiles to greet;
Of care they could not, would not, see a trace:
But now they mended fast their loitering pace,
To reach the quiet suburb; where arrived,
Forgotten were the lawyers and the case,
And all the schemes the cunning crew contrived,
By which the harass'd man was of his lands deprived.

#### LVIII

The parting hour drew near, and many came
To bid farewell; nor last among them one
Whose swarthy cheek, and dark eye's latent flame,
And mellow speech proved him Italia's son.
His breathing told his course was well-nigh run,
As to his breast he clasp'd the man who gave
Succour and shelter when he hoped for none,
And only saw the refuge of the grave:
'Fair be the gale,' he sigh'd, 'that wafts thee o'er the wave!'

#### T.TX

Another, swarthier still, to whose high brow
The seventy years a reverend aspect lent,
His friend from the far East salutes him now,
Like a hoar Patriarch bowing in his tent
To bless his son, when far the day was spent:—
'I have been young, and now am old,'—the head,
Like Carmel's snow, confirm'd his testament,—
'But never saw I yet,' the Psalmist said,
'The righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging bread.'

LX

Farewell! Farewell! about the humble door
Mother and sisters and the fond boy cling,
Who, save the lad, will greet that form no more.
Away—away, fast as the fleet hours wing,
Over the hills the eager horses spring
From shire to shire, till by the Cornish strand,
After two days, the ships at anchor swing,
Waiting the favouring breeze. The sails expand,
And with moist eyes the merchant leaves his native land



# **MEMORIES**

CANTO II



# CANTO II

1

YEARS PASS'D, the much-tried man had kept his word,
And sent his proofs against the doubtful claim,
But, though they reach'd, their purport was not heard,
And needless now to tell with whom the blame.
'The bond—the bond!' the only words that came
To his remonstrances across the flood:
Not Shylock could a deed more binding frame,
Nor to the letter would so fast have stood;
These had the pound of flesh, and risk'd the drops of blood.

II

Into the awful Court called Chancery,—
And not miscall'd, methinks, as some can tell,—
The claimants went, they said reluctantly,
God knows if so, the merchant's lands to sell,
Where he had hoped in his old years to dwell.
Calm as the Sphinx sits on from age to age,
Eldon was Minos of that stagnant Hell;
But years elapsed ere the decree's stern page
From the grieved owner took his English heritage.

III

Yet cheerily the much-wrong'd man toil'd on,
And large the recompense just Heaven bestow'd;
And on a day, after long winters gone,
He rose, while yet the Afric mountains glow'd
With purple light, and the great vessels rode
As in a crimson sea, and bow'd the knee,
And grateful said: 'The last debt which I owed
This day is paid, save, Lord, my debt to Thee,
Which day by day will grow, and ne'er discharged may be!'

ΙV

But to the English home the verse returns,
And to the lad, like cygnet from the nest
That left on some strange shore for shelter yearns,
But never more shall find the downy breast.
The night of the sad parting brought no rest;
He sought the clasping arms, and turn'd to weep,
Nor might those gentle ladies, sore distrest
To hear his sobbing, soothe him into sleep,
And one did by his couch till dawn her vigil keep.

v

Mary! the sweetest name that woman bears,
The name of her who chose the better part,
Of her who bathed the Master's feet with tears,
Of her who loved him with a mother's heart.
Their Christian namesake knew the healing art
Of tender words, and pour'd such uncture sweet
On that young aching breast, that soon the smart
Of anguish ceased, and now he long'd to meet
That soft dark eye, and loved that dear name to repeat.



VI

And fast the boy became again a boy,
Unconsciously constrain'd by Nature's will;
His bosom heaved with an instinctive joy,
And every strengthening fibre felt a thrill.
Dame Learning on him gently tried her skill,
And afterwhile severer tasks imposed;
Needful austerities must check him still,
The Mistress said; but, when at times she dozed,
Instant the buzz grew loud, and all the books were closed.

#### VII

The dame of most imposing presence was,
But of staid years, and spouse to a gray priest;
Had been an actress, and knew where to pause
Or lay the stress, and could detect the least
False quantity; and, as her years increased,
She ever prized her elocution more,
And Shakespeare's plays were her perpetual feast:
Sometimes she set the urchins in a roar,
And seldom did their minds with long quotations bore.

#### VIII

So often 'All the world's a stage' was read,
The boy would mouth it out along the lane,
And otherwhile, when drowsy in his bed,
The vision of Queen Mab would cross his brain;
When the skies glimmer'd through the window-pane,
'Sit, Jessica,' he said to his loved Mary,
'And hear the stars like angels sing again;'
Then would he quote some rhymes from Puck the fairy,
Or say, 'I do remember an Apothecary.'

ıx

'Twas a strange kind of lore for one so young
The wrinkled, turban'd actress taught the lad;
Wise saws he learnt from pensive Hamlet's tongue,
Though doubtful if the Prince were sane or mad:
The livelier parts the chief attraction had,
And the Grave-diggers' scene allured him most;
At times, Ophelia's sorrow made him sad;
And then again he parley'd with the Ghost,
And ranted as if he had his own senses lost.

X

Dear Mary's cheek grew pale, then flush'd, then pale, As the months hurried by; not that she grieved, But smiled more brightly as her strength did fail. 'Twas Death that hover'd there, though few perceived, And when all knew, the boy not then believed; But as he knelt one night at her bedside, And saw how that dear panting bosom heaved, 'Twas all too plain! They drew the curtains wide, But ere the midnight chime the lamb-like sufferer died.

ΧI

Such was the boy's first interview with Death,
That almost lovely look'd in that mild face,—
Those lips, yet parted as with their last breath,
But smiling still, that brow without a trace
Of care or pain, the white-robed form's calm grace,
Like monumental marble, pure and cold;
And when they bore her to the hallow'd place,
And the great Book its blessed message told,
The opening grave did like the gate of Heaven unfold.

#### XII

So sweet her exit! Soon on other scenes
The curtain rose before his wilder'd eye,
Where on Thames' muddy bank the barge careens,
And the great Church into the murky sky
Uplifts its turrets, those who hurried by
Might then have seen an ancient grammar-school,
And near the porch the lad, not sad, nor shy,
And heard him spouting still the motley fool,
Or mumbling some tough verb, or tougher syntax rule.

#### XIII

From eight to twelve, from two to five—seven hours!—
Latin and Greek, and Greek and Latin still
O'er-task'd the pallid lad's yet feeble powers,
And might suffice two pedagogues to kill;
But as for English, speech of deathless Will,
As the old actress call'd him, none was taught.
From twelve to one, a master of the quill
Set sums and copies; and then those who brought
Grub to their baskets rush'd, where filchers oft left naught.

#### XIV

Meanwhile the salted birch each morning flay'd More than one tender, all-denuded breech; 'Twas thought the plant was for the purpose made By Providence, that every twig could teach Some useful lesson, that each twitch could reach From the broad basement to the topmost story; And the head master did most gravely preach From his high tub the birch was wisdom's glory, No argument so strong as à posteriori.

#### XV

The lads were of all sizes, some just men,
Varying in rank, and character, and shape.
Some were of bull-dog nature; now and then
Faces and forms were seen of the old ape
From which some say we came; a mouth would gape,
In token of its tadpole state of old;
And then a shock of hair did but escape
The negro's wool. Most were of English mould,
With eyes of genuine blue and locks of flowing gold.

#### XVI

A large-limb'd stripling on the highest form
A fancy took to the young voyager;
At times he made him talk of sea and storm,
Then ask'd him if the girls as pretty were
In Algeziras as at Westminster,
And marvell'd he preferr'd the rosier faces.
Often he help'd the halting traveller
Over some stern old Roman's crabbed phrases,
And at his stumbling made hard gibes and strange grimaces.

#### XVII

The boy had one more friend, a dreamy youth,
Who led him to gray walls and cloisters dim,
And used to sigh while tracing Time's sure tooth
On Gothic arches and on sculptures grim.
Much as he loved to hear the swelling hymn,
And the deep organ shaking roof and shaft,
In the dark crypt he would his taper trim,
And there essay his antiquarian craft,
Till the faint flicker ceased, and loud his comrade laugh'd.

#### XVIII

Another lad, he scarce could call a friend,
Was deeply tainted with precocious sin;
Who offer'd the unthinking boy to lend
Foul books and prints would make old letchers grin.
As yet there was no down upon his chin,
But lust his heart had canker'd to the core.
He took the boy where, primed with beer and gin,
The half-clad harlots sat outside the door,
And made lewd signs, and shriek'd foul words, and roundly swore.

#### XIX

As if upon a serpent he had trod,
The startled boy recoil'd, and then the verse,
'Blest are the pure in heart, they shall see God,'
Came to his mind, and with it came the curse
Of a young girl who seem'd than all there worse
In wantonness; and, though almost a child,
She did a babe on her bare bosom nurse;
Like a foal's mane her dark locks streaming wild,
While at her drunken mirth the harmless infant smiled.

### $\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

He turn'd aside and pass'd the Magdalen,—
So aptly named that refuge of the lost:
There with dear Mary (did she guide him then?)
He oft had gone, and though some mite it cost
From his scant purse that leagues of sea had cross'd,
The boy ungrudging paid: it seem'd like Heaven
'To hear them sing; but the voice moved him most
That told how, when the sepulchre was riven,
First of them all was she who most had been forgiven.

#### XXI

But did the lad 'scape scathless from the snake? Did he not sin in thought before in act? To God alone let him confession make. Should any care to ask or know the fact, From his own breast he may the truth extract. It needs no bold anatomist to probe The moral sore, or with the knife exact To lift from the foul breast the fleshly robe, Or search for secret sin the convoluted lobe.

#### XXII

Thoughts, prurient thoughts, and nascent gross desires, Who has not known or felt them since man's birth:

True, in the ashes gleam celestial fires,
And fairest flowers may spring in foulest earth;
But for temptation weak were human worth,
And save for sin there were no penitence;
But woe to him who, with the voice of mirth,
Decoys to vice confiding innocence;
Offences come, but woe to him who brings the offence!

#### XXIII

Books, too, the best—how few are wholly clean!—
As the white cloth that wraps the putrid dust,
The vellum often hides the heart obscene
Of the dead author. We read on, and trust
In the great name inscribed, and when disgust
Should turn abash'd, the poet so refines
The grosser filth, and so rubs off the rust
Of metal base, so prunes and files his lines,
The dirt scarce seems impure, the dross like silver shines.

#### XXIV

The foulest sweetest—from Anacreon
To Ovid, who surpass'd the luscious Greek.
Skipping some lines that he may scan anon,
The lad, while blushes tinge his girl-like cheek,
Construes too much; and tutors, fat and sleek
As monks of old, but small compunction show,
And, though in outward look so staid and meek,
They inly chuckle as the lad reads slow,
And he like them through his curriculum must go.

#### XXV

One more curriculum he had to pass
In his still home, among the English books
Which his male kin once read; and some, alas!
Were, like his school-books, naughtier than their looks.
He pull'd them out from long-forgotten nooks;
Fielding, and Smollett, Prior, Swift and Sterne,
And others ev'n less dainty, black as rooks
With years of smoke, whom fire had fail'd to burn,
Though needing such purgation, now to light return.

#### XXVI

By his bedside one book he always kept,
A queer old tale, now almost out of date,
Call'd 'Henry Earl of Moreland'; ere he slept
He turn'd its leaves, until the night grew late,
And seem'd to pass through all the hero's fate.
Then Hudibras he read, and liked the rhyme,
So quaint, so terse, if not o'er delicate:
Short Ralpho in the stocks—oh, sight sublime!
So might old Fantail stretch, and count the belfry's chime!

#### XXVII

From Gulliver and Crusoe he acquired
His only knowledge of geography;
From Shakespeare's plays, of which he never tired,
He got his stock of English history,
And the best part of Rome's, as most agree,
And all of Denmark's about which we care,
With pleasant notions of great Italy;
Verona, Venice, Mantua, Padua fair,
He almost knew as well as if he had been there.

## xxviii'

One of his aunts, as good as she was sage,
The name of Abraham's wife who meekly bore,
Thought that such studies were beyond his age,
And little liked his miscellaneous lore:
The more she check'd him, he but read the more:
Then Bunyan's Pilgrim in his way she placed,—
Such book as tinker never penn'd before,
Nor any since,—and soon the book he faced,
And, as he read, the boy she tenderly embraced.

#### XXIX

Next he found glorious Milton to his hand,
In large, bold type, becoming the high theme;
And then he saw, most terrible and grand,
The falling angels like hurl'd lightnings gleam,
And soon in wrath from the infernal steam
Their legions at the Arch-Demon's summons rise,
Against the Omnipotent; then love's first dream
In the delicious bowers of Paradise,
The exiled pair, the world that all before them lies.

#### XXX

Stupendous tale! As when they fell sky wept
Some few sad tears, their scion's tears did flow;
As when they left, and down the dark cliff stept,
Then turning dropt some natural tears, and slow
Resumed their wanderings—where, they did not know,—
So grieved the piteous boy, and his hot tears
Blotted that saddest page of human woe;
And he, who was that boy, in darker years
Still that grand vision sees, and that deep music hears.

#### XXXI

From dismal Young he did to Johnson pass,
Whose 'Lives' would winter's longest nights beguile,
And happy hours he spent with Rasselas.
More genial Goldsmith made him weep and smile,
Such wit and pathos, and so sweet the style,
Pure gems of thought enchased in silver words.
With Thomson then he saunter'd for a while,
And listen'd to the song of woodland birds,
And saw the meadows green, and streams, and flocks and
herds.

#### XXXII

Beattie he liked, and hoped some day to climb 'The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,' And even tried his 'prentice hand at rhyme, As erst he did with Jim the boxer spar; But harder was the work, his lines would jar; If to an ode his young ambition vaulted, He struck his head against some ugly bar; And when he curb'd his Pegasus it jolted, And, if he dared to spur, the unbroken creature bolted.

#### IIIXXX

He marvell'd, as he read again, to find
That others' verses seem'd to cost no pains,
Moving like ripples in the summer wind,
Soft as the dews, and copious as the rains;
But just as easy flow'd the nobler strains,
As he had seen the billows on the shore;
At times the verses were like golden chains
Let down from Heaven; at others they would soar,
As he had seen the birds he now could see no more.

#### XXXIV

Of Parnell's Hermit every line he read:
How the youth met him, how they reach'd the hall,
And enter'd as the deepening shadows spread.
Next morn, before their parting footsteps fall,
The youth purloins the cup! Then the bare wall
Receives them where the miser grudges rest,
But the youth gives the cup! Prompt at their call
A goodman's home next night admits each guest,
But by that hand the babe lies strangled in its nest!

#### XXXV

He who begins will to the end peruse,
As did the boy. The awestruck hermit flies,
And falters as the youth his steps pursues:
Through roads perplex'd their dreary journey lies,
But the much-injured host a guide supplies.
They reach the stream—by that relentless hand
Thrust in, the guide no more is seen to rise!
Shuddering the hermit sees before him stand
A messenger from Heaven, and angel wings expand!

#### XXXVI

Ay, startling are the ways of Providence;
And would ye learn why those strange deeds befell,
How Heaven prevents or punishes offence,
Go like the boy, and hear the poet tell,
Who did not only rhyme but reason well.
On that young mind slow dawn'd the great design
Of the controlling Power invisible:
Like gleams from distant orbs, the rays Divine
On our benighted souls, though often clouded, shine.

#### XXXVII

A greater, gentler, sadder bard came next,
Whose thick-leaved tome those ladies knew by heart.
At times the darker views of life perplex'd;
Frequent the pathos caused the tear to start;
Then keenest wit would make the conscience smart,
Or harmless humour did a laugh evoke.
To nature true—not art concealing art,
A touch of feeling fell with every stroke,
But moving others' hearts, alas! loved Cowper's broke.

#### XXXVIII

And then he learnt the Elegy of Gray,
Nor in long years a single line forgot,
And ever since the knell of parting day
Recalls the memories of the hallow'd spot.
The words are household words in hall and cot,
And in the tented field have soothed the brave.
Wolfe read them and surmised the fatal shot:
'The paths of glory lead but to the grave,'
And to the line his fate sad confirmation gave.

#### XXXIX

But other poets' names now came in vogue,
Moore, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Montgomery;
And in the school the Reverend Pedagogue
Pronounced anathema on the first three,
Which only made the lads look wistfully
At the booksellers' windows for the name
Of each forbidden book, as at the tree
Once glanced too curious Eve, to our great shame;
So peep'd her issue at those books of evil fame.

#### XL

Sometimes the page stood open, and the pane
Was throng'd with lads on tiptoe reading it;
Others succeeded, and some came again
To that or some new page, a dainty bit
To tempt the loiterer when the lamps were lit.
Thanks to the Doctor's Index, soon all yearn'd
To read the whole, and lads like moths would flit
Towards the flame which in the window burn'd,
Nor quite unscorch'd, perchance, the venturous boys return'd.

#### XLI

It thus befell. A dame that wore blue hose,
And whose long robe a saintly soul enshrined,
Yet had the fault which brought us all our woes,
To see those books felt like the boy inclined;
And, after much revolving in her mind,
The 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' read,
Nor was displeased such sharp retort to find:
'It served them right,' she somewhat tartly said;
'They will take care next time upon whose corns they tread.'

#### XLII

The book was lent her by a pious friend,
Who like herself had relish'd every line,
From the beginning even to the end:
So terse the verses, and the wit so fine,
True genius there did like a diamond shine.
A lad of her own kith, a small bookworm,
Got at it, and conceived the rash design
To show it to the boys on his own form,
But soon his desk the school with one consent did storm.

#### XLIII

Whether they read or not, just all were proud Of their achievement, proud that they had done The grim old Doctor; some, a little cow'd At their own feat, yet gloried in the fun, But did the Master's searching glances shun, And in the future saw the pickled birch, So lately stain'd with blood of more than one, In wrath descend like vulture from its perch, And à posteriori for the satire search.

#### XLIV

And, true as their prognostic, on a day
When the great murky cloud of London threw
A gloom that might the stoutest heart dismay,
A lady's form toward the gateway drew,
Which in the fog look'd like a spectre blue.
The restless boy who brought the book just then
Through the dim casement ventured a sly view
On things without, and greatly trembled when
He saw that ghostly shape, and scarce could hold his pen.

#### XLV

Truth is, the lady long had wish'd to give
The pious owner back the spicy book,
And a sad life did the poor urchin live
With her complaining, and the boys who took
No heed of his entreaties. In what nook
'Twas hidden now no one could tell or guess.
Onward the matron came, the pale lad shook,
The door-bell peal'd, and deepen'd his distress,
And whispering to the next, he told his wretchedness.

#### XLVI

And fast the whisper went throughout the school,
And soon a buzz was heard like the loud hum
Of insects swarming o'er a stagnant pool.
Then silence fell, the tutors all were dumb,
Though to his nose one did apply his thumb,
To indicate what he cared not to say.
But there was no escape; come what might come,
They must abide the terrors of the day,
And some like Stoics sat, and some appear'd to pray.

#### XLVII

The Dame was usher'd to the Doctor's room:
A dim religious light was always there,
And there full many an urchin heard his doom,
And there his quivering buttock had to bare.
The Doctor vanish'd. Then a chill despair
Fell on the school. He comes! but not a sound
He utters, and a horror fills the air:
When lo! upon his desk the book is found!
A stifled chuckling noise from form to form went round.

# MEMORIES

CANTO III



# CANTO III

1

Ir o'er his tasks the boy may sometimes yawn,
With classics cramm'd, as fattening fowls they force,
How great his joy when the long day is gone,
To take his own free, desultory course,
And drink his fill, like a young thirsty horse,
At any stream that he may chance to sight;
Though oft he lingers by Siloa's source;
Sabrina now enchants him with delight,
Then he with Shakespeare dreams all the midsummer night.

11

Is it a day-dream? At the peaceful home
Strange steps are on the threshold: from fair France
The brother of the care-worn man is come,
And brings with him a lady, whose bright glance
Tells of the sunny land of gay romance;
A child of some few summers at the door,
Stands tiptoe, like a fay about to dance.
On either cheek they kiss once, twice, and more,
They greet in a soft speech, and every heart brims o'er.

H

And how the favour'd Anglian woo'd and won His winsome Gallic spouse few words may tell. On Mont Saint Jean he saw the setting sun Flash o'er the gory field a last farewell To the brave foes who there so grandly fell. The final charge swept down, the heroic Guard, Who even in death look'd still invincible, Lay in whole ranks along the clotted sward, Bleeding from their fresh wounds, and by old battles scarr'd.

IV

He saw the helmets of the Prussians gleam, And heard the fanfare of their trumpets shrill, And then the stars began with tremulous beam To glimpse the horrors round that fatal hill. Soon, save the sufferers' moaning, all was still. Fast fell the dews, like tears from Heaven shed; Parch'd lips and fever'd brows as from a rill Were sprinkled, and, as one devoutly said, Baptismal drops seem'd yet to bless the pallid dead.

Sicken'd and sad, he left among the last; Then in a rural town was quarter'd, where That lady bright before him frequent pass'd To the old Church, and she look'd wondrous fair: Light auburn was the colour of her hair, And hazel hues were in her bashful eve. So much did he approve her graceful air, Her look at once so witching and so shy, That he began as others in like plight to sigh.

#### VI

He soon found out her name, and where she dwelt, Which somewhat did his fainting heart sustain. A sudden twinge of piety he felt, And to the Church went once, and went again. Soft came the sunset through each pictured pane, And tinged her face with an angelic hue, And, when she sang, he fancied 'twas the strain That once from Heav'n a listening Seraph drew, Nor wonder'd that it could a mortal man subdue.

#### VII

And sometimes when he look'd she look'd, and smiled Unconsciously, as once he smiled on her; And on a day, by some vague thought beguiled, She dropt her fan, so oft love's messenger, Nor did he long to pick it up demur, And tender it with due obeisance meek, Nor did the girl her courtesy defer; But a slight tinge of rose suffused her cheek, And prompt, to hide her blush, she did her missal seek.

#### VIII

Some weeks went on the charming Pantomime;
Her mute admirer thought it then discreet,
Not, as a suitor would of her own clime,
At once to kneel a suppliant at her feet,
But ask her parent's sanction, as was meet.
Branch of the old Noblesse was her proud sire,
Yet glad to welcome to his sylvan seat
One of the race he did so much admire,
Himself had long been guest of an old English Squire.

IX

So they were introduced. The lovers spoke,
And from their silence found a great relief;
But when the suitor to the father broke
Their secret wish, his words were very brief,
And with his French he almost came to grief.
Smiling, the Gaul his shoulders shrugg'd, and said
Some obstacles he saw, but one in chief,
Their differing faiths, and then he shook his head—
In which religion should the little ones be bred?

x

The suitor ponder'd, nor had thought that creeds
Were ever meant to sever loving hearts;
"Twas not a question here of different breeds,
Or of the feud that neighbouring nations parts:
Treaties may regulate commercial marts,
And leagues may rival empires reconcile;
The question which the prudent father starts,
Though sceptics at the obstacle may smile,
Has puzzled many an age, and will perplex somewhile.

XI

'There's one solution,' said the specious Gaul,
'To bring them all up in my daughter's creed,
Or else to let them have no creed at all.'
The Briton was struck dumb, yet 'twas agreed
That as the subject was abstruse indeed,
They should have time for its consideration;
They might consult each Church in case of need,
Each name a Clerk of sound discrimination,
And let the point be solved by peaceful arbitration.

#### XII

The choice of umpire man'd this Christian plan,
Of which faith should he be—of none, or neither?
A veteran soldier, a blunt, jovial man,
Said, 'If the two can't knock their brains together,
For umpire choose a Moslem, who'll say whether
The boys and girls shall at one altar kneel;
Or tie the lasses with the Papal tether,
And bind to England's Church the boys with steel:
The last 's the simplest mode—be quick, the contract seal!'

#### XIII

This shrewd suggestion pleased them all so much,
The point was settled without more discussion;
The reasoner's hand the girl did lightly touch,
As if to ratify the sweet conclusion,
And all agreed it would prevent confusion.
'Twas fix'd, as rider to the settlement,
When to the happy day they made allusion,
Priests of each faith should bless their fond intent,
And to that end fair notes were written, seal'd, and sent.

#### XIV

And priests of either creed with hallow'd words
Confirm'd their hearts' desire without delay;
And they were happy as the pairing birds
That greet in budding woods the vernal day.
Over the vine-clad hills they took their way,
While with God-speed the merry church-bells rang;
And, when the glow-worm lit her nuptial ray,
No choral strain, nor flutes, nor bugle's clang,
But nightingales till dawn their hymenean sang.

#### ΧV

In Southern climes they sojourn'd some glad years,
And now the husband to his mother brings
That blooming wife, and, smiling through her tears,
About the ageing form she fondly clings,
While round them both, as fledged with fairy wings,
Flutters in her delight the laughing child,
And in her own soft language talks and sings;
The emblem on her breast, the Mother mild,
Whose hallow'd name she bears, looking as if it smiled.

#### XVI

The boy enchanted watch'd the dimpled elf,
And thought he'd met her in the poet's dream;
Then he took down a book from its high shelf,
And read some lines aloud, which did but seem
Harsh sounds to her; and with a little scream
She caught and toss'd the book with her small hand,
As 'twere a toy; her blue eyes then would beam,
Conning the page she could not understand,
And with the book she danced like wavelet on the sand.

#### XVII

The father stay'd not long; for a far Isle,
That blooms amid the Caribbean Sea,
The mandate came; and fonder kisses wile
The boding hours that fly so rapidly;
And when the morn arrived, how sad the three!
But much the saddest was the husband's look,
For he alone the voyager must be:
His darlings to his heart again he took,
Adieu! he may no more their piteous faces brook.

#### XVIII

Months sped away, and happy tidings came:
The wind had all been fair, and smooth the deep;
At sunset all the billows seem'd to flame,
Like blood-red banners the broad sails would sweep,
Dolphins about the ship would play and leap,
And o'er the yards did winged fishes fly.
They made the Isle, and on the headlands steep
Pines toss'd their feathery boughs in the blue sky,
Then gorgeous flowers appear'd, and splendid wings swept by.

#### XIX

The sea all round the Isle was deep and clear,
Down, fathoms down, the large shells glisten'd bright,
Forests of coral did their branches rear,
And over them the shark with fin upright
Not seldom show'd his teeth like ivory white,
Row above row, and sharp as new-set saws:
Woe to the wretch that comes within their bite!
While shell-fish climb'd the hills with nimble claws,
And the huge beetles droned all night without a pause.

#### $\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

And yet it was an Ocean Paradise,
And all he wanted there was his own Eve,
With her brown clustering locks and hazel eyes;
Her Adam with his rib his heart did leave;
And much he did for his sweet Ada grieve,
So he new-named the little, laughing fay;
But in six months, should Heaven his vow receive,
They both should come to him, and till that day
He could for them but wish, and night and morning pray.

#### XXI

So ran the long epistle, with much more.

Fast flew the months, yet each seem'd quite a year,
And every day a month; but to the door
At last the carriage comes, and many a tear
Falls as the child and mother disappear.

Till late the lad still linger'd on the spot,
And listen'd as if he her voice might hear,
And call'd her name, as though he had forgot
That she would come no more to cheer his lonely lot.

#### GOOD-BYE!

T

Good-bye! she passes from my sight
A living joy, a child of light,
So may she be for ever!
Mine is the grief, and mine the loss,
Her path may never cloudlet cross,
And sorrow find her never!

2

Good-bye! But oh, her smile, her glance,
Her step that made my own heart dance,
None knows how much I miss them;
Her golden curls, her dimpled cheek,
Her lips that did so softly speak,
And I no more may kiss them!

3

Good-bye! No more of 'jeune Dunois,'
Or the white lilies of Artois
I hear her sweet voice singing:
Blow soft, ye gales, be kind, rude sea,
But farther every hour from me
My pretty bird is winging!

#### XXII

Soon as he learnt the ship had loosen'd sail,
He watch'd the skies, and counted every cloud
And in his bed would listen to the gale,
Down through the hollow chimney roaring loud;
And ere he slept before his God he bow'd,
And pray'd that he would bid the waves be still!
Then, as he restless dream'd, a milk-white shroud
Was tossing on the foam, and a strange chill,
As from a clay-cold hand, made his hot bosom thrill.

#### XXIII

But when he knew the time was come the ship Should anchor by those banks of coral shell, He did once more in the old volume dip, As in the sea. He heard the sea-nymphs' knell, And on the sands met tricksy Ariel, And saw them dancing in their moon-lit mirth. Then Puck's assurance pleased his passion well—'In forty minutes,' (lump of human birth,) Said he, 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth.'

#### XXIV

True almost to the day the punctual bark
Now nears the wish'd-for haven; various signs
Each moment her swift shoreward progress mark,
The drifting weeds, and the lead's surer lines,
While dolphins leap, and the deep water shines
With silver scales, and birds no danger reck,
But swarm the yards. The child, delighted, twines
Her mother's arms, and dances on the deck
When the dear Isle appears, no bigger than a speck.

#### XXV

Now larger looms the land above the blue
And heaving billows, as the sharp bow cleaves
Their foamy crests as with a falchion through.
The purple heights reveal their shimmering leaves;
White mansions soon, with broad o'ershadowing eaves
And deep verandahs, 'mid the palm-groves show;
Then o'er the hills the houses stretch like sheaves
In the rich sunset, and the steeples glow
Like beacon-fires to warn the distant ships below.

#### XXVI

Upon the glade of one dark forest stood
In scarlet ranks a dazzling regiment
Of tall flamingos, covering many a rood;
And some, like sentinels, before the tent,
Form'd of a branching palm, their proud necks bent,
Watching the ship, like a great Ocean-fowl
Spreading its pinions white. When close they went
By the lee-shore, they heard the sullen growl
Of covert beasts, and screams of parroquet and owl.

#### XXVII

When the night came, the fire-flies spread their sheen Over the marshy ground like golden lakes;
The wind scarce breathed, and on the bay serene
The slightest ripple sent up silver flakes.
The boats are lower'd, his place each oarsman takes,
And at each stroke the blades with phosphor flash.
Fast through the maze of ships the vessel makes
Her lambent way, and then with a great plash
Her anchors on the conchs and coral branches crash.

#### XXVIII

The lofty peaks send down a welcome gleam, While the high strand is all ablaze with lights, And shore and sea alike illumined seem.

Boat after boat comes near, and each excites Some anxious breast: the Captain's voice invites Now one, now more on board: he calls one name Once, twice, and thrice, but no response requites The lady's throbbing heart, though if he came Later, as come he would, it would be just the same.

#### XXIX

Late grew the hour, and then the lady said
She knew his home was o'er you mountains far,
And he might come before they left their bed—
Would come, perhaps, before the morning-star
Went down, and from the crowded shore his car
Would bear them fast away to their new home.
'Long voyages' tis known uncertain are,
He did not think that we so soon should come.'
And, bidding all 'good night,' she gave her hand to some.

#### XXX

Then softly sang the child her vesper hymn,
And the pale mother pray'd, and sigh'd, and wept,
And cradled on the ocean's tranquil brim
Soon in each other's clasping arms they slept,
While cloudless stars their silent vigil kept.
Each in bright dreams beheld the loving face
Whose smiles dark waves no more would intercept;
They turn to meet his kiss, his fond embrace,
And on his knee the child climbs to her custom'd place.

## XXXI

And long before the morning-star went down
The lady rose, nor tarried the fair girl;
White mists as yet the inland mountains crown,
But the breeze springs, and strews the sea with pearl,
And decks with crystal gems each golden curl
As the child watches by her mother's side.
The folded clouds like sea-bound sails unfurl,
And far away night's lingering shadows glide,
And soon on land and shore the sound of life rolls wide.

## XXXII

Now through the portals of the Eastern hills,
Like bridegroom from his chamber comes the Sun,
Whose goodly presence with rejoicing fills
The drowsy vales and glades of forests dun.
The song of birds is heard, and streamlets run
With rosy lips to kiss the purple sea;
And, glorious as the robes of Solomon,
Flowers lift their spangled petals, breathing free
Their odours, that more sweet than matin censers be.

#### XXXIII

And merry voices wake in field and glen,
As the long teams and gangs go forth to toil;
While, as they shout, the dusky fishermen
Make the blue waters from their strokes recoil.
Among the reefs the whirling billows boil,
But in the coves the shipwright's hammer rings,
While the black ploughman turns the fruitful soil,
And to her kine the sable milkmaid sings,
And 'mid the planter's canes the stack its white smoke flings.

