



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/>











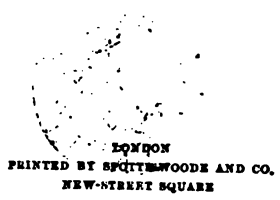


---

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE.

---





LONDON  
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.  
NEW-STREET SQUARE





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

LONDON  
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

1860

*280. / 2. 45.*



TO  
THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF

NEARLY FORTY YEARS OF MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE AND FRIENDSHIP

*This Volume is Inscribed*

WITH THE SINCEREST FEELINGS OF AFFECTION AND RESPECT

BY

THOMAS MOORE.



# CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
<b>LALLA ROOKH.</b>			
Preface . . . . .	3	Nay, tell me not, dear . . . . .	108
Dedication . . . . .	8	Avenging and bright . . . . .	109
THE VEILED PROPHECY OF KHORASAN . . . . .	10	What the Bee is to the Floweret . . . . .	109
PARADISE AND THE PERI . . . . .	38	Love and the Novice . . . . .	109
THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS . . . . .	47	This Life is all chequer'd with Pleasures and Woes . . . . .	109
THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM . . . . .	71	Oh the Shamrock . . . . .	110
<b>IRISH MELODIES.</b>			
Dedication to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal . . . . .	94	At the mid Hour of Night . . . . .	110
Preface to the First Complete Edition . . . . .	94	One Bumper at parting . . . . .	111
Where Glory waits thee . . . . .	95	'Tis the last Rose of Summer . . . . .	111
War Song. Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave . . . . .	95	The young May Moon . . . . .	111
Oh! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes . . . . .	95	The Minstrel Boy . . . . .	111
Oh, breathe not his Name . . . . .	96	The Song of O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni . . . . .	112
When he, who adores thee . . . . .	96	Oh! had we some bright little Isle of our own . . . . .	112
Oh Harp that once through Tara's Halls . . . . .	96	Farewell! — But whenever you welcome the Hour . . . . .	112
Thy note yet . . . . .	96	Oh! doubt me not . . . . .	113
Oh, think not my Spirits are always as light . . . . .	96	You remember Ellen . . . . .	113
Oh! the last Glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see . . . . .	97	I'd mourn the Hopes . . . . .	113
Oh and rare were the Gems she wore . . . . .	97	Come o'er the Sea . . . . .	114
Oh a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow . . . . .	97	Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded . . . . .	114
Oh the Neering of the Waters . . . . .	98	No, not more welcome . . . . .	114
Oh so dear to me the Hour . . . . .	98	When first I met thee . . . . .	115
Oh lack the Virgin Page. Written on returning a . . . . .	98	While History's Muse . . . . .	115
Oh blank Book . . . . .	98	The Time I've lost in wooing . . . . .	116
Oh the Legacy . . . . .	99	Where is the Slave . . . . .	116
Oh how oft has the Benshee cried . . . . .	99	Come, rest in this Bosom . . . . .	116
Oh how may roam through this World . . . . .	99	'Tis gone, and for ever . . . . .	116
Oh the Maiden's Bower . . . . .	100	I saw from the Beach . . . . .	117
Oh Erin remember the Days of old . . . . .	100	Fill the Bumper fair . . . . .	117
Oh the Song of Fionnuala . . . . .	100	Dear Harp of my Country . . . . .	118
Oh come, send round the Wine . . . . .	101	My gentle Harp . . . . .	118
Oh blame was the Warning . . . . .	101	In the Morning of Life . . . . .	118
Oh believe me, if all those endearing young Charms . . . . .	101	As slow our Ship . . . . .	119
Oh Erin, oh Erin . . . . .	102	When cold in the Earth . . . . .	119
Oh drink to her . . . . .	102	Remember thee . . . . .	119
Oh! blame not the Bard . . . . .	102	Wreathe the Bowl . . . . .	119
Oh! while gazing on the Moon's Light . . . . .	103	Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes . . . . .	120
Oh Omeas . . . . .	103	If thou'lt be mine . . . . .	120
Oh before the Battle . . . . .	104	To Ladies' Eyes . . . . .	120
Oh after the Battle . . . . .	104	Forget not the Field . . . . .	121
Oh so sweet to think . . . . .	104	They may fall at this Life . . . . .	121
Oh the Irish Peasant to his Mistress . . . . .	105	Oh, for the Swords of former Time . . . . .	121
Oh the Music . . . . .	105	St. Senanus and the Lady . . . . .	122
Oh it is not the Tear at this Moment shed . . . . .	105	Ne'er ask the Hour . . . . .	122
Oh the Origin of the Harp . . . . .	105	Sail on, sail on . . . . .	122
Oh the Young Dream . . . . .	106	The Parallel . . . . .	123
Oh the Prince's Day . . . . .	106	Drink of this Cup . . . . .	123
Oh keep on, weep on . . . . .	107	The Fortune-teller . . . . .	123
Oh how a bath a beaming Eye . . . . .	107	Oh, ye Dead! . . . . .	124
Oh how I saw thy Form in youthful Prime . . . . .	107	O'Donohue's Mistress . . . . .	124
Oh how I sat that Lake, whose gloomy Shore . . . . .	108	Echo . . . . .	125
Oh how he is far from the Land . . . . .	108	Oh banquet not . . . . .	125
		Ther, ther, only thee . . . . .	125
		Shall the Harp then, be silent . . . . .	125
		Oh, the Sight entrancing . . . . .	126
		Sweet Innisfallen . . . . .	126



nder on	132
se	132
	132
	132
lirth .	133
Arranmore	133
lde	134
his World of ours	134
ng	134
ays	135
edge is given	135
Halls	135
xed to the First and Second	
Third Number	136
ness Dowager of Donegal pre-	136
Number	137
Fourth Number	140
Fifth Number	140
Sixth Number	141
Seventh Number	141
richness of Headfort prefixed	
er	142
TIONAL AIRS.	
	145
), (Spanish Air.)	145
liver. (Portuguese Air.)	145
lde. (Indian Air.)	145
ungarian Air.)	146
Air.— The Bells of St. Peters-	
	146
s. (Portuguese Air.)	146
ty. (Italian Air.)	146
ply one! (Sicilian Air.)	147
Portuguese Air.)	147
aylight sets. (Venetian Air.)	147
(Scotch Air.)	148
n is stealing. (Russian Air.)	148
Air.)	148

Nets and Cags. (Swedish Air.)	
When through the Piazzetta. (Vene	
Go, now, and dream. (Sicilian Air.)	
Take hence the Bowl. (Neapolitan A	
Farewell, Theresa (Venetian Air.)	
Of, when the watching Stars. (Savo)	
When the first Summer Bee. (Germs	
Though 'tis all but a Dream. (Frencl	
When the Wine-cup is smiling. Ital	
Where shall we bury our Shame (S	
Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy Sch	
Air.)	
Here sleeps the Bard. (Highland Ai	
Do not say that Life is waning	
The Gazelle	
No — leave my Heart to rest	
Where are the Visions	
Wind thy Horn, my Hunter Boy	
Oh, Guard our Affection	
Slumber, oh slumber	
Bring the bright Garlands hither	
If in loving, singing	
Thou lov'st no more	
When abroad in the World	
Keep those Eyes still purely mine	
Hope comes again	
O say, thou best and brightest	
When Night brings the Hour	
Like one who, doom'd	
Fear not that, while around thee	
When Love is kind	
The Garland send thee	
How shall woo?	
Spring and Autumn	
Love alone	

SACRED SONGS

Dedication to Edward Tuite Dalton,	
Thou art, O God. (Air.—Unknown.)	
The Bird, let loose. (Air.—Beethoven.	
Fallen is thy Throne. (Air.—Martini.)	
Who is the Maid? St. Jerome's Love.	

CONTENTS.

ix

	Page
in the sunless Retreats. (Air.—Haydn.)	169
so shall see. (Air.—Stevenson.)	169
ay God! Chorus of Priests. (Air.—Mozart.)	169
r! oh purest! Saint Augustine to his Sister. (Air.—Moore.)	169
f Charity. (Air.—Handel.)	170
the Sun. (Air.—Lord Mornington.)	170
who shall bear that Day. (Air.—Dr. Boyce.)	170
ch me to love Thee. (Air.—Haydn.)	171
Children of Israel. (Air.—Stevenson.)	171
orning, when her early Breeze. (Air.—Beetho- ve)	171
re disconsolate. (Air.—German.)	171
arise, thy Light is come. (Air.—Stevenson.)	172
is a bleak Desert. (Air.—Crescentini.)	172
rst Thy Word. (Air.—Nicholas Freeman.)	173
'tis the Breeze. (Air.—Rousseau.)	173
is your Dwelling, ye sainted. (Air.—Hasse.)	173
ightly mounts the Muse's Wing. (Air.—Ano- nous.)	173
h to the Mount. (Air.—Stevenson.)	174
sweet to think, hereafter. (Air.—Haydn.)	174
ainst Babylon. (Air.—Novello.)	174

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

raphical Preface	179
re.	182
ngel's Story	184
Angel's Story	188
Angel's Story.	199

ODES OF ANACREON.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, WITH NOTES.	
	205
tion to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales	207
ement	207
o the Odes	208
y the Translator	208
ons of the preceding Ode, suggested by an	209
ent Greek Scholar	209
is on Anacreon	209

ODES.

I. I saw the smiling bard of pleasure	214
II. Give me the harp of epic song	214
III. Listen to the Muse's lyre	215
IV. Vulcan! hear your glorious task	215
V. Sculptor, wouldst thou glad my soul	215
VI. As late I sought the spangled bowers	216
VII. The women tell me every day	216
VIII. I care not for the idle state	216
IX. I pray thee, by the gods above	217
X. How am I to punish thee	217
XI. "Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee"	218
XII. They tell how Atys, wild with love	218
XIII. I will, I will, the conflict's past	218
XIV. Count me, on the summer trees	219
XV. Tell me, why, my sweetest dove	220
XVI. Thou, whose soft and rosy hues	221
XVII. And now with all thy pencil's truth	222
XVIII. Now the star of day is high	223
XIX. Here recline you, gentle maid	224
XX. One day the Muses twin'd the hands	224

XXI. Observe when mother earth is dry	225
XXII. The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm	225
XXIII. I often wish this languid lyre	226
XXIV. To all that breathe the air of heaven	226
XXV. Once in each revolving year	227
XXVI. Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms	227
XXVII. We read the flying courser's name	227
XXVIII. As, by his Lemnian forge's flame.	228
XXIX. Yes—loving is a painful thrill	228
XXX. 'Twas in a mocking dream of night	229
XXXI. Arm'd with hyacinthine rod	229
XXXII. Strew me a fragrant bed of leaves	230
XXXIII. 'Twas noon of night, when round the pole	230
XXXIV. Oh thou, of all creation blest	231
XXXV. Cupid once upon a bed	231
XXXVI. If hoarded gold possess'd the power	232
XXXVII. 'Twas night, and many a circling bowl	232
XXXVIII. Let us drain the nectar'd bowl	232
XXXIX. How I love the festive boy	233
XL. I know that heaven hath sent me here	234
XLI. When Spring adorns the dewy scene	234
XLII. Yes, be the glorious revel mine	234
XLIII. While our rosy fillets shed	235
XLIV. Buds of roses, virgin flowers	235
XLV. Within this goblet, rich and deep	235
XLVI. Behold, the young, the rosy Spring	236
XLVII. 'Tis true, my fading years decline	236
XLVIII. When my thirsty soul I steep	237
XLIX. When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy	237
L. When wine I quaff, before my eyes	237
LI. Fly not thus my brow of snow	238
LII. Away, away, ye men of rules	238
LIII. When I behold the festive train	239
LIV. Methinks, the picur'd bull we see	239
LV. While we invoke the wreathed spring	239
LVI. He, who instructs the youthful crew	241
LVII. Whose was the artist hand that spread	241
LVIII. When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion	242
LIX. Ripen'd by the solar beam	242
LX. Awake to life, my sleeping shell	243
LXI. Youth's endearing charms are fled	244
LXII. Fill me, boy, as deep a draught	244
LXIII. To Love, the soft and blooming child	244
LXIV. Haste thee, nymph, whose well-aim'd spear	244
LXV. Like some wanton filly sporting	245
LXVI. To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine	245
LXVII. Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn	245
LXVIII. Now Neptune's month our sky deforms	246
LXIX. They wove the lotus band to deck	246
LXX. A broken cake, with honey sweet	246
LXXI. With twenty chords my lyre is hung	246
LXXII. Fare thee well, perfidious maid	246
LXXIII. Awhile I bloom'd, a happy flower	247
LXXIV. Monarch Love, resistless boy	247
LXXV. Spirit of Love, whose locks unroll'd	247
LXXVI. Hither, gentle Muse of mine	247
LXXVII. Would that I were a tuneful lyre.	247
LXXVIII. When Cupid sees how thickly now	248

Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray	248
Let me resign this wretched breath	248
I know thou lov'st a brimming measure	248
I fear that love disturbs my rest	248
From dread Leucadia's frowning steep	248
Mix me, child, a cup divine.	248

eph Atkinson, Esq.	260	Follies"	
ze Exercises	261	To Rosa	
consecrating cause	261	Light sounds the Harp	
	261	From the Greek of Meleager	
etch. Written for a friend	261	Song	
	261	The Resemblance	
	262	Fanny, dearest	
	262	The Ring. To ———	
	263	To the Invisible Girl	
A tale of Romance.	263	The Ring. A Tale	
	264	To ———, on seeing her with a	
	264	rich girdle	
se calumnies against her character	264	Written in the blank leaf of a lady's c	
	264	To Mrs. Bl——, written in her albu	
	264	To Cara, after an interval of absence	
to some illiberal criticisms.	265	To Cara, on the dawning of a new y	
	265	To ———, 1901	
	265	The Genius of Harmony. An irregu	
se manuscript Poems, on leaving	265	I found her not—the chamber seem'd	
	266	To Mrs. Henry Tighe, on reading her	
	266	Fragment	
	266	From the High Priest of Apollo, to a	
fragment	266	A Night Thought	
irthday	267	The Kiss	
	267	Song	
	267	The Catalogue	
	267	Imitation of Catullus to himself	
	267	Oh woman, if through sinful wife	
	267	Nonsense	
uring illness	268	Epigram, from the French	
	268	On a Squinting Poetess	
	268	To ———	
	269	To Rosa	
	269	To Phillis	
idy	270	To a Lady, on her singing	
	270	Song. On the birthday of Mrs. ———	V
	270	1799	
A Dream. To ———, the morning	270	Song	
posed to be written by Julia, on	270	Morality. A familiar epistle. Addre	
rother	271	son, Esq. M.R.I.A.	
tiful Miss ———, in allusion to some	271	The Tell-tale Lyre	
ottery share. Impromptu	271	Peace and Glory. Written on the app	
	271	Song	

in boundeth. (The Tyrolese Song . . . . .	402	Bright Moon . . . . .
ie. (The Castilian Maid.) . . . . .	402	Long Years have passed . . . . .
. . . . .	402	Dreaming for ever . . . . .
. . . . .	402	Though lightly sounds the Song the Alps.) . . . . .
Bloom . . . . .	403	The Russian Lover . . . . .
. . . . .	403	At night . . . . .
ig . . . . .	403	Fanny, dearest . . . . .
. . . . .	403	Song . . . . .
ly I meet . . . . .	404	Song of the Poco-curante Society .
vs . . . . .	404	Sovereign Woman. A Ballad . . . . .
. . . . .	404	Come, play me that simple Air ag
. . . . .	404	What shall I sing Thee? To—
. . . . .	404	Gazel . . . . .
ember'd now . . . . .	405	The Meeting of the Ships . . . . .
love thee? . . . . .	405	Hip, hip, hurra! . . . . .
. . . . .	405	Hush, hush . . . . .
that's gone . . . . .	405	The Parting before the Battle . . . . .
. . . . .	405	The Watchmen. A Trio . . . . .
. . . . .	406	Say, what shall we dance? . . . . .
in Time . . . . .	406	The Evening Gun . . . . .
. . . . .	406	
. . . . .	407	
. . . . .	407	
ring . . . . .	407	
as some wide Scene . . . . .	408	MISCELLANEOUS
. . . . .	408	Occasional Epilogue, spoken by Mr.
is Daughter . . . . .	408	racter of Vapid, after the Play
. . . . .	408	at the Kilkenny Theatre . . . . .
he favour'd Guest . . . . .	409	Extract from a Prologue written a
ld . . . . .	409	Author, at the Opening of the
. . . . .	409	October, 1809 . . . . .
ly . . . . .	409	The Sylph's Ball . . . . .
. . . . .	409	Remonstrance . . . . .
. . . . .	409	My Birth-day . . . . .
. . . . .	410	Fancy . . . . .
. . . . .	410	Translations from Catullus . . . . .
se sing and play . . . . .	410	Tibullus to Sulpicia . . . . .
. . . . .	410	Imitation. From the French . . . . .
. . . . .	411	Invitation to Dinner, addressed to L
ght . . . . .	411	Verses to the Poet Crabbe's Inkstar
. . . . .	411	1833 . . . . .
ig . . . . .	411	To Caroline, Viscountess Valletort.
. . . . .	412	cock Abbey . . . . .

CONTENTS.

xiii

A Jobe verified . . . . .	Page 437
On the Death of a Friend . . . . .	437
To James Corry, Esq., on his making me a Present of a Wine Strainer . . . . .	437
Fragment of a Character . . . . .	437
Country Dance and Quadrille . . . . .	438
Lines on the Death of Joseph Atkinson, Esq., of Dublin . . . . .	439
Genius and Criticism . . . . .	440
To Lady Jersey, on being asked to write something in her Album . . . . .	440
To the same, on looking through her Album . . . . .	440

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

Preface . . . . .	443
Original Preface . . . . .	445
Letter I. From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy —, of Conkilty, in Ireland . . . . .	446
Letter II. From Phil. Fudge, Esq. to the Lord Viscount Cast-rough . . . . .	447
Letter III. From Mr. Bob Fudge to Richard —, Esq. . . . .	449
Letter IV. From Phelim Connor to — . . . . .	450
Letter V. From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy — . . . . .	452
Letter VI. From Phil. Fudge, Esq. to his Brother Tim Fudge, Esq. Barrister at Law . . . . .	454
Letter VII. From Phelim Connor to — . . . . .	456
Letter VIII. From Mr. Bob Fudge to Richard —, Esq. . . . .	458
Letter IX. From Phil. Fudge, Esq. to the Lord Viscount Cast-rough . . . . .	460
Letter X. From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy — . . . . .	464
Letter XI. From Phelim Connor to — . . . . .	466
Letter XII. From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy — . . . . .	466

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND;

BEING A SEQUEL TO "THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."

Preface . . . . .	473
Letter I. From Patrick Magan, Esq. to the Rev. Richard —, Curate of —, in Ireland . . . . .	473
Letter II. From Miss Biddy Fudge to Mrs. Elizabeth — . . . . .	474
Letter III. From Miss Fanny Fudge to her Cousin, Miss Kitty —. Stanzas (inclosed) to my Shadow; or, Why?—What?—How? . . . . .	477
Letter IV. From Patrick Magan, Esq. to the Rev. Richard — . . . . .	479
Letter V. From Larry O'Branigan, in England, to his Wife Jody, at Mullinafad . . . . .	480
Letter VI. From Miss Biddy Fudge to Mrs. Elizabeth — . . . . .	481
Letter VII. From Miss Fanny Fudge to her Cousin, Miss Kitty —. Irregular Ode . . . . .	484
Letter VIII. From Bob Fudge, Esq. to the Rev. Mortimer O'Mulligan . . . . .	486
Letter IX. From Larry O'Branigan to his Wife Jody . . . . .	487
Letter X. From the Rev. Mortimer O'Mulligan, to the Rev. — . . . . .	489
Letter XI. From Patrick Magan, Esq., to the Rev. Richard — . . . . .	490

FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Dedication. To Lord Byron . . . . .	Page 495
Preface . . . . .	495
Fable I. The Dissolution of the Holy Alliance. A Dream . . . . .	496
Fable II. The Looking-glasses . . . . .	497
Fable III. The Torch of Liberty . . . . .	498
Fable IV. The Fly and the Bullock . . . . .	499
Fable V. Church and State . . . . .	500
Fable VI. The Little Grand Lama . . . . .	502
Fable VII. The Extinguishers . . . . .	503
Fable VIII. Louis Fourteenth's Wig . . . . .	504

RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

Preface . . . . .	509
Introductory Rhymes . . . . .	511
Extract I. . . . .	512
Extract II. . . . .	512
Extract III. . . . .	512
Extract IV. . . . .	514
Extract V. . . . .	514
Extract VI. . . . .	515
Extract VII. . . . .	516
Extract VIII. . . . .	517
Extract IX. . . . .	518
Extract X. . . . .	519
Extract XI. . . . .	519
Extract XII. . . . .	520
Extract XIII. . . . .	521
Extract XIV. . . . .	522
Extract XV. . . . .	524
Extract XVI. . . . .	525

SATIRES.