## XXXIV

57

All, all is glad,—and yet with wistful eyes
Mother and child still look towards the shore;
But not as yet had one forlorn surmise
O'ercast their minds; and now fond hope once more
Dawns with the hours that life and light restore.
Time wears—the boat is ready—soon they reach
The bustling strand, and gracious at the door
The strange host waits them, bowing low to each,
As hand in hand they leave the shining, shingled beach.

## XXXV

Questions were ask'd: to few could he reply,
For of their language he but little knew:
One he would bring them (did they hear him sigh?)
A lady of their race, so good but few,
To speak with them; and then the host withdrew;
But when, as he look'd back, he met the glance
Of that sweet child, those eyes of softest blue,
Like England's April more than sunny France,
With hurried step he left, and sorrowful countenance.

## XXXVI

She promptly came; a snow-white hood she wore,
And on her breast the sacred emblem hung,
To tell of him who man's worst sufferings bore;
And then she spoke in their and her own tongue,
While to her breast they both like children clung,
And kisses mingled. All at last was told,
And then their hearts gave way like chords o'erstrung;
He whom they loved and look'd for slumber'd cold,
And never more his arms his darlings would enfold.

# ITYXXXI

'Blessed are they that mourn'—then paused the Nun, And added, 'for they shall be comforted!'
'So on the Mount declared the Holy One:
Ye cannot doubt his words,' the Sister said;
'Jesus still weeps with those who mourn their dead.'
The widow heard nor question'd what she told,
But to the stroke submissive bow'd her head;
And so bent down the child her locks of gold,
And like a bleating lamb sought the dear Shepherd's fold.

## XXXXIII

Short was their stay. They went and planted flowers, And left them twining round a lonely tomb:
Then, homeward hasting from those fatal bowers,
Over the melancholy sea they come.
No more for them the cliffs of Albion loom,
No more the boy shall see the child's sweet face;
Her beauty in her own bright land shall bloom,
And, mingled with her mother's genial race,
Of her lost sire remains, save her blue eyes, no trace.

#### XXXIX

Adieu! the boy had not forgot the word
Since at the door he kiss'd the dimpled cheek;
The tenderest phrase he thought he ever heard,
And yet the saddest human lips can speak.
In his own heart he did the meaning seek,
And not long after its full purport knew.
When from the Isle, within the tenth short week,
Faster than their fleet ship the tidings flew,
And came the black-edged lines that bade them all adieu!

#### XI.

Hard lessons had the boy to learn by heart
In life's stern school, and harder yet must learn;
Harder, ere long as man will find, to part
With other joys that never may return.
So he has found: but, while the embers burn,
Upon that page so blotted with his tears
His eye will rest. Fondly in memory's urn
He keeps the ashes of those early years,
And in sad fancy yet that last Adieu he hears.

## ADIEU!

I

I did not think we thus should part, When last he clasp'd me to his heart, And with his kisses stanch'd my tears, While his kind words allay'd my fears; Ah! still his lingering form I view, And still I hear his sad Adieu!

2

Was it a dream? That bridal chime, Those festal wreaths, that happy time Of hallow'd love, the blossom'd vale, The jasmined cot, the nightingale Who sang as if our bliss she knew, And bade us at the dawn Adieu!

3

And is this sorrow but a dream? Am I not widow'd as I seem? Is that low mound in yonder bowers Only a bank I strew'd with flowers? Alas! my child, 'tis all too true, To love and joy a long Adieu!

4

Cruel it seems to cross the wave, And leave him cold in his lone grave; No more to watch him in his sleep, No more beside his bed to weep; None will the faded flowers renew, And none pass by and say Adieu!

5

More kind the skies will weep at night,
Each morn will wreathe his tomb with light,
The blossoms will their odours bring,
The ripples will his requiem sing,
While we our mournful track pursue,
And sigh to the lost Isle, Adieu!

# MEMORIES

CANTO IV



# CANTO IV

1,3

ANOTHER change in that still home. One morn A soldier scarr'd with glorious strife came there, And medals won would soon his breast adorn. He led a lady more than passing fair, With large, dark, pensive eyes, and raven hair; A sister of the care-worn man was she, And she too in her bloom show'd signs of care. The husband's features told his pedigree, Of the tall, blue-eyed, light-hair'd Norman stock was he.

H

And stainless in his veins the old blood ran,
While centuries confirm'd his lawful claim
To be, and to be call'd an Englishman,
Though Alfred might not recognise his name.
Various our blood, or mingled without shame:
Old types still show; in most the Saxon stout,
With clear blue eyes; hot as from Ind he came,
The agile, dark-eyed Celt will dance and shout;
Normans and Danes so like 'tis hard to find them out.

III

The soldier look'd like a centurion,
Save for his eyes and hair, from Cæsar's camp;
Or one who with the Lion-Heart had gone
To Palestine, and met the furious tramp
Of Paynim horse, or heard the war-steeds champ
At Agincourt, or carried lance or shield
For either Rose: but from the dismal swamp
Of the far West he came, no more to wield
His sword 'gainst tomahawks, and knives that scalp the field.

## IV

And he had stirring tales for every night,
With no small store of humour and light chaff,
That sometimes made the ladies show the white
Of their calm eyes, and often made them laugh
Away their wrinkles. Seizing then a staff,
He taught the lad the bayonet exercise,
And with a stick the broadsword. Like a calf
That 'gainst the bull his head yet hornless tries,
So did the mannikin's instinctive courage rise.

#### V

The soldier then must leave, and wish'd the lad Might with him go, and full consent was given, Nor strange the stripling no objection had:
At once to chaos all his books were driven, And, when the anchor from the mud was riven, And from the throng of ships the boat got clear On the broad Thames, he caught a glimpse of Heaven, And soon far up in the blue atmosphere
Like cherubs sang the larks, most exquisite to hear.



#### vt

They talk'd, as if their age the same, till noon,
Like schoolboys then they clamber'd up the pier
Where the boat grappled fast. The month was June,
The schoolboy's month, best time of all the year,
Ev'n in yon murky city pent; but here
On Kent's green bank, where flow'd the bright, broad river,
With sails like flights of swans, and skies so clear,
The wooded slopes, the leaves that shine and quiver,
The lad felt much like one whom prison-bolts deliver.

## VII

Or like an uncaged bird, now hither, thither,
That flies scarce conscious that its wings are free,
And cares not in its dubious flutterings whither,
So felt the lad his new-found liberty;
Less glad the linnet flits from tree to tree.
Over the hills they went afoot, his guide
Liked not the rumbling coach. 'Let's march!' said he,
In martial phrase. 'Let's fly!' his comrade cried,
And snatch'd the scented thorn that grew on either side.

## VIII

And on the road, as if to cheer the way,
Though little need of that, the soldier told
Of his campaigns in Spain; of his first fray
With the brave French, when eighteen summers old:
Two years before he in the playground bowl'd
At Shrewsbury, when his God-sire, an Earl,
Got him his ensigncy unbought, unsold;
And soon the shots did large as marbles whirl,
And cannons something harder than the foot-ball hurl.

IX

Moore, Picton, Wellesley, much of them he spoke;
The first he loved; the second was like flint,
Knew how to curse, his jesting was no joke;
The third did words as they were guineas stint,
But there was mischief in his slightest hint,
As many a Frenchman found. His high-beak'd nose,
And kestrel's eye, and cheek's deep carmine tint
Made him look dangerous both to friends and foes,
And both alike declared 'This man will strike hard blows."

 $\mathbf{x}$ 

Soult was no pleasant customer, he own'd;
Massena, Junot, were more rough than shrewd;
Fat Ferdinand deserved to be dethroned,
A craven despot among courtiers lewd:
But the French hordes like unlair'd beasts pursued
The Spanish peasants; on the roadside trees,
And from scorch'd rafters where the hamlets stood,
He saw them dangling in the tainted breeze,
And other scenes he pass'd that hottest blood would freeze.

#### ΧI

'But to the British they behaved like men;
Their villanous saltpetre was the worst:
At distant shots; sometimes we closed, and then
The bayonets cross'd, clubs struck like Cain's accurst,
And swords like reap-hooks swung, in gore immersed.
'Twas ghastly work: when done, man felt for man,
Hands grasp'd, the fiercest was in kindness first,
The victor's proffer'd flask was drain'd, the can
Emptied to feed the foe till deadlier strife began.'

#### XII

Vittoria he had cause to recollect,
June twenty-first the memorable day;
Wellesley, Hill, Graham led, and circumspect
King Joseph and his columns stood at bay.
Long was the fight, but, ere the sun's last ray,
The French through the affrighted town had flown:
'But I,' said he, 'among the furrows lay
All night, my knee-cap splinter'd through the bone;
No flask had I to sip, save horse-beans food had none.'

#### XIII

Not long before they halted in a town,
And heard the merry twink of the guitars,
And saw a dark muchacha in silk gown,
And white silk stockings, sprinked o'er with stars,—
A Venus that might charm the heart of Mars,—
Twirl to her mate, and clash her castanets.
Maids by the fountains left their half-fill'd jars,
Nor wanted partners those good-natured pets,
And some few gallant red-coats help'd to form the sets.

## XIV

One evening, famish'd, thirsty, and footsore,
They reach'd a village with fine chestnuts fringed,
But, when they got to the posada's door,
They found it lying on the ground unhinged,
The only liquor Adam's ale untinged.
Each house was empty: to the convent next
They bent their steps, the Monks had all been singed,
The buttery fired, and, what would more have vex'd,
The Gauls drank all their wine, which proved a false pretext.

## XV

In such discourse three leagues count less than two. The sun was low when from a hill's green side
They saw the Medway, broad and smooth and blue,
Winding and stretching till its arms spread wide
Embraced the distant sea. In bristling pride
Floated the bulwarks of dread Albion's power,
The ancient Minster chimed for eventide
As from the Bridge they view'd the Castle-tower,
And o'er the straggling Towns the night began to lower.

#### XVI

The soldier said, 'It was by this same way,
Over a wooden bridge, in times of eld,
That Chaucer's pilgrims went to kneel and pray
At Canterbury, and the same chime knell'd
When they rode by. Though bluff King Hal expell'd
Monks, friars, and nuns, they, as perhaps you know,
In holiness and jollity excell'd,
As proved when here five hundred years ago
The Wife of Bath and her companions ambled slow.

#### XVII

'They might have found in Rochester that night
Comfort alike for woman, man, and beast,
Or else did at some convent gate alight—
Such as you'll see in Spain—when vespers ceased,
And had the remnants of the noontide feast,
With horns of sack and cups of two-years' ale;
To matins warn'd when day broke in the east;
To breakfast next, then, jingling up yon vale
They crack'd their jokes, and told in turn some merry tale.'

## XVIII

The boy forgot not near Gad's-hill erewhile
Falstaff's great fight with rogues in buckram there,
Which made his guide at his large reading smile.
But hark! what clangor bursts on the dull air,
Drums, clarions, cymbals, flutes, and all tones rare,
And grand, and sweet, to stir the valorous breast?
'None with a soldier's life—none may compare,'
The enraptured lad aloud his thoughts express'd,
Forgetting splinter'd bones, horse-beans, and broken rest.

#### XIX

Forgetting the diseases fell and vile
That lurk in tented fields, the poison'd gale,
That slew the dweller in the distant Isle,
The chills that make the ruddy cheek turn pale,
The sweltering heat in which the strongest fail,
The monsters of the jungle and the deep,
Scorpions and snakes from which the bravest quail,
Shipwrecks, and desolate coasts where vultures sweep,
And shores where men prefer man's flesh to pig or sheep!

#### XX

Gay were the soldier and the lad that night,
And comrades not less cheery gather'd round,
And marvellous stories several did recite,
More strange and queer than in romance are found.
Amazed, the boy was listening, when the sound
Of the tattoo made his heart thump again;
Shrill fifes and rattling drums his ear astound
From the parade, nor there they long remain,
But down the brawling streets prolong the warning strain.

## XXI

Of martial life suffice this for the time.

Books, again books, the prying lad will crave,
And to an upper shelf like cat did climb,
And there a medley found, some gay, some grave,
And others like them in a kind of cave.

Richardson, Charlotte Smith, lay side by side
In chaste repose, and Voltaire's Charles the brave
Mad King of Sweden was to Syntax tied;
And other famous folk as strangely were allied.

## XXII

But there was one, and then another book
That fixed his eye as with a magic spell,
'The Lady of the Lake' and 'Lalla Rookh.'
For ever with the Peri he would dwell
Beneath the wave, but that his glances fell
Upon the Naiad of the Northern Strand;
But which he loved the most he could not tell,
Though his heart linger'd in the enchanted land
Where round Loch Katrine's Isle the guardian mountains
stand.

#### XXIII

There was another book he chanced to glean Among some larger refuse in that stye,
Which show'd to him the realm of Faerie Queen:
As he read on he seemed in dreams to lie,
Visions of Eid like pictures fill'd his eye;
The old man and the lowly hermitage,
Una with her white lamb now passes by,
Knights, ladies, wood-nymphs, satyrs throng the page,
Pageant and dance succeed, and then wild orgies rage.

#### XXIV

From the strange world discover'd then the lad Must to his tasks; not in the city pent, Whose smoke and stench and din nigh drove him mad, But where the rose and woodbine pour'd their scent, Where nature's charms to learning's toil were lent, To flush the cheek with health, the heart with joy, And send the youth, when to the world he went, With well-knit nerves for life's severe employ, Not a precocious man, or stale and weedy boy.

#### XXV

His first task-master was an LL.D.,
More round and fat than pedagogue became;
Some said for years he had not seen his knee,
Others averr'd his toes had ceased to claim
Acquaintance with his eyes. His thick-set frame
In front was much more convex than behind,
But not on dainty bits was laid the blame,
'Twas genial Nature's fault: fat made him kind
To all dull boys, but did not plethorise his mind.

## XXVI

The next preceptor was a dapper man,
Short, thin, and sharp, made up of brain and nerve,
And faster than the nimblest youth he ran,
Could cut a caper, draw a perfect curve,
Talk'd French most glibly, knew the need of verve,
Could point a sentence and could jingle rhymes,
From Greek to pot-hooks every turn could serve:
But kind he was as earnest, though at times
His cane like lightning flash'd to punish petty crimes.

## XXVII

Less Latin, still less Greek, the youth now learn'd,
But French incessant from a huge, grim Gaul,
Who had been present when the Kremlin burn'd,
But whose extremities the frost did maul;
Yet he would laugh when his maim'd hand let fall
The grey goose-quill, though that same hand ev'n then
Would wield a sabre at Napoleon's call,
Who to his mind was still the King of Men,
And might return to beard the Lion in his den.

## XXVIII

And then he told them of heroic Ney,
The bravest man that ever belted sword.
From Moscow's pyre he march'd, and all the way
With thinning ranks repell'd the Cossack horde:
Through blinding snows, and many a frozen ford
And forest dark he led the rear-guard's van,
Fought league by league, and, as the cannons roar'd,
Cross'd where 'neath crashing ice the Dnieper ran,
When to his breast the Emperor clasp'd the dauntless man.

#### XXIX

So were the tasks enliven'd. Happier hours,
When from their forms they rush'd to Medway's marge,
Plunged in the stream, or pluck'd the wild-wood flowers;
Now launch'd the boat, now row'd the sluggish barge,
Now roam'd the blue-bell'd hills like colts at large,
Saw the far towns and counted all the spires,
Then did their fee for nut-brown ale discharge,
Then pitch'd their songs as blithe as woodland choirs,
Then homeward as the stars kindled their distant fires.



### XXX

Oh! blissful spring of youth, too bright to last,
Fondly remember'd when life's leaf turns sear,
And rarely but with passing clouds o'ercast;
Authority at times may grow severe,
And grief, that spares no age, may force a tear;
But hope, not yet illusion, sheds its ray,
To gild the morn, the darkest night to cheer,
And pleasure strews with flowers the thorniest way,
And all the Earth looks glad, and every month is May.

#### XXXI

That golden age is ended. O'er the sea
Lines from the care-worn man at last reclaim
The son he left so young, and anxiously
The mother yearns once more to call his name,
And see his growth and features; when he came
A loving welcome waited him from all:
If changed in looks, their hearts were still the same.
At such a day and port the ship would call,
Should tide and wind be fair, and no mischance befall.

## IIXXX

Farewell, blithe lads, kind friends! A fond farewell
To those dear ladies, whose maternal care
Watch'd over his young days, who no more dwell
In the close suburb, but breathe balmy air
On Kentish ground. The soldier was not there
Whom he so loved, but at his duty's post,
Far, far away, with none his home to cheer;
And not a pang it now the stripling cost
To leave fifes, drums, and clarions, which their charm had
lost.

## IIIXXX

All sail is bent, the ship holds on her course,
And now he feels the glory of the Sea,
And, as he hears its murmurs deep and hoarse,
His heart beats time with the grand harmony;
'These are the martial strains,' he cried, 'for me;
Mine be the march upon the mountain wave,
The foaming billows shall my chargers be,
These are the conflicts that become the brave,
To battle with the gales, and shout when tempests rave.'

## XXXIV

Campbell's fine ode was pealing on his ear,
Finer than ever Greek or Roman sang,
So thought the youth, the tones more full and clear
Than on the strand of rocky Scio rang,
And to his taste then nobler than the twang
Of the famed Mantuan harp: he cared no more
For Æolus and his caves, and all the gang
That did so long infest the sea and shore,
And wish'd he ne'er again might hear old Neptune roar.

## A VOICE FROM THE FORECASTLE.

I

Huzza! huzza! for the sailor's life,
When the stout ship breasts the foam;
He sighs for his sweetheart and grieves for his wife,
But the Ocean is his home.

2

The yeoman is merry, the huntsman brave, When they follow the hounds in cry; But I'd rather ride on the back of the wave When the sea runs mountains high,

1

The bark is my steed, not restive or rash, And the rudder is my rein; Down, down to the pearly caves we dash, And then climb the sky again.

4

And as for music, none ever heard
Any music to match the sea's;
It roars like a lion, and sings like a bird,
And no bugle is like the breeze.

5

On the larboard and starboard we tack by turns, Obeying the boatswain's hollo; While at night every star like a lantern burns, And the needle's finger we follow.

6

The work is at times a little too rough,
And it is not always fair weather;
The bread may be hard, and the beef may be tough,
But the grog binds us all together.

7

The birds flock round us like friendly things, And flutter on yard and mast; And, when the dark petrel dips her wings, We look out for the coming blast.

8

Oh! there's nothing so grand to be seen on the land As a storm on the heaving deep; When with close-reet'd sail by the ropes we stand, And the waves o'er the bulwarks sweep.

9

There is One who can still the waves if He will,
And death on the land is as sure;
Though the hatches may fill, in his cot on the hill
The herdsman is not more secure.

IO.

And if it falls calm, we pipe and we dance, While the rollicking porpoises tumble; And when the shark sends us a quizzical glance We give him a sharp hook to mumble.

11

The mate has a voice for a song or a psalm,

His tenor will move you to pity;

If the mermaids should hear him, they'd feel in a qualm,

So tender and sweet is his ditty.

12

Land! land on the lee! and the port we soon find, And manage to make ourselves merry; The lasses are kind, but to those left behind We drink in a bumper of sherry.

13

Again we bend sail, and are off, huzza!
Huzza for the rolling surge!
To the breeze as it laughs we shout ha! ha!
Though it sometimes whistles a dirge.

#### XXXV

'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!'
Then a more mellow voice abaft began;
Line follow'd line and thrill'd the enthusiast's soul,
Till, at the close, he vow'd no living man,
And none before whose lines he used to scan,
Could rival Byron on the Sea's grand theme;
Not Keats, whose verse like a bright fountain ran,
Not Scott, whose song gush'd like a mountain stream,
Not Coleridge, whose wild chant did so unearthly seem.

#### XXXVI

Childe Harold was their handbook on the sea,
Their guide along the sunny Southern shores,
As it has been and will to thousands be,
Till man no more the hallow'd past explores,
Till Earth its glories from the dust restores,
And Ocean hides no more its vaulted caves.
The strain now like the strong-eyed eagle soars,
Then with broad pinions sweeps the swelling waves,
Then wings o'er shaft-strown mounds where empires found their graves.

## IIVXXX

Two weeks had pass'd. One morn a white mist rose So vast, it left no glimpse of sky or land;
But, though no ripple broke the sea's repose,
The loud surf warn'd them they were near some strand.
Then sprang the breeze—at once as with a hand
The great white mist was like a curtain furl'd;
The mountains did like kings in purple stand,
Over the silver sands the billows curl'd,
And 'gainst the Lusian cliffs their might the breakers hurl'd.

#### XXXVIII

Another morn they fetch'd Saint Vincent's Cape,
With holy turrets crown'd; then East they steer'd,
And later for the Strait their course did shape;
Trafalgar's bay they left, fair Cadiz near'd,
While in dark shade the Afric coast appear'd;
Fast by Tarifa's vine-clad slopes they flew,
Tangier as if by Sirocs looking sear'd;
Next Abyla loom'd high in ether blue,
Then like a couchant lion Calpè came in view.

## XXXIX

Slowly they round into the tranquil bay,
For slack their sails flap in the failing breeze;
They see the rampired walls, in dread array
The batteries tier on tier, the branching trees,
The terraces, the rich embroideries
Of shrubs and flowers that deck each vantage spot;
And now they hear old English melodies
From martial bands, while high beyond all shot
Floats the proud flag which shows, if torn, as yet no blot.

## XL

Among the ships in that great maze of masts
Of every form and size, from every clime,
Their bark was moor'd secure from veering blasts;
But, as her anchors fell, distinct the chime
On either shore announced the welcome time
For praise and prayer when labour's task is done;
And from the topmost peak, where waved sublime
The Island banner, flash'd the evening gun,
And down the banner came as sank the cloudless sun.

## XLI

That night they might not land; in her safe berth
The vessel swung, and near her lay a ship
Whose mainmast it would take some arms to girth,
The Stars and Stripes did from her taffrail dip
Down to the brine, and from each port the lip
Protruded of a gun of mighty mould.
Nor did her crew the English language clip:
What news from England first was ask'd and told,
Then, did the French their clutch still on the Spaniards
hold?

## XLII

Yes, and the despot Ferdinand was back;
And worse news still, Riego was no more,
Spain's noblest patriot, hunted by that pack
Of Gallic wolves, he lay in his warm gore;
And at the deed the gallant Yankee swore,
And cursed all tyrants of whatever race.
The English said Amen! Their parley o'er,
They watch the lights, the Rock's black outline trace,
And then good-night till morn shall show her smiling face.



MEMORIES

CANTO V

# CANTO V

ī

The care-worn man was first on board next day,
Though now the name inapt, so blithe his look,
The years had worn his furrows all away;
And proudly in his arms the youth he took,
Those arms which clasp'd the boy in that dark nook
In the great Spunging-House. From foot to head
He eyed his son, and laughing, scarce could brook
That he was taller than himself, he said,
And for him much too short would be the gaol's hard bed.

H

Then to the shore the lateen sail he steer'd
In his old way, and soon they reach'd the Mole,
And there at last the crowd of boats they clear'd,
That toss'd and tumbled like a porpoise shoal.
Though early yet, the high-piled waggons roll,
And in the streets swarm people of all hues,
Fair, swart, and black, gather'd between each Pole;
Christians and Pagans, Mussulmen and Jews,
Traders and smugglers, brigands, slavers, cut-throat crews.

## III

But on they pass by the embrasured wall,
Through gardens with geranium fenced they wind,
Now mount the hill, and reach a loftier hall
Than that the boy had left, but there to find
Unchanged affection, kisses not less kind,
And not less sweet than those which, moist with tears,
Once press'd his cheek. No greater bliss assign'd,
Than thus to meet after long parting years,
When time matures the love, and distance more endears.

#### IV

'Twas a new world to the excited youth,
But the dear home had greater charms for him;
The mother's tenderness, the father's truth,
The children twining round his heart and limb,
As though they were coevals; to the brim
His cup was full of pleasure bright and pure.
There dwelt Content, there Faith her lamp did trim,
And there, as if a blessing to insure,
Their names were in the Book, that home's best garniture.

#### V

Oh! hallow'd English homes! as chaste as fair,
Still modell'd after Eden's happy bower,
No sorrow comes but loving hearts will share,
And not a joy but is a common dower:
Far as can reach the arm of England's power,
There English homes their English looks resume;
If there descends not England's genial shower,
There Culture sheds around a rich perfume,
There English virtues thrive, and English graces bloom.

#### VI

Such was that home. O could it last for aye,
That grief might on its precincts ne'er intrude,
That no rude blast might sweep its flowers away,
And leave its festive hall a solitude!
Alas! those flowers may be no more renew'd,
The guests no more assemble in the hall,
Where at the porch the laughing children stood,
Or climb'd the trellis, strangers' footsteps fall,
And only memory now can those dear forms recall.

#### VII

Son of the care-worn man, e'en then the youth Seem'd on his brow to wear untimely cares; And true his former griefs deserved some ruth, And trouble found him in his earliest years; But now a new and brighter prospect cheers, On the world's stage he too must play a part; He grasps the oar, and trusts in him who steers, With growing courage beats his swelling heart, And in the arduous course he makes a manly start.

## VIII

Each needed language he must learn, and well, The tongues of France, of Italy, of Spain; Which most or least he liked he could not tell, But to the work he went with heart and brain, And never did of weariness complain.

Don Quixote and Gil Blas were like a feast Of rare, rich dainties; the melodious strain Of Tasso charm'd him as the task increased, And Ariosto's lay enchanted him not least.

13

One master was Italian, bred and born,
But almost French in heart: his features fine
Of classic type; his eyes would flash with scorn,
Or beam with rapture, as the poet's line
Would move him, and would mildly, sadly shine
When the loved name 'Italia' caught his ear.
Soldier and exile did in him combine;
To him a greater exile's name was dear,
And he on Russia's plains had follow'd Murat's cheer.

x

But hectic was his cheek, and from his breast
Came sounds that made the young man's bosom ache:
The frost had done its work on that weak chest:
When came the month that leaves the bough forsake,
And the fleet swallows their departure take,
Poor Chiappi heeds no more the accustom'd chime,
But preparation for his flight must make
To that more distant and serener clime
Where wearied spirits rest, beyond the storms of time.

XI

The Spanish tutor was of other build,
Enthusiast like La Mancha's knight, and lean;
Freedom was his romance, man's rights his shield,
His spear was justice, and his falchion keen
Was reason, while his breastplate wore the sheen
Of stainless honour. As Riego brave,
He in the Senate, not the field, had been,
But was too proud the despot's grace to crave,
And too discreet to wait a scaffold and a grave.

#### XII

The Don's adventures made his lips relax,
As the youth read and let his mirth explode,
While Sancho's proverbs pour'd like wheat from sacks,
Or like sharp flints were scatter'd on the road.
Then noble pictures, in the antique mode,
Led them through dale and grove and forest dense
To moated towers; with frequent episode
That moved the heart, while none could take offence,
And idylls that restored old rustic innocence.

## XIII

Arrieta—such the tutor's honour'd name—
Would often tell of his great countryman,
His sad, eventful life, his spotless fame;
His courage at Lepanto proved, where ran
The blood in torrents, but none purer than
Saavedra's own, from three deep wounds which gush'd.
Five years at Algiers captive—no short span
Of mortal life—and then his pale cheek flush'd,
His mother's dower the ransom, and his heart was crush'd.

#### XIV

Valour and genius were of no avail,

Tales, poems, plays, earn'd fame but left him poor,
And much of his great book he wrote in gaol.

Then came Life's neighbour, Death, and heal'd the sore,
And bade him go where he would want no more.
But ere he parts a kind farewell he sends,
Telling his readers that his task is o'er:

'Farewell to humours gay, farewell gay friends!

May we meet happy soon in the next life!' There ends.

#### XV

To the Castilian poets now they turn;
Among them one whose poems and whose life
Alike were noble, and whose words yet burn
Like candles on the altar. Not the strife
Of hostile ranks, not scenes with tumult rife,
Hallow'd thy themes were, Luis de Leon!
Though on thy pages fell the censor's knife,
Not for impurity, for there was none,
But that thy learning had beyond old limits gone.

#### XVI

Some portion of the seal'd up Sacred Book
He ventured to translate—a perilous thing,
And bolder still to publish. Horror shook
The blood-stain'd plumage of her raven wing,
And monks like tigers at his throat did spring.
What he dared print others would dare to read,
The snake would coil, and propagate its sting:
So for his grave offence they all agreed
That, if he 'scaped the stake, his flesh must freely bleed.

#### XVII

But milder views prevail'd. Five years the Monk
Lay in close cells for that the worst of crimes;
No book, no pen; his hands must tear the junk
They brought for food. What more he bore at times
For rendering Solomon's Song instead of rhymes
Of amorous heathen poets, none might say.
He heard the muffled sound of matin-chimes
And call to vespers, but no beam of day,
No starry night he saw, yet both could sing and pray.

#### XVIII

As thus entomb'd he lay, the Council met
Call'd Holy: four in their great clemency
Voted the rack to test his thoughts, and yet
They wish'd it to be work'd quite moderately,
For he was frail and wan: sweet charity
Did then, as now, constrain their tender souls!
Two were for public censure, then that he
Should cease his lectures: 'Deep the river rolls,
And wide as deep, unless some dam the tide controls!'

#### XIX

The sentence dropt: whether some greater Power Prevented, or the Judges did relent,
Will ne'er be known; but at the wonted hour
To the old hall of Salamanca went
The learned pious Monk, then pale and bent
With his long suffering. When the audience bow'd,
He made no reference to his punishment,
Which he regarded as a morning cloud,
And his last theme resumed before the admiring crowd.

#### xx

These are the names that we should ne'er let die,
And never can, Earth's greatest and her best;
Of every clime under the changeful sky,
God's own, whether in stoles or serges drest,
Chosen the truth with anguish to attest;
These are the men who dignify the race,
And stars they wear like that on Christ's own breast;
If Saints you will adore, let these have place
In all your temples, these the World's Valhalla grace!

### XXI

Oh! martyr'd bards and sages, glorious dead!

Whose thoughts like single stars have shone apart,
And heavenly rays in scatter'd ages shed;

Not like the comets that through ether dart,
Making dull, half-blind souls with panic start,
But, gleaming once, for ever steadfast shine;
Guides of the soul, and angels of the heart,
With holy light that mingle love divine,
Though low and lone your place, like gems in cavern'd mine.

## XXII

Leaving such reveries, the youth would rise,
And on the Point of Europe wait the Sun,
When, from the Orient barrier of the skies
Rush'd the great clouds like chargers black and dun,
Equipt with beams that like mail'd warriors shone.
Red banners waved, and with a shout the Sea
Announced the Day-God's progress had begun;
Then forth he flash'd in all his majesty,
Nor seem'd it strange that men before him bent the knee.

## XXIII

Not strange that on the Asian hills afar
They rose at dawn and daily worshipp'd him,
Type of the Power that form'd that wondrous star;
Not strange that men in their conceptions dim
Saw God's own crown in that refulgent rim;
That lofty Balbec bore his sacred name,
That he had fanes by Nile's o'erflowing brim,
That sea-girt Delos echoed with his fame,
That still we bow towards that life-enkindling flame.

### XXIV

91

But otherwhile he would the Pillar climb,
And from its summit meet the Sun's first glow;
Upheaved from Chaos in primæval time,
And furrow'd with deep fissures its hoar brow.
Few nobler promontories Earth can show,
No grander scenes than from its craggy steep:
The distant Sierras with their crests of snow,
The mast-throng'd bay, the Eastern Ocean deep,
And Atlas' lofty peaks where mighty pinions sweep.

### XXV

Beneath, the ever memorable Strait,
Whose tide runs like a river broad and swift
Between the mountains, once the Ocean-gate
To world-wide empires, buried in the drift
Of whelming ages, and whose ruins lift
But here and there some fragment of the past,
Reveal'd or hid as desert-sands may shift;
Like the mirage their cities fair and vast
In fancy's vision loom, and then dissolve as fast.

## XXVI

Then Andalusian forests he would roam,
So wide, so silent save for purling rills
That from the Sierras bring their silver foam.
And then he loiter'd on the vine-clad hills,
To test the juice the purple grape distils,
Responding to the peasants' courtesies,
Who, for the weed that with contentment fills
Palace and cot, exchanged the snow-white cheese
From goat's milk made, and bread that would an abbot please.