Preface . . . . .	529
CORRUPTION, AND INTOLERANCE: Addressed to an Englishman by an Irishman . . . . .	532
Preface . . . . .	532
CORRUPTION . . . . .	533
INTOLERANCE. A Satire . . . . .	538
Appendix . . . . .	540
THE SCRIPTIC, a Philosophical Satire . . . . .	542
Preface . . . . .	542

TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

By THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

Dedication. To Stephen Woolriche, Esq. . . . .	546
Preface . . . . .	546
Preface to the Fourteenth Edition. By a Friend of the Author . . . . .	547

INTERCEPTED LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I. From the Princess Charlotte of Wales to the Lady Barbara Ashley . . . . .	548
LETTER II. From Colonel M'Mahon to General Francis Luckie, Esq. . . . .	549
Postscript . . . . .	549
LETTER III. From George Prince Regent to the Emperor of Y——th . . . . .	550
LETTER IV. From the Right Hon. Patrick Duggan to the Right Hon. Sir John N——ch——l . . . . .	551
LETTER V. From the Countess Dowager of Cork to Lady — . . . . .	551

of the papers. A Dream . . . . .	564	Corn and Catholics . . . . .	
ated Letter . . . . .	564	A Case of Libel . . . . .	
a Plumassier . . . . .	566	Literary Advertisement . . . . .	
Diary of a Politician . . . . .	567	The Irish Slave . . . . .	
	567	Ode to Ferdinand . . . . .	
s Idols. Written after the late Nego-		Hat versus Wig . . . . .	
rw M—n—stry . . . . .	567	The Perriwinkles and the Locu-	
ht like? . . . . .	568	Hymn . . . . .	
te between a Catholic Delegate and		New Creation of Peers. Batch tl	
—ghu—as the D—e of C—b—l—d . . . . .	568	Speech on the Umbrella Question	
inisters. An Anacreontic . . . . .	568	A Pastoral Ballad. By John Bul	
te between a Dowager and her Maid		A late Scene at Swanage . . . . .	
Lord Y—rm—th's Fête . . . . .	569	Wo! Wo! . . . . .	
Lib. II. Freely translated by the		Tout pour la Tripe . . . . .	
	569	Enigma . . . . .	
. Lib. I. Freely translated by Lord		Dog-Day Reflections. By a Danc	
	570	The "Living Dog" and "The De	
of the Ministers . . . . .	570	Ode to Don Miguel . . . . .	
ween a Lady and Gentleman, upon		Thoughts on the present Governm	
of (what is called) "having Law on		The Limbo of Lost Reputations.	
	571	How to write by Proxy . . . . .	
for the Opening of the New Theatre		Imitation of the Inferno of Dante	
. Intended to have been spoken by		Lament for the Loss of Lord B—tl	
a full Costume, on the 24th of No-		The Cherries. A Parable . . . . .	
	572	Stanzas written in Anticipation of	
is . . . . .	572	Ode to the Woods and Forests. B.	
; Soul. A Ballad . . . . .	573	Stanzas from the Banks of the Shar	
Lord Wellington . . . . .	573	The Annual Pill . . . . .	
III. A Fragment . . . . .	574	"If" and "Perhaps" . . . . .	
III. Lib. I. A Fragment. Trans-		Write on, write on. A Ballad	
ury Clerk, while waiting Dinner		Song of the departing Spirit of Titl	
n. G—rge R—se . . . . .	574	The Euthanasia of Van . . . . .	
being obliged to leave a pleasant		To the Reverend —, One of th	
Want of a Pair of Breeches to		tionists of Nottingham . . . . .	
n . . . . .	574	Irish Antiquities . . . . .	
the Ministers . . . . .	575	A curious Fact . . . . .	
f Mr. P—rc—v—l . . . . .	575	New fashioned Echoes . . . . .	
wo Birds of Royalty . . . . .	575	Incantation. From the New Trage	
Sh—r—d—n . . . . .	576	wickers." . . . .	
ib to Big Ben, concerning some		How to make a good Politician	
Transaction . . . . .	577	Epistle of Condolence. From a Slav	
	577	Lor! . . . . .	
ween Bank and Government . . . . .	578	The Ghost of Militades . . . . .	
verrel and — G—n . . . . .			

CONTENTS.

XV

	Page		Page
Newick Club . . . . .	619	Musings of an Unreformed Peer . . . . .	643
Speeches for a Gynæocracy. Addressed to a late social Meeting . . . . .	620	The Reverend Pamphleteer. A Romantic Ballad . . . . .	643
St. Mary and St. Cecilia . . . . .	621	A Recent Dialogue . . . . .	644
Comment . . . . .	621	The Wellington Spa . . . . .	644
	622	A Character . . . . .	644
Speeches of Bishops; or, the Episcopal Quadrille. A Review . . . . .	622	A Ghost Story . . . . .	645
" " " " A Character . . . . .	623	Thoughts on the late destructive Propositions of the Tories. By a Common-Councilman . . . . .	646
Edited Report of some late Speeches . . . . .	623	Anticipated Meeting of the British Association in the Year 2836 . . . . .	646
Observations. A Dream . . . . .	624	Songs of the Church. No. I. . . . .	647
Tory and the Comet. Founded on a late dis- tressing Incident . . . . .	624	Epistle from Henry of Ex—ter to John of Tuam . . . . .	648
Hon. Henry —, to Lady Emma —. . . . .	625	Song of Old Puck . . . . .	648
Speeches on the Gull Language . . . . .	626	Police Reports. Case of Imposture . . . . .	649
Church Reform. By a Modern Reformer . . . . .	627	Reflections. Addressed to the Author of the Article on the Church in Last Number of Quarterly Review . . . . .	650
Edges . . . . .	628	New Grand Exhibition of Models of the two Houses of Parliament . . . . .	651
Speech on Earth. First Visit . . . . .	628	Announcement of a new grand Acceleration Company for the Promotion of the Speed of Literature . . . . .	651
Speech on Earth. Second Visit . . . . .	629	Some Account of the late Dinner to Dan . . . . .	652
Speech on Tar Barrels . . . . .	630	New Hospital for Sick Literati . . . . .	653
Salutation . . . . .	630	Religion and Trade . . . . .	653
Rev. Charles Overton, Curate of Romald- kirk . . . . .	631	Musings, suggested by the late Promotion of Mrs. Ne- thercoat . . . . .	654
Speech in a play, acted at Oxford, called " Matricula- tion Case . . . . .	631	Intended Tribute to the Author of an Article in the last Number of the Quarterly Review, entitled " Ro- manism in Ireland " . . . . .	654
Speech in Paradise. Dream the First . . . . .	632	Grand Dinner of Type and Co. A poor Poet's Dream . . . . .	655
Speech for and his Curate; or, One Pound Two Metamorphosis . . . . .	633	Church Extension . . . . .	656
Speech on Church Reform. Founded upon some late clamorous . . . . .	634	Latest Accounts from Olympus . . . . .	656
Speeches Automates . . . . .	634	The Triumphs of Farce . . . . .	657
Speech on One's Self a Peer. According to the new- system, as disclosed in a late Heraldic Work . . . . .	635	Thoughts on Patrons, Puffs, and other Matters. In an Epistle from T. M. to S. R. . . . .	658
Speech on the Lad . . . . .	636	Thoughts on Mischief. By Lord St—n—y. (His first Attempt in Verse) . . . . .	659
Speech on Erasmus on Earth to Cicero in the Shades the Departure of Lords Cast—r—gh and Depart for the Continent . . . . .	637	Epistle from Captain Rock to Lord L—n—th—t . . . . .	659
Speech on Trip in which Lord Cast—r—gh sailed for the continent . . . . .	638	Captain Rock in London. Letter from the Captain to Terry Alt, Esq. . . . .	660
Speech on the First Act of a new Romantic Drama . . . . .	638		
Speech on Magnetism . . . . .	639	THE EPICUREAN.	
Speech on the Box . . . . .	640	Preface . . . . .	663
Speech on the Opening of a New Thalaba. Addressed to Robert By, Esq. . . . .	640	Dedication, to Lord John Russell . . . . .	665
Speech on the Opera. An Extravaganza . . . . .	641		
Speech on the Statesman. By a Tory . . . . .	642	ALCIPHON: A FRAGMENT . . . . .	725
Speech on the Speech by Larry O'Branigan to the Rev. Murtagh Munn . . . . .	642	GENERAL INDEX . . . . .	739





LALLA ROOKH.



## P R E F A C E . \*

It was about the year 1812 that, impelled far more by the encouraging suggestions of friends than impelled by any confident promptings of my own ambition, I was induced to attempt a Poem upon some Oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions which Scott's late triumphs in that form had then rendered the regular poetical standard. A negotiation on the subject was opened with the Messrs. Longman in the same year, but, from some causes which have now escaped my recollection, led to no decisive result; nor was it till a year or two after, that any further steps were taken in the matter,—their house being the only one, it is right to add, with which, from first to last, I held any communication upon the subject.

On this last occasion, an old friend of mine, Mr. Perry, kindly offered to lend me the aid of his advice and presence in the interview which I was about to hold with the Messrs. Longman, for the arrangement of our mutual terms; and what with the friendly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit with which he was met on the other, there has seldom occurred any transaction in which Trade and Poesy have shone out so advantageously in each other's eyes. The short discussion that then took place, between the two parties, may be comprised in a very few sentences. "I am of opinion," said Mr. Perry,—enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite,— "that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his Poem the largest price that has been given, in our day, for such a work." "That was," answered the Messrs. Longman, "three thousand guineas." "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry, "and no less a sum ought he to receive."

It was then objected, and very reasonably,

on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a single line of the Poem; and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them, before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But, no;—the romantic view which my friend, Perry, took of the matter, was, that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, not a little startled and alarmed me; but, to the honour and glory of Romance,—as well on the publisher's side as the poet's,—this very generous view of the transaction was, without any difficulty, acceded to, and the firm agreed, before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my Poem.

At the time of this agreement, but little of the work, as it stands at present, had yet been written. But the ready confidence in my success shown by others, made up for the deficiency of that requisite feeling, within myself; while a strong desire not wholly to disappoint this "auguring hope," became almost a substitute for inspiration. In the year 1815, therefore, having made some progress in my task, I wrote to report the state of the work to the Messrs. Longman, adding, that I was now most willing and ready, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for their consideration. Their answer to this offer was as follows:—"We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the Poem; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honourable." \*

I continued to pursue my task for another year, being likewise occasionally occupied with the Irish Melodies, two or three numbers of which made their appearance, during the period employed in writing Lalla Rookh. At length, in the year 1816, I found my work sufficiently

\* This preface first appeared in the collected edition of ten volumes, published in 1861, 1862.]

erore, that, under such circum-  
 should act but honestly in putting it  
 rer of the Messrs. Longman to re-  
 he terms of their engagement with  
 ng them free to postpone, modify,  
 ould such be their wish, relinquish it  
 I wrote them a letter to that effect,  
 red the following answer:—"We  
 ost happy in the pleasure of seeing  
 ruary. We agree with you, indeed,  
 es are most inauspicious for 'poetry  
 and;' but we believe that your  
 ld do more than that of any other  
 at the present moment."\*  
 th of time I employed in writing  
 ries strung together in Lalla Rookh  
 , to some persons, much more than  
 ry for the production of such easy  
 o'love" fictions. But, besides that  
 , at all times, a far more slow and  
 workman than would ever be  
 fear, from the result, I felt that,  
 nce, I had taken upon myself a  
 ordinary responsibility, from the  
 ke risked by others on my chance  
 For a long time, therefore, after  
 ent had been concluded, though  
 work with a view to this task, I  
 ry little real progress in it, and I  
 y me the beginnings of several  
 nued some of them to the last

As shines, in hea  
 That leaves its oar  
 To shoot to distant

"It comes, it comes  
 And panting to Me  
 Then, down upon t  
 Reclines to see the  
 With partly joy and  
 To find its wondrous  
 And hiding oft his c  
 Among the flowers

Within the boat a b  
 Like a young pearl  
 While one, who se  
 But not of earth, c  
 Her watch beside th  
 Gracefully waving,  
 The feathers of so  
 With which, from  
 The fragrant air, an  
 The baby's brow, or  
 The butterflies tha  
 As on the mountains  
 Around the sleepin

And now the fairy b  
 Beside the bank,—th  
 Her golden anchor in  
 \* \* \*

A song is sung by t  
 of which the following

My child she is but h  
 Her father sleeps in t  
 Sea-weeds twi  
 His funeral sh  
 But he lives again in l  
 Fain would I fly from  
 To my own sweet bc  
 But there, the flowers  
 For the eyes of a bal  
 On flowers of earth her  
 So hither my light-y  
 Stranger, sprea  
 Thy leafiest be  
 To rest the wandering

But none might see the worldly smile  
That lurk'd beneath her veil, the while :—  
Alls forbid : for, who would wait  
Her blessing at the temple's gate,—  
What holy man would ever run  
To kiss the ground she knelt upon,  
If once, by luckless chance, he knew  
She look'd and smil'd as others do.  
Her hands were join'd, and from each wrist  
By threads of pearl and golden twist  
Hung relics of the saints of yore,  
And scraps of talismanic lore,—  
Charms for the old, the sick, the frail,  
Some made for use, and all for sale.  
On either side, the crowd withdrew,  
To let the Saint pass proudly through ;  
While turban'd heads, of every hue,  
Green, white, and crimson, bow'd around,  
And gay tiaras touch'd the ground,—  
As tulip-bells, when o'er their beds  
The musk-wind passes, bend their heads.  
Nay, some there were, among the crowd  
Of Moslem heads that round her bow'd,  
So fill'd with zeal, by many a draught  
Of Shiraz wine profanely quaff'd,  
That, stinking low in reverence then,  
They never rose till morn again.

There are yet two more of these unfinished sketches, one of which extends to a much greater length than I was aware of; and, as far as I can judge from a hasty renewal of my acquaintance with it, is not incapable of being turned to account.

In only one of these unfinished sketches, the tale of *The Peri's Daughter*, had I yet ventured to invoke that most home-felt of all my inspirations, which has lent to the story of *The Fire-worshippers* its main attraction and interest. That it was my intention, in the concealed *Prince of Ormuz*, to shadow out some personation of this feeling, I take for granted from the prophetic words supposed to be addressed to him by his aged guardian:—

Bright child of destiny ! even now  
I read the promise on that brow,  
That tyrants shall no more defile  
The glories of the Green-Sea Isle,  
But Ormuz shall again be free,  
And hail her native Lord in thee !

In none of the other fragments do I find any trace of this sort of feeling, either in the subject or the personages of the intended story; and this was the reason, doubtless, though hardly known, at the time, to myself, that, finding my subjects so slow in kindling my own sympathies, I began to despair of their ever touching the hearts of others; and felt often inclined to say,

" Oh no, I have no voice or hand  
For such a song, in such a land."

\* Voltaire, in his tragedy of "*Les Guèbres*," written with a similar under-current of meaning, was accused of having transformed

Had this series of disheartening experiments been carried on much further, I must have thrown aside the work in despair. But, at last, fortunately, as it proved, the thought occurred to me of founding a story on the fierce struggle so long maintained between the Ghebers\*, or ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia, and their haughty Moslem masters. From that moment, a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme; and the spirit that had spoken in the melodies of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East.

Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in writing this work, I must also, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously reading for it. To form a storehouse, as it were, of illustration purely Oriental, and so familiarise myself with its various treasures, that, as quick as Fancy, in her airy spiritings, required the assistance of fact, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her "strong bidding," to furnish materials for the spell-work,—such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me more than sufficiently for my pains. I have not forgotten how great was my pleasure, when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh, that he was once asked by Colonel Wilks, the historian of British India, "whether it was true that Moore had never been in the East?" "Never," answered Mackintosh. "Well, that shows me," replied Colonel Wilks, "that reading over D'Herbelot is as good as riding on the back of a camel."

I need hardly subjoin to this lively speech, that although D'Herbelot's valuable work was, of course, one of my manuals, I took the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to me; and became, for the time, indeed, far more conversant with all relating to that distant region, than I have ever been with the

his Fire-worshippers into Jansenists:—"Quelques figuristes," he says, "prétendent que les Guèbres sont les Jansenistes."

in such welcome tributes as I have nor can I deny myself the gratification of a few more of the same description another distinguished authority on the subject, the late Sir John Malcolm, I have the pleasure of hearing a similar sentiment expressed;—that eminent person has remarked, in a speech spoken by him at the Anniversary Fund Dinner, that together with the qualities of the poet which he much admires, the qualities of the poet which he much admires assigned to me was combined also in the historian."

Mr. Ouseley, another high authority, bears testimony to the same effect, thus testifying to the general accuracy of my composition:—"Dazzled by the splendour of this composition\*, few readers could and none surely can regret, that his magnificent catastrophe, has been so boldly and most happily violated, as to consume any portion of a monument by fire, especially by that which has been their altars." Having long lost, through the neglect of my Eastern learning, I can refer to my catastrophe, an old tradition, which relates that Nimrod, when refused, at his command, to be ordered him to be thrown into the flames.† A precedent so

improbable from a pagan, Mr. Frazer, who says, at some time at a town on the coast, he was lucky enough to find himself with a copy of the Periplus which a Persian had lent him."

Of the description of the Periplus, Mr. Carr has said: "The Periplus of the East, thus speaks: "The Periplus of the plain and faithful. The minaret is at hand, and there want only a cry to break the silence."

I shall now tax my vanity but one more of these tributes, they show, at least even in poetry, is that plain since, as the reader of this now fully apprised, it is a laborious collection of some of the foundations of this fanciful

The friendly testimony which I now give it, and, which I now give it, and, the Athenæum:—

"I embrace this opportunity of giving my individual testimony (if I may) to the extraordinary accuracy

ing the people to which and to whom  
lated; I enjoyed also the exquisite  
of reading his Lalla Rookh, in Persia  
nd I have perused the Epicurean, while  
ollections of Egypt and its still exist-  
ers are as fresh as when I quitted the  
f the Nile for Arabia:—I owe it,  
s, as a debt of gratitude (though the  
is most inadequate), for the great  
I have derived from his productions,  
my humble testimony to their local

“J. S. B.”

g the incidents connected with this  
must not omit to notice the splendid  
ement, founded upon it, which was  
the Château Royal of Berlin, during  
of the Grand Duke Nicholas to that  
n the year 1822. The different stories  
ag the work were represented in Ta-  
Vivans and songs; and among the  
f royal and noble personages engaged  
rformances, I shall mention those only  
resented the principal characters, and  
find thus enumerated in the published  
of the Divertissement.\*

Grand-Nasir . . .	{Comte Haack (Maréchal de Cour).
é de Bucharie . . .	S. A. I. Le Grand Duc.
ikh . . .	S. A. T. La Grande Duchesse.
ib, le Grand Mogol . . .	{S. A. R. Le Prince Guil- lame, frère du Roi.
. Père d'Aliris, . . .	{S. A. R. Le Duc de Cum- berland.
. son épouse . . .	{S. A. R. La Princesse Louise Badzevill."

es these and other leading personages,  
ere also brought into action, under the  
denominations of Seigneurs et Dames  
arie, Dames de Cachemire, Seigneurs  
es dansans à la Fête des Roses, &c.  
50 persons.  
e manner and style in which the Ta-

Rookh. Divertissement mêlé de Chants et de Danses,  
: The work contains a series of coloured engravings,

bleaux of the different stories are described in  
the work from which I cite, the following  
account of the performance of Paradise and the  
Peri will afford some specimen:—

“La décoration représentoit les portes bril-  
lantes du Paradis, entourées de nuages. Dans  
le premier tableau on voyoit la Péri, triste et  
desolée, couchée sur le seuil des portes fermées,  
et l'Ange de lumière qui lui adresse des con-  
solutions et des conseils. Le second représente  
le moment, où la Peri, dans l'espoir que ce don  
lui ouvrira l'entrée de Paradis recueille la der-  
nière goutte de sang que vient de verser le  
jeune guerrier Indien. . . . .

“La Péri et l'Ange de lumière répondoient  
pleinement à l'image et à l'idée qu'on est tenté  
de se faire de ces deux individus, et l'impression  
qu'a faite généralement la suite des tableaux  
de cet épisode délicat et intéressant est loin de  
s'effacer de notre souvenir.”

In this grand Fête, it appears, originated  
the translation of Lalla Rookh into German  
verse, by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué; and  
the circumstances which led him to undertake  
the task, are described by himself, in a Dedi-  
catory Poem to the Empress of Russia, which  
he has prefixed to his translation. As soon as  
the performance, he tell us, had ended, Lalla  
Rookh (the Empress herself) exclaimed, with  
a sigh, “Is it, then, all over? are we now at  
the close of all that has given us so much de-  
light? and lives there no poet who will impart  
to others, and to future times, some notion of  
the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?”  
On hearing this appeal, a Knight of Cachmere  
(who is no other than the poetical Baron him-  
self) comes forward and promises to attempt to  
present to the world “the Poem itself in the  
measure of the original:”—whereupon Lalla  
Rookh, it is added, approvingly smiled.

representing groups, processions, &c., in different Oriental cos-  
tumes.

ALLA ROOKH.

th year of the reign of Aurungzebe, g of the Lesser Bucharía, a lineal om the Great Zingis, having abdi- ne in favour of his son, set out on to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, India through the delightful valley rested for a short time at Delhi on was entertained by Aurungzebe in gnificent hospitality, worthy alike of i the host, and was afterwards es- e same splendour to Surat, where he Arabia.<sup>1</sup> During the stay of the i at Delhi, a marriage was agreed the Prince, his son, and the youngest he Emperor, LALLA ROOKH<sup>2</sup>; — a ibed by the poets of her time as than Leila<sup>3</sup>, Shirine<sup>4</sup>, Dewildé<sup>5</sup>, or heroines whose names and loves ongs of Persia and Hindostan. It that the nuptials should be cele- mere; where the young King, as ares of empire would permit, was ie first time, his lovely bride, and, ouths' repose in that enchanting t her over the snowy hills into

LALLA ROOKH's departure from

Delhi was as splendid as could make it. The bu covered with the riche gilded barges upon the banners shining in the streets groups of beautif the most delicious flowers festival called the Scatt every part of the city caravan of musk from Kl it. The Princess, having father, who at parting hu round her neck, on whic from the Koran, and hav present to the Fakirs, w Lamp in her sister's tom palankeen prepared for l zebe stood to take a last l procession moved slowly

Seldom had the Eastern so superb. From the ga the Imperial palace, it w splendour. The gallant a and Mogul lords, distingt of the Emperor's favour<sup>7</sup>, of Cashmere in their turba rimm'd kettledrums at the — the costly armour of th on this occasion, with the g Khan<sup>8</sup>, in the brightness o



and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples<sup>1</sup> on the tops of the palankeens; the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay as it were enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter<sup>2</sup>, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing<sup>3</sup>;—and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself at the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of everything, — from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, — "Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars." — And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector<sup>4</sup>, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.<sup>5</sup>

hute-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled." — Richardson's Dissertation prefixed to his Dictionary.

<sup>1</sup> The hubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin." — Scott's Notes on the Bahardanush.

<sup>2</sup> In the Poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of "a company of maidens seated on camels."

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Anders-wood."

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety."

"Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue-gushing stream, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

<sup>3</sup> See *Revue's* description of the attendants on Rauchanarabegum, in her progress to Cashmere.

<sup>4</sup> This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy League. — He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He used as high priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakir. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with

During the first days of their journey, LALLA ROOKH, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi<sup>6</sup>, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind, and delight her imagination; and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments, — sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl<sup>7</sup>; sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West<sup>8</sup>, as "places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;" — she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But LALLA ROOKH was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra<sup>9</sup>, the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver<sup>10</sup>; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.<sup>11</sup> At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of

the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations." — *History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 335. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 320.

<sup>5</sup> "The idol at Jaghernaut has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the idol." — *Tavernier*.

<sup>6</sup> See a description of these royal Gardens in "An Account of the present state of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Franklin." — *Asiat. Research*, vol. iv. p. 417.

<sup>7</sup> "In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water." — *Pennant's Hindostan*.

"Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tomoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Taisah, 'the Lake of Pearls,' which it still retains." — *Wilks's South of India*.

<sup>8</sup> Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehangir.

<sup>9</sup> "The romance Wemak weazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet." — *Note on the Oriental Tales*.

<sup>10</sup> Their amour is recounted in the *Shah-Namah* of Ferdoudi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side. — See *Champion's translation*.

<sup>11</sup> Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Speed Deev, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. — Near the city of Shiraz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat,

of being admitted to the pavilion of  
 that he might help to beguile the  
 of the journey by some of his most  
 citals. At the mention of a poet, FAD-  
 ated his critical eyebrows, and, having  
 faculties with a dose of that delicious  
 is distilled from the black poppy of  
 , gave orders for the minstrel to be  
 roduced into the presence.

ess, who had once in her life seen a  
 ehind the screens of gauze in her  
 and had conceived from that specimen  
 urable ideas of the Caste, expected  
 his new exhibition to interest her ;—  
 ed, however, to alter her opinion on  
 appearance of FERAMORZ. He was  
 LALLA ROOKH's own age, and grace-  
 lol of women, Chrishna<sup>2</sup>, — such as  
 ) their young imaginations, heroic,  
 athing music from his very eyes, and  
 eligion of his worshippers into love.  
 simple, yet not without some marks  
 and the Ladies of the Princess were  
 iscovering that the cloth, which en-  
 gh Tartarian cap, was of the most  
 hat the shawl-goats of Tibet supply.<sup>4</sup>  
 e, too, over his vest, which was con-  
 vered girdle of Kashan, hung strings  
 isposed with an air of studied neg-

<sup>1</sup>Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant.  
<sup>2</sup>Ido, in his *Gazophylacium Persicum*, p. 127., de-  
 the most memorable monument of antiquity  
 n Persia.—See *Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies*.  
<sup>3</sup>f the idol, or dancing girls of the Pagoda, have  
 utened to their feet, the soft harmonious tink-  
 s in unison with the exquisite melody of their  
 Tadian . . . . .

in the gardens of the  
 premised, with much l  
 was about to relate was  
 of that Veiled Prophet  
 year of the Hegira 163, c  
 out the Eastern Empire  
 Princess, and thus bega

1

VEILED PROPHE.

In that delightful Provin  
 The first of Persian land  
 Where all the loveliest c  
 Flow'rets and fruits, blu  
 And, fairest of all strean  
 Among MEROU's<sup>4</sup> bright  
 There on that throne, to  
 Of millions rais'd him, sa  
 The Great MOKANNA. (   
 The Veil, the Silver Veil  
 In mercy there, to hide fi  
 His dazzling brow, till m  
 For, far less luminous, hi  
 Were ev'n the gleams, mi  
 O'er MOUSSA's<sup>5</sup> cheek<sup>18</sup>,  
 trod,  
 All glowing from the pre

the darling God of the Indian  
 Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.

<sup>4</sup> See *Turner's Embassy for a*  
 most beautiful among the whole  
 for the shawls (which is carried  
 skin.

side, with ready hearts and hands,  
 heard of bold Believers stands ;  
 'd disputants, who deem their swords,  
 faith, more eloquent than words ;  
 fir zeal, there's not a youth with brand  
 e, but, at the Chief's command,  
 his own devoted heart its sheath,  
 e lips that doom'd so dear a death !  
 the Caliph's hue of night,<sup>1</sup>  
 s, helms and all, is snowy white ;  
 ns various—some equipp'd, for speed,  
 s of the light Kathaian reed ;<sup>2</sup>  
 buffalo horn and shining quivers  
 e stems<sup>3</sup> that bloom on IRAN's rivers ;<sup>4</sup>  
 for war's more terrible attacks,  
 ipe mace and pond'rous battle-axe ;  
 wave aloft in morning's beam  
 ite plumage of their helms, they seem  
 ur-tree grove<sup>5</sup> when winter throws  
 ifted heads his feath'ring snows.

he porphyry pillars, that uphold  
 resque-work of the roof of gold,  
 ram's curtain'd galleries rise,  
 gh the silken network, glancing eyes,  
 o time, like sudden gleams that glow  
 tumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp

us tongue, ye blushing saints, would

ught but Heav'n hath plac'd you there?  
 loves of this light world could bind,  
 s chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?  
 ful thought !—commission'd from

den's bowers with shapes of love,  
 o bright, that the same lips and eyes  
 n earth will serve in Paradise,)  
 line among Heav'n's native maids,  
 he' Elect with bliss that never fades—  
 ie Prophet-Chief his bidding done ;  
 eauteous race beneath the sun,  
 who kneel at BRAHMA's burning founts,<sup>6</sup>  
 h nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN's  
 ts ;  
 A's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,  
 l, half-shut glances of KATHAY ;<sup>7</sup>

se colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of  
 garments, turbans, and standards.—“ Il faut  
 chant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem,  
 s habits, des coiffures et des étendards des Khalifs  
 a noire, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir  
 lus oppoëe.”—*D'Herbelot*.  
 aveline, exquisitely wrought of Kathaian reeds,  
 ate.”—*Poem of Amru*.  
 l anciently for arrows by the Persians.  
 a call this plant Gas. The celebrated shaft of  
 their ancient heroes, was made of it.—“ Nothing  
 stifal than the appearance of this plant in flower  
 on the banks of rivers, where it is usually inter-  
 tely twining aclepias.”—*Sir W. Jones, Botanical*  
*Select Indian Plants*.  
 plane. “ The chenar is a delightful tree ; its bole

And GEORGIA's bloom, and AZAB's darker smiles,  
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles ;  
 All, all are there ;—each Land its flower hath  
 given,

To form that fair young Nursery for Heav'n !  
 But why this pageant now ? this arm'd array ?  
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day  
 With turban'd heads, of ev'ry hue and race,  
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,  
 Like tulip-beds<sup>8</sup>, of diff'rent shape and dyes,  
 Bending beneath the' invisible West-wind's sighs !  
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,  
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,  
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power  
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour ?

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud ;  
 Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,  
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,  
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,<sup>9</sup>  
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,  
 Like war's wild planet in a summer sky ;  
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes  
 Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords,—  
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,  
 The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows  
 Young AZIM's fame ;—beyond the' Olympians snows  
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,  
 O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the Greek,<sup>10</sup>  
 He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd his chains ;—  
 Oh, who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains  
 Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise  
 Kindling within him ? who, with heart and eyes,  
 Could walk where liberty had been, nor see  
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,  
 Nor feel those godlike breathings in the air,  
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there ?  
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well  
 For his soul's quiet work'd the' awak'ning spell ;  
 And now, returning to his own dear land,  
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,  
 Haunt the young heart,—proud views of human  
 kind,  
 Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd,—

is of a fine white and smooth bark ; and its foliage, which grows in  
 a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green.”—*Morier's Travels*.

<sup>6</sup> The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong, esteemed  
 as holy.—*Turner*.

<sup>7</sup> China.

<sup>8</sup> “ The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and  
 given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban.”—*Beck-*  
*mann's History of Inventions*.

<sup>9</sup> “ The inhabitants of Bucharra wear a round cloth bonnet,  
 shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border.  
 They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of  
 silk crape, several times round the body.”—*Account of Independent*  
*Tartary, in Pinkerton's Collection*.

<sup>10</sup> In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for  
 an account of which vide *Gibbon, vol. x*.

... was soul inspir'd  
Trust in what it most desir'd,  
He' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale  
Awe, before that Silver Veil,  
Form, to which he bends his knee,  
Redeeming angel, sent to free  
The world from every bond and stain,  
Its primal glories back again!

Young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd  
Of nations sunk the knee and bow'd,  
Of "ALLA!" echoing long and loud;  
In air, above the Prophet's head,  
Banners, to the sunbeam spread,  
The wings of the white birds that fan  
The throne of star-taught SOLIMAN.<sup>1</sup>  
He spoke:—"Stranger, though new the

Habits now, I've track'd its flame  
In age, in ev'ry chance and change  
Of circumstance, through whose varied range,  
A torch-race, where, from hand to

Youths transmit their shining brand,  
To frame the unextinguish'd soul  
See, till it reach the goal!

'Tis only the gross Spirits, warm'd  
By fire and for earth's medium form'd,  
In this course:—Beings, the most divine,  
Through dark mortality to shine.  
The Essence that in ADAM dwelt,  
The Heav'n, except the Proud One,

Again, throughout  
Thousands of voices run  
Were pointed up to heaven  
In the open banners plumed  
Those Persian hanging  
The Haram's loveliness  
Waving embroider'd so  
A perfume forth—like  
When beck'ning to the  
Brave.

"But these," pursue  
sublime,

"That claim a holier man  
Than earth allows us  
The darkling prison-house  
Ere Peace can visit  
Her wakening daylight  
But then,—celestial will  
Earth's shrines and thrones  
When the glad Slave  
His broken chain, the  
The Priest his book, the  
And from the lips of Truth  
Shall, like a whirlwind,  
That whole dark pile  
Then shall the reign of  
And starting fresh as fire  
Man, in the sunshine of  
Shall walk transparent,  
Then, too, your Prophet  
Shall cast the Veil of  
now,

<sup>1</sup>Throne was called The Star of the Prophet

gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,  
in the glories of this countenance!

For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet  
tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,  
the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave;—  
once my own, mine all till in the grave!"

The pomp is at an end—the crowds are gone—  
his ear and heart still haunted by the tone  
of that deep voice, which thrill'd like ALLAH's own!  
O'uzung all dazzled by the plumes and lances,  
listening to the throne, and Haram's half-caught  
glances;  
He had deep pond'ring on the promis'd reign  
of truth: and all the female train  
to risk their eyes, could they but gaze  
on that brow's miraculous blaze!

There was one, among the chosen maids,  
hush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,  
whose soul the pageant of to-day  
was like death:—you saw her pale dismay,  
and her sisterhood, and heard the burst  
of admiration from her lips, when first  
she saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,  
kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

ZELICA! there *was* a time, when bliss  
o'er thy heart from ev'ry look of his;  
but to see him, hear him, breathe the air  
in which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer;  
around him hung such a perpetual spell,  
where he did, none ever did so well.  
Happy days! when, if he touch'd a flow'r  
out of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;  
thou didst study him till every tone  
of his sture and dear look became thy own,—  
like ice like his, the changes of his face  
were reflected with still lovelier grace,  
and he, sending back sweet music, fraught  
with twice the ærial sweetness it had brought!  
When he comes,—brighter than even he  
was in'd before,—but, ah! not bright for thee;  
read, unlook'd for, like a visitant  
from the other world, he comes as if to haunt  
thy soul with dreams of lost delight,  
and to all but memory's aching sight:—  
his aims! as when the Spirit of our Youth  
is in sleep, sparkling with all the truth  
and innocence once ours, and leads us back,  
in scornful mockery, o'er the shining track  
of young life, and points out every ray  
: and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—In proud BOKHARA's groves,  
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?  
Born by that ancient flood', which from its spring  
In the dark Mountains swiftly wandering,  
Enrich'd by ev'ry pilgrim brook that shines  
With relics from BUCHARA's ruby mines,  
And lending to the CASPIAN half its strength,  
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;—  
There, on the banks of that bright river born,  
The flow'rs, that hung above its wave at morn,  
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,  
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh  
And virgin-glance of first affection cast  
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!  
But war disturb'd this vision,—far away  
From her fond eyes summon'd to join the' array  
Of PERSIA's warriors on the hills of THRACE,  
The youth exchange'd his sylvan dwelling-place  
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;  
His ZELICA's sweet glances for the flash  
Of Grecian wild fire, and Love's gentle chains  
For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul  
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll  
Their suns away—but, ah, how cold and dim  
Ev'n summer suns, when not beheld with him!  
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,  
Like spirit-tongues, mutt'ring the sick man's name,  
Just ere he dies:—at length those sounds of dread  
Fell with'ring on her soul, "AZIM is dead!"  
Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
In the wide world, without that only tie  
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die;—  
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,  
Ev'n reason sunk,—blighted beneath its touch;  
And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose  
Above the first dead pressure of its woes, [chain  
Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate  
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.  
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,  
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray;—  
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone  
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one!  
Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,  
But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;  
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,  
'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,  
The bulbul's utters, ere her soul depart,  
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's pow'rful art,  
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her  
heart!

...moos, which rises in the Belur Tag or Dark Mountains,  
and flowing nearly from east to west, splits into two branches;

one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral  
Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.      † The nightingale.

ornie, in heaven's eternal dome,  
'ave youth — ha! durst they say "of  
?"

one, one only object trac'd  
's core too deep to be effac'd;  
ose mem'ry, fresh as life, is twin'd  
broken link of her lost mind;  
ge lives, though Reason's self be  
k'd,  
e ruins of her intellect!

ZELICA! it needed all  
which held thy mind in thrall,  
at gay Haram's glowing maids  
lonely for Eden's shades;  
at he, — of whose unholy flame  
so soon the victim, — shining came  
se, to people its pure sphere  
like thine, which he hath ruin'd

t reason's light totally set,  
dark, thou hadst an amulet  
mage, graven on thy heart,  
have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,  
ve, in all its bloom of breath,  
whose fading is love's death! —  
m'd, — a restless zeal took place  
virgin's still and feminine grace;  
prophet's favourites, proudly first  
charms, — too well the Impostor

irium, in whose active flame,  
up a young, luxuriant frame,  
potent sorceries to bind  
oke the spirits of mankind,  
ains than hell itself e'er twin'd.  
aid no mistake

Of damp and death, led o  
Which foul Corruption lig  
To show the gay and pro  
And, passing on through  
Which to the maiden, dou  
Seem'd, through the bluish  
cast,

To move their lips in mutt  
There, in that awful place,  
And pledg'd in silence suc  
Such — oh! the look and  
Will haunt her till she die  
By a dark oath, in hell's o  
Never, while earth his mys  
While the blue arch of day  
Never, by that all-impreat  
In joy or sorrow from his s  
She swore, and the wide ch  
never!"

From that dread hour, er  
To him and — she believ'd,  
Her brain, her heart, her ps  
How proud she stood, when  
The Priestess of the Fait  
eyes

With light, alas, that was n  
When round, in trances, on  
She saw the Haram knee  
shippers.

Well might MOKANNA think  
Had spells enough to make  
Light, lovely limbs, to whic  
Gave motion, airy as the da  
When from its stem the sm  
Lips in whose rosy labrint

ice there broke, without controul,  
 of a bright, but troubled soul,  
 ability still wildly play'd,  
 ag, round the ruins it had made !

was now young ZELICA — so chang'd  
 bo, some years since, delighted rang'd  
 groves that shade BOKHARA's tide,  
 bliss, with AZIM by her side !  
 as she now, this festal day,  
 the proud Divan's dazzling array,  
 of that Youth whom she had lov'd,  
 dead, before her breath'd and mov'd;—  
 ght, she thought, as if from Eden's track  
 y trodden, he had wander'd back  
 rth, glist'ning with Eden's light—  
 as AZIM shone before her sight.

! who shall say what spells renew,  
 we look for it, thy broken clew !  
 at small vistas o'er the darken'd brain  
 tual day-beam bursts again ;  
 ke forts, to which beleaguers win  
 entrance through some friend within,  
 lea, waken'd in the breast  
 s magic, lets in all the rest.  
 ere thus, unhappy girl, with thee !  
 light came, it came but partially ;  
 how the maze, in which thy sense  
 bout, — but not to guide it thence ;  
 glimmer o'er the yawning wave,  
 point the harbour which might save.  
 light and peace, long left behind,  
 lear form came rushing o'er her mind ;  
 think how deep her soul had gone  
 d falsehood since those moments shone ;  
 her oath — *there* madness lay again,  
 l'ring, back she sunk into her chain  
 larkness, as if blest to flee  
 whose every glimpse was agony !  
 ief this glance of former years  
 ingled with its pain, — tears, floods of

at her heart, but now like rills  
 i spring-time from the snowy hills,  
 ig warm, after a sleep of frost,  
 alleys where their flow had long been

subdu'd, for the first time her frame  
 with horror, when the summons came  
 is proud and rare, which all but she,  
 ll now, had heard with ecstasy.)  
 OKANNA at his place of prayer,  
 ratory, cool and fair,  
 am's side, where still at close of day  
 et of the Veil retir'd to pray ;  
 alone — but, oft'ner far, with one,  
 nymph to share his orison

Of late none found such favour in his sight  
 As the young Priestess ; and though, since that  
 night

When the death-caverns echo'd every tone  
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,  
 The' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,  
 Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,  
 And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous things,  
 As ev'n across the desprate wanderings  
 Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,  
 Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt ;—  
 Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,  
 The thought, still haunting her, of that bright  
 brow,

Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,  
 Would soon, proud triumph ! be to her reveal'd,  
 To her alone ;—and then the hope, most dear,  
 Most wild of all, that her transgression here  
 Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,  
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,  
 Ev'n purer than before, — as perfumes rise  
 Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the  
 skies —

And that when AZIM's fond, divine embrace  
 Should circle her in heav'n, no dark'ning trace  
 Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,  
 But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again !—  
 These were the wild'ring dreams, whose curst  
 deceit

Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,  
 And made her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet.  
 But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,  
 That Semblance — oh how terrible, if true !  
 Which came across her frenzy's full career  
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,  
 As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,  
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,  
 And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,  
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep ;—  
 So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,  
 And waking up each long-lull'd image there,  
 But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair !

Wan and dejected, through the ev'ning dusk,  
 She now went slowly to that small kiosk,  
 Where, pond'ring alone his impious schemes,  
 MOKANNA waited her — too wrapt in dreams  
 Of the fair rip'ning future's rich success,  
 To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,  
 That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,  
 Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now  
 From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound  
 Came like a spirit's o'er the' unechoing ground,—  
 From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance  
 Was thrilling fire, whose ev'ry thought a trance !

Upon his couch the Veil'd MOKANNA lay,  
 While lamps around — not such as lend their  
 ray,

e drank and ponder'd—nor could see  
 aching maid, so deep his reverie ;  
 with fiendish laugh, like that which  
 te  
 s at the Fall of Man, he spoke :—  
 ile race, for hell's amusement given,  
 n for earth, yet claiming kin with  
 'n ;  
 ges, forsooth !—such gods as he  
 DIA serves, the monkey deity ;<sup>4</sup>—  
 res of a breath, proud things of clay,  
 if LUCIFER, as grandams say,  
 ough at the forfeit of heaven's light,  
 n worship, LUCIFER was right !<sup>5</sup>—  
 I plant this foot upon the neck  
 ul race, and without fear or check,  
 g in hate, avenge my shame,  
 felt, long-nurst loathing of man's  
 !—  
 e head of myriads, blind and fierce  
 falcons, through the universe  
 ny dark'ning, desolating way,  
 my instrument, curst man my prey !  
  
 ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on  
 twinkling gleams of ages gone,  
 titious thieves, who think the light  
 men's marrow guides them best at  
 !—  
 e honours—wealth—yes, Sages, yes—  
 ve fools, your wisdom's nothingness ;  
 it can track yon starry sphere,  
 tick, a bauble blinds it here.

<sup>4</sup>om (or Koom) and Caahan are full of mosques,  
 sepulchres of the descendants of All, the Saints  
<sup>5</sup>in Paradise

" I e shall have miracles,  
 " Seen, heard, attested, e  
 " Your preaching zealots,  
 " One grace of meaning !  
 " Your martyrs, ready to  
 " For truths too heav'nly  
 " And your State Priests,  
 " That works salvation ;—  
 " Where none *but* priests  
 " In that best marble of w  
 " They shall have mysteri  
 " For knaves to thrive by  
 " Dark, tangled doctrines,  
 " Which simple votaries si  
 " While craftier feign beli  
 " A Heav'n too ye must h  
 " A splendid Paradise,—p  
 " That Prophet ill sustains  
 " Who finds not heav'ns to  
 " Houris for boys, omnisci  
 " And wings and glories f  
 " Vain things!—as lust or  
 " The heav'n of each is but  
 " And, soul or sense, what  
 " Man would be man to all  
 " So let him—EBLIS!—gra  
 " But keep him what he is,

" Oh my lost soul !" ex  
 maid,  
 Whose ears had drunk like  
 MOKANNA started—not abs  
 He knew no more of fear t  
 Beneath the tropics knows

carried into Arabia to a place betw  
 being first kneaded by the angels,  
 God himself



dismal words that reach'd his ear,  
soul!" there was a sound so drear,  
voice, among the sinful dead,  
legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,  
'twas from her, whom nought could  
low, it startled even him.

fair Priestess!"—thus, with ready  
or turn'd to greet her—"thou, whose

ration in its rosy beam  
e' Enthusiast's hope or Prophet's  
n;  
e Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal  
ith love's, men know not which they

to sigh for, in their trance of heart,  
thou preacheest or the heav'n thou art!  
ld I be without thee? without thee  
were power, how joyless victory!  
orne by angels, if that smile of thine  
t my banner, 'twere but half divine.  
y so mournful, child? those eyes, that  
t night—what!—is their glory gone?  
me—this morn's fatigue hath made  
pale,  
t rekindling—suns themselves would

their comets bring, as I to thee,  
t's own fount supplies of brilliancy.  
t this cup—no juice of earth is here,  
are waters of that upper sphere,  
ls o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,  
the gem's bright colour, as they go.  
y Genii come and fill these urns—  
k—in ev'ry drop life's essence burns;  
ke that soul all fire, those eyes all light—  
ne, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:  
youth—why start?—thou saw'st him

; not nobly? such the godlike men  
ve to woo thee in the bow'rs above;—  
e, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,  
by that cold enemy of bliss  
l calls virtue—we must conquer this;  
rk not, pretty sage! 'tis not for thee  
he mazes of Heav'n's mystery:  
must pass through fire, ere it can yield  
ments for mighty hands to wield.

night I mean to try the art  
ul beauty on that warrior's heart.  
ay Haram boasts of bloom and wit,  
nd charms, most rare and exquisite,  
pt the boy;—young MIRZALA'S blue  
,  
eepy lid like snow on violets lies;

"ABOUYA'S cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,  
"And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,  
"Have magic in their pressure; ZEBBA'S lute,  
"And LALLA'S dancing feet, that gleam and shoot  
"Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep—  
"All shall combine their witching powers to steep  
"My convert's spirit in that soft'ning trance,  
"From which to heav'n is but the next advance;—  
"That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,  
"On which Religion stamps her image best.  
"But hear me, Priestess!—though each nymph of  
these

"Hath some peculiar, practis'd pow'r to please,  
"Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,  
"First charms herself, then all the world beside;  
"There still wants one, to make the vict'ry sure,  
"One who in every look joins every lure;  
"Through whom all beauty's beams concentrated  
pass,  
"Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning  
glass;

"Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,  
"Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are ador'd,  
"Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,  
"Which our faith takes for granted are divine!  
"Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,  
"To crown the rich temptations of to-night;  
"Such the refin'd enchantress that must be  
"This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she!"