# XXVII

Once to an ancient pile his footsteps stray'd,
Shelter'd with trees of many a summer's growth
Whose thick-leaved branches made a solemn shade,
While a slow stream dript from a griffin's mouth.
It might be deem'd a mansion of dull Sloth,
But that the belfry proved its better use,
Although to pull the bell the arm seem'd loth.
The droning service did to sleep induce,
And with low nods the Monks each other did excuse.

# XXVIII

The service ended, life did then revive.

The Monks, though few, in due procession walk'd;

He who the hindmost was seem'd most alive,

Tall and wide-girth'd as Friar Tuck he stalk'd,

And look'd a man not easy to be balk'd.

Through her white spangled veil Our Lady smiled,

While boys with censers without ceasing talk'd;

And sunburnt sailors, late from ocean wild,

Placed on the shrine their candles near the Holy Child.

#### XXIX

It was a picture of the days of Eld,
And scarce seem'd real in that lonely place;
And when the youth the ample board beheld,
And smelt the smoking produce of the chase,
The haunch and boar's head, and each beaming face,
With cowl thrown back, and saw the goblets bright
And flaggons tall the spotless table grace,
He was convinced by proof more strong than sight,
By his increasing thirst and sharpening appetite.

#### XXX

But most he loved to haunt the white-wall'd towns,
Where dark-eyed houris glanced through every bar,
Or paced the square, nor fear'd duennas' frowns,
Or waltz'd superbly 'neath the evening star,
Or in turtulias sang to the guitar.
He liked their strains but more admired their looks,
And learnt their mellow language better far
From them than he could master it in books,
Sweet from their lips it came as murmurs from the brooks.

#### XXXI

Their soft 'carambas' were quite delicate;
Their black mantillas Venus might adorn
On that bright morning when, as poets state,
That lovely lady on the sea was born.
And like Camilla o'er the unbending corn
Their feet would glide; their fans—most cunning plans
For catching hearts—like zephyrs moved at morn,
At noon, at night, on drawing-room divans,
At church or fiesta fans—still fans—for eyer fans!

# IIXXX

But what strange impulse stirs that youthful breast,
What heat is this that tingles in each vein?
Oh! what is this that gives his life new zest,
What dream is this that flashes through his brain?
First love's young dream that never comes again,
Or that erratic pest, that fitful fever
The Teian caught, that burns in Sappho's strain,
That Horace scaped not, though so cool and clever,
And which since Naso wrote has been more rife than ever?

#### IIIXXX

But where those lustrous eves most fatal flash'd Was at the ghastly bullfight; tier on tier The señoritas, when the trumpets crash'd, Were in battalions ranged; the atmosphere, On Sunday afternoons so hot and clear, Was with a thousand twirling fans made cool: Their bravos it was terrible to hear, As some bold champion struck the tortured bull.

While the gored horses trampled in the crimson pool.

#### XXXIV

Blood was not to his taste; though when the call To the batida shrill'd, he was not slow To mingle in the sylvan carnival. Nor fear'd to meet the tusk'd and grisly foe. The dogs, the horses and the dazzling show Of well-arm'd cavaliers, prepared to hurl The fatal shot, or bring their short pikes low, And charge the beasts at bay—he were a churl To leave such sport, nor fit to woo a dark-eyed girl.

# XXXV

Belated on the orange-blossom'd bank Of the calm river, as the golden sun Behind the hills of Algeziras sank, He stood where once a teeming city shone In those same rays. Then did that river run As now, and wafted on its tide the sails From Tyre, ere yet the youth of Macedon Sack'd her empurpled halls. As fair the gales, But where Carteia was the le wails.

# XXXVI

But more congenial to his mood the time
When on those banks, as fell the twilight's shade,
He heard—not the soft music of the chime,
Or shouts when Punic keels the haven made,
But, as his fancy feign'd, the serenade
Of Moorish cavalier, or sweeter lute
And lips from garden-balcon that convey'd
Response, disdaining not the tender suit;
And thus the accents breathed that had so long been mute.

# ABDALLA.

T

True as the dove at sunset
Wings to the olive bower,
True as the faithful heed the call
From Cordova's high tower,
Zayda! I come, nor linger'd
Last eve when the cymbals clash'd,
And I saw on proud Xarifa's feet
How the jewell'd slippers flash'd.

2

To me the Vega's gardens
Less balmy than thy lips;
And though all night Heav'n's eyes shone bright,
Yet thine their beams eclipse:
I found the morning's blushes
Less delicate than thine;
No lily like thy brow, whose locks
Excel the cluster'd vine.

3

Come, for my heart is beating
Like the wave on Tarif's strand;
So pants the pilgrim when he nears
Far Araby's blest land.
Sweet strains I heard in the forest,
But I spurr'd, and my rein left free;
Sing to me, bird of Paradise,
And I in Heav'n shall be.

# ZAYDA.

I

Where is thy steed, Abdalla,
Where are thy shield and lance?
Didst leave them 'mong the trees lest they
Should scare a maiden's glance?
Come on thy barb to-morrow,
And bring a steed as fleet,
Nor leave thy lance and shield behind,
Foes thou mayst chance to meet.

2

For angry is my father,
And we must fly or part;
O, let the boat be ready moor'd,
Nor doubt my throbbing heart!
I do not fear the forest,
Or dread the billowy shore;
With thee I'll cross the Strait, and leave
This land for evermore.

3

And with thee to the desert
Beyond the sea I'll fly,
With thee in Arab tents to dwell,
And blest with thee to die,
Bring steeds and arms to-morrow,
Come when the night-shades fall—
But hark! his step! his scymetar
Gleams on the darken'd wall!

#### XXXVII

Another morn, and fresh the West-wind blows,
The long felucca's lateen sail is braced,
Its tossing arms the sea around her throws;
All thoughts of desk and books are fast effaced;
While like the brawny boar they late had chased
And brought to bay, the gaunt grey Rock appears,
With all its threatening tusks, so nicely placed
For mischief or defence. The Padron steers
For Ceuta, and the boat the open roadstead nears.

#### XXXVIII

Sternly the snow-crown'd Afric mountains frown
On the tall ramparts, built as to defy
With Spanish scorn the Moslem. The white town
Rises beyond, and lifts its turrets high,
Like fingers pointing to the Christian's sky,
But drums and trumpets somewhat mar the effect.
The Spanish maids go by, with the same eye,
The same small feet, as some there did inspect,
And at each little step their country's grace reflect.

#### XXXIX

But now they reach the governor's large hall,
Bristling with beards that match the Berber goat;
Himself a starr'd and long-spurr'd general,
For his blue blood whom Ferdinand did promote,
But not much like the Cid: superb his coat
And long his sword, while like a peacock's tail
On his cock'd-hat the feathers spread and float.
Not Smollett's Captain Weasel look'd more frail,
Nor had a bigger heart, if memory does not fail.

#### XL

His speech was graced with fine Castilian flowers;
His home, he said, was theirs, at their command
Was all within the scope of his small powers;
And then he waved his Lilliputian hand
With all the dignity of his proud land.
For guide he sent a veteran tall and grey,
With a cock'd hat that almost look'd as grand,
Who marshall'd them in a majestic way,
For which and his high talk they must some douros pay.

#### XLI

Wide was their circuit, but their steps inclined,
At last towards their Inn; but on the road
A monk of lofty port, but look resign'd,
They met, whose more than auburn beard was broad
And long as once much-injured Esau's flow'd,
Hence Barbirojo call'd. Some bow'd the knee;
Though robed with serge, and but with sandals shod,
He was their Bishop. Erin's son was he,
And a most doughty man to deal with heresy.

#### XLII

In the cool hostel, with their guide for guest,
The wearied travellers sit around the board,
And freely flows the wine and flies the jest.
Their viands tunny, sucking-pig well scored,
Capons and fricassees; nor be ignored
The dish by Dons as Earth's best dish proclaim'd,
The olla, which combines all bounties stored
By Nature for our race since man was tamed,
Beans, bacon, cabbage, garlic—more than can be named.

### XLIII

One other duty ere the day is done,
To pay their homage to the fairest maid
In all that city, and (so fame did run)
Who threw all other damsels in the shade.
The Moorish Emperor (so the people said)
Offer'd to buy her and her father's shop,
And all the gloves and silks and things of trade;
He even did the serious question pop,
And promised, if she 'd come, all other wives to drop.

#### XLIV

But she was coy, and much preferr'd to be
The cynosure of all the Christian eyes;
And from the Rock whole regiments came to see
That peerless beauty, hoping for the prize.
The Andalusian Dons would breathe their sighs
Across the counter, but she took no hint.
So there the travellers went; one bracelets buys,
One gloves, one ribbands, none their dollars stint,
All own that she is lovely, but her heart is flint.

#### XLV

Now on fleet barbs they spring towards Tangier, And by the way a Moorish yeoman meet, Tending his herds, a stalwart mountaineer, With a white beard and yellow-slipper'd feet. Right glad he was his English friends to greet, His house, as the Castilian said, was theirs; Kid he could give them, milk as honey sweet, And barley for their horses, and his prayers. With thanks they left him there to his bucolic cares.

#### XI.VI

'No God but One!' frequent, as they speed on,
Manly and not unfriendly voices cry;
'No God but One!' they answer. Day is gone,
From minarets gleaming in the sunset sky
'No God but One!' they hear, and so reply.
'No God but One! Of that there is no doubt,'
Said a small Frenchman twinkling his dark eye;
'Much of what follows may be well left out.'
Night came—'No God but One!' did the same tenor shout.

# XLVII

Not many beauties there you'll chance to spy,
The damsels are conceal'd from head to foot,
With but a hole to peep from with one eye,
No sandall'd ankle, and no neat-laced boot,
But slattern slippers which their blankets suit.
Enough of that and of that dreary place,
Its swaddled women, gardens, prickly fruit,
And its proud men, sons of a noble race,
Its scorn'd and scornful Jews, and renegadoes base.



#### XLVIII

Back—back to desk and work and books once more!

One day the father for the scholar bought
At auction of French books so large a store,
That in a wain they to his house were brought;
And soon amid the heap the young man sought
And found Voltaire, Rousseau, and others like,
Who curious lore and queerer morals taught.

'Twas searching grains in dung-heaps with a pike;
But most Emile's strange training did his fancy strike.

# XLIX

To counteract this mischief unforeseen,
The father brought one day a learned Jew
To teach him Hebrew. Black his eyes and keen,
And short and round his form, of swarthy hue,
And first in Italy his breath he drew.
As much unlike a Patriarch as could be
In shape and height, but to the type as true
As Moses was, and of a pedigree
To which infantile seems all other ancestry.

L

And then they went to work on the great Book; So tough a task the youth had not yet tried; Letters and points and grammar, months it took To grapple them, the English Bible wide Their Lexicon, which many knots untied, So nobly was it done, the Hebrew own'd; Though now and then his eyes some blunder spied, When with a kind of guttural sound he groan'd, But quickly the next verse for that mishap atoned.

LI

Some of the Pentateuch, and many Psalms,
And of Isaiah chapters long were read,
Without the Rabbi feeling many qualms.
At some sad verse the old man tears would shed,
At others, with proud eye and lifted head
He stood as if on Zion's hill sublime,
When kings or judges Israel's armies led,
When the Jew had a home in his own clime,
A Temple, and for God the Lord of Space and Time.

#### LII

'Believest thou in Him?' the Hebrew cried,
'Ay, and in Christ his Son,' the fervent youth,
Bowing in reverence at the name, replied.
Then thus the Jew, as his stern brow grew smooth:
'All are God's sons who speak and act the truth,
And suffering is the lot of all God's sons;
The prophets' sorrows there was none to soothe;
Despised were they, and the rejected ones,
And so our race, which still the world as lepers shuns.

## LIII

'The Jew saw Thebes before he journey'd East,
The Jew was at the fall of Babylon,
He heard the revels at Belshazzar's feast;
He saw great Cæsar pass the Rubicon;
The Temple fell, but still the Jew lived on;
And he survived when Rome lay in the dust,
And still is here, though empires since have gone,
Like those before, as soon some others must,
And then the Jew will still the God of Abraham trust.'



#### LIV

The Hebrew ended, and they left the Book.

But where was Arrieta? Sickness came,

And accident, and oh! how changed his look!

His hair turn'd grey, and bent was his tall frame,

While in his heart the wound remain'd the same,

Or bled afresh for his dear country's woes.

No loving kindred watch the flickering flame;

A spark, the last the dying ember throws,

And with a gleam of hope life's darkest moments close.



# **MEMORIES**

CANTO VI

# CANTO VI

I

CHANGE and still change, so runs the round of life
To the last moment of the oldest man:
We mark its course by hopes, pains, pleasures, strife,
Which are the spokes that fit the wheel's short span,
And life the axle is, since life began,
That moves and holds the whirling dream together.
The way grows rough which late so level ran,
And now 'tis summer, now 'tis wintry weather,
But still the wheel goes round till lost in dust and ether.

Ħ

He who was call'd the lad, the youth, return'd Ere long to England with a manlier phase, Although the books the censors would have burn'd Seem'd for a time his cloudy brain to craze. His thoughts still wander'd in an endless maze, The more he read he less appear'd to know, And when light gleam'd, the thicker grew the haze; Voltaire's keen strokes could not hard blocks o'erthrow, And in Utopian dreams expired Jean Jacques Rousseau.

ш

With Rabelais he laugh'd, and marvell'd much;
A Socrates behind a mask of grins;
The page so limed, it sticks to the least touch,
The muck so deep, it takes you o'er the shins.
He gibes at follies and he scoffs at sins,
Grimacing like a monkey on a jakes.
He strips the solemn mummers to their skins,
And of mere man a very beast he makes,
Nay, worse than vilest things that lurk in dens and brakes.

# IV

He learnt from Swift, who donn'd the Frenchman's cowl, That horses did their masters far excel, And that, compared with theirs, our ways were foul; And with the steeds he had preferr'd to dwell, So he might 'scape the creatures whose strong smell Proved they were kin to his own unctuous race: But, while he felt the dark magician's spell, He saw the signs of madness in that face, And with a sadden'd heart did soon his course retrace.

V

With Volney's learning for his trusty guide,
He had approach'd the confines of the past,
And glimpsed Time's hoary ruins scatter'd wide,
From which the pensive sage would states recast,
And build a fabric that should longer last,
Basing on common sense the ideal pile.
Though grand to view, that cloud of castles vast,
It vanish'd when Napoleon reach'd the Nile,
While Memnon did on him as once at Julius smile.

#### VΙ

But now he trod once more firm English soil,
Renown'd for all that makes a nation great,
Yet something saw which made his steps recoil,
Which afterwhile the verses may narrate.
Certain his doubts did not as yet abate,
And to his tomes he did in vain resort:
To solve the problem he must work and wait;
Yet, like the bark that seeks some distant port,
Haply may miss the track, and life may prove too short.

#### VII

The young man sojourn'd Westward for a time,
Upon the border of the moorlands drear,
Which, had they mountains, would be call'd sublime.
The hills are not like Alps, no peaks they rear
Like Atlas, and the sky is seldom clear;
But wild the region, and some think it grand;
The mist-swathed tors in that chill atmosphere
Like warders 'gainst advancing Culture stand,
Though woods each year encroach, and furrow'd fields
expand.

### VIII

From heathy clefts impetuous rills descend,
That mingling swell to rivers deep and large;
But ere they reach the scenes to which they wend,
The woods, the glades, the meads, and Ocean's marge,
Where all their gather'd volume they discharge,
Down o'er the rugged waste they bound and rush,
True though not straight as shot towards the targe;
In gorges now they foam, in fountains gush,
And wind, and leap, and plunge through bog and briar and
bush.

IX

There, when Spring sheds her fertilizing showers,
Few signs of her mild influence may be traced;
And tardy Summer sprinkles sparse her flowers,
To perish soon amid the wintry waste.
There Solitude her hermit cell has placed,
Shunning the voices of the leafy woods;
And, where the hounds the antler'd quarry chased,
Seldom the cry of huntsman now intrudes,
And rarely sound is heard except the roar of floods.

x

Oft thither with some book the wanderer went,
To be alone, and breathe the morning gale,
Preferring to the rose the wild thyme's scent,
The purple heather to the lily pale.
And, recollecting the dark palace-jail,
How sweet the freedom of the wilderness!
Here would he lodge till justice should prevail,
Till rich men did no more the poor oppress,
Till for each wrong was found complete and prompt redress!

XI

He then was thinking of his father's wrong,
For which he late had sought a remedy.
The gownsmen held that, though the time was long,
There still might be relief in Equity;
But laches there had been, and candidly
They must confess the case was intricate.
He bow'd and thank'd them for their courtesy;
The law's delay was of an ancient date,
More costs they now must pay, and longer have to wait.

#### XII

Remembering then the exiles he had loved,
Whose dust was in the clefts of that far Rock,
More deeply still his heavy heart was moved;
And in strong words, of which he had large stock,
That ears polite and sensitive would shock,
His hate of bigots of all types found vent,
All who would keep man's conscience under lock;
He wish'd all despots where the Yankee meant,
When at Riego's fate all cursed with one consent.

# XIII

Thus, as he walk'd, he ranted lustily,
And, having skill of fist, would sometimes hit
As if he'd got some pate 'in chancery:'
Then on the turf he would demurely sit,
And twigs of heather like distinctions split;
Now with his practised arm he pierced the air,
As if he would some scowling tyrant spit;
And then, to show he did no malice bear,
He danced a fling, and next did to his book repair.

# XIV

Had there been English exiles? He now read
Of one who died since he was born, a man
Who would in times remote have boldly led
Truth's hope-forlorn, and fall'n in Freedom's van,
Or at the stake have faced the bigot's ban.
With voice and pen he dared assert man's right,
Yet vindicated God's eternal plan;
Hailing, like thousands more, the burst of light
Which from the hills of France broke on the Earth's long
night.

#### xv

Him Science honour'd as her arduous son,
And his researches gain'd him world-wide fame;
But higher did the rage of factions run,
And popular frenzy other victims claim,
As in old days, the rancour just the same,
And those who should have quench'd it fann'd the fire.
The torches flared, and roar'd the midnight flame,
Books, scripts, and all he own'd form'd one red pyre,
And he too, had he stay'd, had help'd to make it higher.

# XVI

The blind fanatics follow'd on his track;
As dogs the stag, as wolves the lamb, so they
Chased him from shire to shire, and did not slack.
No rest for him, he dared not stand at bay;
Children and wife might not his flight delay,
For night and day the pack his steps pursued:
The law prevented not. Away, away!
The man-hounds scented to the shore his blood,
Nor was he safe till over the Atlantic flood.

#### XVII

Such Priestley's doom, and such was England's law, Her freedom such in living memory!

And so when Locke escaped the Stuart's claw, And fled to Holland o'er the narrower sea, For holding that the conscience should be free, While Russell fell beneath the murderous axe For God and truth, and human liberty.

But all in vain they plied their laws and racks, And blood was but as oil to feed the smoking flax.

#### XVIII

Another page did to his mind unfold
The sadder chronicle of Bruno's fate
In a still darker age. Gay, ardent, bold,
The Italian monk despised the sloth and hate
Of tonsured dullards, and threw wide the gate
Of Nature to all those who dared approach.
Welcomed at Oxford by the Dons sedate,
With loud applause the scholars heard him broach
Doctrines that largely did on old domains encroach.

#### XIX

The learned, witty Neapolitan
Liked English ladies well as they liked him;
And prim Elizabeth admired the man,
For he was handsome, and his gallant trim
More suited brilliant courts than cloisters dim,
And he could dance and sing to her content:
But all the while spies watch'd him mute and grim.
To other courts and other halls he went,
Then to his own bright clime, too proudly confident.

#### $\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

Betray'd by Mocenigo, in the cells
Fetid and damp of Venice long he lay,
Friendless and cheerless, as the record tells,
While pious folk outside kept holiday;
Yet, for a time, his heart as theirs was gay,
As lively as a fish within the mesh:
And when his health and mirth were giving way,
They sent his sicken'd soul and shrinking flesh
For change of air to Rome, his spirits to refresh!

#### XXI

Seven years in dungeons there! Worse than the rack,
They question'd him and plied their argument,
To make his thoughts as did his sinews crack.
The Earth rotates—what next will he invent?
More worlds than one—impious as insolent!
A stern example does the Church require,
Yet to a bloodless death they all assent,
To be done gently their benign desire,
And that he may retract let one whole week expire!

#### XXII

He listen'd, but his bosom did not heave;
Then rose and said, 'Your sentence I suspect
You utter with more fear than I receive.'
Much did the Judges on his words reflect,
While others heard, nor fail'd to recollect.
With lifted Cross, and Gonfalon unfurl'd
Came Monks, Pope, Cardinals, and with brow erect
The Martyr Sage—the red flame round him curl'd,
And with the rolling Earth his scatter'd ashes whirl'd.

# XXIII

The youth recall'd what the old Rabbi told
About God's sons in every clime and age,
To sorrow destined from the times of old,
Trial and trouble their sure heritage.
Life is for most a weary pilgrimage,
But for the chosen few the way is hard;
If not despised, they rouse fanatic rage,
If not in prison, from social joys debarr'd,
If not with stripes their flesh, their souls with wounds are scarr'd.

#### XXIV

The poets have been mourners in all time,
And seldom without taint of sin or shame,
In any age or land: from the sublime
To utter baseness one short step, the same
Leading straight up from infamy to fame.
So he who took the poor man's lamb could sing
Strains that from mortal lips yet never came,
Soaring to Heaven as on a seraph's wing,
And temples throughout Earth still with those raptures ring.

# XXV

Dante an exile, Tasso in a cell;
Milton co-heir in glory and in grief;
For Chatterton grey Redclyffe's ancient bell
Seems yet to plain, his life as sad as brief,
Falling as in the blast the vernal leaf;
Burns sang and proved that 'man was made to mourn,'
And when of Scotland's bards proclaim'd the chief,
A gauger's gimlet did his breast adorn,
And like an outcast he was left to die forlorn.

#### XXVI

And then he thought of Byron's darken'd mind,
World-famous, when by jarring sects abhorr'd,
Sever'd from wife and child, and from his kind
Almost cut off like Milton, though a lord,
Whom rarely sins expel from bower or board.
If great his faults, great were his sorrows too,
And Heaven his larger merits will record.
At hypocrites his swift, barb'd arrows flew,
For truth and right he fought when manly minds were few.

#### XXVII

116

Over his dust the carrion crows still caw:
But never will the youth forget the day
When on the Mountain Rock he climb'd and saw
The Greek ships' colours half-mast in the Bay,
So on Italian barks that near them lay,
So too the British Red-Cross drooping hung,
And so the Stars and Stripes; no feign'd display
Of honour and regret for him who sung
Of Greece, and for her died as one from Hellas sprung.

#### XXVIII

That morn the tidings came of Byron's death
At Missolonghi—oh! how lone and sad!
Uttering dear memories with his gasping breath.
Yet on the Rock that day some call'd him mad;
Some said that his great influence was for bad;
While others praised, nor could withhold a tear;
But in the street each Greek a token had
Upon, ay, and within his breast sincere,
That Byron was to Greece not less than Freedom dear.

#### XXIX

More gently Shelley touch'd the young man's heart; Eccentric, fearless, tender, ruthless law
Did from his clasping arms his children part,
And in his bowels the vulture left her claw.
But every stroke did purer ichor draw,
And every loftier song fresh anguish cost;
The sweetest still reserved, when the fierce flaw
In Spezzia's gulf came down, the wild waves toss'd,
And oh! what truth and love were in that dark sea lost!

#### XXX

Another form of aspect less divine
Would sometimes claim a more than transient gaze,
Blameless Montgomery, whose mild soul would shine
Through the chaste verses like the Moon's soft rays.
To holier themes his nights, to toil his days
On sterner prose were given: too bold the truth,
And for the offence, as if in Rome, he pays
The forfeit of his freedom, still a youth,
For rulers then had fears, and for plain speech no ruth.

#### XXXI

Some in a humbler sphere he knew, mark'd men, Proscribed for quiet, independent thought:

This too he saw, the flourish of a pen
Assailants like a nest of hornets brought
On him who ventured further than he ought.
He noted also, in this land so free,
Divergent creeds a social difference wrought,
That sects were weigh'd in scales as cheeses be,
That rights of conscience did not mean equality.

#### XXXII

'Not strange,' he said, 'men shun the narrow road, And find or seek some more convenient way; The way which theologians call the broad Is that whereon the greater number stray; But there are paths as dangerous some say, Though not so wide, and which less fast descend; Perplex'd and tortuous they may be, but they Start from one point, and to one point they tend, Self, self alone, from the beginning to the end.'

#### XXXIII

'Commodity, the bias of the world,
As Falconbridge discover'd long ago,
When round his long moustache the big word twirl'd;
Though better now the synonym we know,
Interest, that curbs the fast and spurs the slow;
Tickling commodity, as Shakespeare said,
That makes bards, sages, statesmen jump Jim Crow;
Which sways alike each sex and every grade,
Pope, priest, king, beggar, greybeard, matron, youth and maid!'

#### XXXIV

Nay—youth and maid? 'Yes, Love, whose sportive wings Once flutter'd free he knew and cared not where, Sweet Love, of whom each poet fondly sings From Homer to Tom Moore, must have a care To gild his pinions, now so scant and bare; On laps that wait the golden shower now drops, As erst on Danäe's bosom pure and fair. Love leaves the bowers to hover round the shops, And thinks of roses less than of the yellow crops.'

# xxxv

Had he been cross'd in love, that swain morose?

'Beauty,' he said, 'is priced in its degree
Here as in other lands, where bargains close
For damsels as for fillies openly,
Brought to the mart for connoisseurs to see.
He that can most afford has the best chance,
Weird, shrivell'd, old, to purchase symmetry:
So wealth does woman's every charm enhance,
And wreathes with dimpled smiles the wrinkled countenance.

#### XXXVI

'Yet in this sordid, calculating age
The dowerless belles may sometimes mope and pine;
With great éclat they pass across the stage,
Then like lost stars in brief remembrance shine.
In vain the virgins bloom, the swains decline
Connubial bonds; and some cool sages say
The instinct has fulfill'd its great design!
Small heed the herd to such fine counsel pay,
And roam all pastures free, and frolick while they may.

#### XXXVII

'The country is no better than the town,'
Cried young Stylites, laughing at his spleen;
Then from his rocky pillar he look'd down
Over the hills into the valleys green,
And fairer landscape eye had never seen:
The upland farms, the hamlets, the grey towers,
Lifting their turrets from their leafy screen,
And the neat rectories in their laurel bowers,
Their modest lawns, and porches twined with climbing flowers.

# XXXVIII

And at the view his breast was strongly moved; As a child's smile allays the irate nurse, The lovely land before him must be loved, And well might it inspire sad Cowper's verse. Like him he felt who bless'd, yet came to curse: 'How goodly are thy tents!' the prophet cried, When from high Peor he saw the mists disperse, And Israel's tents as valleys spreading wide, And as a garden planted by the river's side.

#### XLV

So he toil'd on, neglecting not his flock,
His books did praise, but little more obtain;
They were but lumber in the salesman's stock;
Then those who knew his merit strove in vain
To find him his true place, and back again
To his lone lamp he went with brow o'ercast,
But no one ever heard him once complain.
Too much, too long! the o'er-labour'd brain at last
Felt not the spur—in death, not sleep, they found him fast.

#### XLVI

These thoughts restored the murmurer to his mood.

Still from his pillar looking down, he views

The distant towns, some bordering on the flood

Of the blue sea, some where the stream pursues

Its course through inland vales, and avenues

Of elm and sycamore the traveller guide.

How beautiful in the warm sunset hues

They look'd, as most things do at eventide,

With all their spires and roofs, and causeways straight and

wide!

#### XLVII

'And those are Charter'd Boroughs!' then he said,
'Now, as when Cowper saw them, public pests,
The whited sepulchres of natures dead
To all that's right and manly, only nests
Of rank corruption, by-words, themes for jests,
Call'd Rotten Boroughs by the public voice.
Think ye the love of freedom stirs their breasts
Who in the name "free burgesses" rejoice?
When the screw fails, bribes turn, or taps decide the choice.

### XLVIII

'There things of little value grow in price:
Canaries sell for guineas, teatless cows
And sterile pigs whose food is not too nice,
And donkeys that on roadside thistles browse,
And mildew'd stacks great competition rouse.
Bank-notes are left in closets, some are strewn
In shrubless gardens, some about the house,
And gold among the weedy fields is sown,
Which the sly tiller finds and no one cares to own.

#### XLIX

'The Corporate body in some burghs elect
The man their patron kindly recommends,
And in return his gratitude expect;
And he, forgetting not his faithful friends,
Promptly to all their small requests attends;
Places for sons in Customs or Excise,
Commissions, livings, so the scale ascends,
According to the social rank the prize;
And all exalt his Grace, his Honour, to the skies.

L

'The patron, where there is one, gets his fee:
Sometimes the candidate gives a douceur,
It may a thousand or some thousands be;
Besides which he may nobler things secure,
If in the House he can some votes ensure;
Six seats should buy a peerage at the least.
An M. P. lawyer (whose white hands are pure,
Though soil'd his agent's) finds his briefs increased,
Becomes a Judge, and banquets at the Lord Mayor's feast.'

LI

This—the tale dates back years—was one sure mode
By which men reach'd the Council of the State,
And thence in ermine to the Senate rode.
The method has been somewhat changed of late,
But all the murmurer said was at that date
True to the letter; much may be so now.
Yet even then some would the shame abate,
And framed a new machine, Reform, but how,
'Twould work was doubted—most preferr'd the rude old
plough.

#### LII

Such was the 'glorious' system of those days,
And such of Power the more than tainted source.
Parties—call'd factions in less courteous phrase—
Moved in battalions, and each hostile force
Around its colours cheer'd till both grew hoarse,
Yelling at times like hounds in unison.
So, as for ages past, things took their course,
The game of Ins and Outs went briskly on,
And so, perchance, it will when ages more are gone.

#### T.TT1

Strange topics these the glimpse of those few towns
Suggested in that somewhat misty air:
Then, glancing at the sun, Kings' smiles and frowns,
Courts, and the folk that bask in favour there
Seem'd to his fancy pictured in that glare;
But all he knew was from Le Sage and Scott;
Yet to his mind the type was far more fair,
More gay the scene, the place was much less hot
At throng'd Saint James's than where Guy Fawkes laid his
plot.

#### LIV

'Thither,' he said, 'the warriors from red fields
Or purple waves come in their proud attire,
With medals on their breasts for heralds' shields,
To render homage while bright eyes admire.
All honour gain, though few aught else acquire;
Who in one service lack strong interest,
And in the other, should they still aspire,
Those who have not the coin so much in quest
May hide their scars, and pluck the medals from the breast.

# LV

'A nation of shopkeepers! That is true,
A most mercantile people, but what then?
Honour is render'd to whom honour 's due,
And all are brave and honourable men:
Who would not take the same advantage when
It offer'd, if he only had the means?
Prohibit it, and 'twill be done again,
So says the trader to his boy in teens,
While on his dented sword the war-worn soldier leans.'

#### I.VI

So growl'd the murmurer, as his memory
Recall'd the veteran, his loved absent friend,
Then far away in the great Indian Sea,
A subaltern to be till his life's end,
Unless grim Death a helping hand would lend.
'Merit,' said he, 'will be its own reward,
And doubtless Heaven just recompense will send;
Let myrtle still enwreathe the batter'd sword,
'Twill make amends for wounds, hard bed, and scanty board.'

#### LVII

Home, home, young Churchill! to your books and bed; If such your day fits, what will be your dreams, Your thoughts when nightmares on your blanket tread, While from the ruin'd tower the owlet screams? Jean-Jacques has done his work with you it seems. And now he notes the spreading, deepening gloom, And hears the harsher voices of the streams, And through the cleft, as through a cloven tomb, Sees the sun's parting rays the deep ravine illume.

# LVIII

And keener yet he feels the moorland blast,
No more the lofty tors in purple glow,
Nor on the waste their lengthy shadows cast;
Up the dim glens the stealthy mists creep slow,
And round the lower peaks their white arms throw;
Over the swamps the treacherous fenfires dart,
On heavy wings swoops by the harsh-voiced crow,
The rooks with clamours meet and wheel apart,
And in the plashing ruts loud creaks the peat-piled cart.

#### LIX

Onward he paces, sees the turf-fires blaze
In moor-men's huts, and pleasant is the smell
The grey smoke wafts through the thick-rising haze.
In dusky folds is heard the tinkling bell,
And high above, to bid the sun farewell.
In the blue ether trills the grateful lark.
The village-hum comes up the shadowy dell,
And from the far-off grange the watch-dogs bark,
And now the sun sinks down, and all the vales grow dark.

#### LX

Then Night, her sable banner wide display'd,
Descends with all her glittering, countless host,
The Earth her ancient region to invade:
And soon the distant view in gloom is lost;
Hills, rivers, tors, and shores with towns imboss'd,
And the blue Ocean vanish like a cloud
Of varied hue and shape, that swiftly cross'd
The pilgrim's path. All that appear'd so proud,
So bright, so sad, so base is buried in that shroud.

#### LXI

If to yon stars our sun a speck, this earth
Is but a vapour whirling round the sun,
And we are motes that in its beams had birth.
Our little troubles ended when begun,
Our toil commences, and the work is done,
Our sins and sorrows finish'd in a day.
Some call us leaves, ephemera said one,
The grass that withers, flowers that fade away,
All that is fairest fleetest, foul things fast decay.

#### I.XII

And gazing up into those wondrous skies,
The murmurer ceased at once his morbid plaint,
As they on him look'd down with tearful eyes,
As if the heavens could hear man's accents faint,
And from the eternal font would purge his taint,
And with their balm assuage his painful thrall.
He looked again, as did the poet-saint,
'With unpresumptuous eye,' and dared recall
His loving words and say—' My father made them all.'

#### LXIII

Thy father, worm? Darest thou such kin affirm? Thy father, insect? 'Mine believe and thine; Such is my humble faith, though but a worm, Like that whose rays on yonder hedgerow shine: Else whence these inward gleams of light divine, These filial instincts, as we grope our way, And seek to find an unseen guide benign? Father, which art in Heaven, I learnt to say First by my mother's knee, and so will ever pray.'

#### LXIV

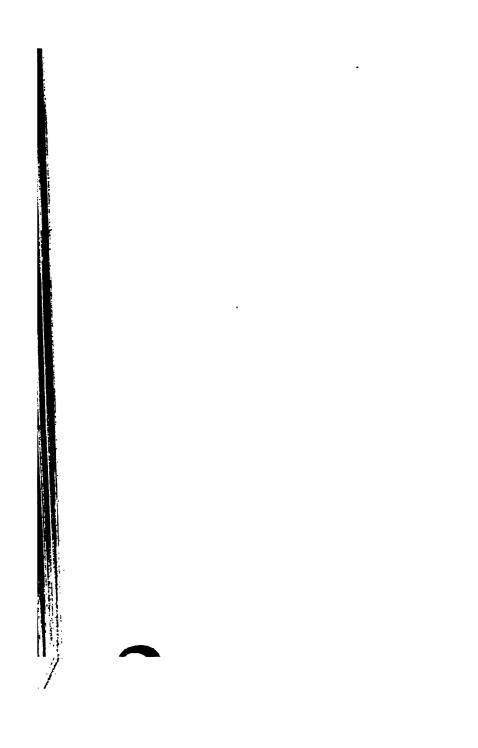
Then to those altars of perpetual fire
Again his heart went up, the changeless stars,
Not brighter when the circling angel choir
Hail'd new-born light. As from a prison's bars
Upward he looks, but not for avatars,
Recorded or foretold in ancient books;
And though gross flesh his spirit's vision mars,
Beyond those stars intuitive he looks,
And longs for God 'as pants the hart for water-brooks.'

# LXV

In the still watches of the night he hears,
Or dreams he hears, sweet voices in the sky,
And plain as human speech each word appears;
At times with sound of harps the chant is nigh,
Then antiphones from distant orbs reply.
Later he listen'd, drunken men reel'd past,
And once there came a shrill and piteous cry;
Then all again was hush'd, and he slept fast,
And, when he woke, the dawn was with no cloud o'ercast.

# MEMORIES

CANTO VII



# CANTO VII

1

Now Morn advances in her purple vest,
Spangled with diamonds from the caves of Night;
Fresh-blowing roses on her virgin breast,
Sandall'd with stars, while on her brow the light
Sits like a diadem. The ceaseless flight
Of tuneful birds, that lay in woods conceal'd,
Winnows the torpid air, and fleeces white
Move on the quiet hills, and in each field
The drowsy kine arouse, and would their udders yield.

11

The breeze awakes, and fast its pinions skim
The upland lawns, and soon will reach the waste;
Now dipping in the ponded water's brim,
Their course in pearly ripples may be traced.
They shake the drooping leaves, and in their haste
Scatter the dewdrops from the violet;
Then sweep the leas by loitering rustics paced,
Or stir the lattice, where fond maids as yet
In silly dreams their pails and churns and cows forget.

#### 111

Out, murmurer, out! Not thine the couch of sloth,
Not thine to drown in sleep the hour of prime;
To Nature thou hast plighted long thy troth,
And she awaits thee at the accustom'd time.
In every season and in every clime
This is the hour from death-like sleep to spring,
On the green sward or 'mid the city slime;
Let dullards still to their soft pillows cling,
Sad dupes who never heard the larks their matins sing!

## IV

Childhood begins to stir ere peep of day,
To catch the first kiss from Morn's rosy lips,
And with her flowing golden tresses play.
Like fawn about her path young Fancy skips,
And lithe Hilarity before her trips,
While jocund Toil, with round and ruddy face,
Urges the team, or for the anvil strips:
Now echoing horns announce the sylvan chase,
And wakeful Age lags not, but claims the foremost place.

#### V

Few, few are they in whose distemper'd view
No cause is found to gratulate the morn,
To whom the day's return but proves how true
That mortal man to thrall and pain was born.
True, millions must awake each day forlorn,
And millions more resume their course of shame;
Thousands to death the matin trumpets warn;
But men did never yet the morning blame,
All share the light of heaven, and feel the genial flame.

## ٧I

Ev'n in the cells where patriots' fetters clank.

Sweet is the ray that through the crevice streams,
And lighter now the felons climb the crank,
Though soon the sweat as from a cauldron steams;
In wards, the maniacs wake from fever'd dreams,
Nor heed how near them hang the belt and shroud
And from their attics, when the daybreak gleams,
Worn forms look forth, by life's last anguish bow'd,
Who scarce suspect pale Death rides on the purple cloud.

#### VII

Away all doubts, away all shades of sorrow!

Forth, student, with the oaken staff again,
Thy friend is waiting with his blithe good-morrow.
Hark! how the river, swoll'n with recent rain,
Roars where the weir its fury would restrain,
And brown as amber rolls the turbid flood.
The bridge is cross'd, and up the o'er-arching lane
They wind, and now escape the dripping wood,
And reach the down, with gorse like scatter'd gold bestrew'd.

## VIII

But who the blithe companion of the way?
His age was verging towards the closing year,
Yet fresh he look'd as in his vernal day.
Among the yeomen Devon's rich pastures rear
In height and strength he rarely found a peer:
His stalwart arm could heave the largest bell,
While like a chime his manly voice rang clear;
His feats afoot were known in every dell,
And in the distant cot his smile like sunshine fell.

#### 13

On Cambria's hills the noble sapling grew,
And Culture raised his mind to equal height;
To cope with him in various lore were few.
Classics he loved, nor did the moderns slight,
Dante as glib as Homer he could cite,
From Schiller's plays could give each finer part,
Coleridge to him was text-book day and night,
And some yet live who saw his tear-drop start
When sympathetic Wordsworth touch'd his feeling hea

#### X

Coleridge and Southey were his friends in youth,
And, though much changed their views of men and t
He still believes, if others doubt, their truth.
Should any question, he the gauntlet flings,
And to their aid his potent memory brings,
Quoting alike from poem and from prose;
Not that he quite approves such sudden springs
And turns abrupt; and, while no blame he throws,
He from such friendly hands look'd not for such hard 1

## ΧI

Oft ere that morn the wayfarers had talk'd
Of the dread time when those last-named were youn
And now again, as through the heath they stalk'd,
The younger man as if in view gave tongue,
And at the pair a random gibe he flung,
Not that he did not love and honour each.
The elder paused as his long paces swung,
Then spoke as when wise men grave lessons teach,
In tones that through the heart the understanding reac



## ΧII

'Ah, youthful friend! thank Heav'n you lived not then,
And that your lot is in this happier day;
And think not harshly of the ardent men
Whose locks were then like yours, but now are grey,
Whatever rôle it fell to them to play
In the great drama that thrill'd every breast.
All who look'd on took part: I cheer'd as they
The earlier acts—we shudder'd at the rest;
The Sun that rose so bright sank blood-red in the West.'

## XIII

That instant, as around the tors they climb,
On a high peak they see the sunbeam flash:
'Like that,' the grave man said, 'and as sublime,
Burst the great light; no clouds were seen to clash,
And long the peal delay'd its awful crash.
Then, while the ray illumined Earth and Heaven,
Down to the ground we saw the dark tower dash;
And men believed all chains for aye were riven,
Nations embraced, and feuds of ages were forgiven.

# XIV

'Fox, Southey, Coleridge, Priestley, Roscoe hail'd The vivid lightning as the day-star's beam; Then broke the thunder, and the boldest quail'd; Instead of Freedom's shout was heard the scream Of Frenzy, and the Bastile's smouldering gleam Was quench'd with royal blood; in torrents pour'd From noblest, purest breasts the crimson stream; The craters of the heaving mountain roar'd, Not Paradise regain'd, but Hell it was restored.

## XV

MEMORIES.

'You too, had you lived then, had been appall'd,
And God forbid that you the like should see!
But we learnt this—that those who loudest call'd
For right and justice wanted anarchy;
That nations might like men demented be;
That those who would be free must strive and wait
That liberty, if without charity,
Is but the rhetoric of a vain debate,
And that without God's help we cannot build a State.

## XVI

The silent listener heard, nor dared demur
To those impressive and pathetic tones,
Yet said, 'You saw some fall like Lucifer;
But when they fell they did not break their bones,
And feather-beds they found instead of stones.
Others more faithful suffer'd, suffer still,
For the great cause, and heavy sighs and moans
Are heard this day in Spielberg's dungeons chill,
And Rome's malaria yet will many a brave man kill.'

## XVII

'Hard are your words,' the elder gently said,
'But why for ever pitch that dismal strain,
Now that, once more, England's free soil you tread
And now that her free air you breathe again?
I grieve for France, for Italy, for Spain,
And some, where yonder prisons darkly loom,
I knew from those bright climes, by winter slain,
Who fought for freed that their youth's fresh bloom
Then for Napoleon.

#### XVIII

'Free soil,' exclaimed the other, 'and free air!
I proved them when a child in London town,
In a dim palace-gaol, up the steep stair,
And so my father proved: do put that down
Among your notes. Smile, if you please, or frown;
This doubtless is the land of right and law;
Perfect our system, and of old renown;
Sieyès himself no scheme so fine could draw,
De Lolme and Blackstone cannot find a single flaw!

#### XIX

'Our liberties were purchased long ago,
And with the price of blood, for us to sell,
As in the town from whence perhaps yon crow
Has come to muse like us o'er flood and fell,
Which some at Westminster perhaps might tell.
To Cæsar and to citizen their due
We render, and it all goes smooth and well.
Yes, sir, I like and love the land as you,
But through a colour'd lens I took the distant view.

#### $\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

'It is or was a land to make men proud,
And in past ages it sustain'd its claim
To rank above all lands for manlihood;
Then glory was not a mere puff of fame,
And honour then was not a tinkling name;
The poor man's virtue, honesty, was proof,
And modesty was never put to shame;
Mirth was no stranger 'neath the humble roof,
Nor did the wretched keep from pillar'd gates aloof.'

## XXI

'Ha, ha!' the senior cried, 'I will engage
With Quixote and the goatherds you have been,
And heard him talk about the happy age,
Which poets in their waking dreams have seen,
Sweet glimpses of the realm of Faerie Queen!
Perchance the eloquent old Spanish Don,
If sitting here upon this hillock green,
Would some years further back than you have gone,
And told us of the folks who ranged these rings of sto

## XXII

'They were a frugal race: no knives or forks,
Or stoves had they, and eat their steaks half raw;
They had no bottles, and could need no corks,
And handy cork-screws less, the corks to draw;
Long were their nails, much like the wild cat's claw
They neither blankets had, nor sheet, nor shirt;
Shoes if they wore were made of thongs and straw;
No soap or razor used they, and 'twould hurt
Their independent minds to wash away the dirt.

## XXIII

'Few were their statutes, laws were fewer still,
What they could take was theirs and theirs alone,
Till some one stronger did the taker kill.
If gods they had, they worshipp'd the unknown,
Unless they took a shape in wood or stone;
Their priests preferr'd a human sacrifice;
And when they died the wolves would gnaw their b
As for the women, 'twill not much surprise
They had no shifts, modern female buys.

#### XXIV

'But happier times, as the Knight said, were those To which the ancients gave the name of gold, Though gold unneeded, parent of all woes; The two words Mine and Thine were then untold, And men all things did then in common hold. Acorns for food they stretch'd their hands and took, And, as for drink, no poisonous juice was sold, But gush'd clear fountains and the crystal brook, And the kind bees for them their laden cells forsook.

## XXV

'The stately cork-trees stripp'd themselves of bark
To roof the cots set up on knotted poles,
And all the earth was one continuous park.
The coulter yet presumed not to dig holes,
And rip our mother's entrails; ample doles
Of all good things her fertile breast supplied,
To cheer her sons; and not in sweeping stoles,
But in curt modest sarks, the champaign wide
The damsels roam'd, yet with no Amazonian stride.

#### XXVI

'No stays compress'd, they wore nor gloves nor hose,
Their neat-laced buskins were of untann'd kid,
Or sandals did their dainty feet disclose;
Their tresses were not in huge bonnets hid,
The eye was shaded only by the lid;
Unrouged the cheek, and scents they never used;
No rings upon their taper fingers slid,
No ornaments they had, no silks transfused
For them the rainbow's tints, no fashions they perused.

#### XXVII

'Indeed they could not read, or spin, or sow,
But how they got their dress I cannot tell;
There were no shops, no milliners we know,
Though clothes no doubt were indispensable.
Unharm'd they wander'd in the forest dell,
And when they met their lovers were not coy,
But fancy-free they chose with whom to dwell;
And changing lovers was their chief employ,
Jealous at times, but constancy did never cloy.

## XXVIII

'The vesture of the male was just as spare;
After the fashion of the Gael the frock,
The head was hatless, and the knees were bare;
It may be doubted if he wore a sock,
Or if he did, what colour was the clock.
Music he had and loved: beneath his arm
He squeezed the bag, and scatter'd all the flock;
Although it did the pastoresses charm,
It would as now, perhaps, some tender ears alarm.

#### XXIX

'No banns were needed then, no marriage rites,
But all was natural, simple, and sincere:
Bright were the days, and tranquil were the nights;
No watch-dogs bark'd, no robbers then came near,
No trumpets shock'd the gentle shepherd's ear;
Jails, churches, law-courts had not then been raised;
There was no fraud, no malice, and no fear,
No fire but that which on Love's altar blazed,
Who piped or danced the best by all the rest was praised.

## XXX

'And so forth, brother goatherd!' Then the sage,
Shaking his length of ribs, said 'Friend, this air
Is somewhat keen, and long has been our stage;
'Twere meet we did to yon snug Inn repair,
Where the two bridges join; some homely fare,
Less tough than our Damnonian fathers got,
Less hard than acorns, haply simmers there;
Perhaps the sirloin bubbles in the pot,
Or the plump goose revolves, nor feels the place too hot.'

#### XXXI

'Agreed!' the younger cried, and down the road With willing and not tardy steps they pace, Sharp appetite their spur, and thirst their goad. The dreary waste assumes a milder face, On the grim tors no sign of gloom they trace, And the bluff host soon greets them at the door. But first the foaming tankard takes its place On the clean board, and soon they ask one more, And prompt the rosy maid does the bright liquor pour.

## IIXXX

'This,' quoth the sage, 'is sound philosophy,
And worthy of our hard, material times;
This, sir, is comfort, this is liberty;
I wish your exiles from the Southern climes
Good ale and beef like this, and then their rhymes
Would be less plaintive, and their deeds more bold.
This is the food our fathers had; it primes
The heart with courage, as it did of old,
When Cromwell's Ironsides charged, and Rupert's squadrons
roll'd.

#### XXXIII

With like discourse the stout repast went on,
Which ended, came the punch-bowl and the pipes;
And then they read some lines from Carrington,
The pale schoolmaster, who, instead of stripes
From that fell shrub which with hot blood-marks wipes
The stale offence, would send the lads to rove
These heathy glens, while he would con the types,
Or touch his graphic verse with patient love,
The poet of the Moor, as grateful travellers prove.

## XXXIV

What talk they had along their homeward way
Claims brief report. The murmurer often harp'd
On the same string, while his companion gay
But smiled the more the more he whined and carp'd;
Yet strove to show that, if the world were warp'd,
It still went on much as it used to go;
Nay ev'n these wastes were as defences scarp'd
By hands that, haply, in the turf-ash glow,
And which, if they could move, would their stone-hatchets
throw.

## xxxv

Heav'n keep them safe! But England still has men,
Though gentle, brave, and as humane as just;
Able to wield a sword or point a pen
In liberty's defence, for truth's high trust;
Worthy of Hampden's race, or with the dust
Of Fox to mingle in the ancient Pile
Where sleep the nation's noblest. There the bust
Perpetuates the patriot's brow and smile,
The aspect of the wise and good of either Isle.

#### XXXVI

And then he spoke of Wilberforce, whose voice, Like Cowper's verse, had pleaded for the slave, Of Brougham, who, amid the brawl and noise Of Courts and Halls, did for the people crave Prompt justice and cheap law; who dared to brave The schoolman's craft, the theologian's ban, And say, as if he stood at Milton's grave And hurl'd defiance at the Vatican,

Man shall for his belief no more account to man.

## XXXVII

One the historic name of Russell bore,
And worthy of the patriot-martyr's fame.
Civil, religious freedom the world o'er!
That was his motto, less he would not claim;
Less were beneath an English statesman's aim:
And ever on his lips the word Reform!
Reform of those vile sinks that were our shame;
The people's wrath, long nursed, was growing warm,
The wind that scarcely stirr'd was swelling to a storm.

# XXXVIII

Others he named, and one far o'er the sea,
Of English stock, though his allegiance due
Where he had birth; but to humanity,
As the world's citizen, his heart was true.
Channing! name honour'd and beloved as few,
Endow'd with rarest power to move the soul,
Thy suasive words, when gusts of passion blew,
Like angels' whispers did the storm control,
Teaching, as Paul proclaim'd, man's kin from pole to pole.

#### XXXIX

But in the West the sun is dipping fast,
And now they rest awhile where the last tor
Throws Eastward far its shadow dark and vast;
And like the headlands of a desert shore
Loom the far crags above the trackless Moor;
In the ravine, like Petra's rock-hewn walls,
The cavern'd steep hangs o'er the channell'd floor;
There scarce more strange than here the footstep falls,
And not more lone and shrill the wandering wild-bird calls.

#### XI.

But West and Southward then they meet the view
That so had moved the murmurer yesternight:
Two winding rivers, the broad Ocean blue,
The stately ships at anchor, England's might
In calm repose, or with their canvas white
Clouding the air, while pealing salvos roar;
The distant towns so fair in that soft light;
The well thatch'd cots, the towers with centuries hoar,
The cultured farms, the halls which guests will soon explore.

#### XLI

'Fair England!' cried the sage, 'O favour'd Isle,
Thrice happy they who call thee still their home;
With Plenty crown'd, and blest with Nature's smile,
While round thy shores the guardian billows foam,
From thee O never, never may I roam!
Not a mere land of shops and ware-rooms this,
Not yet the factory's smoke obscures Heaven's dome;
Some kneel to wealth, and gain for some is bliss,
But still old virtues thrive, and none as yet we miss.'

## XLII

Then from his lips roll'd Coleridge's grand ode;
And at the words and voice the listener thrill'd,
While like a bard the rapturous Cambrian strode
Along the heath, as his deep accents fill'd
The rocky glen; and, as when waves are still'd,
Such was the calm when ceased those noble tones:
But at the close a cloud the horizon chill'd,
The giant tors frown'd from their craggy thrones,
And from the sombre woods came sounds of sighs and moans.

## XLIII

And then the young man's lurid phase return'd;

'Yes, England's heart,' he said, 'is sound and great,
And grandly were her power and glory earn'd:

Long centuries back her mighty annals date,
And not as yet doth her renown abate;
But there is much to raise a sad surmise
That, in her turn, she verges to the fate
Of elder empires, though, when England dies,
The world with awe and grief will hear her mortal cries.

#### XI.IX

'If other states at her wide sceptre chafe,
On her free soil the slave was ever free,
The exile here has found a refuge safe,
And broad as her dominion of the sea
She has proclaim'd the cause of liberty.
Yet far away her flag is seen to droop,
Where she still sanctions abject slavery;
There swings the lash, and there the bloodhounds whoop,
And in her subject ports still lurks the slaver's sloop.

## XLV

'Here grinds the serf a bondsman on the soil,
From tottering infancy to crippled age,
Sweating until he can no longer toil;
His parish is his limit, scant his wage,
But then the workhouse is his heritage!
A blessed privilege; his wife apart,
No children may his dying pangs assuage,
Stulted his brain, and paralysed his heart,
His coffin to the Church borne in a black-stain'd cart.

#### XI.VI

'The mine, the factory, see there how they swarm In sad relays, all night as well as day, Men, women, children, heat, or cold, or storm, Some from the lap, some that should be at play, The sight may well the hardest heart dismay. Gain, is it gain they toil for? No, dear bread, Oft forced to buy it where they earn their pay; Scant milk, less tea, swine's lard for butter spread, And not for mouths like theirs are sheep and bullocks fed.

## XLVII

'As for their dwellings, yonder white-wash'd cots
That deck the landscape, they may hold two rooms,
For parlour, bedroom, kitchen, tubs, and pots;
In front the daisy or the wall-flower blooms,
The patch behind is rank with hot perfumes
From cabbage-stumps and cesspool. Such the styes
In which our rustics pig, small whited tombs.
In towns the labour-dens in stories rise,
More crowded and less sweet the nearer to the skies.

## XLVIII

'Towns! you grand city by the glistening Sound,
Hast ever landed there at eventide,
And heard the church-bells ring their merry round?
Along the strand by hundreds, side by side,
The sea-nymphs range, each a consenting bride,
Sans banns or license, for the smallest dower;
The gin-shop flares, the brothel opens wide,
There Venus keeps her temple, there her bower,
And brutes for larger bribes may almost babes deflower.

## XLIX

'Seduction fills the stews; but for that sin Actions are rare, and for the bastard child, Who must its course in pain and shame begin, The sire pays weekly shillings. Law is mild; Maids should not be so easily beguiled! Crim.-con. is deem'd a much more serious act, But then the injured may be reconciled In the mercantile way, with pounds exact, Counted by juries in accordance with the fact!

T.

'In Spain these things are dealt with otherwise; For such vile wrongs the doer pays with blood; And so across the Strait, like tricks who tries Must have quick hoofs, and to the desert scud, Or to the Christians 'scape across the flood. I'd rather be a dweller in the tent Of those swart Arabs, uncorrupt if rude, And roam with them the sandy continent, Than here to such base acts and baser laws assent.'

LI

The senior at this outbreak look'd aghast,
Then laugh'd, but own'd that there was much to mer
'As for the rogues that you have mention'd last,
I'd make them bleed both ways, with a rope's end
And with their pockets. Others I would send
To hulks as convicts; those that were the worst
I'd take sure means they should no more offend;
His Holiness should try their trebles first,
If bad, the Sultan then should buy those dogs accursed

#### LII

In graver tones then spoke the experienced man:
'Most of the ills which shock and grieve you so
With the commencement of man's life began.
'Tis old that tale of evil and of woe;
Believe it as you may, the facts we know,
In every age it has been just the same.
As seasons change, and the tides ebb and flow,
The passions agitate our mortal frame,
Pleasures and pains recur, alternate sin and shame.

## LIII

'But to bemoan the world in which we live Is to arraign Omnipotence Divine, And doubt Heaven's merciful prerogative; Not ours to fathom the profound design, But to believe the purpose is benign; If trials come, to strive with adverse fate; In evil days, when wicked men combine, Not to fall back, but to withstand and wait, And never love for man or trust in God abate.

## LIV

149

'Nay more, 'tis ours to war with wrong and sin; Man's virtue is to do as well as bear; We have a victory to lose or win, And those who fight or fall the glory share. Let but the cause be right, and all things dare That may be rightly done; abide the event, But not as cowards wait, in mute despair; Resign'd, when with life's heavier burdens bent, Yet resolute as calm, and humbly confident.

#### T.V

'Such the old Roman, such the English mode,
And such the Christian plan throughout all lands;
And we must travel the same narrow road
In cities dense, or on the desert sands,
Or trackless seas explore, when love commands
Or duty leads, in quest of sin or sorrow,
To teach, to warn, to soothe, and from the hands
Of the Samaritan the balm to borrow,
And bear the Cross of Him who died on that dark morrow.

#### LVI

'Such Howard's, Clarkson's course; in sterner times
Great Milton wrote, and dauntless Sydney bled:
Bold speech is needed yet, and bolder rhymes,
Like those which Elliott hurls to untax bread;
And through a thousand streams the Press will spread
In never-ceasing flow throughout the world
The wisdom of the living and the dead;
And Freedom's flag, if rent, is still unfurl'd,
spent the avenging bolts by Sovereign Justice hurl'd.'

## LVII

Was it that gathering storm-cloud from the Wes Suggested those last words? Just as he spoke In deeper tones from his strong, manly breast, A thunder-peal the sky's long silence broke. Flash follow'd flash, as through the battle smoke The cannon's flame, and roar succeeded roar, Till the tors trembled at each louder stroke; And then Heaven's pent-up waters did out-pour, And rills to torrents swoll'n rush'd foaming down to

#### LVIII

In the safe shelter of a mossy cave
They stand and watch the aërial battle-field,
While birds, as to escape the deluge-wave,
Perch on the cleft where they were wont to built
But to the strangers their old refuge yield
And wing away. The cloud is parted now
As in two hostile camps, prepared to wield
Their gleaming arms and no suspense allow,
And soon the combat rolls around the mountain's

#### T TV

Rare shapes the young man's fancy pictured the One higher cloud a warrior's form assumed On his white steed that seem'd to paw the air, Napoleon on the Alps, while 'neath him loom'c' The Austrian host, and Piedmont's gardens ble' That was a man,' said he, 'with all his faults His selfishness is with his griefs entomb'd In that far Isle where mute the soldier halts; Against Earth's tyrants he led on his grand assau



## LX

'Such men are not rare foundlings, born of Chance,
Grand subjects for pictorial history,
Heroes for epic lay or high romance,
But the stern messengers of Destiny.
No royal roll they need, no pedigree,
Nature has fitted them for their high place,
And Providence permits that such should be,
Although they trample on our common race,
Till mad with power they fall, and leave in blood their trace.'

#### LXI

'Ah!' said the elder, 'I remember well
That man and the great throes that brought him forth;
Child of his Age, upon the world he fell
Like yonder lightning-shaft; and at his birth
Ev'n to her central caverns trembled Earth.
A youth, he saw the Bastile's towers hurl'd down,
And smiled to hear the frenzied people's mirth;
But, when the Monarch fell, a settled frown
Furrow'd his marble brow, that dreamt not of a crown.

#### LXII

'And when he swept the wild beasts from the streets, And from the tiger pluck'd the dripping tooth, All good men bless'd him, and from their high seats Senates applauded, doubting not his truth, To order pledged, but showing little ruth For the blind rabble. Against worthier foes When the new levies follow'd the stern youth Over the region of perpetual snows, Amazed the world stood mute—then acclamations rose.

#### LXIII

'And, as the tidings of the battles came,
All England would have wreathed the victor's brow,
For yet unsullied was his rapid fame,
France saved, and Italy deliver'd now!
But soon the mask was dropt: all necks must bow
Before his march, and he the spoils will take
To triumph due, quite fair as you'll allow.
Sheer robbery was not theft for Paris' sake,
While for himself dominion was the nobler stake!

#### LXIV

'Cromwell and Hannibal in him combined;
And influenced by his malignant star,
Like locust-swarms before a burning wind
Rush'd his destroying host, to perish far.
O'er Egypt's sand-hills surged the tide of war,
Where of the Pyramids he grandly talk'd;
But Nelson track'd his ships, and snapt each spar,
Or let it flame, and so his scheming baulk'd,
And safe once more in Paris the young hero walk'd.

## LXV

'Emperor, he would make all kings kiss his boot,
On Germany he stamp'd his iron heel,
His hosts in Spain did every province loot,
Till Wellesley met them with the British steel,
And o'er the Pyrenees soon made them reel;
Trafalgar saw the finish of his ships;
And soon his soldiers Moscow's rigour feel,
O'er snow-piled mounds Ney staggering blindly trips,
And back through crimson fields your matchless champion skips.

## LXVI

'You know it all, and how he changed his wife, Though never spouse to man bore truer love: For Gordian knots like those he used his knife. As through young D'Enghien's breast his lead he drove. But true to death did his battalions prove, How firm let Leipsic, Waterloo attest; And when the eagle changed into a dove, And brought the olive-branch, be it confess'd,

I saw and felt for him. Earth's greatest but not best.

## LXVII

'He said that like Themistocles he came, Trusting to-British hospitality! How England's rulers answer'd, to their shame History will mention. Thousands throng'd to see The world's first warrior, their great enemy, And I, too, row'd tow'rds the Bellerophon Among a thousand boats; and courteously To our warm greetings rose Napoleon, And still the concourse grew till the sad man was gone.

## LXVIII

'The storm is over, and the rain has ceased, And here my record of the Emperor ends: Trapp'd was the lion to be ne'er released! Lone Captive of the Rock! Son, wives, and friends Save few, to meet no more till Doomsday sends Its startling flash along the darken'd skies, And the last trump the Earth's wide charnel rends, When all who fell, to check his mad emprise, Shall from a thousand fields with all his legions rise.

			•
,			

# **MEMORIES**

CANTO VIII



# CANTO VIII

1

In a green vale, in olden time a park,
With bosky slopes that rose on either side,
So thick at times the trees they made noon dark,
And where a river, fringed with branches wide,
Did sometimes with a gentle ripple glide,
At others in its rocky channel foam,
Then over some imbedded boulder stride,
And then as through a pathless forest roam,—
There in a flowery glade was built the Cambrian's home.

H

Thither the young man's steps not seldom bent:
Sometimes from sultry noon he sought its shade;
The pillar'd porch was like a lofty tent,
Although the leaves a cooler awning made;
But oftener there his feet unconscious stray'd
When day was gone, and the pale evening star
Gleam'd through the blossom'd thorn or green arcade;
'Twas a more pleasant hour he thought by far,
But why he liked it best, your guesses needless are.

III

Here dwelt the mother with her daughters fair:
She had been once of Somerset a flower,
With which for beauty few might then compare,
And many proffer'd her no stinted dower,
But in the West she chose a humbler bower;
And with the favour'd Celt one vernal day
She heard the joy-bells ring from the old tower,
And all who saw their wedding long did say
Like pair were never seen within its chancel grey.

IV

And now she wore the grace of matron years;
Time had but gently touch'd her damask cheek,
And long we know Old England's beauty wears,
So long, so well, that none a change would seek
Who would not soon repent his fickle freak.
Here like two noble stems the couple stood,
Whose leaves the passing storm, though rude and blead
Had left unstrewn, but with the tints imbued
That lend such varied charms to the autumnal wood.

v

But of the daughters state the form and looks:
All had been train'd as English maids should be,
With needful learning, not o'ercramm'd with books,
Accomplish'd were they as but few you'd see,
Yet bore their grace and skill most modestly;
And Paris too had with her plastic hand
Polish'd their gifts, but left them pure and free.
The youngest best loved books, and could expand
On foreign lore no less than that of her own land.