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,  
The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil  
From which these words, like south winds through  
a fence

Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came fill'd with pestilence;<sup>1</sup>  
So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread  
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,  
And the wretch felt assur'd that, once plung'd in,  
Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream  
Seem'd all he said: nor could her mind, whose  
beam

As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.  
But when, at length, he utter'd "Thou art she!"  
All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,  
"Oh not for worlds!" she cried—"Great God!  
to whom

"I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?  
"Are all my dreams, my hopes of heav'nly bliss,  
"My purity, my pride, then come to this,—  
"To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be  
"The pander of his guilt—oh infamy!  
"And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep  
"In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!

<sup>1</sup> "It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over that flower (the Kerzereh). It will kill him."—*This is not.*

these eyes, no matter whence they rise,  
 are illuming my fair Priestess' eyes;  
 could the youth, whom soon those eyes  
 all warm,  
 resemble thy dead lover's form,  
 the happier wilt thou find thy doom,  
 warm lover, full of life and bloom,  
 ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.  
 No, no frowning, sweet!—those eyes were  
 dead,  
 not anger—I must be obey'd."

"It 'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—  
 on me Heav'n's vengeance cannot fall  
 lightly—but AZIM, brave and true  
 and dutiful—must *he* be ruin'd too?  
 too, glorious as he is, be driven  
 to die like me from Love and Heaven?  
 No?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not  
 me;  
 all truth and strength and purity!  
 our madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,  
 thy fiends, will have no charm for him.  
 No, your glowing wantons from their  
 beds,  
 he loves, and can defy their powers!  
 As I am, in *his* heart still I reign  
 when first we met, without a stain!  
 I win'd—lost—my mem'ry, like a charm  
 on the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.  
 No, let him know how deep the brow  
 at parting is dishonour'd now;—  
 how him how debas'd, how sunk is she,  
 since he lov'd—once!—*still* loves dotingly.  
 What's his tormentor,—what!—thou'lt brand  
 my name?  
 In vain—he'll not believe my shame."

"H  
 "Nor tempt my rage—  
 "The puny bird, that da  
 "Within the crocodile's  
 "And so thou'lt fly, forso  
 "Thy chaste dominion i  
 "Where now to Love ar  
 "Half mistress and half  
 "As doth MEDINA's tom  
 "Thou'lt fly?—as easily  
 "The gaunt snake once  
 "As easily, when caught  
 "Pluck'd from his loving  
 "No, no, 'tis fix'd—let  
 "Thou'rt mine till death  
 bride!  
 "Hast thou forgot thy os

The Maid, whose spirit h  
 Through all its depths, ar  
 That burst and lighten'd  
 spair—  
 Shrunk back, as if a bligh  
 That spoke that word, and

"Yes, my sworn bride,  
 "Their bridal place—the  
 "Instead of scents and ba  
 "Rose the rich steams of  
 "Gay, flick'ring death-lig  
 wed,  
 "And, for our guests, a r  
 "(Immortal spirits in the  
 "From reeking shrouds u  
 "That oath thou heard'st

in, to the Haram, and look gay,  
 ok — anything but sad ; yet stay —  
 more — from what this night hath

know'st me, know'st me well at last.  
 I so, fond thing, thou thought'st all

to save mankind? — I do, I do —  
 to save them ; as the sea-dog doats  
 all, sweet fry that round him floats ;  
 the vile-bird loves the slime that gives  
 and venomous food on which she

thou seest my soul's angelic hue,  
 these features were uncurtain'd too ; —  
 whose light — oh rare celestial light !  
 I serv'd to bless thy favour'd sight ;  
 thine eyes, before whose shrouded

immortal Man kneel down and

they were heaven's lightnings for

I look — then wonder, if thou wilt,  
 I hate, should take revenge, by guilt,  
 and, whose mischief or whose mirth  
 main'd and monstrous upon earth ;  
 race who, though more vile they be  
 to apes, are demi-gods to me !  
 if hell, with all its power to damn,  
 curse to the foul thing I am !” —

is veil — The Maid turned slowly

and shriek'd — and sunk upon the

ival, next night, at the place of en-  
 y were surprised and delighted to  
 all around illuminated ; some ar-  
 ceon<sup>2</sup> having been sent on previously  
 . On each side of the green alley  
 the Royal Pavilion, artificial scene-  
 work<sup>3</sup> were erected, representing

ripes (Niliv, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium  
 stisimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert.

antennas is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more  
 anywhere else : and the report goes, that the  
 : are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not  
 ve his Court to go thither, committed himself  
 several Princesses of his family into the hands  
 promised to transport them thither in a trice.  
 the night to ascend magnificent thrones that  
 rans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou.  
 at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried  
 covered over the city and descended by degrees ;  
 in with the same speed and equipage, nobody

arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung  
 thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most  
 delicate pencils of Canton. — Nothing could be  
 more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees  
 and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-  
 scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that  
 of the nights of Peristan.

LALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much occu-  
 pied by the sad story of ZELICA and her lover, to  
 give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps,  
 him who related it, hurried on through this scene  
 of splendour to her pavilion, — greatly to the  
 mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou, —  
 and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great  
 Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient  
 Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up  
 the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter  
 had wandered and been lost, was the origin of  
 these fantastic Chinese illuminations.<sup>4</sup>

Without a moment's delay, young FERAMORE  
 was introduced, and FADLADEEN, who could never  
 make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till  
 he knew the religious sect to which he belonged,  
 was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a  
 Sooni, when LALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped  
 her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated  
 upon the musnud near her, proceeded : —

PREPARE thy soul, young AZIM ! — thou hast  
 brav'd  
 The bands of GREECE, still mighty though en-  
 slav'd ;

Hast fac'd her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,  
 Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame ;  
 All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow ;  
 But a more perilous trial waits thee now, —  
 Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes  
 From every land where woman smiles or sighs ;  
 Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise  
 His black or azure banner in their blaze ;  
 And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash  
 That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,

at court perceiving his absence.” — *The Present State of China*,  
 p. 156.

<sup>3</sup> See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the *Asiatic  
 Annual Register* of 1804.

<sup>4</sup> “ The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the  
 family of a famous Mandarin, whose daughter, walking one  
 evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned : this  
 afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find  
 her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the  
 inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The  
 year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day ; they  
 continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern,  
 and by degrees it commenced into a custom.” — *Present State of  
 China*.

...the toilet's rites ; —  
to room the ready handmaids hie,  
'd to wreath the turban tastefully,  
the veil, in negligence of shade,  
arm blushes of the youthful maid,  
between the folds but *one* eye shone,  
The Queen could vanquish with that  
:—!

Bring leaves of Henna, to imbue  
ends with a bright roseate hue,<sup>2</sup>  
that in the mirror's depth they seem  
coral branches in the stream:  
mix the Kohol's jetty dye,  
it long, dark languish to the eye,<sup>3</sup>  
as the maids, whom kings are proud to

ircassia's vales, so beautiful  
tion ; rings and plumes and pearls  
ev'rywhere : — some younger girls  
/ moonlight to the garden-beds,  
fresh, cool chaplets for their heads ; —  
as ! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see  
refers a garland from that tree  
s to mind her childhood's innocent day  
r fields and friendships far away.  
INDIA, blest again to hold  
p the Champac's leaves of gold,<sup>4</sup>  
e time when, by the Ganges' flood,  
ymates scatter'd many a bud  
ig black hair, with glossy gleam  
; from the consecrated stream ;  
ung Arab, haunted by the smell  
ountain flow'rs, as by a spell, —

ravished my heart with one of thine eyes."—Sol.  
the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna

What means this maze of  
Here, the way leads, o'er  
Or mats of CAIRO, throu  
Where, rang'd in cassole  
Sweet wood of aloe or of  
And spicy rods, such as  
The bow'rs of TIBET', se  
Like Peris' wands, when  
For some pure Spirit to i  
And here, at once, the gl  
Bursts on his sight, b  
noon ;

Where, in the midst, refle  
In broken rainbows, a fre  
High as the' enamell'd ou  
All rich with Arabesques  
And the mosaic floor ben  
The sprinkling of that fou  
Like the wet, glist'ning sh  
That on the margin of the

Here too he traces the k  
Of woman's love in those f  
Of land and wave, whose fr  
For their weak loveliness—  
On one side gleaming with  
Through water, brilliant a  
In which it undulates, sma  
Like golden ingots from a  
While, on the other, lattic'  
With odoriferous woods of  
Each brilliant bird that wi  
Gay, sparkling loories, suc

nal words are. *she adjusted her eyes*  
*Shaw's Travels.*

on blossoms of the coral tree<sup>1</sup>  
 n isles of India's sunny sea:  
 re sacred pigeon<sup>2</sup>, and the thrush  
 an<sup>3</sup>, whose holy warblings gush,  
 ; from the tall pagoda's top; —  
 ten birds that, in the spice-time, drop  
 gardens, drunk with that sweet food<sup>4</sup>  
 it hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood;  
 that under Araby's soft sun  
 high nests of budding cinnamon;<sup>5</sup>  
 ll rare and beauteous things, that fly  
 be pure element, here calmly lie  
 light, like the green birds<sup>6</sup> that dwell  
 radiant fields of asphodel!

through scenes past all imagining,  
 the luxuries of that impious King,<sup>7</sup>  
 uth's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,  
 vn and blasted ev'n in Pleasure's porch,  
 pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,  
 o Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchise-  
 at —

IX wander'd, looking sternly round,  
 : garb and war-boots' clanking sound  
 ording with the pomp and grace  
 : lull of that voluptuous place.

, then," thought the youth, "is this the  
 y  
 man's spirit from the dead'ning sway  
 lly sloth, — to teach him while he lives,  
 r no bliss but that which virtue gives,  
 en he dies, to leave his lofty name  
 a landmark on the cliffs of fame?  
 ot so, Land of the generous thought  
 ring deed, thy godlike sages taught;  
 ot thus, in bowers of wanton ease,  
 edom nurs'd her sacred energies;  
 : beneath the' enfeebling, with'ring glow  
 dull lux'ry did those myrtles grow,  
 rich she wreath'd her sword, when she  
 uld dare  
 d deeds; but in the bracing air  
 — of temperance, — of that high, rare,  
 l virtue, which alone can breathe  
 alth, and lustre into Freedom's wreath.  
 at surveys this span of earth we press, —  
 eck of life in time's great wilderness,

nds of variegated loories visit the coral-trees." —

a there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none  
 or abuse, much less kill." — *Pitt's Account of the*

ods Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of  
 s perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence  
 elodious song." — *Fennan's Hindoetan.*

Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights  
 them isles to India; and "the strength of the nut-  
 ginner, "so intoxicates them that they fall dead  
 earth."

says, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this in-

" This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
 " The past, the future, two eternities! —  
 " Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,  
 " When he might build him a proud temple there,  
 " A name, that long shall hallow all its space,  
 " And be each purer soul's high resting-place.  
 " But no — it cannot be, that one, whom God  
 " Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod, —  
 " A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws  
 " Its rights from Heav'n, should thus profane its  
 cause  
 " With the world's vulgar pomps; — no, no, — I  
 see —  
 " He thinks me weak — this glare of luxury  
 " Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze  
 " Of my young soul — shine on, 'twill stand the  
 blaze!"

So thought the youth; — but, ev'n while he defied  
 This witching scene, he felt its witch'ry glide  
 Through ev'ry sense. The perfume breathing  
 round,

Like a pervading spirit; — the still sound  
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song  
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng  
 Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep  
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep;<sup>8</sup>  
 And music, too — dear music! that can touch  
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much —  
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem  
 Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream;  
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss,  
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this;  
 Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave  
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave  
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;  
 He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,  
 And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,  
 They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,  
 Silent and happy — as if God had giv'n  
 Nought else worth looking at on this side heav'n.

" Oh, my lov'd mistress, thou, whose spirit still  
 " Is with me, round me, wander where I will —  
 " It is for thee, for thee alone I seek  
 " The paths of glory; to light up thy cheek  
 " With warm approval — in that gentle look,  
 " To read my praise, as in an angel's book,

toxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs; and that  
 hence it is they are said to have no feet.

<sup>3</sup> "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with  
 cinnamon." — *Brown's Vulgar Errors.*

<sup>6</sup> "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green  
 birds." — *Gibbon, vol. ix. p. 421.*

<sup>7</sup> Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation  
 of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he at-  
 tempted to enter them.

<sup>8</sup> "My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is  
 their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep  
 on its blossoms." — *Sir W. Jones.*

Thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze  
 These delicious, dream-like harmonies,  
 Of which but adds new, downy links  
 The chain in which his spirit sinks.  
 Him tow'rd the sound, and far away  
 A long vista, sparkling with the play  
 Of lamps,—like the rich track which Day  
 The waters, when he sinks from us,  
 The path, its light so tremulous;—  
 A group of female forms advance,  
 And together in the mazy dance  
 Forged in the green sunny bow'rs,  
 Are captives to the King of Flow'rs;  
 Disporting round, unlinked and free,  
 'd to mock their sisters' slavery;  
 And round them still, in wheeling flight  
 Gay moths about a lamp at night;  
 As wak'd, as gracefully along  
 Kept time, the very soul of song  
 'ry, pipe, and lutes of heav'nly thrill,  
 In youthful voices, heav'nlier still.  
 They come, now pass before his eye,  
 As Nature moulds, when she would vie  
 Her pencil, and give birth to things  
 Beyond its fairest picturings.  
 They dance before him, then divide,  
 Like rosy clouds at even-tide  
 The rich pavilion of the sun,—  
 Dispersing, one by one,  
 They form a path, that from the chamber leads  
 To terraces, and moonlight meads,  
 Where laughter comes upon the wind,  
 And trembling nymph remains behind,—  
 They seem back in vain, for they are gone,  
 Left in all that light alone;  
 He vainly gleans o'er her beauteous brow.

And, like a half-tam'd steed  
 Though shrinking still,  
 Down  
 Upon a musnud's edge  
 In the pathetic mode of  
 Touch'd a preluding strain

There's a bower of roses  
 And the nightingale  
 long;  
 In the time of my child  
 dream,  
 To sit in the roses and

That bower and its music  
 But oft when alone, in  
 I think—is the nightingale  
 Are the roses still be  
 DEMEER?

No, the roses soon wither'd  
 But some blossoms were  
 they shone,  
 And a dew was distill'd  
 gave  
 All the fragrance of sun

Thus memory draws from  
 An essence that breathe  
 Thus bright to my soul, a  
 Is that bower on the l  
 DEMEER!

"Poor maiden!" though  
 wert sent,  
 "With thy soft lute and l  
 "To wake unbelov'd

fast breath'd such purity, thy lay  
fondly to youth's virtuous day,  
thy soul—if e'er it wandered thence—  
back to its first innocence,  
would sooner stop the unchain'd dove,  
fit returning to its home of love,  
and its snowy wing new fetters twine,  
than from virtue one pure wish of thine !”

And this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling  
through  
open'd curtains of light blue  
the breezy casement, countless eyes,  
gleaming stars through the blue ev'ning skies,  
gliding in, as if to mock the pair  
still and melancholy there :—  
The curtains fly apart, and in  
cool air, 'mid show'rs of jessamine  
gleam without fling after them in play,  
The maidens spring,—lightsome as they  
glide the air on odours,—and around  
the saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,  
another, in a varying dance  
and languor, coyness and advance,  
gliding nimbly like love's warm pursuit :—  
Who sung so gently to the lute  
of home, steals timidly away,  
as violets do in summer's ray,—  
With her from AZIM's heart that sigh,  
The notes give to forms that pass us by  
in the crowd, too lovely to remain,  
of which light we never see again !

the white necks of the nymphs who  
glanced  
nets of orient gems, that glanc'd  
brighter than the sea-glass glitt'ring o'er  
the crystal on the Caspian shore ;<sup>1</sup>  
their long, dark tresses, in a fall  
descending, bells as musical  
glittering at, on the golden-shafted trees  
hake in the eternal breeze,<sup>2</sup>  
gliding their steps, at ev'ry bound more sweet,  
the extatic language of their feet.  
The chase was o'er, and they stood  
gliding  
in other's arms ; while soft there breath'd  
the cool casement, mingled with the  
gliding  
the flow'rs, music that seem'd to rise  
still like, so liquidly it rose ;  
well'd again at each faint close,

1. north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku.)  
2. which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the  
crystals with which it abounds.”—*Journey of the  
navigator to Persia*, 1746.

will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the  
wall to be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the  
sea as often as the blessed wish for music.”—*Sale*.  
anton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by

The ear could track through all that maze of chords  
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words :

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh  
Is burning now through earth and air ;  
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is high,  
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,  
And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble<sup>3</sup>  
Blue water-lilies<sup>4</sup>, when the breeze  
Is making the stream around them tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling pow'r !  
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss !  
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave  
Who blushing unite,  
Like the sun and wave,  
When they meet at night ;

By the tear that shows  
When passion is nigh,  
As the rain-drop flows  
From the heat of the sky ;

By the first love-beat  
Of the youthful heart,  
By the bliss to meet,  
And the pain to part ;

By all that thou hast  
To mortals given,  
Which—oh, could it last,  
This earth were heaven !

We call thee hither, entrancing Power !  
Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !  
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene, whose lux'ries stole,  
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul ; [most,  
And where, midst all that the young heart loves  
Flow'rs, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,  
The youth had started up, and turn'd away  
From the light nymphs, and their luxurious lay,  
To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—<sup>5</sup>  
Bright images, that spoke without a sound,  
And views, like vistas into fairy ground.

the breeze.”—*Jayadeva*.

<sup>4</sup> The blue lotus, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

<sup>5</sup> It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit  
all pictures of animals ; but *Toderini* shows that, though the practice  
is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted  
figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work,  
too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the intro-  
duction of figures into painting.

That to be blest is to be wise; —<sup>3</sup>  
 ZULEIKA<sup>3</sup> woos with open arms  
 A boy, who flies from her young charms,  
 She turns to gaze, and, half undone,  
 At Heav'n and she could *both* be won;  
 MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,  
 The Koran in his MARY'S smile; —  
 Sends some kind angel from above  
 A text to consecrate their love.<sup>4</sup>

A sid step, yet pleas'd and ling'ring eye,  
 With pass these pictur'd stories by,  
 Led to a casement, where the light  
 A moon came in, and freshly bright  
 Without were seen, sleeping as still  
 To remain'd in breeze or rill.  
 While the music, now less near,  
 With a holier language on his ear,  
 The distance, and that heav'nly ray  
 Which the sounds came floating, took  
 Been too earthly in the lay.

While he listen to such sounds unmov'd,  
 Light — nor dream of her he lov'd?  
 Unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st;  
 Bliss thy soul shall ever taste.  
 While her image to thy heart,  
 Light, that made it dear, depart.  
 Smiles as when thou saw'st them last,  
 'Til, by nought of earth o'ercast;  
 Turns, to thee at parting giv'n,  
 Weep, if angels weep, in Heav'n.

Astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley (says Kell) Venus is brightest when she is about 45 degrees

How could it be? — a  
 Here, even here, on this  
 He turns, and sees a form  
 Leaning, as if both hear  
 Against a pillar near; —  
 With gems and wreaths,  
 But in that deep-blue, or  
 BOKHARA'S maidens wear  
 Of friends or kindred, do  
 And such as ZELICA had  
 He left her — when, with  
 He took away her last w

A strange emotion stir  
 Than mere compassion e  
 Unconsciously he opens hi  
 Springs forward, as with  
 But, swooning in that on  
 Sinks, ere she reach his a  
 Her veil falls off — her fain  
 'Tis she herself! — 'tis ZE  
 But, ah, so pale, so chang  
 Could in that wreck of be  
 The once-ador'd divinity —  
 Stood for some moments i  
 Put back the ringlets from  
 Upon those lids, where on  
 Ere he could think she wa  
 Own darling maid, whom  
 In joy and sorrow, beautif  
 Who, ev'n when grief was  
 He left her for the wars —  
 Sat in her sorrow like the  
 When darkness brings its  
 And spreads its sighs like

to her, 'Verily, this is the place



p, my ZELICA — one moment show  
 the eyes to me, that I may know  
 thy loveliness is not all gone,  
 at least, shines as it ever shone.  
 Look upon thy AZIM — one dear glance,  
 of old, were heav'n! whatever chance  
 might thee here, oh, 'twas a blessed one!  
 my lov'd lips — they move — that kiss  
 ran  
 first shoot of life through every vein,  
 I clasp her, mine, all mine again.  
 Light — now, in this very hour,  
 had the whole rich world been in my  
 'r,  
 have singled out thee, only thee,  
 whole world's collected treasury —  
 see here — to hang thus fondly o'er  
 best, purest ZELICA once more!"

Indeed the touch of those fond lips  
 yes that chas'd their short eclipse,  
 pale as the snow, at Heaven's breath,  
 had shows the azure flow'rs beneath,  
 clos'd, and the bright eyes were seen  
 his — not, as they late had been,  
 less, wild, but mournfully serene;  
 ev'n for that tranced minute,  
 heart, had consolation in it;  
 to wake in his below'd caress  
 her soul one half its wretchedness.  
 she heard him call her good and pure,  
 so much — too dreadful to endure!  
 she broke away from his embrace,  
 g with both hands her guilty face,  
 one whose anguish would have riv'n  
 very marble, "Pure! — oh Heav'n!" —

e — those looks so chang'd — the wither-  
 blight,  
 and sorrow leave where'er they light;  
 dependency of those sunk eyes,  
 e, had he thus met her by surprise,  
 have seen himself, too happy boy,  
 a thousand lights of joy;  
 he place, — that bright, unholy place,  
 lay hid beneath each winning grace  
 of lux'ry, as the viper weaves  
 ring of sweet balsam leaves, —  
 upon his heart, sudden and cold  
 self; — it needs not to be told —  
 e sees it all, plain as the brand  
 shame can mark — whate'er the hand,  
 from Heav'n and him such brightness  
 r,  
 — to Heav'n and him she's lost for ever!

ing the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent  
 sun-trees, I made very particular inquiry; several  
 me alive both to Yambo and Jidda." — Bruce's

It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,  
 The ling'ring, lasting misery of years  
 Could match that minute's anguish — all the worst  
 Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst  
 Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,  
 Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate.

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as wild he totter'd  
 His despr'ate hand tow'rds Heav'n — "though I  
 am lost,

"Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,

"No, no — 'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!

"Nay, doubt me not — though all thy love hath  
 ceas'd —

"I know it hath — yet, yet believe, at least,

"That every spark of reason's light must be

"Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee.

"They told me thou wert dead — why, AZIM, why

"Did we not, both of us, that instant die

"When we were parted? oh! couldst thou but

know

"With what a deep devotedness of woe

"I wept thy absence — o'er and o'er again

"Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew

pain,

"And mem'ry, like a drop that, night and day,

"Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away.

"Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,

"My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,

"And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,

"Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear —

"Oh God! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,

"When every hope was all at once o'ercast,

"When I heard frightful voices round me say

"Azim is dead! — this wretched brain gave way,

"And I became a wreck, at random driven,

"Without one glimpse of reason or of Heav'n —

"All wild — and even this quenchless love within

"Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin! —

"Thou pitiest me — I knew thou would'st — that

sky

"Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.

"The fiend, who lur'd me hither — hiest! come

near,

"Or thou too, thou art lost, if he should hear —

"Told me such things — oh! with such dev'lish art,

"As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier heart —

"Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,

"Where bless'd at length, if I but serv'd *him* here,

"I should for ever live in thy dear sight,

"And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.

"Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,

"To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!

"Thou weep'st for me — do weep — oh, that I durst

"Kiss off that tear! but, no — these lips are curst,

"They must not touch thee; — one divine caress,

"One blessed moment of forgetfulness

"I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,

"Shrin'd in my soul's deep mem'ry till I die;

darkness severs me as wide from thee  
I from heav'n, to all eternity !”

“CA, ZELICA !” the youth exclaim'd,  
O tortures of a mind inflam'd  
O madness — “by that sacred Heav'n,  
yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'lt be for-  
v'n,  
I art here — here, in this writhing heart,  
ful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art !  
remembrance of our once pure love,  
like a church-yard light, still burns above  
ve of our lost souls — which guilt in thee  
extinguish, nor despair in me !  
I jure, implore thee to fly hence —  
I hast yet one spark of innocence,  
I me from this place —”

“With thee ! oh bliss !  
th whole years of torment to hear this.  
ake the lost one with thee ? — let her rove  
lear side, as in those days of love,  
e were both so happy, both so pure —  
r'nly dream ! if there's on earth a cure  
sunk heart, 'tis this — day after day  
e blest companion of thy way ;  
thy angel eloquence — to see  
rtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me ;  
their light re-chasten'd silently,  
stain'd web that whitens in the sun,  
re by being purely shone upon !  
I wilt pray for me — I know thou wilt —  
in vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt  
sviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine  
reet tears, unto the dark'ning skies,  
I for me with Heav'n, till I can dare

as the worm in  
“ I am MOKANNA's bri  
“ The Dead stood round  
“ Their blue lips echo'  
“ Their eyes glar'd on m  
“ 'Twas burning blood  
“ And the Veil'd Bride  
night  
“ What angels know ne  
“ So horrible — oh ! ne  
“ What *there* lies hid fr  
“ But I must hence — o  
“ Nor Heav'n's, nor I  
divine —  
“ Hold me not — ha ! th  
sever  
“ Hearts, cannot sunder  
ever !”

With all that strength  
weak,  
She flung away his arm ;  
Whose sound, though he  
years  
Than wretch e'er told, ca  
Flew up through that lon  
Fleety as some dark omi  
Across the sun, and soon

—  
LALLA ROOKH could th  
the misery of these two y  
was gone, and she look  
FADLADEEN. She felt, to  
a sort of uneasy pleasure

whose employment seemed to them so that they stopped their palankeens to rest. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with cocoa, and placing it in an earthen urn with a wreath of flowers, had come with a trembling hand to the stream; now anxiously watching its progress in the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade drawn up beside her. LALLA ROOKH's curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who lived upon the banks of the Ganges, had his ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the evening, the river is seen glittering with lights, like the Oton-Tala, or Sea of informed the Princess that it was the night, in which the friends of those who had undertaken dangerous voyages offered up vows for their return. If the lamp sank immediately, the event was disastrous; but if it went shining in the stream, and continued to burn till entirely extinguished, the return of the beloved object was deemed as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than looked back, to observe how the young man's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw assured that it was still unextinguished, she did not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the water. The remainder of the journey was passed in the same manner. She now, for the first time, felt that melancholy, which comes over the youthful heart, as sweet and transient as her smile upon a mirror; nor was it till she had the lute of FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the entrance of her pavilion, that she waked from the dream in which she had been wandering. In her eyes were lighted up with pleasure; and a few unheard remarks from FADLADEEN

account of this ceremony, see *Grandpré's Voyage* in the East. The place where the Whango, a river of Thibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like diamonds, is called Hotun-nor, that is, the Sea of Stars."—*Journal of Thibet of Pinkerton.*

The *Leacur* or Imperial Camp is divided, like a regular town, into alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a plain is an uninhabited plain. It raises the idea of a city built in the desert. Even those who leave their houses in cities to go to the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the view situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this, the Emperor, after sufficient time is given to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of the camp."—*Duc's Hindostan.*

Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment: "It is like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley display of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, according to the taste or means of each individual, by enclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of striped clothes or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels; all without any exterior mark of order or design, except the

upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,  
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?  
This City of War which, in a few short hours,  
Hath sprung up here<sup>1</sup>, as if the magic powers  
Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,  
Built the high pillar'd halls of CHILMINAR,<sup>2</sup>  
Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,  
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright  
armoury:—

Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold  
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold:—  
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,  
Their chains and poyntrels glitt'ring in the sun;  
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,<sup>3</sup>  
Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,  
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound  
But the far torrent, or the locust bird<sup>4</sup>  
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard;—  
Yet hark! what discords now, of ev'ry kind,  
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the  
wind;

The neigh of cavalry;—the tinkling throngs  
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs;<sup>5</sup>  
— Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze  
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies;—  
War-music, bursting out from time to time,  
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime;—  
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,  
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,  
That far off, broken by the eagle note  
Of the' Abyssinian trumpet<sup>6</sup>, swell and float.

flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congregation of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair."—*Historical Sketches of the South of India.*

<sup>1</sup> The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

<sup>2</sup> "A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells."—*Ali Bey.*

<sup>3</sup> A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shirz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

<sup>4</sup> "Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully."—*Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.*

<sup>5</sup> The camel-driver follows the camel singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music."—*Tavernier.*

<sup>6</sup> "This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinia, *nesser camo*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle."—*Note of Bruce's Editor.*

er or to perish, once more gave  
ow banners proudly to the breeze,  
an army, nurs'd in victories,  
ds to crush the rebels that o'er-run  
and beauteous Province of the Sun.

id the march of MAHADI display  
p before; — not ev'n when on his way  
s Temple, when both land and sea  
I'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury;<sup>4</sup>  
and him, mid the burning sands, he

r  
he North in icy freshness thaw,  
i his thirsty lip, beneath the glow  
's sun, with urns of Persian snow:—<sup>5</sup>  
id armament more grand than that  
the kingdoms of the Caliphat.  
re van, the people of the Rock,<sup>6</sup>  
ght mountain steeds, of royal stock:<sup>7</sup>  
stains of DAMASCUS, proud to see  
g of their swords' rich marquetry; —<sup>8</sup>  
the regions near the VOLGA's mouth,  
h the rude, black archers of the  
th;  
1 lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,  
ar SINDE, or ATROCK's sacred banks,  
7 legions from the Land of Myrrh,<sup>9</sup>  
r a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-sea  
ider.

ack standards borne before the Caliphs of the House  
alled, allegorically, The Night and The Shadow.—

etan religion.

ns swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who's buried  
when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he  
he dare swear by the Holy Grave." — *Struy.*  
single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions

Who dwell beyond the  
Of HINDOO KOOSH<sup>12</sup>, in  
Their fort the rock, the  
But none, of all who ov  
Rush'd to that battle-field  
Or sterner hate, than I  
Her Worshipers of Fit  
For vengeance on the  
Vengeance at last for th  
Her throne usurp'd, and  
turn'd.

From YEZD's<sup>10</sup> eternal  
Where aged saints in dr  
From BADRU, and those  
That burn into the CASI  
Careless for what or wh  
So vengeance triumph'd

Such was the wild and  
That high in air their m  
Around the Prophet-Chi  
Upon that glittering Vei  
That beacon through the  
That rainbow of the fir  
blood!

Twice hath the sun up  
And risen again, and fou  
While streams of carnage  
Smoke up to Heav'n — I

heron's feathers in their turbans  
tary.

<sup>11</sup> In the mountains of Nishap  
and turquoises. — *Ebn Haskal.*

<sup>12</sup> For a description of these stu  
*Elphinstone's Caubul.*

<sup>13</sup> The Ghebers or Guebres, the

prostrate Caravan is aw'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 sere, when the wind's abroad.  
 of God!" the panting CALIPH calls,—  
 the living — Heav'n for him who

vengers, on," MOKANNA cries,  
 blast the recreant slave that flies!"  
 he brunt, the crisis of the day —  
 — they strive — the CALIPH's troops  
 say!

self plucks the black Banner down,  
 Orient World's Imperial crown  
 his grasp — when, hark, that shout!  
 ath check'd the flying Moslem's rout;  
 y turn, they rally — at their head  
 ke those angel youths who led,  
 anoply of Heav'n's own mail,  
 ons of the Faith through BEDER's

ted with ten thousand lives,  
 fierce pursuers' blades, and drives  
 multitudinous torrent back —  
 and courage kindle in his track;  
 step, his bloody falchion makes  
 us through which vict'ry breaks!  
 ANNA, midst the general flight,  
 he red moon, on some stormy night,  
 agitive clouds that, hurrying by,  
 er unshaken in the sky —  
 His his desperate curses out,  
 promiscuously to all about,  
 charge and coward friends that fly,  
 f all the Great Arch-enemy.  
 reads — "A miracle!" throughout  
 ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,  
 1 that youth, whose coming seems  
 ry, such as breaks in dreams;  
 ord, true as o'er billows dim  
 ucks the load-star, following him!

rds MOKANNA now he cleaves his path,  
 aves, as though the bolt of wrath  
 n Heav'n withheld its awful burst  
 heads, and souls but half way curst,  
 : Him, the mightiest and the worst!  
 speed—though, in that hour of blood,  
 s seraphs round MOKANNA stood,  
 of fire, ready like fate to fall,  
 ould would have defied them all;  
 rush of fugitives, too strong  
 orce, hurries ev'n him along:

f the south wind, which blows in Egypt from  
 "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an  
 wind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the  
 d in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burn-  
 re it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil,  
 rs of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole ca-  
 in it."  
 ictory gained by Mahomed at Beder, he was as-  
 suimans, by three thousand angels, led by Ga-

In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array  
 Of flying thousands — he is borne away;  
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,  
 In this forc'd flight, is — murd'ring as he goes!  
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might  
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,  
 Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks,  
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,  
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,  
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.

"Alla illa Alla!" — the glad shout renew —  
 "Allah Akbar!"<sup>3</sup> — the Caliph's in MEROU.  
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,  
 And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets.<sup>4</sup>  
 The Swords of God have triumph'd — on his throne  
 Your Caliph sits, and the veil'd Chief hath flown.  
 Who does not envy that young warrior now,  
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,  
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,  
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?  
 Who doth not wonder, when, amidst the' acclaim  
 Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name —  
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,  
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,  
 Like music round a planet as it rolls, —  
 He turns away — coldly, as if some gloom  
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine;  
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze  
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.  
 Yes, wretched AZIM! thine is such a grief,  
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;  
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,  
 Or warm or brighten, — like that Syrian Lake,<sup>5</sup>  
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed  
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead! —  
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe  
 Came by long use of suff'ring, tame and slow;  
 But thine, lost youth! was sudden — over thee  
 It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;  
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past  
 Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last —  
 'Twas then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,  
 This mortal blight of misery came down;  
 Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart  
 Were check'd — like fount-drops, frozen as they  
 start —

And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,  
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.

One sole desire, one passion now remains  
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,

briel, mounted on his horse HAZUM. — See *The Koran and its Com-  
 mentators*.

<sup>3</sup> The Teebir, or cry of the Arabs. "Alla Acbar!" says Ockley,  
 means, "God is most mighty."

<sup>4</sup> The Ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East  
 sing upon joyful occasions. — *Russel*.

<sup>5</sup> The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable  
 life.

one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

As yet that Spirit of Evil lives;  
Small band of desperate fugitives,  
Sole stubborn fragment, left unriv'n,  
And host that late stood fronting Heav'n,  
'd MEROU—breath'd a short curse of  
God  
at throne—then pass'd the JIHON'S flood,<sup>1</sup>  
'ring all, whose madness of belief  
a Saviour in their down-fall'n Chief,  
white banner within NEKSHES'S gates,<sup>2</sup>  
untam'd, the' approaching conqueror  
ts.

is Haram, all that busy hive  
c and with sweets sparkling alive,  
it one, the partner of his fight,  
for love—not for her beauty's light—  
stood with'ring 'midst the gay,  
blossom that fell yesterday  
Alma tree and dies, while overhead  
young flow'r is springing in its stead.<sup>3</sup>  
love—the deepest Damn'd must be  
th Heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he  
e glimpse of Love's divinity.  
is his victim;—*there* lie all  
for him—charms that can never pall,  
hell within his heart can stir,  
trace of Heaven is left in her.  
angel's ruin,—to behold  
age as Virtue e'er unroll'd  
neath his touch, into a scroll  
sins, seal'd with a burning soul—  
triumph; this the joy accurst,  
him among demons all but first:

rar as their formidable  
The mighty tents of th  
Glimm'ring along the'  
And thence in nearer c  
Among the founts and  
In all its arm'd magnifi  
Yet, fearless, from his l  
MOKANNA views that m  
Nay, smiles to think th  
Not less than myriads d  
That friendless, thron  
bay,  
Ev'n thus a match for n  
"Oh, for a sweep of tha  
"Who brush'd the th  
King"  
"To darkness in a mom  
"People Hell's chamber  
"But, come what may,  
throne,  
"Caliph or Prophet, Ma  
"Let who will torture  
King—  
"Alike this loathsome w  
"With victims' shrieks an  
"Sounds, that shall gla  
grave!"  
Thus, to himself—but to  
Still left around him, a fa  
"Glorious Defenders of t  
"I bear from Heav'n, wh  
drown  
"Nor shadow of earth  
gems  
"The paly pomp of this v  
"The crown of GERASHI  
"Of B-----"

lucent, o'er ALI's beauteous eyes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Like the stars when morn is in the skies :  
 We rejoice—the port to which we've pass'd  
 Destiny's dark wave, beams out at last !  
 'Tis our own—'tis written in that Book  
 Whose leaves none but the angels look,  
 SLAM's sceptre shall beneath the power  
 Of great foe fall broken in that hour,  
 The moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,  
 NEKSHEB's Holy Well portentously shall  
 Arise and see !"— [rise !]

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,  
 In splendour all around them broke,  
 They beheld an orb, ample and bright,  
 In the Holy Well<sup>2</sup>, and cast its light  
 On the rich city and the plain for miles,—  
 Giving such radiance o'er the gilded tiles  
 As dome and fair roof'd imaret,  
 As suns shed round them when they set.  
 From all who saw the illusive sign  
 A mur broke—"Miraculous ! divine !"  
 Heber bow'd, thinking his idol star  
 Was wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar  
 To night, to inflame him to the war ;  
 He of MOUSSA's creed saw, in that ray,  
 A glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,  
 Stood on the Ark<sup>3</sup>, and now again  
 Came out to bless the breaking of his chain.

"Victory !" is at once the cry of all—  
 And MOKANNA loit'ring at that call ;  
 The huge gates are flung aside,  
 As orth, like a diminutive mountain-tide  
 In the boundless sea, they speed their course  
 Into the MOSLEM's mighty force.  
 The watchman of the camp,—who, in their rounds,  
 Had said, and ev'n forgot the punctual sounds  
 Of small drum with which they count the night,<sup>4</sup>  
 Zeal upon that supernatural light,—  
 Sink beneath an unexpected arm,  
 And a death-groan give their last alarm.  
 For the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,<sup>5</sup>  
 He blunt your blades with massacre so mean ;  
 He rests the CALIPH—speed—one lucky  
 Lance  
 "Now achieve mankind's deliverance."  
 He rate the die—such as they only cast,  
 He venture for a world, and stake their last.

<sup>1</sup> The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever they would describe anything as very lovely, they say it is like the Eyes of Ali.—*Chardin*.  
 We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that he used a machine, qu'il disoit être la Lune." According to some, the miracle is perpetuated in Neksheb.—"Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well, and the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."  
 "Un jour pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekshab, disoit sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps qui sembloit à la Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles."—*D'Herbelot*. Hence he was called the Moon-maker.

But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade  
 Springs up to meet them thro' the glimmering shade,  
 And as the clash is heard, new legions soon  
 Pour to the spot, like bees of KAUZERON<sup>6</sup>  
 To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at length,  
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,  
 And back to NEKSHEB's gates, covering the plain  
 With random slaughter, drives the adventurous  
 Train ;  
 Among the last of whom the Silver Veil  
 Is seen glitt'ring at times, like the white sail  
 Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,  
 Catching the tempest's momentary light !

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low?  
 Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No.  
 Though half the wretches, whom at night he led  
 To thrones and vict'ry, lie disgrac'd and dead,  
 Yet morning hears him with unshrinking crest,  
 Still vaunt of thrones, and vict'ry, to the rest ;—  
 And they believe him !—oh, the lover may  
 Distrust that look which steals his soul away ;—  
 The babe may cease to think that it can play  
 With heaven's rainbow ;—alchymists may doubt  
 The shining gold their crucible gives out ;  
 But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast  
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well the Impostor knew all lures and arts,  
 That LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts ;  
 Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot  
 Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot,  
 Ill-fated ZELICA! had reason been  
 Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,  
 Thou never could'st have borne it—Death had come  
 At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.  
 But it was not so—a torpor, a suspense  
 Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense  
 And passionate struggles of that fearful night,  
 When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight :  
 And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—  
 As through some dull volcano's vale of smoke  
 Ominous flashings now and then will start,  
 Which show the fire's still busy at his heart ;  
 Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in solemn gloom,—  
 Not such as AZIM's, brooding o'er its doom,  
 And calm without, as is the brow of death,  
 While busy worms are gnawing underneath—

<sup>4</sup> The Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.—See *Sale's Note*, chap. ii.

<sup>5</sup> The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums.—See *Burder's Oriental Customs*, vol. i. p. 119.

<sup>6</sup> The Serrapurds, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents.—*Notes on the Bahardanush*.

The tents of Princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Girze was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it.—See *Hurmer's Observations on Job*.

<sup>7</sup> "From the groves of orange-trees at Kanzeron the bees cull a celebrated honey."—*Morier's Travels*.

cad,  
 ad, as one just risen from the dead,  
 at gazing crowd, the fiend would tell  
 ulous slaves it was some charm or spell  
 l her now,—and from that darken'd trance  
 awn ere long their Faith's deliverance.  
 times, goaded by guilty shame,  
 was rous'd, and words of wildness came,  
 re bold blasphemer would translate  
 igs into oracles of fate,  
 il Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,  
 her shrieks the language of the skies !

n at length his arts — despair is seen  
 around ; and famine comes to glean  
 re sword had left uncreap'd : — in vain  
 nd eye across the northern plain  
 mpatient for the promis'd spears  
 d Hordes and TARTAR mountaineers ;  
 re not — while his fierce beleaguers  
 ir  
 havoc in, unknown before,<sup>3</sup>

still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove  
 lians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God  
 n they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl,  
 give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it  
 "— *Serory*.  
 knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mus-  
 in the eleventh century, appears from *Dow's Ac-*  
 od I. "When he arrived at Moultan, finding that  
 the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered  
 1 boats to be built, each of which he armed with six  
 lecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their  
 y the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of  
 had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers  
 and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of  
 phtha to set the whole river on fire."  
 er, too, in Indian poems the Instrument of Fire,  
 not being extinguished, is supposed to signify the

in agony, beneath the  
 Ring through the city  
 Its shrines and domes  
 Its lone bazars, with th  
 Since the last peaceful  
 Its beauteous marble b  
 Now gush with blood, -  
 That late have stood up  
 Of the red sun, unhallo  
 O'er each, in turn, the  
 And death and conflagr  
 The desolate city hold

MOKANNA sees the w  
 One sting at parting, an  
 " What! drooping now  
 cheek,  
 He hails the few, who ye  
 Of all those famish'd sla  
 And by the light of blaz  
 " What!—drooping now  
 we press  
 " Home o'er the very thr

Abulualid in the year of the Hegi  
 means of combustible matter, wit  
 ed, strikes with the force of ligh  
 See the extracts from *Casiri's Bil*  
 pendix to *Berington's Literary Hi*  
 3 The Greek fire, which was o  
 their allies. "It was," says Gibb  
 balls of stone and iron, or darts  
 round with flax and tow, which  
 mable oil."