VΙ

In form and feature of such loveliness
Was one, that even Raphael had preferr'd;
Nor Keats himself had language to express
Such sweetness as she breathed in every word;
Resembling most the tones of that dear bird
That in the woods all night in summer weather,
When by the dews the leaves are scarcely stirr'd,
And the soft South wind hardly moves a feather,
Links notes of love and pity and delight together.

#### VI

The youth saw, heard, and trembled at the power Which Beauty doth as with a sceptre wield, And valueless he deem'd the richest dower That wealth can lavish or that rank can yield. From the unconscious maid he kept conceal'd His awe and passion, though at that pure shrine He would in his idolatry have kneel'd And offer'd vows as to a form Divine, And many a chaplet did of idle verse entwine.

### VIII

Tall was she, but she seem'd not so, so just
In her proportions; hair of darkest hue,
Her brow was white, like sculpture was her bust,
Save for the beating heart; her eye less blue
Than grey, but pensive, soft, and clear and true.
Pale was her cheek, her features classical,
Though Nature better than Apelles drew;
Her gesture fit for Dian's festival,
Her steps in cadence fell like some sweet madrigal.

IX

Forbear, fond swain, your brush in honey dips;
And yet 'tis plain your vision is not clear,
Or you had painted us her rosy lips.
Go to the Moor, its wholesome atmosphere
May purge the film, when your report we'll hear.
He seldom to that lonely place went now
Unless she went, and frequent in the year,
When the uncertain climate would allow,
Among the happy group the murmurer made his bow.

X

At times, when not invited, and she went
With other friends to visit the wild Moor,
The early riser, on some book intent,
The way they took would listlessly explore:
Not that he thought that perils lay before,
Nor that he fear'd a storm might intercept,
Not that he coveted the hamper's store,
But that by accident their road he kept,
And dreamt it not, nor heard or guess'd it ere he slept.

XI

With the tall Cambrian one bright summer day
He paced the heath, and others in long vans
And lighter cars with caution felt their way:
In garb and numbers not unlike the clans
The West sends forth with all their pots and pans
To find a home across the stormy seas.
Damsels were here, but not with fluttering fans
Like those he met under the tall cork-trees;
Not Andalusian maids, but English lasses these.

## XII

Among them fairest was his lady-love,
Who, soon alighting on the purple heath,
Did like a graceful hind or filly move;
And prompt for her he wove a simple wreath
Of flowers, though sweeter did her presence breathe
Than the wild thyme, or aromatic gorse;
And, when she smiling thank'd him, her white teeth
Glisten'd like pebbles in the brooklet's course,
Her words flow'd like a fountain at its pearly source.

### XIII

Hyperboles again like Solomon's
In that most exquisite old canticle,
Though blonde his lady and brunette at once;
Lily and rose did in one garden dwell;
Of every spice that's known his verses tell;
Dove's eyes, like goats from Gilead's mount her hair,
Teeth like a flock just shorn, and wash'd as well,
Lips scarlet thread, her neck—the rest forbear—
Her neck, it was a tower with bucklers hanging there!

#### XIV

Moore could not equal that; but to our clime Inapt such Eastern tropes, that sensuous tone. He who would sing must choose a decent rhyme, Plaintive it may be as the ring-dove's moan Amid the whispering leaves, when left alone, Or like the mated thrush that from the spray Proclaims his bliss till the bright hours have flown; So pure, so true must be the lover's lay

To win the English maid he woos in life's sweet May.

## XV

In a deep glen where gush'd a crystal rill
They saw a wood, if such it might be call'd,
Of stunted oaks, nipt by that climate chill,
And here and there some boulder grey, and bald
Of moss or lichen, rose like one enthrall'd
With those low boughs, but could not quit their grasp:
There they assembled, and the Celt install'd
Lord of the Revels; then the cords unclasp,
And forth come fowls, brawn, pie, and cakes and crusty rasp.

#### XVI

Nor lack'd they silver cups and amber sherry,
Nor the brown juice of wholesome barleycorn,
Nor cider was displaced by sparkling perry,
But both were there the greensward to adorn.
And those who did not Eden's beverage scorn
Found it close by in that clear bubbling stream.
Boccaccio, of his naughty fancies shorn,
Would well have liked that spot, nor less the beam
Of those bright Northern eyes, like the Aurora's gleam.

## XVII

Ah! why ye golden hours, ah! why such haste
To leave us sadder than we were before?
Oh! joyous scenes, now dim on life's lorn waste!
Oh! smiling faces time may ne'er restore!
Oh! cheerful voices we shall hear no more!
Oh! hands that we would grasp, but seek in vain!
Sweet spirits! wait ye on that happier shore,
And shall our spirits meet and greet again?
And parted thus, ah! why should we so long remain?



## 17-

Twis well the fitner was not present them.
The well kind Historia withholds it from our view.
For, were events to more within our kind.
All exist would were the same interest line.
And flowers would only bloom the grave to save.
At times some district shadows may be seen:
But though our heighter hours may be but few.
We five as if no chood would interest.
And quite forget soit things as grief and death have been.

## X

Yet blest be Heaven for every fleering hope.
And blest be Heaven for every transent joy.
Twere hard without them with our fate to cope.
And long-continued happiness might cley.
We call the flowers the blast would else destroy.
And live, yes, while we may we gally live;
Tomorrow will our graver thoughts employ.
Today to pleasure all our hearts we give,
And like the boy pursue the bright-wing'd fugitive.

SONG.

1

Pleeting bird of Paradise,
Rover of the golden wing,
Pleasure! why for sunnier skies
Ever—ever wandering?

2

By my cot there are sweet flowers,
Woodbines round my lattice twine,
But in quest of fairer bowers
Still the truant passes mine.

3

Once I thought I heard its note, Once I saw its pinions gleam; Then away it seem'd to float, And I found 'twas all a dream.

4

On, still on, inconstant bird!

Since thou wilt not stay with me,
But the song I thought I heard

Echoes yet in memory.

5

Speed thee well, thy golden wing May not rest in these dark skies; And we hope to hear thee sing In thy own bright Paradise.

# $\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

Simple the words, but without words those lips
Had charm'd the echoes of the wild ravine;
One said, 'The fleeting bird the nectar sips
From Lucy's cup, and folds his wings serene.'
At intervals, not few and far between,
The sisters sang in turn some gay French song,
Or loftier strain from an Italian scene,
And then alone the Cambrian's voice roll'd strong,
Then an old English glee peal'd from the tuneful throng.

#### XXI

Meanwhile the goblets, plenish'd more than once From the tall flasks, kept up the harmless mirth; And then they talk'd and chaff'd, but woe the dunce Who dared to some outrageous pun give birth! And never was there happier spot on Earth, No not in Arden's forest long ago, Though, save those oaks, of trees there was a dearth: But the time wears, 'tis chill, the shadows grow, Yet ere they leave a rhymer would his venture throw.

# THE CONQUERORS.

I

I reach'd the sunny region
And saw the maidens there,
And with that lovely legion
I thought none could compare;
And then I felt persuaded,
Should Venus give command,
And they the world invaded,
They'd conquer every land.

2

So graceful were their dresses,
So bright were their dark eyes,
So black their braided tresses,
So fragrant were their sighs;
Ah! could you see their feet, sir,
Their walk so fine yet grand,
Their phalanx none could meet, sir,
They'd conquer every land.

3

Oh! if you saw their fans, sir,
All flashing in a row,
Each twirl your doubts would answer,
They'd floor you at a blow:
And then their glorious Spanish,
So round, so rich, so bland,
You'd own, if you're not clannish,
They'd conquer every land.

4

And yet, dear Gaditana!
A cloud comes o'er my brain;
But perhaps a mild Havana
Will make all clear again;
But since I left fair Cadiz,
And reach'd this foggy strand,
I almost think these ladies
Would conquer every land.

5

But oh! it is not treason;
It may be change of clime,
It may be loss of reason,
It may be lapse of time;
Perhaps if I went back, dear,
I then should understand
Which eyes, the blue or black, dear
Would conquer every land.

#### XXII

The Cambrian said himself had felt grave doubt,
And did some cases quite in point rehearse;
He thought the girls themselves should fight it out;
Let them change latitudes; though here the purse,
Source of all mischief, man's perpetual curse,
Would still have weight: the black eyes would be bought,
Nor would the blue eyes that sure rule reverse
Among the Dons. 'But, sir, I like your thought
About the Havana, and I know your case you've brought.'

#### XXIII

Days, months, ev'n years thus brightly glided on,
And oft the young man sought the Cambrian's hall;
Books were exchanged, and ever and anon
Kind glances, and he felt at home with all.
But one fast held him with her silken thrall,
Yet not of love he spoke, though she might guess
'Twas not for books he did so frequent call.
But would she say him No, or answer Yes?
She scarce could tell, and might not help his bashfulness.

# XXIV

Some told him first love was a poet's dream,
A reminiscence of lost Paradise,
A brilliant bubble on life's troubled stream,
A will-o'-the-wisp to lure unwary eyes,
A phantasy made up of tears and sighs;
Marriage, they said, must wait convenience,
And beauty ever was the rich man's prize.
Ours was no age of pastoral indolence,
And passion must give way to sober common-sense.

#### XXV

Love, urged his world-wise monitors, soon ends
Unless it finds a home where Comfort dwells;
'Twill ever fly where Penury attends,
And ceases often with the marriage bells
Unless the road along the hills and dells
Is sprinkled, not with buttercups, but coin.
More fragrant than the bower the kitchen smells,
Your larder must be lined with good sirloin,
And bills be paid when you in matrimony join.

#### XXVI

He thought their logic coarse, however sound,
And kept aloof a season from the door;
Stuck to his books, but there small solace found;
Then, for a change, traversed the dreary Moor,
But thought it still more dismal than before;
Went to that stunted wood, recall'd the day,
The festive scene, the songs, and felt heart-sore;
Then swiftly back he strode, as evening grey
Came o'er the quiet vale, nor longer kept away.

#### XXVII

The time was near when to that City vast,
Where his young days were spent, he must return,
Whose lurid cloud had all his sky o'ercast,
And made him mumur as it made him mourn.
He met his darling at the rippling burn,
'Twas all clear'd up, the mutual kiss was given,
Nor did the Cambrian look demure or stern;
Mother and sisters smiled—he long had striven
To hide his wish—they laugh'd—the chain could not be riven!

#### XXVIII

And sweeter still that night they play'd and sang,
Nor silent was the harp—the affianced maid
Could strike the chords on Cambria's hills that rang,
Or thrill'd in princely hal's where now the shade
Of night falls chill, and bats the bowers invade.
She sang of Valle Crucis' vesper bell,
And Cader Idris, while her sire betray'd
In his deep trembling voice his bosom's swell,
As his pure Celtic blood was kindled with that spell.

# XXIX

One sister chose and sang with purest taste
A gentler, apter lay, 'twas 'Love's Young Dream,'
That haunts the 'greenest spot on memory's waste,'
And those it suited best well-pleased did seem;
And still more apposite the elders deem
That last sweet line, for late with them life's day,
But on the retrospect soft fell love's beam
As over wood and dale the twilight ray,
Grateful that Heav'n did still their parting hour delay.

# XXX

The murmurer's heart was full, his eyes grew moist
To see that family so pure, so fond;
The seniors gay as when the bells rejoiced
On their bright wedding-morn; when scarce beyond
Their blissful bower they look'd, nor dreamt that bond
Of love so many happy hearts would link.
But now in turn he must in song respond,
One there had set the words—he might not shrink,
And with applause he sang what some mere verse may think.

# THE PARTNERS.

1

I saw her 'neath the aspen bough,
But more my heart did quiver;
And, when my lips would breathe a vow,
They could no word deliver:
I join'd her in the merry dance,
Yet worse my steps did falter,
But, when I met her kindly glance,
My mind began to alter.

2

I felt that bashfulness was shame,
And grew each moment bolder,
Though, strange to say, she changed became,
And was each instant colder:
I utter'd many tender things,
But her replies were freezing;
And then Love laugh'd, and clapp'd his wings,
And said she was but teasing.

3

Another partner then I took,
It was a clever notion;
She did the same with a proud look,
Nor cared for my emotion:
A pause—a parley—all went right,
And, lighter than a feather,
We waltzed, and both agreed that night
To dance through life together.

#### XXXI

The host now chaff'd the murmurer on his ditty,
And said his mood had been much changed of late,
He knew not why; and yet he fear'd the City
And the black cloud there would his mirth abate;
And the affianced with a look sedate
Doubted the song was not a hit at her,
And hinted he had yet some years to wait,
And both might change their minds; she might prefer
As partner one whose looks and steps more lively were.

# XXXII

On this the merry chords sent forth a strain
So nimble, feet went twinkling round the room,
And, when they ceased, the chords struck up again;
Waltz, galope, polka did the carpet broom,
And who the partners were we may assume.
To dance succeeded song, and dance to song;
The murmurer submitted to his doom,
And would till dawn such penitence prolong,
But when he sang again his old complaint grew strong.

# THE PARTING.

1

A ship stood in for Salerno's strand,
When the day in the West was dying,
And, white as the foam on the drifted sand,
A maid to her lover was sighing;
They clasp'd and they kiss'd, and he left the dark shore
And the weeping girl he would see never more.

-

The air of the dungeon had poison'd his youth,
And his flesh with the fetter was riven;
His guilt was his passion for freedom and truth,
A crime that could not be forgiven:
And then he was torn like a weed from the shore,
And the lady he loved he would see never more.

3

I saw him—he came from the wild wintry sea,
When his cheek was so hectic and hollow;
Kind friends of his country embraced him, but he
Could but ask them his coffin to follow:
A prayer he breathed for his dear native shore,
And for her he loved best but would see never more.

4

She linger'd and wept on Salerno's strand,
When the day like her lover was dying;
Then only the foam left its trace on the sand,
And the nun in a cloister was sighing:
The mariner points, as he steers by that shore,
To the rock where they parted and met never more.

#### IIIXXX

Then with pure accent and pathetic tone
The Cambrian cited Filicaia's lines,
Which like the dove in Arno's pine-wood moan.
'Yet bright as aye,' he said, 'o'er Pæstum shines
The sun which Virgil saw, still climb the vines
Where sleeps Vesuvius, as at that bright hour
When Horace cull'd their bloom or quaff'd their wines:
Patriots may yet spring up in Baiæ's bower,
And Freedom's flag yet float from Angelo's grey tower.'

#### XXXIV

But now the time was come when they should yield
Their thoughts to Heaven, and from the hallow'd page
The senior read 'the lilies of the field';
And now they kneel while prays the reverend sage.
So in a thousand homes paternal age
And filial love at that same moment kneel,
And so for centuries more may they engage!
This is our panoply, more proof than steel,
God is our aid, in Him our sure defence we feel.

#### XXXV

Good night! Good bye! They left him at the porch With his pale lily, who took back a rose On either cheek. He said they'd meet in church Some summer morn: what she replied none knows. That night the stars were clear we may suppose, As the swain went his way with hopes more bright: Perhaps he wish'd—such sparks young fancy throws—That on her chamber he could gleam all night,

And through her lattice flash with the first morning light.

#### XXXVI

She was his star—yes, his life's morning-star;
So Plato call'd his love, and o'er the steep
From Athens' grove he saw her dim afar,
When quench'd in death, in starry twilight weep.
But sweeter fancies cheer the young man's sleep;
And when he wakes Morn meets no happier face:
Though clouds around his late-found Eden sweep,
Depicted on his heart is that dear place,
And not a tint will distance, time, or death erase.

#### XXXVII

Two friends must grasp his hand ere he departs,
One a grave man, not of the modern style,
With whom he oft held converse; link'd their hear
Though not their thoughts. His calm and serious
Won the young man, who bent and listen'd while
The good man bless'd him, bidding him God-speec
The other almost cured the murmurer's bile,
Not with his physic, and without being feed,
By scientific schemes and a more liberal creed.

# XXXVIII

Much skill'd in leech-craft, his friend's words did m
To heal the sick than bolus or blue-pill;
Though metaphysic drenches he would pour
Into the youth that might some patients kill.
Themes the lost angels may be wrangling still,
As when they sat upon the hill retired,
Fix'd fate, foreknowledge absolute, free will,
On these, with no more certitude acquired,
The pair debated till their puzzled brains perspired.

# XXXIX

One more prescription Galen's follower gave,
As with his hand he still detain'd the youth:

'With brow erect the frown of Fortune brave;
Should Fashion deem your honest speech uncouth,
Or Interest lure to devious paths more smooth,
Heed not, but onward, ever onward press,
And bate not heart or hope in quest of Truth;
Fearless before all men your faith confess,
Nor doubt the God of Truth will a disciple bless.'

XL

And then they parted with a blithe good-bye!
On purple pinions flew the vernal hour,
The larks were singing in the cloudless sky,
Prankt was the road with many a fragrant flower,
The fields were green as from a recent shower;
But from the hill-top when the traveller took
A distant view of his Elysian bower,
He sigh'd, and closed his way-beguiling book,
And for a time forgot those words in that last look.



# MEMORIES

CANTO IX



# CANTO IX

1

ONCE more the City of the Cloud he sees,
The maze of streets, the innumerable throng,
The ships, depriving half the earth of trees;
He hears the roar as ceaseless, deep, and strong
As rolls the river all day, all night long;
But no dear friends as once his coming greet.
They now but one, loved Mary, dwell among
The woods of Devon: she her slumber sweet
Holds on, nor hears the din, nor him her name repeat.

11

He saw the palace-gaol, as when he left,
And sigh'd for those who pined and sorrow'd there.
The school was gone, and every vestige reft;
The bridge itself had vanish'd in the air,
And near its site one stood the weight to bear
Of traffic that increased by hundred-fold,
And built on piers the ages could not wear.
Where he had left the pump and ladle cold
At which he quench'd his thirst, the dray and waggon roll'd.

TIT

He too was harness'd now, but what befell
In his dull, beaten track of common life
None would desire to learn, if he would tell.
But soon he plunged in politics' hot strife;
Clamour was loud, and factious brawls were rife;
Reform! reverberates round the Minster Hall,
And shakes the Tower. The knife—the pruning knife
For the old tree! For axes others call,
And it look'd like ere long both stem and branch to fall.

IV

Emancipation of the Catholics,
Of dark-skinn'd Slaves that swelter in the sun,
These were the themes on which his heart would fix.
Schemes through his brain with a loud humming spun;
He wrote and rhymed and spouted—'twas fierce fun,
And like an unchain'd mastiff-whelp, or colt
When turn'd unhalter'd on the downs to run,
He flung and leap'd, and join'd the wild revolt,
And would, had it stood there, the dark Bastile assault.

v

Then came the days of Paris, glorious days,
As those diurnal agonies were deem'd:
The Bourbon fled, the world was all ablaze,
Poland awoke, the Italian exiles dream'd
Of liberty restored, the day-star beam'd
O'er the Seven Hills, and with a red heat burn'd
The English forge, that half-extinguish'd seem'd:
Mechanics raved, their yoke the yeomen spurn'd,
And Jill was charm'd to hear Jack had Reformer turn'd.

VI

But yet withal, if half mankind went mad,
'Twas an auspicious time, though not the dawn
Of a serener day; it made some sad,
Calm sages most, who had stern lessons drawn
From ages past, and times but scarcely gone.
To them Vesuvius once again had burst,
Again they see the seething craters yawn,
And dread the new eruption like the first,
Nay, deeper—wider now the lava-streams dispersed.

# VII

One such he knew, who fear'd the impulsive French,
Much as he loved their noble qualities:
Mischief is rarely mended with a wrench,
And small his faith in Liberal theories;
Though dear to him as his own native breeze
On Haldon Hill was freedom's living breath;
The people's voice to him was like the Sea's,
But there was danger in the depths beneath,
Licence would lead to crime, and end in woe and death

# VIII

The enthusiast heard but heeded not, and wild And thick his verse as unpool'd water ran, While the grave Judge, who was a poet, smiled, And strove in vain the impetuous rhymes to scan. That fever pass'd, but ever in the van He kept his pace, nor wanted whip or spur; If the work stopp'd, it soon again began; The multitude press'd on, but with less stir, Claiming their lawful rights, nor would the claim defer.

1X

Then Newhall Hill a mighty sound sent forth, 'We will'—the chorus peal'd—'we will be free!' Elliott on Rivelin heard as it went North, Dunedin sent it onward to Dundee, And South it roll'd beyond the Severn Sea. It reach'd green Erin, and from Derrinane Up to the Causeway swell'd the harmony, And South and East it then came back again, And from Plinlimmon swept across the Mendip chain.

x

The work was done in earnest, the Reform
Of the Great Council was at last complete,
Or so it seem'd, and then went down the storm
That made at last the atmosphere more sweet,
Sweeping the filthy burghers from the street
As clean as might be, though foul spots remain'd.
The snake was scotch'd, that upwards from the feet
Had wound its coils till they the throat constrain'd:
'Twas scotch'd, I say, not kill'd; not all, but much was gain'd.

ХI

It was the prelude to most righteous acts,
Some that in England's annals will outlast
Her warlike fame, which from the world exacts
Reluctant homage. All her glorious past,
Her brighter future some think coming fast,
Can show no more unselfish, noble deed
Than when the negro's chain and scourge she cast
In the unfathom'd Deep, and she decreed
That flesh no more to glut brute avarice should bleed.

#### XII

Could Cowper from his grave have look'd up then,
He would have said 'That's noble!' Then she proved
That she believed God of one blood made men
To dwell on earth together; that she loved
Mercy yet more than power, and was moved
By justice less than Christian charity.
She did as to her high renown behoved,
The slaves of every land held jubilee,
And nations' plaudits hail'd her sovereign clemency.

#### XIII

The young man sometimes in Saint Stephen's hall Listen'd while those grand schemes were in debate, And still he loves the wranglings to recall. He 'mong the crowd, alike divided, sate, And watch'd the strife, unwillingly sedate; While some slept fast, till as some member rose The whole House roused, the strangers linger'd late, And, rapid as the mountain torrent flows,

One earnest voice went on to the majestic close.

# XIV

Sarcastic Brougham, Russell calm and clear, Wise Peel, grave Althorp, dextrous Palmerston, Buller, whose smart retorts each side would cheer, Stanley, who needed none to cheer him on, Deliberate Molesworth, who too soon was gone, Deep-voiced O'Connell, Sheil whose treble shrill'd, Yet held the House entranced until the dawn: These and some more he heard whose accents fill'd The benches, while the blasts the silent galleries chill'd.

#### XV

But otherwhile he to the Abbey stole
From the loud din, and heard the organ's swell,
And the full choir, whose voices reach'd his soul;
Then, as o'er shaft and tomb the soft light fell,
He yearn'd within those hallow'd walls to dwell,
The sacred relics of the past to guard,
And by the glorious dead stand sentinel,
Prince, Knight, and Statesman, Priest and Warrior scarr'd,
Philanthropist and Sage, and still more honour'd Bard!

# XVI

Sometimes, not often, to the theatre,
While Shakespeare yet a footing there could find,
And fitting actors, went the saunterer.
Macready and Charles Kemble then design'd
To renovate the Stage, and well-inclined
To favour their high aim they found not few.
So nobly they perform'd, the pit was kind,
The galleries thunder'd, and the boxes threw
Their bouquets till the Kemble's gifted child withdrew.

#### XVII

Yes, had you heard that mellow voice repeat 'The quality of mercy is not strain'd,'
You'd not forget till ceased your heart to beat.
Not ev'n the actress-teacher had complain'd,
Who with the Siddons had a part sustain'd.
All was so graceful, true, and natural,
Hamlet himself had not from praise refrain'd;
And Shakespeare, rising at the curtain's fall,
Would his own Portia in that gentle girl recall.

# III

But all in van the haian mile merchi to And soon the Haler swant all east asone. In van the French in van the Francis in the pure set nemeric. The makes but issuant it the pures set nemeric. But still they saw the francis sound mit pinke. And set while strangers maps they manning hiw Francisco and gallery, and the pre-link med. With their land sequences all the test in interest. From they had seen the most and paid the test—a new to make had seen the most and paid the test—a new to the paid the test and the

# 13

So was it in Rume's makes, where are.
The magazing satires mere say in whise:
The English well man all man same its page.
Our laser markes as maintaine and more marke.
The bills Charles Smart free we now endouse.
To use the new-found stang at much it wages:
And Pepys, who patted Liwley's itsey hasse.
Would find our sines not much amuss, say wage.
And just as deinty him would fill his cametyne.

#### 11

In halfs our mannines wint nor limb nor heat,
While thousands in the street expose their charms:
The gas-light fails on some so young and itesh,
They seem but to have left their mothers arms.
But who no more may southe their young clarms.
Say, is this Rome or Babyion manifel?
Mylitta, Venus never had such swams
Of victims and of worshippers: the sight
Would make an angel weep, and Nervis gaze delight.

# XXI

ſ

Cull'd many in sweet valleys far away
By fiends in women's guise, and hither brought,
To be let out or sold to letchers grey,
And carefully the arts of whoredom taught:
Silks, jewels, bracelets are their wage, and naught
That can pollute or stimulate they want,
And by more suitors than they wish are sought,
Till comes the taint, when others like supplant,
And they must tramp the streets till they are white an

# XXII

Such is the course of thousands. Never more
For most of them the Sabbath-bell will ring;
They see but dare not enter the wide door;
They know the hymn, but oh! they may not sing
They never more will hear the voice of Spring
In their dear native fields, or see the spire
Above the village trees: though all yet cling
To former scenes, and some, nay all desire
Like Mary to return, and will ere they expire.

# XXIII

Old man or young, that plungest in such sin,—
And who is clean? Ah! who dares cast the sto
Hast ever thought like these may be thy kin?
Sisters or daughters, ay, thine only one,
Pure as the lily in thy garden grown,
Corrupted and betray'd, or forced to yield
Her virtue's flower, then on the dunghill thrown
Think'st thou thy infamy can be conceal'd,
That walls or castle-towers from wrath Divine can



# XXIV

Hast thou forgot the announcement just and dread,
The fathers' sins shall on the fathers' sons
And their posterity be visited?
Stern Nature's law with that old mandate runs;
Evil begetteth evil; he who shuns
The light of day, the night shall find him out:
The blow may fall not as the pole-axe stuns,
And long suspense may leave the soul in doubt,
But sure as death the tortuous sequence comes about.

#### XXV

Hast ever thought what happens after death?
From the dim regions of repose or pain,
When long the lips have ceased to move with breath,
May not the spirits walk the earth again
To view the effects that from their sins remain,
The bitter woes which for the parent's deed
The children suffer, or the darker train
That to the foul inheritance succeed,
Till Heav'n in mercy ends the vice-engender'd breed?

#### XXVI

Or may their mission be by modes unseen,
While with their wings they veil their stainless tears,
When the base tempter lures to intervene
By warnings none beside the tempted hears,
By kindling purer hopes and holy fears?
Or when the victim yields, and runs the round
Of wild excess, then drops, and disappears
From the foul orgy, is the outcast found?
Do angels' whispers reach that pale form on the ground?

#### XXVII

And then he changed his solitary beat
Through scenes of actual life. One starless night
Of Saturday he paced a narrow street,
And saw the gaudy gin-shop's baleful light
Illume the dismal hovels. Scarce upright,
Close to the flashing panes gross women stood,
Like tilted barrels, with their faces white
As bloated corpses, and a ghastly brood
Of children in their arms or sprawling in the mud.

#### XXVIII

And down from other streets came staggering groups
Of men and women, most in decent dress,
And civil were those Bacchanalian troops;
Onward they went in drunken happiness,
But some supine cared not how thick the press
Of reelers came; the matron's garter'd knee
Show'd from her draggled skirts, her flaxen tress
Of comb or cap regardless floated free,
She neither heard nor cared for the mob's ribaldry.

# XXIX

'And this is Christian England?' With a groan Cried the night-watcher, and then stalk'd away; But the next morn he had another tone, For he was up with the first ruddy ray, And to the Garden went, where each week-day The produce of whole shires in monstrous piles Comes to evanish like the fog. Now gay Was all the place with fresh-blown flowers, and smiles Of workmen, women, children—some had traversed miles.

#### XXX

They bought their nosegays and their plants well pleased, But, while the pretty trade went on, a stool Was brought, and instantly a pale man squeezed Through the blithe crowd, and one of them cried 'Fool!' He took it not amiss, but calm and cool Mounted his modest pulpit, read a hymn, Chose an old English tune, a useful rule, And many join'd, gaunt men and maidens slim; he matins not more sweet in yon Cathedral dim.

#### XXXI

Then from the Book he read with a clear voice
The words of Jesus on the Mount, then pray'd;
Another hymn, and still'd was every noise,
And then he preach'd, and sound, pure taste display'd
In text and comment, and impression made:
'Twas to the heavy-laden that he spoke,
Who felt how sore life's burden on them weigh'd,
And long'd to wear the Master's gentle yoke:
nother hymn and prayer, and then the assembly broke.

# XXXII

Amen! the listener said, and left the place.

Later that morning rang the countless bells,

Calling the folk to hear the words of grace;

And forth they came like swarms that quit their cells,

Or as the waves when some strong wind impels.

And thousands more went where no chimes were heard,

Like them athirst, to drink at various wells

The living waters; each as he preferr'd,

s at the running streams drinks free each forest bird,

# XXXIII

'This is free Christian England!' now he cried,
'More than ten righteous does the City hold,
And 'twill be spared.' 'Ay, many more,' replied
A grave companion, 'and in many a fold
The sheep are gather'd, more than can be told,
Though but one Shepherd: but his helpers make
An awful stir, and goad, and shout, and scold,
Till the poor flock know not which road to take;
Some break away, and their old pastures quite forsake.

#### XXXIV

'Honour to earnest men! But gentleness
Would save a vast amount of energy:
And why such ire at honest doubt express?
Faith without freedom is but bigotry,
And forms are shams if without charity.
Some think that creeds like bullets must be ramm'd,
Some ostrich-like digest nails easily,
Yet though weak stomachs cannot so be cramm'd,
Strain at a gnat, look sharp, Heav'n's gate's against you slamm'd!'

#### XXXV

'Hollo!' the other said, 'the tables turn;
What ails you? Are not all here free to kneel,
To think, to speak? Do Smithfield's fires yet burn?
Where are the racks, what tortures do you feel?
What penal statutes are there to repeal?'
'I know a man,' the other voice replied,
'With whom the Inquisitors did lately deal
For his bold lectures, and his tongue they tied,
And sent him with a kick to roam this Babel wide.'

# XXXVI

'What did he teach?' 'He talk'd of Noah's Ark; Doubted, if beasts from all Earth's climes got in, How they could live there; and with smart remark On other themes made embryo Galens grin. Then into print he rush'd, more fame to win, But soon the text recall'd and did unsay, Though the lean-pates would not condone his sin: Tom Scalpel says fat paunches such as they Could not in Noah's boat have lived a single day.

# XXXVII

'Savage no doubt he was to be dismiss'd,
But happily for that most skilful leech,
That great bone-setter and zoologist,
He had the freedom which you claim for each,
The liberty to think, if not to teach;
Nay more, to worship where he chose to go,
Which often was where it is deem'd a breach
Of faith to utter all you think you know,
As Galileo found, and heaps of charr'd bones show.'

# XXXVIII

The wanderer went one morn to Irving's Kirk;
The giant climb'd the stairs, his sable locks
Down his broad shoulders hung, and with a jerk
He shook them wild as seaweeds on the rocks.
His raven eyes sent out electric shocks,
And like a diapason roll'd his tones:
As when low thunder scares the mountain flocks,
So did they peal, and then they sank to moans,
Like worn-out storms that wail o'er shipwreck'd sailors' bones.

# XXXIX

A voice like that was never heard, so deep,
So clear, so thrilling, and so sorrowful:
It made some shudder, and caused more to weep;
And, when he pray'd, he seem'd to grasp a skull.
He read—no ear in all that throng was dull:
He gave the hymn, and, when the people ceased,
Came down, and then there fell a solemn lull.
Another then went up, no common priest,
'Mong orators renown'd, of sages not the least.

#### XL

Princes, peers, statesmen, poets came to hear,
And some, like Felix, trembled as he preach'd:
Now slow, now deep, now shrill, yet ever clear,
Now he denounced, and otherwhile beseech'd,
And his stern, searching words the hardest reach'd.
The wreck of time, the fate of empires old,
Like mighty hulls upon the seashore beach'd,
Soon to break up, of these and more he told,
And each in that vast crowd was by the spell controll'd.