4 See *Hanway's Account of th*  
 (which is called by *Lieutenant J*  
 Flaming Mouth,) taking fire and  
 in his *Journal*, mentions some  
 nated with this inflammable oil, f  
 "Though the weather," he adds,



ALLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away  
 grosser branches, that kept out his ray  
 far from us, and we stand at length  
 of his light and children of his strength,  
 chosen few, who shall survive the fall  
 of Thrones, triumphant over all !  
 Thou then lost, weak murmurers as you are,  
 he in him, who was your Light, your Star?  
 Thou forgot the eye of glory, hid  
 in this Veil, the flashing of whose lid  
 like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither  
 is of such as yonder Chief brings hither ?  
 Have its lightnings slept—too long—but  
 now  
 thou shalt feel the' unveiling of this brow !  
 Thou—yea, sainted men ! this very night,  
 Thou all to a fair festal rite,  
 —having deep refresh'd each weary limb  
 and hands, such as feast Heav'n's cherubim,  
 indled up your souls, now sunk and dim,  
 that pure wine the Dark-ey'd Maids above  
 seal'd with precious musk, for those they  
 love !—  
 myself uncertain in your sight  
 wonders of this brow's ineffable light ;  
 lead you forth, and with a wink disperse  
 myriads, howing through the universe !”

they listen — while each accent darts  
 into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts ;  
 such a rous'd life as the cool draught supplies  
 upon the stake, who drinks and dies !  
 they point their lances to the light  
 of the sinking sun, and shout “To-night !”—  
 “Hark !” their Chief re-echoes in a voice  
 like mock'ry that bids hell rejoice.  
 victims ! — never hath this earth  
 turning half so mournful as their mirth.  
 the few, whose iron frames had stood  
 king waste of famine and of blood,  
 lying wretches clung, from whom the  
 shout  
 burst like a maniac's laugh broke out : —  
 theirs, lighted by the smould'ring fire,  
 like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,  
 the dead and dying, strew'd around ; —  
 some pale wretch look'd on, and from his  
 wound  
 the fiery dart by which he bled,  
 they transport wav'd it o'er his head !

more than midnight now—a fearful pause  
 now'd the long shouts, the wild applause,  
 they from those Royal Gardens burst,  
 the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,

lighteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed ;  
 proof shall be musk.” — *Аорта*, chap. lxxxiii.  
 Afghans believe each of the numerous solitudes and  
 their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, who is

When ZELICA — alas, poor ruin'd heart,  
 In ev'ry horror doom'd to bear its part !—  
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,  
 Who, while his quiv'ring lip the summons gave,  
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave  
 Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat  
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet !  
 Shudd'ring she went — a soul-felt pang of fear,  
 A presage that her own dark doom was near,  
 Rous'd ev'ry feeling, and brought Reason back  
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.  
 All round seem'd tranquil — ev'n the foe had ceas'd,  
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,  
 His fiery bolts ; and though the heav'ns look'd red,  
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.  
 But hark — she stops — she listens — dreadful tone !  
 'Tis her Tormentor's laugh — and now, a groan,  
 A long death-groan comes with it : — can this be  
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry ?  
 She enters — Holy ALLA, what a sight  
 Was there before her ! By the glimm'ring light  
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands  
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,  
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,  
 Rich censers breathing — garlands overhead —  
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd  
 All gold and gems, but — what had been the draught ?  
 Oh ! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,  
 With their swoll'n heads sunk black'ning on their  
 breasts,  
 Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,  
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there ;  
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,  
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two !  
 While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train  
 Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain  
 Would have met death with transport by his side,  
 Here mute and helpless gasp'd ; — but, as they died,  
 Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last  
 strain,  
 And clench'd the slack'ning hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,  
 The stony look of horror and despair,  
 Which some of these expiring victims cast  
 Upon their souls' tormentor to the last ; —  
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose veil, now rais'd,  
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,  
 Not the long promis'd light, the brow, whose  
 beaming  
 Was to come forth, all conqu'ring, all redceming,  
 But features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd  
 On its own brood ; — no Demon of the Waste,<sup>9</sup>  
 No church-yard Ghoul, caught ling'ring in the light  
 Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight

they call the Ghoolce Becaban, or Spirit of the Waste. They  
 often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying,  
 they are wild as the Demon of the Waste.” — *Elphinstone's*  
*Candahar*.

... though, the uncourteous souls are  
bed.

Well, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,  
'Tis loves you half so well as I.—  
O young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy  
seat;  
Come—no shudd'ring—didst thou never  
meet  
Dead before?—they grac'd our wedding,  
weet;  
These, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so  
rue  
Parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.  
How is this?—all empty? all drunk up?  
We have been before thee in the cup,  
Bride—yet stay—one precious drop re-  
mains,  
To warm a gentle Priestess' veins;—  
Drink—and should thy lover's conqu'ring  
arms  
Wither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,  
I'll smother but half this venom in thy kiss,  
I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

me—I too must die—but not like these  
unkling things, to fester in the breeze;  
I'll smother this brow in ruffian triumph shown,  
I'll smother death's grimness added to its own,  
I'll smother to dust beneath the taunting eyes  
of the  
of the sea, exclaiming, 'There his Godship lies!'  
of the  
of the race—since first my soul drew breath,  
I've  
been my dupes, and *shall* be ev'n in  
death.  
I'll smother 'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd  
with  
burning drugs, for this last hour dis-  
tributed:—  
I'll smother I'll plunge me in that liquid

“And, though I die,  
“Shall walk abroad  
“And guilt, and bloo  
“But, hark! their b  
wall—  
“Why, let it shake—  
“No trace of me shall  
“And I can trust thy  
“Now mark how read  
“In one bold plunge

He sprung and su  
said—

Quick clos'd the burni  
And ZELICA was left—  
Of those wide walls th  
The only wretched one  
In all that frightful wi  
More like some bloodles  
In the Lone Cities of tl  
And there, unseen of a  
Each by its own pale c

But morn is up, and  
Throughout the camp c  
Their globes of fire (the  
By GREECE to conqu'ri  
And now the scorpion's  
From high balistas, and  
Of soldiers swinging th  
All speak the' impatien  
To try, at length, if tow  
And bastion'd wall be  
Less tough to break do  
First in impatience and  
The burning AZIM—ol

each—"Once more, one mighty swing  
beams, together thundering!"  
all shakes—the shouting troops exult,  
k discharge your weightiest catapult  
at spot, and NEKSHEB is our own!"  
the battlements come crashing down,  
e wall, by that stroke riv'n in two,  
e some old crater, rent anew,  
m, desolate city smoking through.  
! no signs of life—nought living seen  
v—what can this stillness mean?  
ause suspends all hearts and eyes—  
the breach," impetuous AZIM cries;  
CALIPH, fearful of some wile  
stillness, checks the troops awhile,—  
figure, with slow step, advanc'd  
be ruin'd walls, and, as there glanc'd  
over it, all eyes could see  
own Silver Veil!—" 'Tis He, 'tis He,  
and alone!" they shout around;  
from his steed springs to the ground—  
y Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task  
on daring wretch—'tis all I ask."  
rts to meet the demon foe,  
ross wide heaps of ruin slow  
gly comes, till they are near;  
a bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,  
y off the Veil in falling, shows—  
is ZELICA's life-blood that flows!

not, AZIM," soothingly she said,  
embling arm she lean'd her head,  
g in his face, saw anguish there  
wounds the quiv'ring flesh can bear—  
t thou shouldst have the pain of this—  
eath, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss  
ldst not rob me of, didst thou but know,  
've pray'd to God I might die so!  
end's venom was too scant and slow;—  
on were madd'ning—and I thought  
at Veil—nay, look not on it—caught  
of your fierce soldiery, I should be  
a thousand death-darts instantly.  
; sweeter—oh I believe me, yes—  
ot change this sad, but dear caress,  
1 within thy arms I would not give  
ost smiling life the happiest live!  
stood dark and drear before the eye  
ay'd soul, is passing swiftly by;  
mes o'er me from those looks of love,  
irst dawn of mercy from above;  
y lips but tell me I'm forgiv'n,  
ill echo the blest words in Heav'n!  
my AZIM;—oh! to call thee mine  
e again! my AZIM—dream divine!  
ou ever lov'dst me, if to meet  
CA hereafter would be sweet,  
o pray for her—to bend the knee  
and night before that Deity,

"To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,  
"As thine are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain,—  
"And pray that He may pardon her,—may  
take  
"Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,  
"And, nought rememb'ring but her love to thee,  
"Make her all thine, all His, eternally!  
"Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd  
"Our youthful hearts together—every wind  
"That meets thee there, fresh from the well-  
known flow'rs,  
"Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours  
"Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again  
"For thy poor ZELICA as thou didst then.  
"So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies  
"To Heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise  
"With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!  
"And should they—but, alas, my senses fail—  
"Oh for one minute!—should thy prayers pre-  
vail—  
"If pardon'd souls may, from that World of Bliss,  
"Reveal their joy to those they love in this—  
"I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and  
tell—  
"Oh Heav'n—I die—dear love! farewell, fare-  
well."

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away,  
And few of those who, on that mournful day,  
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see  
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,  
Were living still—when, by a rustic grave,  
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,  
An aged man, who had grown aged there  
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,  
For the last time knelt down—and, though the  
shade  
Of death hung dark'ning over him, there play'd  
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,  
That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak  
Of intense glory on the' horizon's brim,  
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.  
His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;  
She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept  
So many years, had come to him, all drest  
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!  
For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and  
died.—  
And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,  
He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan  
being ended, they were now doomed to hear  
FADLADEEN's criticisms upon it. A series of dis-  
appointments and accidents had occurred to this

... who reigned many ages  
 the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too,  
 had to be the identical copy between the  
 of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used  
 le, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer  
 whole days; not without much spiritual  
 o FADLADEEN, who, though professing to  
 th other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans,  
 vation could only be found in the Koran,  
 ongly suspected of believing in his heart,  
 could only be found in his own particular  
 it. When to all these grievances is added  
 inacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper  
 ra into his dishes instead of the cinnamon  
 idib, we may easily suppose that he came  
 ask of criticism with, at least, a sufficient  
 f irritability for the purpose.

nder," said he, importantly swinging about  
 let of pearls, "to convey with clearness  
 on of the story this young man has related,  
 assary to take a review of all the stories  
 ; ever —" — "My good FADLADEEN!"  
 d the Princess, interrupting him, "we  
 not deserve that you should give your-  
 uch trouble. Your opinion of the poem  
 just heard, will, I have no doubt, be  
 ly edifying, without any further waste of  
 able erudition." — "If that be all," re-  
 critic, — evidently mortified at not being  
 o show how much he knew about every-  
 the subject immediately before him —  
 e all that is required, the matter is easily  
 d." He then proceeded to analyse the  
 hat strain (so well known to the unfor-  
 rds of Delhi), whose censures were an  
 from which few recovered, and

of lines as indigestible  
 our friend in the vein  
 fortis; the young lad  
 only recommendation  
 the lover lives on to a  
 purpose of seeing her  
 pily accomplishes, as  
 allow, is a fair sum  
 Nasser, the Arabian  
 Holy Prophet (to whom  
 had no need to be jea-  
 telling."\*

With respect to the  
 matter; — it had not ev-  
 of structure, which m-  
 of the thoughts by the  
 nor that stately poet  
 sentiments mean in t  
 smith's ' apron conve-  
 easily gilt and embr  
 Then, as to the versi-  
 worse of it, execrable:  
 flow of Ferdosi, the s-  
 sententious march of §  
 in the uneasy heaviness  
 been modelled upon the  
 medary. The licences,  
 were unpardonable; —  
 the poem abounded wit

Like the faint, exqu

"What critic that can  
 "and has his full comp  
 withal, would tolerate f  
 superfluities?" — He h

the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to valuable amusements for the present, and accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified dour, thus:—"Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, by no means my wish to discourage the young:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but ally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased by him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the late Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could care to ask for another story. The youth was a welcome guest in the pavilion—to one heart, faps, too dangerously welcome;—but all men of poetry was, as if by common consent, sided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus gisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly known in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, and has made it more tolerable to the patient; the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly asleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the third and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished the Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone—and Love knew it—persisted in being delighted with all she heard, and in resolving to hear more as readily as possible. Her manner, however, of returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced the well-known words from the Garden of Sadi, "Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!" that she took occasion, from the melancholy

beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. "It is true," she said, "few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth:—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever:—but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!"<sup>2</sup>—FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor, for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion, has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair<sup>4</sup>, to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.<sup>5</sup> As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay<sup>6</sup>, or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the

Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts."<sup>1</sup>—*Niebuhr*.

<sup>2</sup> The Story of Sinbad.

<sup>3</sup> See *Nott's Hafez*, Ode v.

<sup>4</sup> The *Cámalatá* (called by Linnæus, *Ipomœa*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are of a celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue, and have justly procured it the name of *Cámalatá*, or Love's Creeper."<sup>1</sup>—*Sir W. Jones*.

<sup>5</sup> *Cámalatá* may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming *Ipomœa*."<sup>2</sup>—*Id.*

<sup>6</sup> "According to Father Premare, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed

<sup>1</sup> The Humma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly faintly in the air, and never touch the ground; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen; and that every head it overshades in time wear a crown."<sup>1</sup>—*Richardson*.

<sup>2</sup> The terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder Shah, one of the stipulations was, "that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family."<sup>1</sup>—*Wilks's South of India*. He adds in a note: "The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its crown once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The bird little bird suspended over the throne of Tipoo Sultan at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poesy."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain."<sup>1</sup>—*Folsey*. M. Gebelin others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and distant meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as

PARADISE AND THE PERL

morn a Peri at the gate  
 den stood, disconsolate;  
 as she listen'd to the Springs  
 'Life within, like music flowing,  
 caught the light upon her wings  
 rough the half-open portal glowing,  
 vept to think her recreant race  
 ld e'er have lost that glorious place!

happy," exclaim'd this child of air,  
 ie holy Spirits who wander there,  
 i flowers that never shall fade or fall;  
 h mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
 he stars themselves have flowers for me,  
 blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!

h sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,  
 ts plane-tree Isle reflected clear,  
 . sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;  
 h bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAT,  
 ie golden floods that thitherward stray,  
 oh, 'tis only the Blest can say  
 the waters of Heaven outshine them all!  
 ng thy flight from star to star,  
 world to luminous world, as far  
 re universe spreads its flaming wall:  
 ll the pleasures of all the spheres,  
 ultipl'y each through endless years,  
 minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

g; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank  
 found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she  
 went and at the

"The Peri yet ma  
 Who brings to this  
 The Gift that is  
 Go, seek it, and re  
 'Tis sweet to let th

Rapidly as comets  
 To the' embraces c  
 Fleeter than the st  
 Flung at night fro  
 At those dark and  
 Who would climb t  
 Down the blue van  
 And, lighted ear  
 That just then brok  
 Hung hov'ring o'

But whither shall th  
 To find this gift for  
 "The wealth," she  
 "In which unnumb  
 "Beneath the pillar  
 "I know where the  
 "Many a fathom dc  
 "To the south of su  
 "I know, too, wher  
 "The jewell'd cup c  
 "With Life's elixir  
 "But gifts like thes  
 "Where was there e  
 "Like the steps of I  
 "And the Drops c  
 they be  
 "In the boundless I

4 "The Mahometans supp

As she mus'd, her pinions fann'd  
 That sweet Indian land,  
 'Tis balm; whose ocean spreads  
 Rocks, and amber beds;<sup>1</sup>  
 Mountains, pregnant by the beam  
 Of sun, with diamonds teem;  
 Jewels are like rich brides,  
 With gold beneath their tides;  
 Verdant groves and bow'rs of spice  
 A Peri's Paradise!  
 Now her rivers ran  
 Of human blood—the smell of death  
 Coming from those spicy bow'rs,  
 The sacrifice of man,  
 With his taint with ev'ry breath  
 From the innocent flow'rs.  
 O Sun! what foot invades  
 Thy pillar'd shades<sup>2</sup>—  
 Thy shrines, and Idol stones,  
 Thy thrones and their thousand Thrones?<sup>3</sup>  
 O GAZNA<sup>4</sup>—fierce in wrath  
 Thy es, and INDIA's diadems  
 Laid in his ruinous path.—  
 Howounds he adorns with gems,  
 The violated necks  
 Of a young and lov'd Sultana;<sup>5</sup>  
 Within their pure Zenana,  
 In the very fane he slaughters,  
 Lies up with the glitt'ring wrecks  
 Of his shrines the sacred waters!

When the PERI turns her gaze,  
 Though the war-field's bloody haze  
 Of youthful warrior stand,  
 Beside his native river,—  
 Lade broken in his hand,  
 His last arrow in his quiver.  
 He said the Conqu'ror, "live to share  
 Thy thrones and the crowns I bear!"  
 The youthful warrior stood—  
 Pointed to the flood  
 In which his country's blood,

Like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with  
 pearls, whose mountains of the coast are stored with  
 stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield  
 the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood,  
 Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and  
 odorous aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are  
 bred, and musk and civet are collected upon the  
 shores of two Mohammedans.

. . . . . in the ground  
 The wigs take root, and daughters grow  
 Under the shade of other-tree, a pillar'd shade,  
 Whose shadow and echoing walks between. MURROW.

For description and plate of the Banyan-tree, see  
 the account of the immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni, and  
 the description of a magnificent festival, where he displayed  
 his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments,  
 without the city of Ghizni."—*Ferishta*.  
 of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in  
 the 11th century."—See his History in *Dow and*

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

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;  
 The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!—  
 Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,  
 And, when the rush of war was past,  
 Swiftly descending on a ray  
 Of morning light, she caught the last—  
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
 Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,  
 "My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.  
 "Though foul are the drops that oft distil  
 "On the field of warfare, blood like this,  
 "For Liberty shed, so holy is,  
 "It would not stain the purest rill,  
 "That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!  
 "Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
 "A boon, an offering Heav'n holds dear,  
 "'Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
 "From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her  
 "cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave  
 The gift into his radiant hand,  
 "Sweet is our welcome of the Brave  
 "Who die thus for their native Land.—  
 "But see—alas!—the crystal bar  
 "Of Eden moves not—holier far  
 "Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,  
 "That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,  
 Now among AFRIC's lunar Mountains,<sup>6</sup>  
 Far to the South, the PERI lighted;  
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
 Of that Egyptian tide—whose birth  
 Is hidden from the sons of earth  
 Deep in those solitary woods,  
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods

<sup>1</sup> "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Objections may be made to my use of the word Liberty in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist; and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

<sup>3</sup> "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."—*Bruce's Travels*.

<sup>4</sup> "Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the white or lunar-coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

... and their fruits of gold  
 in Heav'n's serenest light ; —  
 troops of lovely date-trees bending  
 tidily their leaf-crown'd heads,  
 utiful maids, when sleep descending  
 ; them to their silken beds ; —  
 rgin lilies, all the night  
 g their beauties in the lake,  
 y may rise more fresh and bright,  
 their beloved Sun's awake ; —  
 in'd shrines and tow'rs that seem  
 s of a splendid dream ;  
 whose fairy loneliness  
 ut the lapwing's cry is heard,  
 sen but (when the shadows, fitting  
 the moon, unsheath its gleam,)  
 ple wing'd Sultana \* sitting  
 column, motionless  
 ring like an Idol bird ! —  
 d have thought, that there, ev'n there,  
 se scenes so still and fair,  
 on of the Plague hath cast  
 hot wing a deadlier blast,  
 al far than ever came  
 red Desert's sands of flame !  
 hat ev'ry living thing  
 shape, touch'd by his wing,  
 s, where the Simoom hath past,  
 lls black and withering !  
 ent down on many a brow,  
 ull of bloom and freshness then,  
 in the pest-house now,  
 r will feel that sun again.  
 o see the' unburied heaps  
 he lonely moonlight sleeps —

... the Abyssinians know by the name of ...

... the name of the  
 She wept — the air grew  
 Around her, as the  
 For there's a magic in  
 Such kindly Spirits

Just then beneath some  
 Whose fruit and blossom  
 Were wantoning to get  
 Like age at play with  
 Beneath that fresh and  
 Close by the Lake, s  
 Of one who, at this sile  
 Had thither stol'n to  
 One who in life where'  
 Drew after him the h  
 Yet now, as though he  
 Dies here unseen, un  
 None to watch near hin  
 The fire that in his b  
 With ev'n a sprinkle fr  
 Which shines so cool  
 No voice, well known th  
 To speak the last, the  
 Which, when all other s  
 Is still like distant mu  
 That tender farewell on  
 Of this rude world, wher  
 Which cheers the spirit,  
 Puts off into the unknow

Deserted youth! one that  
 Shed joy around his s  
 That she, whom he for j  
 And lov'd, and might h  
 Was safe from this fo



her father's princely halls,  
the cool airs from fountain falls,  
perfum'd by many a brand  
sweet wood from India's land,  
sure as she whose brow they fann'd.

— who yonder comes by stealth,<sup>1</sup>  
melancholy bow'r to seek,  
young envoy, sent by Health,  
rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
— far off, through moonlight dim,  
new his own betrothed bride,  
who would rather die with him,  
to live to gain the world beside! —  
arms are round her lover now,  
livid cheek to hers she presses,  
lips, to bind his burning brow.  
he cool lake her loosen'd tresses.  
Once, how little did he think  
our world would come, when he should shrink  
horror from that dear embrace,  
these gentle arms, that were to him  
as is the cradling place  
Eden's infant cherubim!  
now he yields—now turns away,  
ringing as if the venom lay  
those proffer'd lips alone—  
lips that, then so fearless grown,  
until that instant came  
his unask'd or without shame.  
let me only breathe the air,  
the blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,  
whether on its wings it bear  
healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!  
— drink my tears, while yet they fall—  
would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
to give thy brow one minute's calm.  
y, turn not from me that dear face—  
Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—  
e one, the chosen one, whose place  
in life or death is by thy side?  
ink'st thou that she, whose only light,  
in this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
that must be hers when thou art gone?  
at I can live, and let thee go,  
so art my life itself?—No, no—  
when the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
of its heart must perish too!  
then turn to me, my own love, turn,  
fore, like thee, I fade and burn;  
ing to these yet cool lips, and share  
: last pure life that lingers there!"

<sup>1</sup> Circumstances has been often introduced into poetry—by  
<sup>2</sup> Fabrice, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful  
Mr. Wilson.