#### XLI

So Chalmers spoke, looking, as with his theme
His action grew more earnest, Knox revived;
Then Scott's Macbriar was heard in the wild scream
That pierced the roof, till down the speaker dived
Like Balfour in his cave, of light deprived,
And mutter'd his deep groans and thoughts severe.
Woe to the trembling sinner whom he shrived!
Then grand he rose like some old Gaelic seer,
Or moved as to the pibroch steps the mountaineer.



#### XLII

Then one he heard of different shape and creed,
Who might for eloquence contest the palm;
Large-brain'd, thickset, bass-voiced; true English breed,
Frank, bold, and stern, his breast ne'er felt a qualm.
Among the listeners sat the Brahmin calm,
Who hoped with store of knowledge to return,
And could and did join in the English psalm:
But both have long since gone to that dark bourn
Whence none may come to tell what there the soul may learn.

#### XLIII

Perfect the music was, and one there found
The hallow'd theme for the harmonious choir,
Her own voice blending with each softer sound;
And not from Herbert's—not from Keble's lyre,
Did tones more tender and devout aspire
Than her sweet strain—' Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!' A dying girl's desire
Was they should sing it as she died, and she
With her blanch'd, quivering lips still breathed it audibly.

#### XLIV

Through alleys lone, and unfrequented ways
The young man rambled, and one wintry night,
With fog half-choked, half-blinded by the haze,
He glanced a book-stall by a lantern's light,
And bought a book; who did the page indite
He could not guess, but noble was the theme,
'The Life of Schiller:' by the gas-lamps bright
He read, and read it by the candle's gleam,
And finish'd as the dawn did through the casement stream.

# XLV

Tender and true the subject as the book,
And for its frontispiece it bore the face
Of the great poet: pensive was the look
Though high the features, showing suffering's trace,
And those deep lines that mark the fervid race
Of poets through all time. The reader now
Is not ashamed to tell that tears did chase
As he read on, nor blushes to avow
That still his heart is stirr'd like sear leaf on the bough.

#### XLVI

He entertain'd two angels unawares
That dreary night, and in his lonely room
They still abide, and still the mildew spares
That frontispiece; while round a silent tomb
His fancy sees the morning's ruddy bloom
Or evening's crimson fringes. In his hand,
When first he saw wild Cornwall's headlands loom,
Was that same book; and by the Atlantic strand
He with Carlyle and Schiller paced the trackless sand.

#### XLVII

But he grew weary of that City vast,
Though all he saw and heard convinced him more
Her glory and her power would long outlast
The ages of the cities on the shore
Of Tigris or the Nile; the ruins hoar,
By which one day the Maori is to sigh,
He yet must wait some cycles to explore:
No lines are seen a prophet's skill to try,
And with repairs her walls may sapping Time defy.

# XLVIII

What constitutes a State? Alcæus ask'd,
And answer'd truly in his noble strain:
Not fortress-towers, with girdling ramparts mask'd,
Not templed cities, such as o'er the plain
The poet saw where now but mounds remain;
'No: high-soul'd men, men who their duties know,
Know too their rights, and knowing dare maintain;
These constitute a State.' Ay, even so,
Let such men cease, and walls will soon their weakness show

# XLIX

But something more must constitute a State
In these our Christian times; not only men,
For truth and right who heart nor hope abate,
Whatever may betide; more resolute when
Most hard the work for hand, or tongue, or pen,
For brain or heart; but holy women meek,
Who find and soothe the suffering, from no den
Of shame deterr'd, as for the lost they seek:
These constitute a State unknown to the old Greek.

L

Then to his mind the distant vale came near,
And the dear inmates there diffusing grace,
Dispensing love to all within their sphere.
To be with them he long'd, and one sweet face,
Imprinted on his heart did ever chase
His darker thoughts away. One morn the post
A letter brought, dated from a new place,
A Western city, where she hoped the frost
Would not prevent his coming; and no time was lost.

LI

Keen blew the winter wind, and 'twas the day
Before glad Christmas; fast the horses flew;
Each seat was fill'd; the coachman bluff yet gay,
One of old Weller's build, of ruddy hue,
And twinkling eye, and swathed in coats no few,
Sat like a merry monarch on the box,
And never ship was mann'd with jollier crew,
The murmurer not except. The belfry clocks
Wore happy faces, and the larks soar'd up in flocks.

#### LII

But now the snow falls fast, huge heaps encroach
On the broad road; night comes but not a star,
And like a whirling snow-ball rolls the coach.
Horses are changed, and throng'd the cosy bar,
The whisky steams, exhausting half a jar;
And then away! The milestones backward fly;
Again they change, and many times, yet far
The city still: at last the murky sky
Is one red glare, and now the people hurry by.

# LIII

Towards the expectant home his friend and guide
Leads the chill guest, mail'd with a coat of sheen
By the hard frost; and longer grows each stride,
When from the towers the beils, as there had been
A general wedding, gladden'd all that scene
Of teeming life, and marts, and gorgeous shops,
Garnish'd with Christmas wares and holly green.
Not to admire or buy the traveller stops,
His steps so fast his friend behind him breathless drops.

#### LIV

197

They meet—warm greetings, kisses interchange;
The lily maid looks fairer still than ever,
And in that genial home he felt not strange,
Nor look'd the worse for London's ceaseless fever,
Or his close reading, or sublime endeavour
To ascertain what constitutes a State.
How pass'd the Christmas-eve, and happier never,
Were needless to inquire, nor if 'twas late
When the last log expired, and ceased the gay debate.

# LV

Midnight—they hear sweet music in their dreams;
Some wake and hear, and think they still sleep on,
To some who sleep the concord real seems,
And some in dreams keep dancing till the dawn,
Though sudden as they came the strains were gone.
Is life no more than that, a dream at best?
Loud peal'd the Minster chime while stars yet shone,
Then all the belfries answer'd East and West,
And tuneful voices hail'd the Babe and Mother blest.

# THE CAROL.

1

CALM in the lowly manger
The Holy Infant slept,
While near, to guard from danger,
Mary her vigil kept:
The harmless kine were lowing,
But soon the sounds did cease;
Above the stars were glowing,
And angels chanted Peace!

2

When with their flocks abiding,
The shepherds in the fold
Heard the celestial tiding,
To all the nations told;
And if from Heaven's high tower
No more those voices ring,
Yet at this distant hour
Their very words we sing.

3

Wake! for the stars still glisten,
And were not then more bright;
Hark! if your souls will listen,
There's joy in Heaven to-night:
No more beside the manger
Mary her vigil keeps,
But by the Cross the stranger
Kneels, and the sinner weeps.

# **MEMORIES**

<del>---</del>

CANTO X

	•	

# CANTO X

1

YEARS like a flood have roll'd since that grand chime And that blithe carol hail'd the Christmas dawn, But now how narrow seems that gulf of time! And like the flowers, the leaves, the snows, have gone The living myriads in the vortex drawn. So rise the generations, so they pass; Some grasp the plank while depths around them yawn, Some from the wreck look down and cry, 'Alas!' And tears in showers descend upon the broken grass.

п

To that old city the same passenger,
Grey-hair'd and worn, came with no bounding team,
But on the iron road the axles whir,
While the great engine pants through clouds of steam.
'Tis midnight, and the warning whistles scream,
And like a long black snake uncoils the train;
As bright as aye the countless gas-lamps gleam;
Few save the watchers in the streets remain;
The solemn bell strikes twelve—then all is still again.

III

On those same causeways and for centuries
The multitudes had paced as yesterday;
And, in his fancy, he the tumult sees,
The hubbub swells again, the trumpets bray,
And for the ancient burghers clear the way:
Merchants and guilds, yeomen and cavaliers,
Stoled priests and school-boys, dames and damsels gay,
Where are they now? But his own sigh he hears,
And from the camera's disk the pageant disappears.

IV

Where are they, lonely wardens of the night,
Have ye not met them in your weary round?
Or did ye see them in their sere-clothes white,
And did they pass and utter not a sound?
Of those who now are sleeping under ground,
Should they rise up, few would one visage know,
Though their own flesh and bone still here abound:
To their old homes most would as strangers go,
And to their graves return with none the way to show.

V

Boys their forefathers' epitaphs efface,
Swine wallow in the acre named of God,
While strangers' coffins fill the weedy place,
And tombstones shift, or sink into the sod.
The ploughman cleaves his kinsfolk in the clod,
And thoroughfares through what were churchyards run,
With tracks of wheels and hoofs with iron shod.
'Tis hard the substance which was man to shun,
Whether the black sky weeps, or glares the noonday sun.

VI

Forlorn he feels who, at the midnight hour,
Walks amid walls that echo to his tread,
Some time-worn street, by hostel, mart and tower,
Deserted—silent—as if life had fled,
Leaving him in a city of the dead
A wavering shadow; groping like one blind
In a dark forest, when the leaves are shed,
That rustle 'neath his feet while moans the wind,
and the belated outcast may no shelter find.

## VII

Will the leaves grow afresh, the ashes live?
Will all the sever'd links unite again?
Who has not ask'd, and felt his heart misgive,
And marvell'd—not that breaks the fragile chain,
But that it bears so long Time's ceaseless strain?
Will present, past, and future one day meet,
And all the generations on some plain
Beyond those starry heights as kindred greet?
The hope is strong, the thought is not more grand than sweet.

# VIII

But will this be a city of the dead,
Another query rose, in some far age,
As those which he had seen—of which he read—
A ruin pictured on a traveller's page?
Will these vast warerooms, rising stage on stage,
These awful gaols where demons seem to scowl,
These halls where lawyers wrangle, factions rage,
These fanes, these banks, those wharves, those cabins foul,
Be homes for toad and bat, and mansions for the owl?

IX

Must cities perish like their citizens,
Must nations too like them grow old and die?
Thought he it needs no microscopic lens
To see the stone shale in this liquid sky;
No sense acute to hear the timbers cry,
As the damp creeps, and the small insect gnaws,
While storms without the solid buttress try:
And so in states, in manners, and in laws
The failing syraptoms show, nor hard to find the cause.

x

Thus, vaguely brooding, through the dismal streets,
The weary man pursued his devious course;
No more, as once, the watchman now repeats
The passing hour in accents thick and hoarse;
But counterparts of former types, or worse,
He sees, fall'n, lost, and some so young and fair,
And hears again the false hard laugh they force.
Had others like them all those years been there?
The question made his heart ache with a chill despair.

ΧI

His friend of early days guides not to-night,
Struck down with anguish in his anxious toil;
Nor may the traveller at that home alight,
For there the guest from whom we all recoil
Unbidden came; and now the cold, dank soil
For host and hostess is the resting place.
Oh, piteous change! that Death can thus despoil
The festal hall of light, and life, and grace,
And shut the cheerless door in the lone wanderer's face.

#### XII

Too late!—too late! Ere dawn his dear friend died; While near the elms by the old Minster's tower The traveller rested, did the spirit glide From the dark earth about the second hour. Three, four, he counted, sleep had lost its power, And, as he listen'd, every chime till morn Rang like a muffled knell, and the dull shower And fitful gust but made him more forlorn, And feel, as he had proved, that man to grief was born.

#### XIII

As in a dream, in each still interval
Rose in perspective some long-faded scene;
And forms appear'd, now one, now several,
With brows where cares, and eyes where tears had been,
Or lips still smiling; yet a look serene
Each visage wore, as if some hallow'd spell
Were on them, and a soft celestial sheen
Over each passing view and object fell,
While tones Æolian breathed from memory's mystic shell.

## XIV

At one time in his reverie he heard
The marriage-bells in the dear, happy vale,
That summer morn when, gay as mated bird,
He left the church-porch with his lily pale,
And Eden's fragrance floated on the gale.
That day another sister wore the ring,
Both wedded then. The Cambrian, aged but hale,
Look'd proud his daughters to the Church to bring,
But sad the evening came when neither stay'd to sing.

#### XΥ

Away the horses spring o'er dale and hill,
By the drear Moor, where the swift stream foams down
Under the ivied Castle. Northward still,
Through glen and shaw, by hamlet, hall and town;
Here large-limb'd forest-trees the summits crown,
There rivers roll, by ancient arches spann'd,
While in the distance rugged tors yet frown.
At last they see the azure Deep expand,
And from Clovelly view the high, indented strand.

## XVI

Along the Severn Sea's wild coast they sweep,
Past high Dunheved and Tintagel lone,
And reach Restormel's grey and ruin'd keep,
With ivies thick as oak-boughs over-grown,
Where winds the Fowey its flower-embroider'd zone.
These and the Western shores, so bold, so famed,
O'er which those many years their mists have thrown,
With all those bridal scenes from time reclaim'd,
Before him spread like pictures, rare and richly framed.

# XVII

But where is she, that lily pale and pure,
So loved and lovely, at whose feet were cast
Fresh garlands as her beauty did mature,
And wreaths of verse that did no longer last?
She comes not with those phantoms of the past,
That smile and fain would speak, then silent fade:
The lily lives but droops, nipt by the blast,
And looks as she would soon become a shade,
Though tendrils from her bower a shield of love have made.

## XVIII

Another, sadder scene then comes in view,
A death-bed on the sultry Afric shore:
The care-worn man lies there, and soothed by few;
But she remains the balm of love to pour,
Who had so often heal'd his griefs before,
And weeping now awaits his parting sigh.
He feels his trials, all save one, are o'er:
'Good-bye!' he said, and then—'No, not good-bye!'
And near the Moslem's dust the Christian's ashes lie.

## XIX

'My mother! yes'—the sleepless dreamer cried,
'I see thy gentle shade to-night with his,
And ye will part no more;' and then he tried
In vain her loving lips again to kiss.
He saw the Rock rise o'er the dark abyss,
And heard the billows surging in the Strait,
And round her tomb by that grey precipice.
The Minster chimed, and he recall'd the date
When she, a child, knelt down within its sacred gate.

#### XX

One now appear'd among the moving forms, In a white robe and with a golden rim, Who beckon'd him to leave that clime of storms. 'Mary!' he call'd, and then the shade grew dim, And vanish'd like a mist upon the brim Of a still mere in twilight's dubious ray; And tones as of the Magdalen's soft hymn, Which so entranced him in his boyhood's day, Came on his ear, but soon were wafted far away.

#### XXI

A mound he saw in a far Isle, the flowers
Still blooming fresh, a lady and a child,
Who look'd not tenants of aërial bowers,
As there they knelt, and o'er the waters wild
From the dark hill through tears the darling smiled,
But long-lost memories. Then the lonely room,
A churchyard seem'd where he had seen earth piled,
Which still was moist with tears, and through the gloom
Of trees he saw an Angel sitting by a tomb.

#### XXII

There in sure hope,—of those whose home had been In the still suburb of the City vast,—
One of the gentle inmates slept serene;
Of the three generations that had pass'd
Through joy and care and sorrow, left the last.
The traveller's guide in boyhood and in youth,
Their hearts were to the latest hour bound fast,
And he alone, to prove his loving truth,
Was present by her couch to bless her and to soothe.

#### XXIII

'Twas all renew'd: the doctor came once more,
And gently told her what she knew full well;
But the priest enter'd not the silent door,
Too busy with his sermons, truth to tell,
Till he had gloves, and heard the funeral bell,
Though dearly she had loved the Sabbath chime.
It matter'd not; the faith that could dispel
The clouds along her thorny track of time,
Gleam'd as her wan arms stretch'd tow'rd the celestial c

#### XXIV

Each symptom has its proper learned name;
Subsultus, jactitation, so they call
Those seeming spasms of the weak, mortal frame,
When the soul strives to break its fleshly thrall,
And Heav'n's light glimmers through the prison-wall;
Flutterings as when the fledgeling quits the nest
That crumbling on the branch to dust will fall;
Wings that would flee away, and be at rest,
Where peace eternal dwells, the region of the blest.

## XXV

One then approach'd, who quitted in life's prime,
Bright, ardent, genial, yet with heavy cares
On his pale brow; born in that Southern clime,
In that same trellis'd home, in those sad years;
With the soft tongues the traveller no more hears
Familiar, and the scenes he loved erewhile.
Still the same glance the thoughtful aspect cheers,
And still it wears the same calm, kindly smile
That, when the cloud was darkest, could the way beguile.

## XXVI

Who cannot tell of strange coincidence,
And many such in life's vicissitude?
Events whose contact startles the dull sense,
As when two paths, through woods obscure pursued,
Meet o'er some yawning chasm, with terror view'd.
Perplex'd and shuddering we awhile remain,
Then through the maze our wandering is renew'd;
And, when events as strangely meet again,
Surprised again we pause, and ponder still in vain.

## XXVII

It thus befell: on a bleak winter morn
The traveller follow'd to a church-crown'd hill
Two biers in which to the same tomb were borne
A sire and son, whose fate untimely still
May ev'n a stranger's breast with pity thrill.
Returning from that grave to his own door,
The electric message on his heart fell chill:
Three hundred leagues away, an hour before,
His brother too had gone where cares would vex no more.

#### XXVIII

But where the war-worn soldier, where was he?
He in the train of smiling phantoms came,
With all his clasps and martial blazonry,
But mild their lustre as a shaded flame.
He had at last received his meed of fame,
Honour'd by the first soldier of the land,
Who to confer such tardy grace felt shame.
Calm he obey'd the last and mute command,
And to the grave was borne with pomp and music grand.

#### XXIX

Others well-loved were in the shadowy group;
But one more lofty, with a clear, bright glance,
And outstretch'd hand, yet with an old man's stoop
Under the weight of years, did then advance.
So might Aneurin rise from Old Romance,
Or Taliessin look, could he return
To Arvon, and awake the harp's long trance.
How did the dreamer's heart within him burn,
Ah! how to grasp that hand did his warm pulses yearn!

#### XXX

21 I

Three daughters wed, and laughing scions born, Who soon would seek the grandsire's knee in vain, The Cambrian left his sylvan hall one morn With his loved mate, to rest there ne'er again Except as guests. One daughter did retain With her espoused the well-remember'd home, When, looking back like Eden's exiles twain, They wept,—but went not a wide world to roam, Or see in their old age the angry billows foam.

#### XXXI

Not far their exile. Where in one swift flood
Two moor-born rivers mingle, near the site
Where in a forest-glade an Abbey stood,
And once its chime the wanderer would invite
To prayer and shelter, they arrived ere night;
And there they dwelt content. One daughter spared,
And one surviving son, their hearth was bright;
Their children's care the grateful parents shared,
Which, like the ivy, screen'd what could not be repair'd.

## XXXII

The rector, venerable as his church,
Through life had been the Cambrian's steadfast friend,
And loved like him the antique tomes to search,
And each to each could well-worn folios lend.
When peal'd the Sabbath warning to attend,
The Celt would move towards the hoary pile,
And the steep footpath with slow steps ascend;
Then at the porch they greeted with a smile,
And the new-comer went to his allotted aisle.

#### XXXIII

The service then was the old English plan,'
Plain but devout, without the bows and becks
And quips and quavers that of late began,
And riddles that would simple folk perplex:
They pray'd with hearts more than with knees or necks;
The preacher spoke of faith, hope, charity,
Themes dear to rich and poor of either sex,
To child and greybeard; and the psalmody
Was such as all could join, yet from all coarseness free.

# XXXIV

Homeward one evening came the aged sire
With feeble steps. His loving helpmate saw
The alter'd pace, nor would the cause enquire,
And in her heart did sad conclusions draw,
Yet gazed at his grand form with pride and awe.
Black was the night, and wild: ere dawn he woke,
Said he felt cold—that chill would never thaw!
They came around, some few fond words he spoke,
And found another home before the morning broke.

#### XXXV

And, as he wish'd, it was resolved his tomb
Should be where slept his kin, near his old place;
But, ere they closed the lid, the silent room
Was throng'd with friends who came to see his face,
So calm, so sweet, of suffering not a trace,
His lips to greet them almost seem'd to move:
A noble type of Nature's noblest race;
Nor could stern Death his dignity disprove,
His birth and mould Divine, offspring of Light and Love.

#### XXXVI

But dark and stormy the sad morrow dawn'd,
A shroud-like mist hung over hall and bower,
And on the wooded heights and hills beyond
Floated the clouds like sable plumes. The hour
For the departure peal'd from the grey tower;
Then, as they moved, was heard the plaintive knell
That seem'd to claim his dust, while the great shower
Fell like a gush of grief, and from the dell
The river which he loved murmur'd a long farewell!

## XXXVII

As though 'twere passing now in actual sight,
The sad procession winds along the hills,
Then down the Moor, where, swathed in vapours white,
Stand the huge tors like mutes; the torrent rills
Chanting their dirges, while the frequent shrills
Of startled birds like wailing trumpets ring.
They reach the Inn—no more the beaker fills,
They pass the Oaks—no merry voices sing,
Then into the old Hall the silent host they bring.

#### XXXVIII

And round him came the guests of other days,
As if to meet his cordial grasp once more;
And troops of friends did on his coffin gaze
With moisten'd eyes, while at the pillar'd door
With kind and grateful memories stood the poor.
And then the old familiar bell began
Its plaintive toll, and to the grave they bore
All that was left on earth of that dear man:
No nobler tree had fall'n where the dark river ran.

## XXXIX

And one among the many mourners there
Was he to whom in that long-after night
All here narrated did the semblance bear
Of that which once had been so fair, so bright,
Or hard to bear, as mournful to recite.
Yet if his bosom sigh'd, he felt no pang;
The valley of the shadow gleam'd with light;
Above the clouds the morning-stars still sang,
And, as the Sabbath dawn'd, the bells for matins rang.

#### XL

And then his heart went back to those sweet hours When, with his lily maid, through dewy meads He walk'd by leafy woods and banks of flowers, Up the old path that to the old church leads. Alas the change! no more the sparkling beads Hang on the thorn that scented all the dale; Far on its southward flight the swallow speeds, The winter winds about her lattice wail, And mateless means the dove in the deserted vale.

## XLI

O, who can e'er forget the vernal prime
Of love and hope, that comes, if once, no more;
When May-buds ope, and woodbine tendrils climb,
And bowers the hues of Paradise restore;
When balmy odours from some blissful shore
Reach those who navigate life's changeful sea,
Nor fear that clouds may rise and billows roar,
But think the gale will ever lenient be,
And that the waves will flow for aye as pleasantly?

#### XLII

'Ah! dearest, wilt thou leave me on the verge
Of the dark tomb,' he sigh'd, 'to weep and wait,
Or stand like one who views the whelming surge,
Constrain'd to watch some helpless struggler's fate?
The anguish of that sorrow is too great
To bear ev'n now: would that relenting Doom
Would grant we might together reach the gate,
Together pass beyond the realm of gloom
Into the fields of Light, where flowers immortal bloom!

## XLIII

'Or shall I leave thee pale and pining here,
And enter the dark avenue alone?
And wilt thou come and sigh, and shed a tear,
And plant a flower by my sepulchral stone,
Thinking that I no longer hear thee moan?
Heav'n in its mercy keeps us in suspense,
For, if the woes that wait us were foreknown,
Hope would depart, and joy be banish'd hence,
And we should almost doubt God's gracious providence.

## XLIV

'But we mistrust not; and, if we must part,
Our faith is firm that the Eternal Love
Which here has bound us, dearest! heart to heart,
Will stronger than the Power that rends them prove.
On Him we rest in whom we live and move,
Knowing He will not break the bruisèd reed;
Soft as the dew that droppeth from above
Heav'n's balm descends upon the feet that bleed,
And a Celestial Guide will through the darkness lead.'

# A VOICE FROM THE SICK CHAMBER.

1

Although in Thy blest courts, dear Lord!
I may not bend the knee,
I still can meditate Thy Word,
I still may worship Thee:
If my lips may not join the hymn,
I sing it with my soul,
An't through my chamber lone and dim
The Alleluias roll.

2

The Sabbath bell still sweetly calls,
And eager are my feet
To take me to the hallow'd walls
Where all my neighbours meet:
Long months have pass'd since with a smile
We met, and worshipp'd there,
But One has been with me the while
Whose love is everywhere.

3

Though wide Thy dwelling as the sphere.

A house not built with hands,
Thy temple may be even here,
Though low the altar stands:
All I can offer on my part
A wounded spirit's sighs;
A humble and a contrite heart
My God will not despise.

4

Oh! wondrous Power! that from the dust Could raise this breathing frame,
Plant in my breast this pious trust,
And teach my lips His name;
And, as with wings He decks the worm
That soars when skies are bright,
Doth my dark mind with thoughts inform
That bear me to Heav'n's light.

5

For these Thy gifts, and all the bliss
Thy bounty did bestow,
I bless Thee, and Thy hand I kiss
Now tears like fountains flow:
From the fair world's alluring charm
These pains, these sorrows wean;
And calm on Thy sustaining arm
In the dark hour I lean.

6

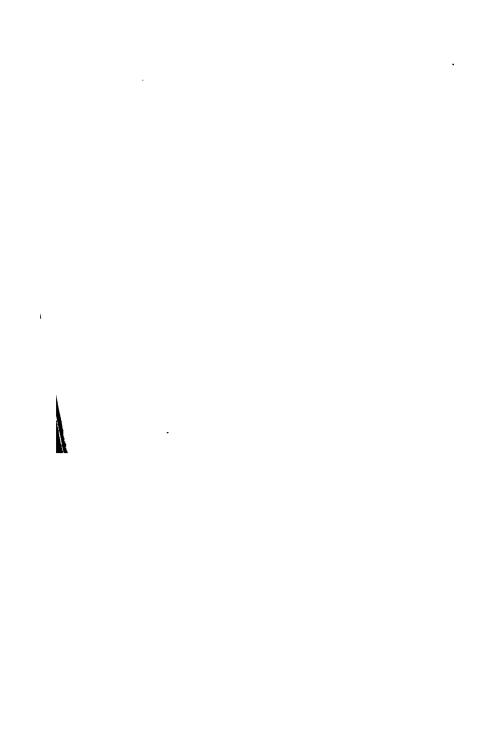
The chime has ceased, and round the hill I hear the storm sweep by;
And then a voice comes soft and still That tells me God is nigh:
And I will kneel, and I will pray,
As taught by His dear Son,
And, as a child submissive, say
'Father! Thy will be done!'



# **MEMORIES**

----

CANTO XI



# CANTO XI

T

If but a unit in the living throng,
And though as naught he may that cipher deem,
The humblest man does to his age belong,
That age to him; slight as the link may seem,
That binds and blends him with the general scheme.
Spectator of the world's dissolving views,
He mingles with the shadows of life's dream,
Nor may to play his little part refuse,
But moves and passes when he only seems to muse.

H

Rising as from the grave, the vanish'd years,
With their great memories, fill the vista's gloom;
And once again the lone survivor hears,
As half a century since, the bell's deep boom
From London's Minster, like the voice of Doom,
When England's darling died in life's sweet Spring,
And millions sorrow'd round her early tomb;
And next he hears it with the same slow swing
Knell for the much-afflicted, venerated King.

ш

He gazed and marvell'd at the splendid George,
And heard the yells when on the hapless Queen
The black-mouth'd perjurers did their lies disgorge,
And harlots blush'd to read their tales obscene.
In vain the martial pomp, the regal sheen,
The lyric blaze of that Augustan age;
A sadder, baser time had never been;
An iron rule repress'd the people's rage,
Till exeunt King and courtiers as Death cross'd the stage.

īν

In one combined, the monarch and the man,
Brave, just, and generous, the Fourth William reign'd,
And true and faithful was each Highland clan,
As Cornwall's Celts, nor Erin's race complain'd:
Mild was the sceptre, while all ranks maintain'd
Their several rights and places. Then he died,
Honour'd and loved by all. But still remain'd
To rule the Isles and their dominions wide,
One whose fit emblem was the lamb at Una's side.

V

The voice that plain'd erewhile with millions more
Hail'd the young Queen with joy, and tears were shed.
Of sympathy, and every heart brimm'd o'er
With loyal love. The holy words were said,
The hosannas peal'd above the illustrious dead,
Nobles and Commons knelt, and then the shout
Of recognition rose, and swell'd and spread
Among the countless multitudes without,
And none who heard that sound the nation's heart could
doubt.



#### VI

And all was peace. Soon the glad spousal came
With the wise Prince who well deserved her hand,
Her troth, her trust, her glory, and her name;
And there was jubilee throughout the land.
Then scions knit afresh the loyal band;
Each was a pledge for England's future weal;
For each the nation did as sponsors stand;
Nor for them fail the people, when they kneel
In church or home, to Heav'n to breathe a fond appeal.

## VII

A purer Court had England never seen,
And never Love yet built a happier bower,
And years went by unclouded and serene.
Then, not far off, the sky began to lower,
Where, when it bursts, the tempest's dreaded power
Startles all lands, and sometimes shakes the Earth.
Wider and blacker yet, from hour to hour,
The storm-cloud gather'd o'er the land of mirth,
The realm of Arts and Arms, where Grace and Taste had
birth.

## VIII

Yet, ere that cloud arose, it seem'd the world Was, save in scenes remote, assured of peace; So said the shrewd French King; though still unfurl'd The Tricolor that gave the Earth short ease. His soldiers and his people then to please, Who liked historic, histrionic shows, He ask'd relenting England to release The ashes of the noblest of her foes, So that they might amid the French he loved repose!

IX

England responded frankly, generously,
As it was said, and courteous Palmerston
Hoped that all future animosity
Would then be buried with Napoleon!
To fetch the bones the King sent his own son:
The grave gave up the dead 'mid sighs and tears,
And the same Sun on Austerlitz that shone
Flash'd on the bier. Then salvos peal, and cheers
Re-echo as for France the Convoy proudly steers.

x.

Was it a play, or real, earnest grief?
Along the sea they did their death-watch keep,
While priests perform'd their rites, and the great Chief
At last came back among the French to sleep.
And then from Cherbourg's battlemented steep
And all the ships the cannons' thunders roar'd,
To welcome the lost warrior from the Deep.
Strange contrast since he stood and bow'd on board
The haughty British ship in Plymouth haven moor'd.

ΧI

'Vive l'Empereur!' salutes him all the way,
From soldiers and from people. Maim'd and halt,
The remnants of the legions still obey
The silent Cæsar; some who led the assault
In his first fields; and not one made default
Whom staff or crutch or litter forth could bring,
To join in that dead march. To the great vault
All who can follow, and still shout and sing,
Till in the Dome they leave the Emperor with the King.

# XII

225

But none cried 'Vive le Roi!' in that great crowd,
And the throne totter'd as if built on sand;
While on the Isle that held the empty shroud
In that far Ocean, stood the outline grand
Of a pale Shade with folded arms, that plann'd
New battle-fields beyond old Ocean's reign,
Or would the forces of the Deep command,
And the broad empire of the World regain;
-And while the Earth endures that form will there remain.

## XIII

Ha! but those bones may prove like dragons' teeth,
And in those ashes there is smouldering fire;
As the long-quiet mountain sleeps beneath
Its crust of cinders. Oh! most wary Sire,
King of the French! of rest thy people tire;
Algiers subdued, then came the razzias foul
Of Bugeaud's butchers, then the cavern pyre
Pelissier kindled, while the lion's growl
Was heard without; but now the wolves yet nearer howl.

#### XIV

And barely did that hoary head escape,
When Paris like a Bedlam Babel shook;
But one arose who bore no warlike shape,
More like an angel than a man, who took
Heart as the peril grew, and dared to brook
Grim Revolution calmly in the face.
Lamartine! none will e'er forget thy look
Of gentleness, thy loving words, thy grace,
That could so long restrain those natures fierce and base.

### XV

In vain—in vain! blood must in torrents flow,
The blood the King humane refused to spill.
Stern Cavaignac, constrain'd to strike the blow,
Reluctant but unsparing struck, until
The streets were choked with dead, and all was still.
Another then, long biding for his day,
With subtle forecast and unswerving will,
Got to the front, his name prepared the way,
The crimson curtain rises—one more act they play!

#### XVI

Peace came again with her celestial smile,
A blessed interlude; though minor wars
Went on, as usual, somewhere all the while;
But History seldom notes such petty jars,
And little glory falls to common scars.
No day yet ever dawn'd on Earth but found
Men slaughtering one another, and the stars
Ne'er gleam'd but there was gore upon the ground,
And sprinkled still with blood the world will roll its round.

## XVII

Then England's Prince conceived his grand design,
And found fit habitation for his thought
In that majestic palace crystalline,
To which the products of all climes were brought,
The best that Art and Skill and Toil had wrought,
For competition free and contrast fair,
Whatever Taste could prize or Affluence sought:
Like flocks of doves the pennons fann'd the air,
While from within went up the sound of praise and prayer.