<sup>3</sup> In East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices in  
which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one  
year, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious  
treat harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his

She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,  
So quickly do his baleful sighs  
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.  
One struggle—and his pain is past—  
Her lover is no longer living!  
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole  
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,  
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—  
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
"In balmy airs than ever yet stirr'd  
"The' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,  
"Who sings at the last his own death-lay,"  
"And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
Uncerthly breathings through the place,  
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed  
Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
That like two lovely saints they seem'd,  
Upon the eve of doomsday taken  
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;  
While that benevolent PERI beam'd  
Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;  
Again the PERI soars above,  
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh  
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.  
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,  
The' Elysian palm she soon shall win,  
For the bright Spirit at the gate  
Smil'd as she gave that off ring in;  
And she already hears the trees  
Of Eden, with their crystal bells  
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze  
That from the throne of ALLA swells;  
And she can see the starry bowls  
That lie around that lucid lake,  
Upon whose banks admitted Souls  
Their first sweet draught of glory take!<sup>3</sup>

But, ah! even PERIS' hopes are vain—  
Again the Fates forbade, again  
The' immortal barrier clos'd—"Not yet,"  
The Angel said, as, with regret,  
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—  
"True was the maiden, and her story,  
"Written in light o'er ALLA's head,  
"By seraph eyes shall long be read.

wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes  
himself."—Richardson.

<sup>3</sup> "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand  
goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy  
felicity drink the crystal wave."—From *Chateaubriand's* De-  
scription of the Mahometan Paradise, in his *Beauties of Chris-  
tianity*.

eping rosy at his feet.

who look'd from upper air  
the' enchanted regions there,<sup>1</sup>  
auteous must have been the glow,  
, the sparkling from below!  
dens, shining streams, with ranks  
en melons on their banks,  
lden where the sun-light falls;—  
ards, glitt'ring on the walls;<sup>2</sup>  
d shrines, busy and bright  
were all alive with light;  
t more splendid, numerous flocks  
ons, settling on the rocks,  
eir rich restless wings, that gleam  
ly in the crimson beam  
varm West,—as if inlaid  
illiant from the mine, or made  
ess rainbows, such as span  
clouded skies of PERISTAN.  
n the mingling sounds that come,  
herd's ancient reed<sup>3</sup>, with hum  
wild bees of PALESTINE,<sup>4</sup>  
ucting through the flow'ry vales;  
ORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,  
woods, so full of nightingales.<sup>5</sup>

ight can charm the luckless PERI;  
l is sad — her wings are weary—  
she sees the Sun look down  
great Temple, once his own,<sup>6</sup>  
lonely columns stand sublime,  
ing their shadows from on high,  
als, which the wizard, Time,  
rais'd to count his ages by!

ly there may lie conceal'd

not have the golden  
In the rich West begun  
When, o'er the vale of  
Slowly, she sees a cl  
Among the rosy wild f  
As rosy and as wild  
Chasing, with eager ha  
The beautiful blue dan  
That flutter'd round th  
Like winged flow'rs or  
And, near the boy, wh  
Now nestling 'mid the  
She saw a wearied ma  
From his hot steed,  
Of a small imaret's rus  
Impatient fling him  
Then swift his haggard  
To the fair child, wh  
Though never yet hat  
Upon a brow more f  
Sullenly fierce — a mi  
Like thunder-clouds, o  
In which the PERI's ey  
Dark tales of many a  
The ruin'd maid — the  
Oaths broken — and th  
With blood of guests!  
Black as the damning  
From the denouncing  
Ere Mercy weeps then

Yet tranquil now that  
(As if the balmy even  
Softened his spirit) loo  
Watching the rosy inf  
Though still, when'er

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
As torches, that have burnt all night  
Through some impure and godless rite,  
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

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

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

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!  
In whose benign, redeeming flow  
Is felt the first, the only sense  
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down  
from the moon  
Falls through the withering airs of June

<sup>1</sup> Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about. In that very place they chance to stand on; inasmuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeple, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and resumes his journey with the mild expression of *Ghail gookman stah, on Come, dear, follow me.* — *Aaron Hill's Travels.*

"Upon EGYPT's land", of so healing a pow'r,  
"So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour  
"That drop descends, contagion dies,  
"And health re-animates earth and skies! —  
"Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
"The precious tears of repentance fall?  
"Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
"One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

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

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

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —  
"The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!  
"Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —  
"To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad  
"Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,<sup>2</sup>  
"And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!  
"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die  
"Passing away like a lover's sigh; —  
"My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,<sup>3</sup>  
"Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!  
"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone  
"In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief; —  
"Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have  
blown,  
"To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA's throne,<sup>4</sup>  
"Whose flow'rs have a soul in every leaf.  
"Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —  
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

<sup>2</sup> The Nueta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in EGYPT precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

<sup>3</sup> The Country of Delight — the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

<sup>4</sup> The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sak's Prelim. Disc.* — Tooba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

<sup>5</sup> Mahomet is described, in the 53rd chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

nes. If some check were not given to  
ess facility, we soon should be overrun  
of bards as numerous and as shallow as  
red and twenty thousand Streams of  
They who succeeded in this style de-  
astisement for their very success ;— as  
have been punished, even after gaining a  
because they had taken the liberty of  
: in an irregular or unestablished manner.  
en, was to be said to those who failed? to  
o presumed, as in the present lamentable  
to imitate the licence and ease of the  
ns of song, without any of that grace or  
hich gave a dignity even to negligence ;—  
; them, flung the jereed<sup>s</sup> carelessly, but  
them, to the mark ;— “ and who,” said  
g his voice to excite a proper degree of  
ess in his hearers, “ contrive to appear  
id constrained in the midst of all the  
they allow themselves, like one of those  
gans that dance before the Princess, who  
ous enough to move as if her limbs were  
in a pair of the lightest and loosest  
of Masulipatam !”

but little suitable, he continued, to the  
rch of criticism to follow this fantastical  
whom they had just heard, through all  
ts and adventures between earth and  
but he could not help adverting to the  
onceitedness of the Three Gifts which  
posed to carry to the skies, — a drop of  
rsooth, a sigh, and a tear ! How the first  
articles was delivered into the Angel's  
hand” he professed himself at a loss to  
; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh

ness was not to be drawn  
fragrant grass near the Ga  
trampling upon them” ;— t  
tinguished every chance of  
it demanded ; and that, af  
like the Mountain of the T  
ever yet reached its summit  
axioms, nor the still gentler  
were inculcated, could low  
elevation of FADLADEEN'S e  
into anything like encourag  
tion, of her poet. Tolera  
among the weaknesses of FA  
the same spirit into matter  
ligion, and, though little v  
sublimities of either, was a  
art of persecution in both.  
too, in either pursuit ; wh  
him was pagans or poetas  
cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived t  
Lahore, whose mausoleum  
ficent and numberless, who  
share equal honours with  
powerfully affected the hea  
LALLA ROOKH, if feelings  
not taken entire possession  
was here met by messen  
Cashmere, who informed  
arrived in the Valley, and  
tending the sumptuous prej  
making in the Saloons of  
reception. The chill she f  
telligence, — which to a t  
free and light would have

s gone for ever, and that she was in love, bly in love, with young FERAMORZ. The fallen off in which this passion at first itself, and to know that she loved was painful as to love *without* knowing it had lions. FERAMORZ, too, — what misery e his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so utly allowed them should have stolen into : the same fatal fascination as into hers;— ithstanding her rank, and the modest be always paid to it, even *he* should have to the influence of those long and happy rs, where music, poetry, the delightful f nature, — all had tended to bring their ose together, and to waken by every means ready passion, which often like the young ert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes

She saw but one way to preserve her- a being culpable as well as unhappy, and rever painful, she was resolved to adopt. z must no more be admitted to her pre- To have strayed so far into the dangerous i was wrong, but to linger in it, while the ; yet in her hand, would be criminal. the heart she had to offer to the King of i might be cold and broken, it should at e pure; and she must only endeavour to e short dream of happiness she had en- like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wan- to the wilderness, caught a glimpse of lens of Irim, and then lost them again for

rival of the young Bride at Lahore was d in the most enthusiastic manner. The d Omras in her train, who had kept at a listance during the journey, and never d nearer to the Princess than was strictly r for her safeguard, here rode in splendid e through the city, and distributed the tly presents to the crowd. Engines were n all the squares, which cast forth showers ctionary among the people; while the in chariots<sup>1</sup> adorned with tinsel and fly- umers, exhibited the badges of their re- trades through the streets. Such brilliant of life and pageantry among the palaces, es, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made altogether like a place of enchantment;— uly on the day when LALLA ROOKH set n upon her journey, when she was accom- o the gate by all the fairest and richest of lity, and rode along between ranks of

beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers<sup>2</sup>, and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary; — FADLA- DEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees<sup>3</sup>, at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere; — while the Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

TELL me not of joys above,  
If that world can give no bliss,  
Truer, happier than the Love  
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—  
Fer from me their dangerous glow,  
If those looks that light the skies  
Would like some that burn below.

Who, that feels what Love is here,  
All its falsehood — all its pain —  
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,  
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat  
Sees the waters fade away,  
Would not rather die than meet  
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH's heart; — and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty,

Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young king at them." — P. *Fanshobe, Relat. d'Egypte.*  
*'s Koran, note, vol. ii. p. 484.*

<sup>1</sup> Taxis.

<sup>2</sup> "Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Fe- which this is taken, "small coins stamped with the flower. They are still used in India to distribute in

charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

<sup>3</sup> The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side. This road is 350 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says *Bernier*, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

it with fire-flies.<sup>1</sup> In the middle of the  
 ere the pavilion stood there was a tank  
 ed by small mangoe-trees, on the clear  
 ers of which floated multitudes of the  
 red lotus<sup>2</sup>; while at a distance stood the  
 , strange and awful-looking tower, which  
 ld enough to have been the temple of  
 gion no longer known, and which spoke  
 of desolation in the midst of all that  
 d loveliness. This singular ruin excited  
 er and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH  
 n vain, and the all-pretending FADLA-  
 io had never till this journey been be-  
 precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most  
 to show that he knew nothing whatever  
 matter, when one of the Ladies suggested  
 ps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity.  
 e now approaching his native mountains,  
 tower might perhaps be a relic of some  
 dark superstitions, which had prevailed  
 untry before the light of Islam dawned  
 The Chamberlain, who usually preferred  
 gnorance to the best knowledge that any  
 ould give him, was by no means pleased  
 officious reference; and the Princess, too,  
 t to interpose a faint word of objection,  
 re either of them could speak, a slave  
 atched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very  
 tes, made his appearance before them —  
 so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH'S  
 ; she repented already of her cruelty in  
 long excluded him.

enerable tower, he told them, was the  
 of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those  
 or Persians of the old religion, who, many

gers<sup>3</sup>, and seen her ancien  
 princes swept away before  
 tolerant invaders, he felt a  
 with the sufferings of the  
 which every monument like  
 tended more powerfully to a

It was the first time that  
 ventured upon so much *pro*  
 and it may easily be conce  
 prose as this must have pro  
 orthodox and most pagan-h  
 sat for some minutes agha  
 intervals, "Bigoted conquer  
 Fire-worshippers!" — whil  
 to take advantage of this all  
 of the Chamberlain, proceed  
 a melancholy story, connect  
 one of those struggles of th  
 pers against their Arab r  
 evening was not too far adv  
 much pleasure in being all  
 Princess. It was impossible  
 refuse; — he had never befc  
 mated; and when he spoke  
 eyes had sparkled, she thoug  
 characters on the scimitar o  
 sent was therefore most i  
 while FADLADEEN sat in  
 expecting treason and abon  
 the poet thus began his stor  
 pers: —



## FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Light over OMAN'S SEA ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Is of pearl and palmy isles  
 : Night-beam beautifully,  
 Blue waters sleep in smiles.  
 Light in HARMOZLA'S<sup>2</sup> walls,  
 In her EMIR'S porphyry halls,  
 Ten hours since, was heard the swell  
 : And the clash of zél,<sup>3</sup>  
 A bright-ey'd sun farewell ;—  
 A sul sun, whom better suits  
 Sic of the bulbul's nest,  
 At touch of lovers' lutes,  
 Him to his golden rest.  
 —there's not a breeze in motion ;  
 Is silent as the ocean.  
 Come, so light they come,  
 Is stirr'd nor wave is driven ;—  
 Tower on the EMIR'S dome<sup>4</sup>  
 Duly win a breath from heaven.

That tyrant Arab, sleeps  
 In a nation round him weeps ;  
 Seas load the air he breathes,  
 Sighs from unnumber'd sheaths  
 Ring to avenge the shame  
 Hath brought on IRAN'S<sup>5</sup> name.  
 Fearless Chief, unmov'd alike  
 That weep, and swords that strike ;—  
 At saintly, murd'rous brood,  
 Rage and the Koran giv'n,  
 Walk through unbelievers' blood  
 His directest path to heav'n ;—  
 Will pause and kneel unshod  
 Warm blood his hand hath pour'd,  
 For o'er some text of God  
 Lean on his reeking sword ;<sup>6</sup>—  
 Can coolly note the line,  
 : Of those words divine,  
 His blade, with searching art,  
 : Into its victim's heart !

A ! what must be thy look,  
 Such a wretch before thee stands  
 Ring, with thy Sacred Book,—  
 Ring the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,  
 Ring from its page sublime  
 : Of lust, and hate, and crime ;—

<sup>1</sup> A Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the  
 and Arabia.

<sup>2</sup> Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the  
 instrument of music.

<sup>3</sup> In warm and other places in Persia, they have towers  
 : of catching the wind, and cooling the houses."—

<sup>4</sup> A true general name for the empire of Persia."—  
 sc. 5.

Ev'n as those bees of TREBIZOND,  
 Which, from the sunniest flow'rs that glad  
 With their pure smile the gardens round,  
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad.<sup>7</sup>

Never did fierce ARABIA send  
 A satrap forth more direly great ;  
 Never was IRAN doom'd to bend  
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.  
 Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—  
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,  
 In their own land,—no more their own,—  
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.  
 Her tow'rs, where MITHRA once had burn'd,  
 To Moslem shrines—oh shame !—were turn'd,  
 Where slaves, converted by the sword,  
 Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,  
 And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.  
 Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,  
 O'er all this wreck high buoyant still  
 With hope and vengeance ;—hearts that yet—  
 Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays  
 They've treasur'd from the sun that's set,—  
 Beam all the light of long-lost days !  
 And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow  
 To second all such hearts can dare ;  
 As he shall know, well, dearly know,  
 Who sleeps in moonlight lux'ry there,  
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay  
 Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray.  
 Sleep on— for purer eyes than thine  
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine ;  
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd  
 By the white moonbeam's dazzling power ;—  
 None but the loving and the lov'd  
 Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see— where, high above those rocks  
 That o'er the deep their shadows fling,  
 Yon turret stands ;— where ebon locks,  
 As glossy as a heron's wing  
 Upon the turban of a king,<sup>8</sup>  
 Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—  
 'Tis she, that EMIR'S blooming child,  
 All truth and tenderness and grace,  
 Though born of such ungentle race ;—  
 An image of Youth's radiant Fountain  
 Springing in a desolate mountain !<sup>9</sup>

Oh what a pure and sacred thing  
 Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight

<sup>6</sup> "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is  
 usually inscribed."—*Russel*.

<sup>7</sup> "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose  
 flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people  
 mad."—*Tournefort*.

<sup>8</sup> "Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the  
 right side, as a badge of sovereignty."—*Hanway*.

<sup>9</sup> "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is  
 situated in some dark region of the East."—*Richardson*.

sleep and wake in scented airs  
 ip had ever breath'd but theirs.  
 titiful are the maids that glide,  
 i summer-eyes, through YEMEN's' dales,  
 bright the glancing looks they hide  
 hind their litters' roseate veils;—  
 brides, as delicate and fair  
 ie white jasmine flow'rs they wear,  
 YEMEN in her blissful clime,  
 ho, lull'd in cool kiosk or bow'r,<sup>2</sup>  
 e their mirrors count the time,<sup>3</sup>  
 id grow still lovelier ev'ry hour;  
 ever yet hath bride or maid  
 ARABY's gay Haram smil'd,  
 e boasted brightness would not fade  
 ore AL HASSAN's blooming child.

as the angel shapes that bless  
 fant's dream, yet not the less  
 in all woman's loveliness;—  
 eyes so pure, that from their ray  
 Vice would turn abash'd away,  
 ed like serpents, when they gaze  
 the emerald's virgin blaze;<sup>4</sup>—  
 ll'd with all youth's sweet desires,  
 ing the meek and vestal fires  
 er worlds with all the bliss,  
 nd, weak tenderness of this:  
 l, too, more than half divine,  
 ere, through some shades of earthly feeling,  
 on's soften'd glories shine,  
 e light through summer foliage stealing,

Felix.

The midst of the garden is the chloak, that is, a large room,  
 beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is  
 or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round  
 Jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of

In her own land, i  
 Why looks she now  
 Among those rocks,  
 Blackens the mirro  
 Whom waits she all t  
 Too rough the roc  
 For man to scale that

So deem'd at least he  
 When high, to catc  
 After the day-beam's  
 He built her bow'r  
 And had it deck'd wi  
 And fondly though  
 Think, reverend drea  
 Nor wake to learn  
 Love, all-defying Lov  
 No charm in trophies  
 Whose rarest, dearest  
 Are pluck'd on Dange  
 Bolder than they, whc  
 For pearls, but whe  
 Love, in the tempest n  
 Hath ever held that  
 He finds beneath the s  
 Yes—ARABY's unrival  
 Though high that tow  
 There's one who, bu  
 Would climb the' untr  
 Of ARABAT's treme  
 And think its steep, t  
 Heav'n's pathways, if

She rais'd her mirror  
 Then turn'd it in

<sup>4</sup> "They say that if a snake or



r thou see'st the flashing spray,  
 hts his oar's impatient way;  
 r thou hear'st the sudden shock  
 rift bark against the rock,  
 etchest down thy arms of snow,  
 lift him from below!  
 r to whom, at dead of night,  
 degroom, with his locks of light,<sup>1</sup>  
 n the flush of love and pride,  
 al'd the terrace of his bride;—  
 as she saw him rashly spring,  
 idway up in danger cling,  
 ng him down her long black hair,  
 ning, breathless, "There, love, there!"  
 arce did manlier nerve uphold  
 hero ZAL in that fond hour,  
 rings the youth who, fleet and bold,  
 climbs the rocks to HINDA's bower.  
 light as up their granite steep  
 rock-goats of ARABIA clamber,<sup>2</sup>  
 s from crag to crag he leaps,  
 ow is in the maiden's chamber.

ves—but knows not whom she loves,  
 what his race, nor whence he came;—  
 ne who meets, in Indian groves,  
 e beauteous bird without a name,  
 ht by the last ambrosial breeze,  
 isles in the' undiscover'd seas,  
 w his plumage for a day  
 nd'ring eyes, and wing away!  
 e thus fly—her nameless lover?  
 A forbid! 'twas by a moon  
 as this, while singing over  
 e ditty to her soft Kanoon,<sup>3</sup>  
 at this same witching hour,  
 first beheld his radiant eyes  
 through the lattice of the bow'r,  
 re nightly now they mix their sighs;  
 ought some spirit of the air  
 hat could waft a mortal there?)  
 ausing on his moonlight way  
 en to her lonely lay!  
 ucy ne'er hath left her mind:  
 —though, when terror's swoon had past,  
 w a youth, of mortal kind,  
 re her in obeisance cast,—  
 en since, when he hath spoken  
 e, awful words,—and gleams have broken  
 is dark eyes, too bright to bear,  
 she hath fear'd her soul was giv'n  
 e unhallow'd child of air,  
 rring Spirit cast from heav'n,

the reason that the Ark has endured so long without  
 ."—See *Carreri's Travels*, where the doctor laughs at  
 account of Mount Ararat.

if the books of the Shâh Nâmeh, when Zal (a cele-  
 of Feris, remarkable for his white hair,) comes to the  
 is mistress Bodakver at night, she lets down her long

Like those angelic youths of old,  
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,  
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,  
 And lost their heav'n for woman's eyes.  
 Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he  
 Who woos thy young simplicity;  
 But one of earth's impassion'd sons,  
 As warm in love, as fierce in ire,  
 As the best heart whose current runs  
 Full of the Day God's living fire.

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,  
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow;—  
 Never before, but in her dreams,  
 Had she beheld him pale as now:  
 And those were dreams of troubled sleep,  
 From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;  
 Visions, that will not be forgot,  
 But sadden every waking scene,  
 Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot  
 All wither'd where they once have been.

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,  
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
 So long had they in silence stood,  
 Looking upon that tranquil flood—  
 "How sweetly does the moon-beam smile  
 "To-night upon yon leafy isle!  
 "Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,  
 "I've wish'd that little isle had wings,  
 "And we, within its fairy bow'rs,  
 "Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
 "Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
 "And we might live, love, die alone!  
 "Far from the cruel and the cold,—  
 "Where the bright eyes of angels only  
 "Should come around us, to behold  
 "A paradise so pure and lonely.  
 "Would this be world enough for thee?"—  
 Playful she turn'd, that he might see  
 The passing smile her cheek put on;  
 But when she mark'd how mournfully  
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;  
 And, bursting into heart-felt tears,  
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,  
 "My dreams have boded all too right—  
 "We part—for ever part—to-night!  
 "I knew, I knew it *could* not last—  
 " 'Twas bright, 'twas heav'nly, but 'tis past!  
 "Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
 "I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
 "I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,  
 "But 'twas the first to fade away.

tresses to assist him in his ascent:—he, however, manages it in a  
 less romantic way by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—See  
*Champion's Ferdos*.

1 "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petraea are rock-goats."—*Nisibis*.

2 "Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux; les  
 dames en touchent dans le sérail, avec des décalilles armées de  
 pointes de coco."—*Toderini, translated by De Courmand*.

Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!  
Come to sit and watch that ray,  
I think thee safe, though far away,  
I'll have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Nay, tempt me not to boast—"  
The youth exclaim'd—"thou little know'st  
At he can brave, who, born and nurs'd  
In danger's paths, has dar'd her worst;  
In whose ear the signal-word  
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;  
Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking.  
Fare thee well!"

"Say on—thou fear'st not then,  
How we may meet—oft meet again?"

"I look not so—beneath the skies  
I fear nothing but those eyes.  
No light on earth could charm or force  
A spirit from its destin'd course,—  
No light could make this soul forget  
The bond to which its seal is set,  
Nor could be those eyes;—they, only they,  
Shall melt that sacred seal away!  
No—'tis fix'd—my awful doom  
Is seal'd—on this side of the tomb  
I meet no more;—why, why did Heav'n  
Divide the two souls that earth has riv'n,  
And rent asunder wide as ours?  
No Arab maid, as soon the Powers  
Of Light and Darkness may combine,  
To be link'd with thee or thine!  
Fare thee well!"