## XVIII

One from the West was in that surging throng,
And in his memory still the prelude rings,
The pealing organ and the choral song,
The Hallelujah to the King of Kings,
While every race its gifts of precious things
Laid on one altar; some as incense sweet,
Others like gorgeous plumes of orient wings,
And gems from depths beyond the billow's beat;
And never yet did men in such glad concourse meet.

## XIX

Like other dazzling scenes that vision pass'd;
But, as through sunshine drops the vernal rain,
Traces of good it left that long will last.
Yet, ere the final anthem ceased its strain,
In France was heard the muttering storm again,
The rumbling of the earthquake's coming shock.
It came—all Paris rose to burst the chain
Their chief had forged—to slaughter rush the flock,
And at the writhing heaps the reeling legions mock!

## $\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

'It served the Frenchmen right,' a Roman said,
Who told their deeds under harsh Oudinot:
'It was at night we heard their stealthy tread,
And many a Roman patriot lay low,
Fell'd by the bullet or some unseen blow.
Yet Garibaldi check'd their murderous game,
But onward like assassins crept the foe,
And the Italians, as they died, cried Shame!
Shame on the men who crush freedom in freedom's name!

#### XXI

So one of those then exiled sternly spoke,
To him who grieved for exiles from long date,
While the fair English landscape did evoke
The Italian's fervour, as he mourn'd the fate
Of his compatriots; 'but,' said he, 'we wait
The avenging hour, and know that it will come,
When France and Austria, equal in our hate,
No more shall rule in Venice or in Rome,
Polluting every hearth, and darkening every home.'

## XXII

Roman! not yet. Hark! the fierce legions shout For the new Cæsar: some cry 'Perjurer!' While from the fountains crimson torrents spout; But on he rides—if he had conquer'd her, Forgiving France salutes the worshipper Of the dead warrior she had deified. Thus History's changes ring: events recur So like and so exact, though ages wide Between them roll, the same may still be prophesied.

## XXIII

And now the 'sick man' looks as he would die,
But France and England are in sweet accord,
And safely may a world in arms defy!
Against them who will dare to draw the sword?
Sooner than look'd for, ere the closing word
Of smooth palaver, Russia throws the glove,
And 'tis accepted, and at once on board
Their fleets combined the Gauls and Britons move,
Trojans and Greeks have met in most fraternal love!

#### XXIV

But, after all, it was the same old story,
They went to fight, but scarce could tell you why;
To do their duty, yes, and earn fresh glory,
And, ages hence, as in the times gone by,
Red Mars will shine in the dark wintry sky,
And the Crimean mounds for centuries tell
Not only who did in the battle die,
But of the thousands who like outcasts fell,
While those who should have cared affirm'd that all was well.

## XXV

Again peace came, and there was jubilee
Throughout both lands. Rich, poor, and young and old,
Gave thanks and feasted, and from sea to sea,
And shore to shore their songs and anthems roll'd;
But many thought and grieved for those so cold
On the bleak coasts and silent mountains far;
Not chimes, said they, should ring, but knells be toll'd:
Some cursed the cause, some the effects of war,
Some, thinking of their pence, laugh'd at each ghastly scar.

#### XXVI

Ah! gentle Queen! the years for thee grow dark:
Peace wanders like the dove, and may return,
But finds no tranquil shore, no sheltering ark.
Gracious thy sway, but Heaven's decree is stern;
War's beacons on a thousand hills must burn,
And fierce Revolt thy far dominions sweep
Like a Cyclone, and all thy people mourn
The brave and tender who in their calm sleep
Dreamt not that tigers did about their couches creep.

Fast on Cawnpore's wild shriek was heard the tread

Of the avengers; then was seen the might

Of England's soldiers by fit leaders led,

Of England's soldiers by fit leaders led,

Clyde, Havelock, Outram, when the cause was right:

The world astonish'd view'd the thrilling sight,

The world astonish'd view'd the thrilling sight,

And own'd that England had redeem'd her fame.

And own'd that England Briton one black night

Not so when Frank and Briton one flame,

Left plunder'd Pekin all one sheet of flame,

Left plunder'd Pekin all one sheet of the Christian name!

Imperial guests in England from proud France!
And loud and warm their greeting; none so fair
As that sweet Empress, not in old romance;
As that sweet Empress, not in old romance;
No truer friend to England all declare
Than he who long had been an exile there.
Another bond of amity was seal'd:
Another bond of samity was seal'd:
But when Orsini's bombs amid the glare
But when Orsini's hombs and the heal'd
Of Paris burst, the feud, so lately heal'd.
Revived, and all the ancient rancour was reveal'd.

Vengeance on Albion, where the Plot was plann'd,
The frantic cohorts menaced, till they found
It wiser not to storm the chalky strand,
Which since the Normans had been sacred ground.
Then far away roll'd the dread battle-sound,
And Austria quail'd before the unloosed Gauls,
And Italy rose free, as at one bound;
And Italy rose free, as at one bound;
But her deliverer still she fondly calls
But her deliverer still she fondly calls
The brave, good man who scaled Melazza's bristli

## XXX

Oh! silent exile on the Mountain Rock,
Would thou hadst lived until that happy day!
Oh! martyr'd Bruno, couldst thou feel the shock
That rends thy torture-chamber, thou wouldst say
The recompense did all the pangs repay:
Couldst thou but hear thy young compatriots cheer
In the old halls where thou wast blithe as they,
Thy honour'd name, to Truth and Freedom dear,
Then wouldst thou own 'twas joy that flaming robe to wear.

#### XXXI

Cavour, Manin, might but foresee that time,
So those whom Gladstone found in dungeons deep,
Near Baiæ's gardens, dying for no crime;
And calm did the Venetian brothers sleep,
Whose secrets Graham's postal would not keep,
Betray'd and murder'd by the Austrian's hand
At sad Cosenza. One remain'd to weep,
And refuge found on Albion's guarded strand,
Who hail'd that hour, and now rests in his own free land!

# IIXXX

Mazzini! many a gloomy year has gone
Since he who still is spared beheld that face,
Then dark the locks, but cheek and brow how wan!
The suffering prophet chosen for his race,
Oft heard when no one could his footsteps trace,
And flitting like a shadow past his home,
Till that brief glorious hour when to his place
Borne by the gale from England's billowy foam,
He as Triumvir ruled in free regenerate Rome!

# IIIXXX

He little thought that in a Roman street
They would one day with wreaths his pall adorn,
Cities would send their throngs his bier to meet,
And soldiers, statesmen follow, who had sworn
Like him their fealty to a cause forlorn,
Some who like him had lives in exile spent.
But other years remain'd for him to mourn,
And still the world was awed with dark portent,
And even in the throe of many a grave event.

## XXXIV

But hark! a boding voice at dead of night
Over wide London peals from the black cloud!
And from their beds the sleepers in affright
Rush, and in all the streets the startled crowd
Some dread announcement wait, while in the shroud
The bones of Princes stir at the deep knell.
A Royal death—but whose? Again as loud
And slow booms out the grand and solemn bell;
But who is dead all ask, and none as yet may tell.

## XXXV

'The Prince! the Prince!' Ere the eleventh hour Through the still glades and forest peal'd, he died! Chill was the night, and storms till dawn did lower, While loud lamentings rose from Thames' dark tide, And sounds of grief from shore to shore replied. Soon all was told: he bless'd them to the last, And then the loving child—who by his side Had like an angel watch'd—while tears fell fast, Soothed the lorn mother's heart till grief's first pang was past.



#### XXXVI

And the next morn, that darkest Sabbath morn,
Throughout the Isles the electric heralds flew
With their sad message; and it then was borne
From house to house, and even from pew to pew
Where knelt the people, who scarce deem'd it true,
Till preachers with a trembling accent spoke
Some earnest words that sobs of pity drew;
And loyal prayers spontaneous did invoke
Celestial balm for her whose heart they fear'd was broke.

#### XXXVII

Ere that sad time the sounds of distant war
Came like low thunder from the Atlantic Main;
A war that had a cause worth fighting for—
To sever, and for aye, the Negro's chain!
All other pretexts were but false or vain.
Millions in arms! From South to North the tide
Of battle roll'd, and fiercer back again,
As though the crimson flood would ne'er subside;
With blood from our own veins, hills, rivers, plains were dyed.

# IIIVXXX

Loud and more loud from that majestic coast
The roar of battle peal'd, and without pause
The furious combat raged, and either host
Was led by chiefs who gain'd the world's applause;
But in the end prevail'd the better cause,
And all at last were free from strand to strand!
Lincoln who ruled, though no Court-limner draws
His tall, gaunt form, was fit with Kings to stand,
And nations mourn'd his death by Treason's dastard hand.

#### XXXIX

But nearer, blacker now the war-cloud rolls,
All Germany in arms, and Prussia chief,
Another Macedon; her stalwart souls
Drill'd like a phalanx since their country's grief,
When Gaul pounced down upon her like a thief,
And foul'd and sack'd her homes and palaces.
First Austria quails, nor Russia brings relief;
O'er Hanover the daring Uhlans press,
And then brave Denmark falls—who next no one could guess.

## XL

England and France both mute! A cold return
For that sweet rose which Denmark gave to us:
But State necessities we know are stern;
It will not do to be too chivalrous
In times so critical—so perilous;
'And then,' said one, 'small States are poor and weak,
They cannot stand alone: then why such fuss?'
'Nay,' said a citizen so smug and sleek,
'Our Princess Royal may be Empress while we speak!'

## XLI

That was shrewd guessing. But an old voice said—
'Empresses are not free from care I fear,
Or Emperors either: roses form their bed,
But thorns are there, and serpents nestle near.
Brave Maximilian wore no frown austere
On his high brow, but wisdom, love and truth
Beam'd in his face; now blood is on his bier,
While, saved like Una from the Satyr's tooth,
Like crazed Ophelia raves the bride that bless'd his youth.

#### XLII

235

'I saw her once, but it was years ago,
To count how many years would make me sad,
Twas in the theatre, in the front row;
To see the Royal kindred made all glad,
So fresh, so gay, and not a care they had,
And in her aspect did all graces blend.
All wish'd for each, fair maid and comely lad,
As much of earthly bliss as Heav'r. could send,
And none there dreamt how soon that bright girl's joy would end.'

## XLIII

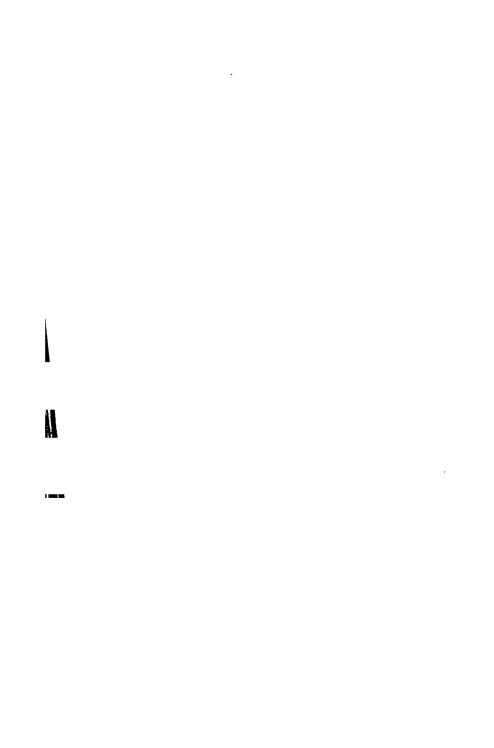
Truth still than fiction is more sad and strange:
For sweeter heroine plains no minstrel's lay,
No village maid with her would rank exchange,
And cloister'd nuns for her in pity pray.
Her fate did beauty's haughtiest brow dismay,
And fill'd with wailing many a princely bower;
Not least the grief where, in her happier day,
She 'mid that English group had been a flower,
playmate and a guest in Windsor's royal Tower.



•

# MEMORIES

CANTO XII



## CANTO XII

1

But the grand drama is not half play'd out,
And greater scenes remain for us to see,
Compared with which the past was but a bout
Of mimic war—a joust of chivalry,
Almost beneath historic dignity!
The acts to come are worthy of the stage,
Though the last scenes of the dread tragedy
Others may witness in a future age;
Enough for us the events that fill Time's present page.

H

The nineteenth century far-spent is this,
Since the blest tidings reach'd that Syrian hill,
Since righteousness and peace that morn did kiss,
And sweeter music than Siloa's rill
Was heard from Heav'n, whose arches echo still
As then from all their azure heights that song:
And yet than aye the trumpets ring more shrill,
Yet fiercer hosts the affrighted valleys throng,
And than the Gulf-Stream rolls the crimson flood more strong.

III

Some almost think it was an idle dream
Of drowsy shepherds in their folds that night;
And some aver it was a meteor's gleam
Which the Chaldeans saw, and not the light
Of the new morning-star, serenely bright;
Forgetting that the Voice which left us peace
Foretold the wars our annals still recite,
And said not suffering for truth's sake would cease,
Nor promised God would man from toil and pain release.

IV

And is the world unchanged? Does it roll back,
And not move onward as the sage declared?
Or moves it only in the same dark track?
The noblest, wisest never have despair'd,
Though they the griefs of all God's sons have shared;
The poet's lyre was never yet unstrung;
Patriots still meet the stroke with bosoms bared,
And youthful arms round Freedom's flag have clung
When to the winds old hopes with its last shreds were flung.

٧

But the scene shifts. Long hover'd the black storm Where his young days the wanderer had spent, But where the people in their climate warm Seem'd with their siestas and their chains content; Happy—when Ferdinand to his fathers went—With his gay spouse and daughter still more gay, Yet so devout the Pope his roses sent; And, if she changed her lovers every day, She kiss'd the Virgin's hem, and then resumed her play.

VI

At last the sluggards from their thraldom break,
And shiver like a web the Gallic plot;
And could the schemer in his vault awake,
He would have seen his king-craft help'd him not,
While on his fame remain'd that lasting blot;
The reckless Queen a fugitive, the crown
Roll'd in the dust till the stern Teuton got
His clutch upon it, soon to lay it down,
As though he dared not brook the Third Napoleon's frown!

## VII

Spain! 'twas thy question: never more the Franks
Shall trample thee, nor Goths thy birthright steal.
Leaders arose, some from the people's ranks,
But all alike willing their troth to seal
With their hearts' blood, the country's wounds to heal;
And then was heard the voice of Castelar,
And ne'er before did tones so thrilling peal
In Spain's grand language; ringing clear and far
As in the times of old the clarion of Biyar.

#### VIII

And, while Spain boldly did herself decide,
Demented France rush'd blindly to her fate,
And Prussia met the challenge in the pride
Of recent triumph, and with quenchless hate
For former wrongs, remembering place and date:
From town and forest, college, forge, and mine
The Teutons rise in arms, and calmly wait
The Gaul's first onset by the envied Rhine,
While nations watch, nor care to show how they incline.

IX

It was an awful duel—but began,
As some folk think, in a most silly mode,
When the young Prince, a nimble stripling, ran
Or by the side of his proud father rode,
And saw the untried Mitrailleuse explode,
And kill some stragglers. Then the lad received—
What? 'His baptism of fire!' The language glow'd
Like molten lead—'twas grand, yet some believed
The death of those few Germans would be soon retrieved.

x

Baptism, said he? Not so was understood
The word when from the wilderness John came,
And dipt his Master in the Jordan's flood;
Not so when every Christian takes his name,
And at the font spurts neither blood nor flame.
Baptism of fire? 'Twould Moloch's heart delight
To hear his rite so call'd; but that was tame
To the grand function of that engine bright,
Scattering, like hail from Hell, its death-bolts left and right!

ΧI

Not long before the Chassepot was the boast
Of all man-killers, at Mentana proved,
Though well the Italian youths maintain'd their post:
So truly sighted, and so nicely grooved,
Whole files were slaughter'd as the finger moved,
At a mile's distance, answering à merveille,
As said De Failly, who the pastime loved
As Cockney stalker on the red-deer's trail;
But soon the needle-gun will tell another tale.

#### XII

With Chassepot and Mitrailleuse, and the aid Of Turcos from the lairs of Algiers brought, Whose yells would make the stoutest hearts afraid, And who like panthers pounced, like lions fought, And made sure work by murdering all they caught, And the ¿lan of her proud legions, France Rush'd to the Rhine, began the wild onslaught; 'To Berlin!' was the cry—'advance! advance! On, on Mitrailleuse, Chassepot, Cannon, Sabre, Lance!'

## XIII

You know the rest. To the remotest town
The telegrams came morning, noon, and night;
Men gather'd in the streets, and every noun
And figure of the message could recite
In all their homes and haunts; and which was right
Gravely disputed: though, at first, most held
The French without a cause provoked the fight,
Yet said they would prevail; and others yell'd
Like Turcos, as the heaps of carnage hourly swell'd.

#### XIV

The savage instinct ever grew more strong,
The hunger craved more slaughter every day;
No butcher's bill too heavy or too long,
While others had the whole account to pay;
But some more furious yearn'd to join the fray;
And, when at last the truth was fully told,
That the French armies bravely stood at bay,
'Twas hard hot Erin in the leash to hold,
And for the woes of France no English heart felt cold.

## xv

Back—back o'er gory fields the French recoil,
Scatter'd and crush'd by the relentless foes;
Their homes in flames, and all the fertile soil
Trampled by countless hoofs. Their gates they close,
But o'er the ramparts the red deluge flows.
Armies, whole armies captive, and the man
Who blindly led them blindfold to their woes,
Crownless and swordless at blood-dyed Sedan,
And soon the fiercest siege since Carthage fell began.

#### XVI

The story of that time will ne'er be known,
Though graphic tidings fill'd us with dismay:
The shells amid the harmless women thrown,
And bursting on the children at their play;
The artillery's flashing thunder night and day;
The impetuous sally, the repulse as fierce;
Balloons like ships cleaving through storms their way;
The cries of hunger when the food grew scarce;
The shouts of those who came that belt of steel to pierce.

#### XVII

At last the brave, long-suffering City fell,
And to the Arch in all their martial sheen
The Germans rode and back, so they might tell
At home in their own land what they had seen.
Then peace, then some few millions they must glean,
With two good strips of ground, Lorraine, Alsace;
And then the myriads who had famish'd been,
And as if fiends possess'd that surging mass,
Broke loose, and did their own progenitors surpass.

#### XVIII

'Baptism of fire?' 'Twas a prophetic phrase:
The burning oil by drunken hags outpour'd,
Halls, temples, palaces together blaze!
Not fierce Cambyses from the Nile's deep ford
So ravaged Thebes, not Attila's wild horde
So wreck'd the Italian cities, as that gang
Of maniacs Paris; nor may words record
The crimes and horrors when the trumpet rang,
And through the gory breach the vengeful soldiers sprang.

#### XIX

Had the grave sage who meditated long 'Mid ruins, like débris from mountains cast,
Lived at this day, he might have mused among
His city's blacken'd piles, both on the past
And sadder present. In the desert blast
Less drear Palmyra's roofless colonnades
Than these scorch'd shafts and walls, as yet the last
Great wreck of empire, throwing their dark shades,
While faster than the light a nation's glory fades.

#### XX

Where next, Eternal Power! where and when next
Will thy dread bolts descend? On whom—on all?
The shuddering nations ask, with doubt perplex'd,
And kings see signs that did of old appal
A monarch at his last grand festival.
But oh, blest Island! is it well with thee,
In city, palace, cottage, bower, and hall?
Benign thy rulers, and thy people free,
Thy wealth how vast, thy commerce boundless as the Sea!

#### XXI

'Ay, and how large,' an old voice said, 'her gaols, Though yet too small, and others like they build! Her pauper-prisons darken all the vales; Her drinking dens which like saloons they gild, All day and night with thirsting swarms are fill'd; While huge asylums show the people's brains Are maddening with the poison there distill'd, With pleasure's whirl, or greed, or want's keen pains, Till mental doctors doubt if any sane remains.

#### XXII

'Trade, Commerce free, are Skill and Labour free?
Yes, save the yoke the workers would impose;
The Unions, that for social ends might be
Beneficent, become the deadly foes
Of order and of progress, and will close
Ere long the British workshop to the world.
Westward the tide of enterprise fast flows,
The emigrant's broad sails each hour unfurl'd,
Some day but mists will spread where once the grey smoke curl'd.

## XXIII

'And yet not strange that sullen Toil should strike,
And grow more tyrannous than Capital,
Seeing the sweltering, grimy forms whose like
May scarce be found all round this teeming ball.
Perhaps you can grave Wordsworth's lines recall
On Gain, the Master Idol of the realm,
Or Bacon's words on nations when they fall:
Let spinners with their bales the earth o'erwhelm,
But spare us arms to plough, and hands to grasp the helm.

#### XXIV

'If human nature suffers, 'tis not strange
Humanity forgets the helpless beast:
The herds that did last eve the pasture range,
The flocks that cropp'd this morning's dewy feast,
Are fat enough; from North, West, South, and East,
They to the trains by savages are driven,
And, when footsore, their journeys should have ceased.
Panting in charge of greater brutes are given,
And twitch'd, and jamm'd, and whirl'd under the wintry
Heaven.

## XXV

'The Glutton City will the world devour;
Over the seas the cattle come by steam
In reeking holds whose stench would dogs o'erpower.
The Earth itself does a steam-engine seem,
And by the shuddering Moon the whistles scream:
Faster, still faster, like a lightning-flash,
In the delirium of an idiot's dream,
Using up all things, through the skies we dash,
Till we fly off in steam, and 'gainst some planet crash.

#### XXVI

'Commercial frauds rise like balloons each day,
And giant scoundrels slip through quirks and flaws,
While little rogues large penalties must pay.
Ever more costly prove the complex laws
To him who gains or loses a just cause.
Learned and pure, the Judges almost loathe
The task assign'd them, for no penal clause
Can teach the perjurer to respect his oath,
Or check the slanderer's filth, the impostor's monstrous growth.

#### XXVII

'Others aver religion fast decays,
Though, 'mid the medley of mysterious things,
A few to the Unknown new altars raise;
And the old Form from the white ashes springs,
With some new feathers on its flamy wings,
And wheels and croaks about our windy Isle,
Where every bird its note peculiar sings,
Rooks, ravens, crows, and daws; and some the while,
Array'd in borrow'd plumes, affect the antique style.

## XXVIII

'Political corruption is more rife
Than when long since they tried to purge the shame;
The cancer was not cured with that sharp knife,
And human nature still remain'd the same.
The stakes grew larger, and more bold the game;
The markets rose, more bribes, more beer, more gin;
The revels of the former times were tame,
At effigies no more the rabble grin,
No colours now, no bands to mitigate the din.

## XXIX

'Disfranchisement by way of check they tried,
And wigs like owls from burgh to burgh did flit,
While clamours rose that would not be denied
For lower, wider franchise, whether fit
Or not the claimants: and, to settle it,
The Commons chaffer'd over pound and pound,
And haggling at small coin till Doom would sit,
Had not one clear'd the benches at a bound,
Shouting "Each house a vote!" when cheers the laughter
drown'd.

## XXX

"Twas a bold stride—yes, a leap in the dark,
As one confess'd, a patriot tried and true,
Who, Curtius-like, as some one did remark,
To save his country, in the startled view
Of all the people rode, or almost flew
On his high temper down he knew not where.
The Whigs were dish'd, perhaps the country too,
But that's not clear: one who had cried "Take care!"
Said, with a laugh, "We must our masters' minds prepare."

## XXXI

'Yes, Education is the certain cure
For every social ill! That 'tis the best
Of all State remedies, most sound and sure,
Prussia has proved, and other lands attest.
And so, at last, our legislators guess'd,
And nobly, earnestly, did their endeavour,
But left the people to do all the rest;
And so they should, and haply will, though never
Did ecclesiastic drums such loud alarms deliver.

## IIXXX

'After the schools may come those happy times,
Those "sweeter manners," "purer laws," foretold
When Arthur's laureate heard the new year's chimes,
Although in Maud he did so roundly scold.
Electors will no more be bought or sold,
There will be no more hustings, no more fights,
No more like sheep the voters will be poll'd,
The Ballot-box will guard the people's rights,
And calm as cradled babes the Commons pass their nights!'

#### XXXIII

Yet haply thus some genial voice might say—
'There's much that yet disgraces this fair land;
The Ballot-tub won't wash all dirt away,
But there's no spot upon the yeoman's hand,
And by their ploughs like men our peasants stand;
And our great towns are Freedom's citadels,
As when the burghers did their rights demand,
And wrest from Feudal Power. The owlet tells
From yon grey Keep more truth than all our chronicles.

### XXXIV

'There's much to change I grant you, more to mend, And there are men still left to do the work, Or nobly try, and Heaven its help will lend: Only to murmur is the task to shirk.

The Army mart is closed, though with a jerk That shook Saint Stephen's walls, and conscience-free Are Learning's ancient seats, and from the Kirk The money-changers without stripes will flee.

No coups d'état we need—Peace gains the victory.

## XXXV

'Most of our social ills will be redress'd
By personal effort more than by wise laws:
England's stupendous Charities attest
How large her people's hearts, how good her cause;
Her benefactors heedless of applause,
Like her to whom their name the Angels gave,
Like him whose work of mercy did not pause
Till Heav'n received him: from the Minster's nave
His dust with reverence borne o'er the Atlantic wave.

### XXXVI

'Actions like his in fast fraternal peace
The kindred nations will for ever bind;
These are the treaties that will never cease,
The commerce this in which free men will find
The gain, the wealth which God for them design'd;
The hallow'd interchange of generous deeds
Will to each other's errors make them kind;
Charity is not circumscribed by creeds,
But like the light from Heaven o'er seas and mountains speeds.

## XXXVII

'Great is the part which England yet must play,
None greater in the annals of the Earth:
Her poets yet can sing a noble lay,
And dear to them the country of their birth;
Her people homage yield to public worth,
With eloquence her halls, her minsters thrill,
And o'er the din of toil the voice of mirth
Rings in the dale and carols on the hill,
And with the Sabbath bells her woodlands echo still.

## XXXVIII

'Who fears for England—who? Not I, not you,
And in your heart I know you love her well,
Though great her faults, her sins not small or few;
And, if the time should come which some foretell,
When she must fall as mighty empires fell,
Long o'er the Isle the glory of her fame
Will like the effulgence of the sunset dwell,
While on far shores her children's sons will claim
While on far shores her old illustrious name.'

#### XXXIX

So mote it be !—But since those words were spoken Seven years have pass'd, and does the world yet mer Around the Balkan the war-clouds have broken, Lightnings still in the lurid heavens impend, And recent horrors all the past transcend: While, to prevent a tottering empire's fall, England did her strong naval arm extend, And from the Ganges her swart legions call, Though some saw boding signs upon her storm-proof v

#### XL

The signs are there, if not yet understood.

A cloud hangs over England, and each day
Her frontiers still advanced show tracks of blood.
Ah! what avails her world-embracing sway
If her own wave-girt battlements decay?
If, like their fathers from the Baltic shore,
The sons seek homes in regions far away,
Destroying first their unexhausted store,
And their own hive, that none may ever hold it mor

## XLI

Enough of that—England is England still:
As if propell'd by a resistless power,
Onward she moves, and must her task fulfil,
And will not falter in her trying hour.
But never did the sky more darkly lower,
Never so overcast blithe Yule-tide came,
War's distant blast echoes in glen and bower
And battle-fires on Earth's high mountains?
While voices from the stars peace and goodwi

## A LAMENT FOR PRINCESS ALICE.

1

O'ER Cornwall's rugged hills and heathy fells
Like a vast winding-sheet the snow is spread,
While in her ancient towers the Sabbath bells
Suspend their chimes, and toll as for the dead.

H

What means it? Have sad tidings from afar Now reach'd the Western limits of the Isle? Has some famed Captain earn'd with his last scar A place in the Cathedral's trophied pile?

Ш

Or, plains the knell for Statesman who has won On bloodless fields a happier victory, Whose star has set serenely as the sun Descends in splendour to the tranquil sea?

IV

Oh! not for such as to the grave are borne
With all the reverence due to manly worth,
But for a Princess now does England mourn
Whose virtues lent fresh lustre to her birth.

v

We mourn for her, by all the people loved

For the great love she bore her dying sire,
When like an angel round his couch she moved,
And sleepless watch'd life's flickering gleam expire.

VΙ

Who with her filial tenderness had soothed
The widow'd Queen when solace seem'd in vain,
And next a brother's bed of anguish smoothed,
When Death approach'd the regal towers again.

VII

Mated with her own choice, she cull'd the bliss
Which Love transplanted from lost Eden's bowers,
And blooming children came with honied kiss,
And none a sting suspected 'mong the flowers.

VIII

But when war shrill'd, and like true Teuton knight Her lord went forth to guard the Fatherland, She too was seen, and Heaven approved the sight, Tending the wounded with her practised hand.

IX

The dying soldier of a hostile race
Hail'd her as a bright herald from the sky,
And, looking up in her pathetic face,
He with a blessing breathed his last deep sigh.

X

The war-cloud o'er the mountains roll'd away,
And there was joy in Darmstadt's hall once more;
The Red Cross was with roses deck'd that day,
And every crest a wreath of myrtle wore.

ΧI

Taste, Genius, Science welcomed her return, And in her thoughtful brow, her aspect mild, Her gracious tones, 'twas easy to discern Of whom she was the pupil and the child.

XII

Earnestly, hopefully her chosen task
Of charity went on, and did not cease;
Chill poverty did in her presence bask
As in the sunshine, and her smiles shed peace.

#### IIIX

But life's dread foe pursued, and from her arms Snatch'd a fair child; and when the balm of time Assuaged that pang, the pest with new alarms Pierced her fond breast, and tried her faith sublime.

#### XIV

All—all still left her sicken'd as for death,
Children and spouse; and soon the youngest died,
Nor might she kiss, ev'n after the last breath,
The lips which erewhile with the roses vied.

#### χV

Veiling her tears, resign'd but not dismay'd, She paced the lonely palace to and fro, Follow'd, still follow'd by the fatal Shade To every chamber in that house of woe.

#### XVI

And when o'er her pale panting boy she lean'd,
To tell him his dear sister was in Heaven,
He to her bosom clung like babe unwean'd,
And then the kiss that cost her life was given.

As wounded dove that dies in its own nest,

Near its lorn mate, and with its drooping wings

Near its lorn mate, so sank to rest

Shielding its helpless brood, so sank to rest

The people's darling, and the pride of kings.

For her we mourn—for her at this blest hour

For her we mourn—for her at this blest hour

From Rhineland to the Thames the knell has rung,

From Windsor Chapel to Saint Petrock's tower,

From Windsor Chapel to Saint Petrock's been sung.

And requiems have 'neath humbler roofs been sung.

Ah, much-tried Queen! whom death again bereaves
On the same day after long-vanish'd years
On the same day after long-vanish'd woman grieves,
Since thou didst learn how widow'd woman grieves,
With thine once more will blend a nation's tears.

Thy solace this, that with thy child 'tis well,

That as she lived she died, and left the name

That as she lived infant lips to spell,

Of Alice sweet for infant lips to spell,

While angels on Heav'n's roll inscribe her fame.

December 15, 1878.

## CANTO L

## STANZA LA.

The merchant was a constant reader of the Book in which it is written—"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business on the great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders on the cleep."

## STANZA 33-

It was not until the year 1869 that the came of so much oppusation and misery, arrest before judgment recovered, was abolished. The committed to prison for debt is now a slower and more difficult process in the Superior Courts, and very few are found in good under orders by the Judges at Westminster. From the County Courts the Countitals are more numerous, but much less frequent than they were before the recent statute. To one of the County in which the person referred to in this stanza was born, the nation is indebted for the introduction of that judicious and merciful measure; Sir Robert Collier, now one of the Judicial Members of the Privy Council.

The persons and incidents described in this and the following cannot are not fictions.

## CANTO IL

## STANZA 2.

In 'Phillimore on Jurisprudence' the following passage occurs:

'Whole families were steeped in misery, and compelled to drink the cup of affliction to the dregs, by the chicane and delay which made the Count of Chancery, during the time of Lord Eldon most especially.



one of the most terrible calamities ever inflicted on this country.' Not that the equity of his judgments has been questioned; but some of them were in gestation a good part of a century.

## CANTO IV.

## STANZA 42.

Among the patriots of Spain, none more deserves to be remembered and honoured than Rafael del Riego, born in Asturias in 1785. 1808 he embraced the cause of independence against the French invaders, and suffered for his devotion a long imprisonment. released, he travelled in Germany and England. In 1820 he joined in the endeavour to establish liberty in Spain, delivered Quiroga from his gaolers, and proclaimed the Constitution; and in 1822 he was elected President of the Cortes. When the bigot and despot, Ferdinand, with the aid of a powerful French army, had recovered absolute power, Riego did not despair of his country, or the principles to which he had consecrated his life; and, supported by the people, he was again in arms in 1823, to maintain their rights. On the su render of Cadiz to the French, he was taken prisoner, and condemned to death. The sentence directed that his limbs should be sent to different parts of the Peninsula, and that his head should be kept at Las Cabezas, where the Constitution was first proclaimed. A few months after his execution his wife died of grief. Riego was worthy of the land of Espartero and Prim.

## CANTO V.

## STANZA 14.

The 'A Dios' of Cervantes will be found at the end of his prologue to Persíles y Sigismunda, and is in these words:—'A Dios, gracias: á Dios, donayres: á Dios, regocijados amigos, que yo me voi muriendo y deseando veros presto contentos en la otra vida.'

In the same prologue he tells how on his ride from Esquivias, where he had visited the little estate which he derived from his wife, he was overtaken by a student who, after lavish compliments, informed him that the infirmity from which he was suffering was dropsy, a disease which not all the water of the ocean would cure; but he recommended him not to forget to eat, as the sole and sure means of recovery. Cervantes replied in his usual vein, and said that the paces of his pulse indicated that their career would at the farthest terminate

on the next Sunday. The travellers parted when they reached Madrid, Cervantes entering by the bridge of Toledo, and the student by that of Segovia.

A few days afterwards, Cervantes being near his death, received extreme unction; but he lived to complete the dedication of the same book to his patron, the Conde de Lemos. He commences this grateful memento by saying that his foot is already in the stirrup, and quoting these lines of the ancient ballad—

'Puesto ya mi pié en el estribo, Con las ansias de la muerte, Gran Señor, esta te escribo.'

On the fifth day following, April 4, 1616, Cervantes died, at the age of sixty-eight. Shakespeare died, scarcely more famous and beloved in his country, in the same month and year.

## STANZAS 15 to 19.

Of Luis Ponce de Leon, born in 1528, a full account is given in Ticknor's 'History of Spanish Literature.' His poems, which only fill about one hundred pages, are described by his biographer as deserving to be placed at the head of Spanish lyric poetry. Bouterwek is as warm in his admiration of the purity and elevation of the poems of Leon, and Hallam regards his ode 'De la Vida del Cielo' (Of the Life of Heaven), 'as an exquisite piece of lyric poetry, which, in its peculiar line of devout aspiration, has perhaps never been excelled.' Sismondi, in the 'Historical Review of the Literature of Europe,' says of Leon that 'Poetry was to him a relaxation, while the exquisite sensibility to harmony which Nature had bestowed on him, and his fine imagination, were exercised by the study of the classics and of Hebrew poetry. He was cruelly punished for having made a translation of the Song of Solomon. Not that he was supposed to have sought for improper images in that mystical composition, or to have attempted to present in a worldly light the amours of the King of Jerusalem, which he regarded as purely allegorical, but because the Inquisition had prohibited in the strictest manner the translation of any portion of the Bible without special permission. Ponce de Leon confided his version. under an injunction of secresy, to a single friend, who indiscreetly showed it to others. The author was in consequence denounced to the Holy Office, and immediately cast into prison, where he passed five years, separated from human society, and deprived of light. Even

in this situation he experienced, in the purity of his innocence, and in the strength of his religious principles, that serenity and repose which 260

His yet more famous countryman, Cervantes, speaks of him as one innocence alone can confer.' whom he reveres, adores, and follows:

· A quien yo reverencio, adoro y sigo.

Bouterwek gives the whole of 'La Vida del Cielo,' and portions of the ode Noche Serena, (Serene Night); and Mr. Ticknor translates the hymn on the Ascension, but not in the original measure called

quintillas, for which the English language is ill adapted. The following lines from the 'Noche Serena,' in which Leon apostrophises the eternal splendours of the heavens, are taken from Fontana's tropmises the election spicingous of the heavens, are acquainte. with the Latin language, or with the languages derived from it,

appreciate the melody of the metre which he preferred :-· Aquí vive el contento,

Aqui reina la paz, aqui asentado En rico y alto asiento Está el amor sagrado, De glorias y deleitos rodeado; Inmensa hermosura Aqui se muestra toda, y resplandece Clarisima luz pura, Que jamas anochece: Eterna primavera aqui florece.

That the spirit of intolerance was at one time as Protestant as in Catholic countries, is proved by the case of the Jewi Missionary Priest, Robert Southwell, also a true poet, who was some to the Tower in 1592, and kept there in a filthy dungeon three years ; was several times put to the rack; and in 1595 he was executed a Tyburn, meeting death with the firmness of a martyr. possible, says Campbell, 'to read his volume without land the its author should have been either the instrument of bigotry, or the object of persecution.

In this and the two following Cantos some stances are, with 2 reration, taken from 2 poem published many years 350, which has ierg rasses to the oblivion which it deserved for its intrinsic fats, but still more for its inconsiderate attacks on eminent and good men, whom, in riper years, the writer learned to honour and respect, if he still presumed to dissent from some of their opinions.

## STANZA 3.

In his 'Table Talk' Coleridge is reported to have said, 'I think with some interest upon the fact that Rabelais and Luther were born in the same year. Glorious spirits! glorious spirits!' At another time he surprised his auditors by saying, 'The morality of the work is of the most refined and exalted kind; as for the manners, to be sure I cannot say much!' About the correctness of the last remark there can be no question.

## STANZA 5.

The accuracy of Volney as a traveller has been confirmed by later researches: but the work to which allusion is made is the more imaginative composition, 'Les Ruines, ou Méditations sur les Révolutions des Empires.' Volney was unquestionably one of the most learned and high-minded men of the era of the French Revolution. He had been the intimate friend of Napoleon, whose genius for discovering real merit did not fail to find out his great qualities; but the historian evinced a frankness and independence, which were, as in other instances, displeasing and inconvenient to his impetuous and ambitious patron. Volney soon retired from public life, and devoted himself to the study of history and languages, and to the well-being of the poor around him. He was the constant friend of indigent men of letters. One of his last acts was the founding of an annual prize for the philosophic study of languages. His biographer, Bossage, records his death in the following pathetic passage: - 'Volney mourut le 25 avril 1820: les regrets de toute la France se sont mêlés aux larmes d'une épouse, modèle de son sexe, dont la bienfaisance fait oublier aux pauvres la perte de leur protecteur, et dont les vertus rappellent les qualités de celui dont elle sut embellir la vie.'

A remark made by him to one of his friends in later years indicated a considerable modification of his former opinions:—'Si au lieu d'irriter ceux des rois qui avoient montré des dispositions favorables à la philosophie, nous eussions maintenu ces dispositions par une politique plus sage et une conduite plus modérée, la liberté n'eût pas éprouvé tant d'obstacles, ni coûté tant de sang.'

## STANZA 17.

Dr. Priestley's merits, as a man of science and an earnest philanthropist, were appreciated in his own day by eminent men who differed widely from him in their religious and political convictions. The University of Oxford has placed his statue in the same hall with the statues of Bacon, Newton, Galileo, and Leibnitz; and a monument has been erected to his memory at Birmingham near the site of the house from which he was forced to fly, as described in the verses. His last refuge in England was in a house in Somerset, occupied by a connection of the writer. His fame rests mainly on his scientific researches, and his devotion to the principles of civil and religious liberty when it was dangerous to avow them.

### STANZAS 18 to 22.

Of Giordano Bruno, the philosopher of Nola, the few accounts published until recently were inaccurate in several particulars, while the details of his life and sufferings were scanty. But from his countryman, Domenico Berti, we now have his complete biography, verified by documentary evidence, with a careful and candid review of his writings. Berti's 'Vita di Giordano Bruno,' published at Florence in 1868, is worthy of the subject, and supplies exhilarating proof of the revival of literature in liberated Italy.

In a life of Galileo, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge many years ago, there was a brief notice of Bruno's speculations about the Earth's motion and the plurality of worlds; and in France and Germany several writers, Schelling especially, collated and published what was then known of this persecuted and eccentric philosopher. There is a long article on him in Bayle's Dictionary in the usual tone of that writer. Mr. Lewes, in his 'History of Philosophy,' has rendered Bruno justice; but to Berti's pages we must turn for the authentic story of his sad life. The following passages describe the last scenes; and first we are presented with what took place before the Supreme Congregation of the Sacred Office, and in the hall where Bruno was sentenced for his alleged heresy, on February 9, 1600.

'Introdotto al cospetto de' giudici, forse in abito da frate domenicano con sopra il sanbenito, fu fatto inginocchiare ed indi gli si lesse la sentenza. Egli la udi con volto pacato e meditabondo, senza dar segno di interno commovimento. E serbò uguale contegno mentre si pro-

cedette alla sua digradazione, recitando i giudici la consueta formola: "Per l' autorità di Dio onnipotente, del Padre, del Figliuolo, e dello Spirito Santo, e per l' autorità nostra ti togliamo l' abito clericale, ti deponiamo, ti degradiamo, e ti priviamo di ogni ordine e benefizio ecclesiastico." Come fu digradato, si voltò allora al consesso che l' aveva condannato a morte, e proferrì con accento sicuro e con piglio minaccevole quelle parole scultorie che cotanto ancora ci commovono benchè ripetute a trecento anni di distanza, e dalle quali traspare viva la sua effigie: "Maggior timore provate voi nel pronunciar la sentenza contro di me, che non io nel riceverla."

His calm, magnanimous declaration on hearing his sentence is rendered literally in the last stanza.

The eight days allowed to Bruno having expired, without any indication from him that he had changed his opinions, he awaited the death which would terminate his 'dolorous labours;' and on February 17, 1600, he went fearlessly to the fiery ordeal.

Sono presenti in Roma non meno di cinquanta cardinali, e le sue vie, per cagione del Giubileo, sono gremite di popolo. Ovunque appariscono lunghe e fitte schiere di pellegrini in varie e strane foggie vestiti, che vanno di chiesa in chiesa implorando perdono dei loro peccati. Precedono a loro frammisti principi e personaggi eminentissimi, e viene dietro non di rado, esultante nel cuore, il pontifice. Si fanno processioni, si intuonano laudi, si elevano preghiere a Dio. Mentre sembrerebbe che tutti i cuori dovessero inclinare a misericordia e tutti congiungersi amorevoli nel Redentore pacifico dell' umanità, il povero filosofo da Nola, preceduto e seguito da folla di popolo ed accompagnato da sacerdoti col crocefisso fra le mani, scortato da soldati in armi, move legato verso il campo di Fiora, presso l'antico teatro fabbricato da Pompeo dopo la guerra con Mitridate, dove sta per lui preparata un' antenna o palo circuito da legna. Appena egli quivi giunge, lo si prende e lo si lega all' antenna e si da fuoco alla catasta. Divampano in un momento tutt' intorno le fiamme, ed egli senza neanco mandare uno di quei gemiti e di que' sospiri che ricordano la fragile carne, rende l'anima a Dio avvolto nelle tetre spire. Le sue ceneri andarono poscia disperse al vento perchè nulla restasse di Feroce giudicio cui oggidì più che mai si ribella la publica coscienza!'

Berti compares the fate of Bruno at Rome with that of Servetus at Geneva in 1553, at the instigation of Calvin. The fortitude of the Dominican contrasts grandly with the terror so naturally exhibited by

Servetus when suddenly seized on his way through Geneva, and condemned to the flames by the Protestant tribunal.

Baron Bunsen, in a letter published in his recent biography, says that he had studied Bruno in late years with peculiar interest and deep sympathy, and he describes him as 'that strange, erratic, comet-like spirit, marked by genius—whose life was but a fiery fragment.'

## STANZA 33.

The first line in this verse is taken from a speech of Faulconbridge in 'King John:'—

'That same purpose-changer, that sly devil; That broker that still breaks the pate of faith; That daily break-vow; he that wins of all, Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity, Commodity the bias of the world.'

## STANZA 41.

The sale of Advowsons and Presentations to Livings continues unabated, as may be seen in the advertising columns of the newspapers, and in auctioneers' circulars, which, however, reveal only a portion of the traffic in the cure of souls. Whether such merchandise is permitted in any other than the Church of England, the writer is unable to state. The scandal at last is beginning to be regarded as not less offensive than the Boroughmongering and Army jobbing mentioned in subsequent stanzas. For political corruption remedial, if not effectual, measures were applied in the Reform Act of 1832 and subsequent enactments; but against the sale of commissions no check was sought or found till 1871, when the practice was prohibited by Royal Warrant. No effort whatever has yet been made to rid the Church of the dealers.

The Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Temple, in a recent charge to the clergy of his diocese, commented strongly on the present system of Church patronage and preferment; but, while it lasts, it is not more surprising if more reprehensible, that noblemen, gentlemen, and even clergymen should take advantage of it, than it was that public men bought seat in Parliament while they were saleable, and that officers purchased ranken it could be had for a price.

## CANTO VII.

### STANZA 21.

In this and some following verses portions of the address of Don Quixote to the goatherds are almost literally given. It will be found in the first part of 'Don Quixote,' Chapter XI. Smollett and Jarvis have faithfully translated this speech; but necessarily much of the flavour and all the melody of the original have been sacrificed.

## STANZA 33.

An edition of 'Dartmoor' and other poems of N. T. Carrington, the schoolmaster of Devonport, with an interesting and modest biographical preface by his son, was published by Messrs. Longmans and Co. in 1834. By some who still admire descriptive poetry, distinguished by graphic skill and refined taste, these poems continue to be read, with a warm appreciation of the author who could find spare moments in his anxious and exacting calling for such compositions.

## STANZA 36.

The famous passage in the late Lord Brougham's Inaugural Discourse to the Students of Glasgow in April, 1825 (when he was Henry Brougham, M.P.), is this:—'The Great Truth has finally gone out to all the ends of the earth, That man shall no more be accountable to man for his belief, over which he has himself no control.' Whatever may be urged against the last clause of the sentence, the first part of the Great Truth, as the eloquent Rector called it, remains an axiom with statesmen, and the settled conviction and fixed resolution of the people of England,

### STANZA 37.

The Russell named in this stanza was the statesman then known as Lord John Russell, afterwards the venerable Earl Russell, who till the close of his long life remained true to the principles of his youth, and to the Liberal faith with which the name of Russell has been associated for centuries, and for maintaining which Lord William Russell suffered the penalty of death in the reign of Charles II. in 1683.

## STANZA 42.

The ode repeated as described in this verse was Coleridge's 'Ode to the Departing Year,' composed at the dark period of 1790. It commences with the following noble line:—

'Spirit who sweepest the wild harp of Time !'

### STANZA 44.

The Abolition of Slavery had not been effected at the period to which this stanza relates. Those who remember the general rejoicing on that event in 1833, little imagined that the kidnapping of coloured men would be renewed in the reign of Her present Most Gracious Majesty, and lead to the murder, in retaliation, of a devoted Bishop.

## STANZAS 45 to 47.

The abodes and condition of the agricultural and other labourers in the West and South of England remain, after more than forty years, save in some exceptional cases, precisely as described in these verses: By successive Dukes of Bedford in Devon, and by some landowners in other counties, efforts have been made to give them decent dwellings; and cottages have been erected which not only embellish the scenery, but have proved profitable investments of capital. The late Prince Consort, ever earnest in his endeavours to improve the social position and refine the tastes of the people, built model homes for the working men and their families in the districts favoured by his influence; and his efforts are emulated by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Notwithstanding these high examples, it would seem to have beenand still to be-the deliberate purpose in parts of the West of England which have come under the writer's observation, to get rid of the labourers and their cottages together, and to drive the inmates into decayed towns and wretched hamlets.

The excursionist to the West who, like Ebenezer Elliott, 'loves to look on happy cottages,' will not often find them there; and if he would see for himself the hovels with which many of the miners are obliged to be content, he has but to traverse a district round one of the famous eminences of Cornwall. Near a great mine in another part of that county which the writer had visited, men slept in relays in the same rooms, huddled in groups, and the beds were never cold. The benevolence of a mine-adventurer at last supplied more decent accommodation for the exhausted producers of wealth from underground. Cornwall has not wanted other public benefactors, as shown by the monument on Carn Brea, erected in memory of the Miners' Friend, the late Lord de Dunstanville, and the Hospital built and maintained by Lord Robartes. In some parishes of the same county the landowners grant leases for lives of small patches, where miners and other labourers contrive by thrift and perseverance to raise cottages, and cultivate gardens, and are comparatively comfortable.

In the sixteenth century the condition of the tillers of the ground was specially cared for, as described by Froude in the first chapter of his 'History of England.' Then they not only had houses, but land and a range of commons were secured to them by positive enactments. That must have been the golden age of the English peasant; and some are inclined to think it almost as fabulous as the Arcadian felicity which Don Quixote depicted to the wondering goatherds; but Hallam was an authority for Froude, and the Statute-Book gives more conclusive proof.

But what did Canon Girdlestone see in 1862, when he came to North Devon; and has there since been any material alteration except where his influence prevailed? In 'Macmillan's Magazine' for July 1872 he wrote:—'I found cottages in many of which, if I had stabled my horse, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts would undoubtedly have consigned me to just retribution at the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; wages 8s. per week, plus two quarts of sour cider; for adults, tea-kettle broth, coarse hard bread, cheese at 3d. a pound, all day; and at night one meal of potatoes, or cabbage, with a tiny bit of bacon: for the children no milk at all, nothing but the loaf, of which each got a larger share or smaller slice in proportion as the number of children was great or small.' And yet he describes them as a people grateful for kindness; but at the same time 'so trodden down, starved, and dispirited, as not only to be afraid to assert their rights, but ever accustomed to look upon kindness asthat which God did not intend for such as they. It is England's boast that her soil makes free every foot which touches it. But in her western counties certainly, if not elsewhere, that soil is still trodden by slaves. Till within the last few years, in some places, the body of the labourer, when brought for burial, was carried to the grave at once, and not thought worthy to be taken into church.'

This earnest clergyman has now gone from the county in which he so long laboured for his poor friends; but he has left with them a grateful remembrance of his services which will be a precious heirloom in many a humble home.

## CANTO VIII.

### STANZA 33.

Filicaia's sonnet is introduced in the fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold,' and a more exact rendering by the late Earl of Derby is appended to his translation of Homer. Had the Italian poet been living now, how

different would have been the tones of his lyre! He could no longer have sung—

'Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte, Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai T' amasse men, chi del tuo bello ai rai Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte!'

. There is a fine apostrophe to Italy, breathing the same devoted and even tender patriotism, in one of the canzoni of Petrarch, from which the following lines are taken:—

'Non è questo 'l mio nido, Ove nudrito fui si dolcemente? Non è questa la patria, in ch' io mi fido, Madre benigna e pia, Che copre l' uno e l' altro mio parente?'

This canzone has been considered one of the most perfect lyric poems of Italy. It mournfully concludes,

'I' vo gridando: Pace, pace!'

## CANTO IX.

## STANZA 42.

The preacher was W. J. Fox, who not long after abandoned theology, in which wide field he had made some bold excursions; leaving his platform in Finsbury to become Member for Oldham, and representing that borough for many years. His discourse on the occasion, with its alternate passages of eloquence, pathos, and sarcasm, riveted the attention of a strangely mixed audience of statesmen, lawyers, bankers, literary men, and mechanics. The text was taken from Ecclesiastes:—'That which has been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past.'

The Brahmin present was the Rajah Ramohun Roy, a man whose noble presence and amenity of manners, combined with his profound learning, his large philanthropy, and his earnestness in the investigation of religious truth, ensured him a general and cordial welcome in England.

## STANZA 43.

The lady whose hymn is cited, was Sarah Flower Adams, some of whose compositions, with music worthy of the themes by Eliza Flower.



have found a place in most hymnals. Lord Selborne includes the devout aspiration, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' in his most complete collection of religious lyrics, the 'Book of Praise.' The incident in the last lines of the verse was mentioned to the writer, with deep emotion, by a near relative of the young sufferer who called her friends and servants round her bed, and selected this hymn to be, as it was, sung to her shortly before she ceased to be able to join it with her feeble voice.

### CANTO X.

## STANZAS 36 to 38.

The person portrayed as the Cambrian in the seventh and eighth Cantos, and whose funeral is described in these stanzas, was the personal friend of Coleridge, Southey, John Herman Merivale, and Hazlitt, and he is still remembered in his adopted county, and by many beyond it. A town in the United States, now larger than Exeter, was founded by one of his friends, and named after him. The companion of his excursions in Devon and Cornwall, who has long survived him, is fond of dilating on his fine form and rare mental endowments, his affluence of learning and information, his readiness to impart all he knew, and his ever genial and cheerful temper. At times, when thinking of his departed Mentor, he applies to him the affectionate lines of the 'great poet' whose volumes he almost knew by heart; though Dante assuredly would not have consigned him to the doleful region where he met and addressed his own teacher; for, throughout his long life, the subject of this note preserved the purity and simplicity of a child :-

> 'Che in la mente m' è fitta, ed or m' accuora La cara e buona immagine paterna Di voi nel mondo, quando ad ora ad ora M' insegnavate come l' uom s' eterna.'

> > Inferno, canto xv.

## CANTO XII.

## STANZA 23.

The description of the manner in which cattle and sheep are driven to the Stations, there forced into trucks, and thence conveyed without covering for the most part, is not exaggerated. The writer often witnesses what they thus undergo; and he lately heard a station-master

at a central depôt lament the hardships and cruelties which he was obliged to overlook. The recent Statutes and the Orders of the Privy Council contain stringent regulations, and have secured a supply of food and water, so far as verbal requirements could do so; but the carrying almost daily and nightly of such vast numbers of live-stock by rail must, even with the greatest caution, occasion much suffering, in addition to the tortures the helpless creatures experience on their way to stations and ports, and while being got into trucks or on shipboard. In England, and probably in those countries from which so many animals are imported, they have been tended with care and humanity till sent from their pastures; but after they are delivered over to the tender mercies of the drovers, and till their throats are cut by the butchers, they are often treated not merely with brutality, but have to bear refinements of pain; to say nothing of the close packing in trucks or holds, the being shaken and carried through the air at great speed, and the tossing and rolling on the sea.

Farmers are aware of the evils of the present practice. One of them, a man of great experience, recently expressed to the writer his earnest wish that it should be prohibited, first, from humane considerations; next, because he thought diseases were thus acquired and propagated; and, thirdly, because the animals often are not fit to be slaughtered when they reach their destination.

In a Society composed almost exclusively of persons engaged in agricultural callings, the writer not long ago read Wordsworth's poem, 'Hart-Leap Well,' and found its sentiment appreciated, as well as the application of its moral to the present topic, none of the lines being more cordially received than these:—

'The Being that is in the sky and air, And is in the green leaves among the groves, Regards with looks of reverential care The unoffending creatures whom he loves.'

Since the foregoing paragraphs were published, the importation of live stock and meat from the United States and Canada has developed into an enormous traffic, and materially affects the agriculturists of the United Kingdom. The living animals brought over the Atlantic already amount to many thousands yearly, and the numbers are likely to increase considerably, as well as the importations of meat, unless the area of cultivation in these Islands is largely extended by the inclosure of waste lands, and unless British farmers are in other ways encouraged

and stimulated to compete with foreign producers. It is out of place in a note to discuss this serious subject; but the necessity of more stringent regulations at the American ports and those of Great Britain and Ireland, for the care of the animals conveyed across the ocean during all seasons, may be urged as imperative. The writer was recently informed by an eye-witness that many animals undergo much suffering in the voyage, as indeed might be expected from such an unnatural mode of transit for herds and flocks. Remonstrance on the ground of humanity is in vain; for, as a merchant acquainted with the traffic told the writer, 'it will continue and increase so long as it pays.'

The metropolis and the great towns and centres of industry are equally clamorous for these additions to the food of the country; and Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals must extend their vigilance to the ports where the animals are shipped and landed, and to the vessels used for the traffic, and should be aided by legislative enactments, and with energetic action on the part of the authorities of the Customs.

## STANZA 35.

The Baroness (Angela) Burdett-Coutts still lives to continue her benefactions, honoured with the favour and regard of the Queen, and beloved by the Nation. Throughout the land her munificence has left, and is still raising, monuments of utility and piety which will perpetuate her memory. Like the noble-minded American, that true Citizen of the World, Peabody, whose name the working men of London and their families will bless for centuries, she evinces anxious forethought and deliberate consideration in the application of the wealth which Divine Providence has committed to her stewardship. Her hand, 'open as day to melting charity,' is guided at all times by judgment. She has learnt the parable of the good Samaritan by heart, and Saint John might have addressed her as the 'Elect Lady.' She is pre-eminently the Sister of Charity.

The philanthropists of the age are numberless, and only two of them have been mentioned; many of them desire to remain unknown; but there is one whose benevolent impulse always brings him to the front where good is to be done, and no tablet in the Abbey will be needed to record the name of Shaftesbury.

## A LAMENT FOR PRINCESS ALICE, p. 253.

The Earl of Beaconsfield, when moving the Address of Condolence in the House of Lords on December 17th, 1878, said:—'The Princess

Alice—for I will venture to call her by that name, though she wore a crown-afforded one of the most striking contrasts that I can remember of richness of culture and rare intelligence combined with the most pure and refined domestic sentiments. You, my lords, who know her life well, can recall those agonising hours when she attended the dying bed of her illustrious father, who had sketched out her studies and formed her tastes. You can recall, too, the moment at which she attended her Royal brother at a time when the hopes of England seemed to depend on his life; and now you can remember too well how, when the whole of her family were stricken by a malignant disease, she had been to them the angel of the house till at last her own vital power was perhaps exhausted, and she has fallen.' After mentioning the injunction of the physicians to avoid embracing any of the sufferers, his lordship added:- But it became her lot to break to her son, quite a youth, the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. The boy was so overcome with misery that the agitated mother clasped him in her arms, and then she received the kiss of death.'

Earl Granville on the same occasion referred to his opportunities of observing the domestic life of the Royal family during eleven years, and described the joyous childhood and youth of the Princess, and the bright promise so amply fulfilled, and then said:—'The principal characteristics of her married life appear to me to have been—first, absolute devotion to her husband and children; next, a course not merely of benevolence, but of unceasing beneficence to all depending upon her; and, lastly, a remarkable talent for acquiring the sympathy and attracting the regard of some of the most gifted of the intellectual country which she had adopted, and to whose interests she was devoted without ever breaking a link in the chain of memories and associations which bound her to the country of her birth.' His lordship concluded by reading extracts from a letter of the Prince of Wales, admirable in tone and taste, in which the character of his devoted sister was summarised in the words, 'so good, so kind, so clever.'

Dean Stanley, at the close of an address before the Birmingham and Midland Institute on the Historical Aspect of the United States, thus spoke of the Princess:—'She who has gone from us became first known to us through her noble conduct by her father's death-bed, and she has now fallen a sacrifice, as every wife and mother will assuredly feel, to the devoted care with which she nursed her husband and children. But she also belonged to that higher order of intelligence

273

and goodness of which we have been speaking. She cared for all that could elevate her fellow-creatures; and if her exalted rank gave her larger means of making her beneficent influence felt, it will not be grudged her in any home or institution.'

The expressions of sympathy with the bereaved husband, the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, whose noble and manly qualities are appreciated in England, and with his motherless children, and of condolence with the deeply and often afflicted Queen, and with the brothers and sisters of the Princess, have been general and sincere; while the public speeches and addresses have been singularly free from fulsome adulation, as indeed they must have been to be just to her memory. To paraphrase the words of the poet who is honoured in her adopted as in her native land, she was a woman of whom Nature might be proud.

Harris Annual Control



# Notices of previous Edition.

# MEMORIES:

## A LIFE'S EPILOGUE.

## OPINIONS of the PRESS :--

- 'The author of "Memories" has a keen eye for the beauties of natural scenery, and possesses the gift of describing in vivid and picturesque language what he sees around him; and it is equally certain that he has thought deeply upon the questions which have occupied the attention of the public.'

  BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.
- 'To very considerable skill in versification, a rare and rich fancy, and a felicitous power of expression, the author unites a very wide experience of men and affairs, and almost as much fruit of travel in foreign lands as his self-exiled model.'

  ILLUSTRATED REVIEW.
- 'A work of sterling excellence, full of genuine poetic feeling, with not a little of high poetic force, written in a tone at once manly and cultivated, vigorous, honest, and displaying the possession of a very remarkable degree of original power.'

  STANDARD.
- 'A volume of very superior verse, and he who reads it once will recur to it again with pleasure and profit. The hymn entitled "A Voice from the Sick Chamber" is exquisitely pure, worthy in every respect of the devotional spirit of Herbert, or Heber, or Keble.'

  MORNING POST.
- 'In the descriptive portion there is often a happy combination, after Byron's own fashion, of careless, easy diction, picturesque painting, epigrammatic point, and satirical allusion; and there is, here and there, the agreeable interpolation of a simple, pretty, tuneful song, or of a plaintive but grateful and trustful hymn.' ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
- 'Occasionally, as in the first three stanzas of Canto 7, he surprises us by a passage of really lofty poetical worth. His description of early morning is beautiful, and when he intersperses his story with lyrics like

- "Good-bye," or "Abdalla and Zayda," we wish for more such ditties. But his strong point is humour, as shown in an episode, or in his incisive criticisms on men, manners, and authors, many of which are capital.'
- 'This book of "Memories" is a beautiful tribute of reverential affection. No purer coronal of love was ever wrought by filial hands.'

  INQUIRER.
- 'The picture of the Cambrian is that of a grand type of our national character, and will rouse the pride of our Welsh readers, while eliciting their admiration and respect.'

  CAMBRIAN.
- 'We took up this volume with the ordinary feelings which reviewers have concerning new volumes of poetry, not expecting much gratification, but we have been most agreeably disappointed.'

EDINBURGH COURANT.

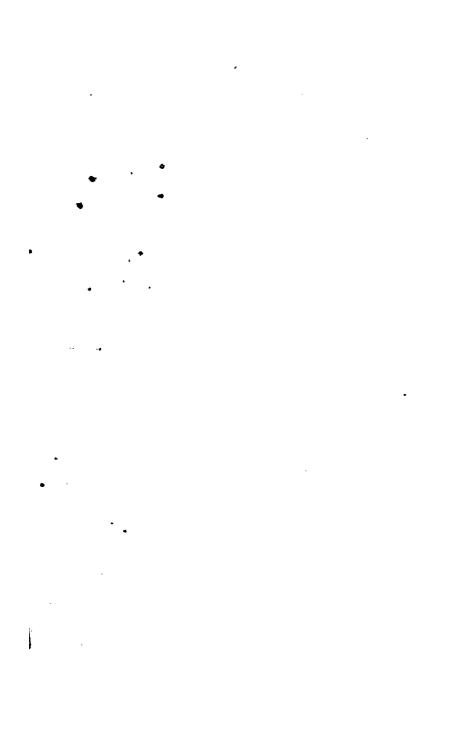
- 'Our judgment is, that the material to the author's hand was hardly suitable for poetic treatment; . . . but that he has the true gift will not be denied by any who read the exquisite songs interspersed throughout the poems.'

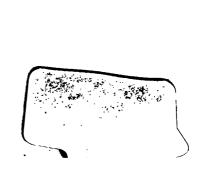
  LITERARY WORLD.
- 'Few topics of interest are omitted in this able and comprehensive poem. The author's style is unaffected and natural, and appropriately seconds the many thoughtful observations and reflections with which the volume abounds. A marked feature of the book is its warm patriotism.'

  ANTIQUARY.
- 'In the canto which deals with London revisited there are many admirable pictures of a bygone age, and in the one which follows we have the return to the old Cathedral City. Several of the stanzas in this are very beautiful. Towards the close of the volume there is a fine burst of patriotism.'
- 'It is full of thought, full of keen observation, full of views on the puzzles and perplexities of life, which prove the author to be at once a man of meditative temper and of a long and active life, and it is marked in every page by those terse, happy, and often epigrammatic turns which show that the author, with all his fluency and command of his mother-tongue, has thought as much of the style of his poem as he has of its substance and the fibre of its thought.'

BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR.







.