"Holy ALLA save  
My grey head from that lightning glance!"

"Since maids are best  
"And won with sh  
"Nay, turn not from  
"Art form'd to make  
"Go—join his sacred  
"The' unholy strife  
"Good Heav'n, that  
"glow'st  
"With more than n  
"Haste to the camp b  
"And, when that swo  
"Oh still remember, I  
"Beneath its shadow  
"One vict'ry o'er thos  
"Those impious Gheb  
"Abhors——"

"Hold, hold—  
The stranger cried,  
His mantle back, and  
The Gheber belt tha  
"Here, maiden, look—  
"All that thy sire abh  
"Yes—I am of that ir  
"Those Slaves of Fi  
"Hail their Creator's d  
"Among the living  
"Yes—I am of that o  
"To IRAN and to veng  
"Who curse the hour  
"To desolate our shrin  
"And swear, before G  
"To break our country  
"Thy bigot sire,—nay  
"He, who gave birth  
"With me is sacred as  
"The' unholy strife

low — 'twas he I sought that night,  
 on, from my watch-boat on the sea,  
 't his turret's glimm'ring light,  
 I up the rude rocks desprately  
 I to my prey — thou know'st the rest —  
 'd the gory vulture's nest,  
 and a trembling dove within; —  
 'thine the victory — thine the sin —  
 e hath made one thought his own,  
 Vengeance claims first — last — alone!  
 ad we never, never met,  
 'd this heart ev'n now forget  
 ink'd, how bless'd we might have been,  
 'e not frown'd so dark between!  
 thou been born a Persian maid,  
 ighbouring valleys had we dwelt,  
 gh the same fields in childhood play'd,  
 he same kindling altar knelt, —  
 then, while all those nameless ties,  
 ch the charm of Country lies,  
 and our hearts been hourly span,  
 'AR's cause and thine were one;  
 in thy lute's awak'ning sigh  
 d the voice of days gone by,  
 aw, in every smile of thine,  
 ing hours of glory shine; —  
 the wrong'd Spirit of our Land  
 d, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through  
 thee, —  
 who could then this sword withstand?  
 very flash were victory!  
 w — estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,  
 the grasp of Fate can sever;  
 ily ties what love has wove, —  
 ith, friends, country, sunder'd wide;  
 hen, then only, true to love,  
 n false to all that's dear beside!  
 iber IRAN's deadliest foe —  
 if, perhaps, ev'n now — but no —  
 ever look'd so lovely yet!  
 — sacred to thy soul will be  
 nd of him who could forget  
 but that bleeding land for thee.  
 other eyes shall see, unmov'd,  
 widows mourn, her warriors fall,  
 t think how well one Gheber lov'd,  
 for his sake thou'lt weep for all!  
 \* — ”

With sudden start he turn'd  
 ointed to the distant wave,

seizes that were in the other boat, when it was  
 hoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in  
 resembled lightning or falling stars.” — *Baum-*

be enclosure which surrounds this monument (at  
 all tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of  
 ill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The  
 dowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious  
 that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraor-

Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd  
 Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave:  
 And fiery darts, at intervals,<sup>1</sup>

Flew up all sparkling from the main,  
 As if each star that nightly falls,  
 Were shooting back to heav'n again.

“ My signal lights! — I must away —  
 “ Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.  
 “ Farewell — sweet life! thou cling'st in vain —  
 “ Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!”

Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,  
 Nor look'd — but from the lattice dropp'd  
 Down mid the pointed crags beneath,  
 As if he fled from love to death.

While pale and mute young HINDA stood,  
 Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood  
 A momentary plunge below  
 Startled her from her trance of woe; —  
 Shrieking she to the lattice flew,

“ I come — I come — if in that tide  
 “ Thou sleep'st to-night, I'll sleep there too,  
 “ In death's cold wedlock, by thy side.

“ Oh! I would ask no happier bed  
 “ Than the chill wave my love lies under: —  
 “ Sweeter to rest together dead,

“ Far sweeter, than to live asunder!”

But no — their hour is not yet come —  
 Again she sees his pinnace fly,  
 Wafting him fleetly to his home,  
 Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;  
 And calm and smooth it seem'd to win  
 Its moonlight way before the wind,  
 As if it bore all peace within,  
 Nor left one breaking heart behind!

THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already,  
 could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a  
 less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy  
 that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however,  
 were by no means sorry that love was once more  
 the Poet's theme; for, whenever he spoke of love,  
 they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had  
 chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which  
 grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.<sup>2</sup>

Their road all the morning had lain through a  
 very dreary country; — through valleys, covered  
 with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one  
 place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff<sup>3</sup>, with

dinary melody to the voice.” — *Narrative of a Journey from Agra  
 to Ouzain, by W. Hunter, Esq.*

<sup>2</sup> “ It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a  
 bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has  
 destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each  
 a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time  
 a pile equal to a good wagon load is collected. The sight of these  
 flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps  
 altogether void of apprehension.” — *Oriental Field Sports, vol. ii.*

ling from the palankeens. Here while, as  
the Princess sat listening anxiously, with  
DEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criti-  
her side, the young Poet, leaning against  
h of the tree, thus continued his story: —

morn hath risen clear and calm,  
d o'er the Green Sea<sup>2</sup> palely shines,  
aling BAHREIN's<sup>3</sup> groves of palm,  
d lighting KISHMA's<sup>4</sup> amber vines.  
h smell the shores of ARABY,  
le breezes from the Indian Sea  
round SELAMA's<sup>5</sup> sainted cape,  
d curl the shining flood beneath, —  
se waves are rich with many a grape  
ch pious seamen, as they pass'd,  
tow'rd that holy headland cast —  
stions to the Genii there  
gentle skies and breezes fair !  
nightingale now bends her flight<sup>6</sup>  
n the high trees, where all the night  
re sung so sweet, with none to listen ;  
! hides her from the morning star  
Here thickets of pomegranate glisten  
he clear dawn, — bespangled o'er [stain  
/ith dew, whose night-drops would not  
best and brightest scimitar<sup>7</sup>  
t ever youthful Sultan wore  
n the first morning of his reign.

I see — the Sun himself ! — on wings  
glory up the East he springs.  
gel of Light ! who from the time  
se heavens began their march sublime,

And bind her ancient  
Ask the poor exile, cas  
On foreign shores unlo  
Beyond the Caspian's I  
Or on the snowy Mo  
Far from his beauteous  
Her jasmine bow'rs ;  
Yet happier so than if I  
His own below'd, but b  
Beneath a despot stran  
Oh, he would rather h  
Where Freedom and  
Than be the sleekest sl  
That crouches to the

Is IRAN's pride then g  
Quench'd with the fla  
No — she has sons, th  
Will stoop to be the  
While heav'n has lig  
Spirits of fire, that bro  
But flash resentment b  
And hearts where, slo  
Of vengeance ripen in  
Till, in some treach'ro  
They burst, like ZEBU  
Whose buds fly open v  
That shakes the pigm:

Yes, EMIR ! he, who s  
And, had he reach'  
Had taught thee, in a  
How safe ev'n tyran  
Is one of many, brave  
Who loathe thy haugl

ough they know the strife is vain,  
ough they know the riven chain  
it to enter in the heart  
who rends its links apart,  
: the issue, — blest to be  
: one bleeding moment free,  
: in pangs of liberty !  
now'st them well—'tis some moons since  
urban'd troops and blood-red flags,  
strap of a bigot Prince,  
swarm'd among these Green Sea crags ;  
e, ev'n here, a sacred band  
the portal of that land  
Arab, dar'st to call thy own,  
pears across thy path have thrown ;  
ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er —  
in brav'd thee from the shore.

in ! foul, dishonouring word,  
se wrongful blight so oft has stain'd  
liest cause that tongue or sword  
ortal ever lost or gain'd.  
any a spirit, born to bless,  
sunk beneath that with'ring name,  
but a day's, an hour's success  
wafted to eternal fame !  
alations, when they burst  
he warm earth, if chill'd at first,  
t'd in soaring from the plain,  
to fogs and sink again ; —  
they once triumphant spread  
rings above the mountain-head,  
: enthron'd in upper air,  
: m to sun-bright glories there !

ho is he, that wields the might  
reedom on the Green Sea brink,  
whose sabre's dazzling light  
eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink ?  
omes, embower'd in the spears  
MAN's hardy mountaineers ?  
mountaineers that truest, last,  
; to their country's ancient rites,  
at God, whose eyelids cast  
r closing gleam on IRAN's heights,  
: her snowy mountains threw  
: t light of his worship too !

UFED — name of fear, whose sound  
s like the mutt'ring of a charm ! —  
ut that awful name around,  
palsy shakes the manliest arm.

he bright cimitars make the eyes of our heroes wink." —  
about, *Poem of Awer*.

a, and other ancient Kings of Persia, whose adven-  
y-land among the Peris and Dives may be found in  
curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say,  
others from her breast for Talmuras, with which he  
helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his de-

'Tis HAFED, most accurs'd and dire  
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)  
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire ;  
Of whose malign, tremendous power  
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,  
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,  
That each affrighted sentinel  
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,  
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise !  
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,  
A mingled race of flame and earth,  
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,\*  
Who in their fairy helms, of yore,  
A feather from the mystic wings  
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore ;  
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,  
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,  
With charms that, all in vain withstood,  
Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales, that won belief,  
And such the colouring Fancy gave  
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—  
One who, no more than mortal brave,  
Fought for the land his soul ador'd,  
For happy homes and altars free,  
His only talisman, the sword  
His only spell-word, Liberty !  
One of that ancient hero line,  
Along whose glorious current shine  
Names, that have sanctified their blood ;  
As LEBANON's small mountain-flood  
Is render'd holy by the ranks  
Of sainted cedars on its banks.†  
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee  
Tamely to Moslem tyranny ;  
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast  
In the bright mould of ages past,  
Whose melancholy spirit, fed  
With all the glories of the dead,  
Though fram'd for IRAN's happiest years,  
Was born among her chains and tears !—  
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd  
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd  
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,  
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—  
No—far he fled—indignant fled  
The pageant of his country's shame ;  
While every tear her children shed  
Fell on his soul like drops of flame ;  
And, as a lover hails the dawn  
Of a first smile, so welcom'd he

\* This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the  
"cedar-saints" among which it rises.

† In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its  
name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served  
as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen  
these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their  
penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which  
we have just treated the name of the Holy River."—See *CM-  
soubriand's Beauties of Christianity*.

every arm that lin'd their shore,  
Herd of slaves were wafted o'er,—  
Boddy, bold, and countless crowd,  
Who whose swarm as fast they bow'd  
Lay ates beneath the locust cloud.

He stood — but one short league away  
From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay —  
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea  
The MAN beetling awfully; 't  
A tight and solitary link  
Among those stupendous chains that reach  
To the broad Caspian's reedy brink  
And wind to the Green Sea beach.  
And at its base the bare rocks stood,  
Like naked giants, in the flood,  
As if to guard the Gulf across;  
And on its peak, that brav'd the sky,  
A tower'd Temple tower'd, so high  
As if the sleeping albatross  
Were the wild ruins with her wing,  
From her cloud-rock'd slumbering  
To find man's dwelling there  
Among her own silent fields of air!  
And in her terrific caverns gave  
A welcome to each stormy wave  
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in; —  
And such the strange, mysterious din  
That resounded throughout those caverns roll'd, —  
And such the fearful wonders told  
Of less sprites imprison'd there,  
Who would were Moslem, who would dare,  
In eight hour, to steer his skiff  
From the Gheber's lonely cliff.<sup>2</sup>

If 'twere the sea's im  
Or floods of ever-r  
For, each ravine, each  
Of that vast mountair  
And, though for ever  
When God was worst  
That from its lofty alt  
Though fled the pries  
Still did the mighty fl  
Through chance and c  
Like its own God's et  
Deep, constant, bright

Thither the vanquish'd  
His little army's las  
"Welcome, terrific gl  
"Thy gloom, that Ebl  
"Is Heav'n to him  
O'er a dark, narrow br  
To him and to his Chi  
They cross'd the chasm  
"This home," he cried  
"Here we may bleed, 1  
"Of Moslem triump  
"Here we may fall, no  
"To quiver to the M  
"Stretch'd on this rock  
"Are whetted on our j  
"Here — happy that n  
"Gloats on our torment

'Twas night when to th  
And gloomily the fitful  
That from the ruin'd al  
Glared on his features

<sup>1</sup> obtain is my own creation. —

r—what men could do, we've done—  
 will look tamely on,  
 e her priests, her warriors driv'n  
 re a sensual bigot's nod,  
 ch who shrines his lust in heav'n,  
 l makes a pander of his God ;  
 proud sons, her high-born souls,  
 s, in whose veins—oh last disgrace !  
 hood of ZAL and RUSTAM<sup>1</sup> rolls,—  
 ey will court this upstart race,  
 urn from MITHRA's ancient ray,  
 eel at shrines of yesterday ;  
 y will crouch to IRAN's foes,  
 y, let them—till the land's despair  
 out to Heav'n, and bondage grows  
 vile for ev'n the vile to bear !  
 hame at last, long hidden, burns  
 inmost core, and conscience turns  
 coward tear the slave lets fall  
 on his heart in drops of gall.  
 ere, at least, are arms unchain'd,  
 souls that thraldom never stain'd ;—  
 is spot, at least, no foot of slave  
 trap ever yet profaned ;  
 d though but few—though fast the  
 wave  
 is ebbing from our veins,  
 gh for vengeance still remains.  
 nthers, after set of sun,  
 from the roots of LEBANON  
 s the dark-sea robber's way,<sup>2</sup>  
 bound upon our startled prey ;  
 hen some hearts that proudest swell  
 felt our falchions' last farewell ;  
 Hope's expiring throb is o'er,  
 v'n Despair can prompt no more,  
 pot shall be the sacred grave  
 last few who, vainly brave,  
 e the land they cannot save !”

s stood round—each shining blade  
 e broken altar laid—  
 ough so wild and desolate  
 urts, where once the Mighty sate ;  
 er on those mould'ring tow'rs  
 n the feast of fruits and flow'rs,  
 ich of old the Magi fed  
 d'ring Spirits of their dead ;<sup>3</sup>  
 neither priest nor rites were there,  
 armed leaf of pure pomegranate ;<sup>4</sup>

nes of Persia. “ Among the Guebres there are some  
 r descent from Rostam.”—*Stephen's Persia*.  
 's account of the panther's attacking travellers in  
 a sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.  
 ther ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the  
 vers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was  
 eris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled  
 .*Richardson*.  
 monies of the Guebres round their Fire, as described  
 Daroo.” he says, “ giveth them water to drink, and  
 leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from  
 mness.”

Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,  
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Yet the same God that heard their sires  
 Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires  
 They swore<sup>6</sup> the latest, holiest deed  
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,  
 Should be, in IRAN's injur'd name,  
 To die upon that Mount of Flame—  
 The last of all her patriot line,  
 Before her last untrampled Shrine !

Brave, suff'ring souls ! they little knew  
 How many a tear their injuries drew  
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,  
 Whom love first touch'd with others' woe—  
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,  
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in  
 His talisman, and woke the tide,  
 And spread its trembling circles wide.  
 Once, EMIR ! thy unheeding child,  
 Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd,—  
 Tranquil as on some battle plain

The Persian lily shines and tow'rs,  
 Before the combat's redd'ning stain  
 Hath fall'n upon her golden flow'rs.  
 Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,  
 While Heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,  
 Once at thy evening tales of blood  
 Unlist'n'ing and aloof she stood—  
 And oft, when thou hast pac'd along  
 Thy Haram halls with furious heat,  
 Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,  
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,  
 Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near  
 Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear !

Far other feelings Love hath brought—  
 Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,  
 She now has but the one dear thought,  
 And thinks that o'er, almost to madness !  
 Oft doth her sinking heart recall  
 His words—“ for my sake weep for all ;”  
 And bitterly, as day on day  
 Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,  
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away  
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.  
 There's not a sabre meets her eye,  
 But with his life-blood seems to swim ;  
 There's not an arrow wings the sky,  
 But fancy turns its point to him.

<sup>5</sup> “ Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Guebres at  
 Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom  
 upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic,  
 resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these  
 orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise.  
 They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to  
 the sun.”—*Rabbi Benjamin*.

<sup>6</sup> “ Nul d'entre eux oseroit se parjurer, quand il a pris à témoin  
 cet élément terrible et vengeur.”—*Encyclop. Française*.

<sup>7</sup> “ A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the  
 ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent  
 yellow colour.”—*Russel's Aleppo*.

he Love, that should have bless'd  
so innocent a breast;  
ire, open, prosp'rous Love,  
lg'd on earth and seal'd above,  
the world's approving eyes,  
dship's smile and home's caress,  
all the heart's sweet ties  
e knot of happiness!  
A, no, — thy fatal flame  
in silence, sorrow, shame; —  
on, without hope or pleasure,  
al's darkness buried deep,  
ike some ill-gotten treasure, —  
l, without shrine or name,  
h its pale-ey'd vot'ries keep  
atch, while others sleep.

ghts have darken'd OMAN's sea,  
ast, beneath the moonlight ray,  
his light oar rapidly  
her Gheber's bark away, —  
she goes, at midnight hour,  
alone in that high bow'r,  
ch, and look along the deep  
whose smiles first made her weep; —  
ching, weeping, all was vain,  
er saw his bark again.  
et's solitary cry,  
ht-hawk, sitting darkly by,  
oft the hateful carrion bird,  
flapping his clogg'd wing,  
reek'd with that day's banqueting —  
all she saw, was all she heard.

eight morn — AL HASSAN's brow  
lighten'd with unusual joy —

Still singling *one* from all  
“ Yes — spite of his ravine  
“ HAFED, my child, this n  
“ Thanks to all-conqu'ring  
“ Without whose aid th  
“ That bind these impious  
“ Too strong for ALLA'  
“ That rebel fiend, whose  
“ My path with piles of M  
“ Whose baffling spells ha  
“ Back from their course  
“ This night, with all his  
“ How deep an Arab's str  
“ When God and Venges  
“ And — Prophet! by th  
“ Thou wor'st on OHOD's  
“ I swear, for ev'ry sob tl  
“ In anguish from these l  
“ A gem from PERSIA's |  
“ Shall glitter on thy Shu  
“ But, ha! — she sinks —  
“ Those livid lips — my  
“ This life of blood befit  
“ And thou must back to  
“ Ne'er had I risk'd th  
“ In scenes that man hin  
“ Had I not hop'd our e  
“ Would be on prostr  
“ Curst race, they offer  
“ But cheer thee, maid, -  
“ Is blowing o'er thy fev  
“ To-day shall waft the  
“ And, ere a drop of thi  
“ Have time to chill in;  
“ Thou'lt see thy own s



To those high tow'rs, where Freedom stood  
 In her last hold of flame and blood.  
 Left on the field that dreadful night,  
 When, sallying from their sacred height,  
 The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,  
 He lay—but died not with the brave;  
 That sun, which should have gilt his grave,  
 Saw him a traitor and a slave;—  
 And, while the few, who thence return'd  
 To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd  
 For him among the matchless dead  
 They left behind on glory's bed,  
 He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,  
 Laugh'd them and Faith and Heav'n to scorn.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
 And blasts them in their hour of might!  
 May Life's unblessed cup for him  
 Be drugg'd with treach'ries to the brim,—  
 With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
 With joys, that vanish while he sips,  
 Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
 But turn to ashes on the lips!  
 His country's curse, his children's shame,  
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,  
 May be, at last, with lips of flame,  
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—  
 While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,<sup>1</sup>  
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,  
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!  
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
 Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell  
 Full in the sight of Paradise,  
 Beholding heav'n, and feeling hell!

<sup>1</sup> They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—*Witnes's Travels in Asiatic Turkey.*

<sup>2</sup> The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasted salt is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."—*Flaprock's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea. Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813. Hasselquist, however, asserts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.*

<sup>3</sup> Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of *Childe Harold*—magnificent beyond anything, perhaps, that even he has ever written.

<sup>4</sup> The Subrah or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the refraction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which suggests the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water can't be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—*Portinger.*

<sup>5</sup> As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he smelt thereof he findeth it to be nothing."—*Koran, chap. 24.*

<sup>6</sup> A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a

LALLA ROOKH had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over.<sup>5</sup> She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water<sup>4</sup>, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer—

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, everything else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets;—the violet sherbets<sup>6</sup> were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava<sup>6</sup>, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

THE day is low'ring—stilly black  
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,  
 Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky  
 Hangs like a shatter'd canopy  
 There's not a cloud in that blue plain  
 But tells of storm to come or past;—

small and odoriferous flower of that name."—"The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—*Le Bruyn.*

<sup>4</sup> The Biajús are of two races: the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resembles the natives of the Maldivis islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of wind and waves, as an offering to the Spirit of the Winds; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term the King of the Sea. In like manner the Biajús perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it."—*Dr. Leyden on the Language and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.*

<sup>5</sup> The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—*Hasselquist.*

<sup>6</sup> The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drunk by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar."—*Tavernier.*

<sup>7</sup> Last of all she took a guitar, and sang a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—*Persian Tales.*

awful than the tempest's sound.  
 liver steer'd for ORMUS' bowers,  
 moor'd his skiff till calmer hours ;  
 sea-birds, with portentous screech,  
 fast to land ; — upon the beach  
 pilot oft had paus'd, with glance  
 'd upward to that wild expanse ; —  
 all was boding, drear, and dark  
 r own soul, when HINDA's bark  
 slowly from the Persian shore. —  
 asic tim'd her parting oar,<sup>1</sup>  
 iends upon the less'ning strand  
 r'd, to wave the unseen hand,  
 ak the farewell, heard no more ; —  
 ne, unheeded, from the bay  
 ssel takes its mournful way,  
 ome ill-destin'd bark that steers  
 nce through the Gate of Tears.<sup>2</sup>  
 here was stern AL HASSAN then ?  
 not that saintly scourge of men  
 bloodshed and devotion spare  
 inute for a farewell there ?  
 lose within, in changeful fits  
 ing and of pray'r, he sits  
 ge loneliness to brood  
 he coming night of blood, —  
 that keen, second-scent of death,  
 ch the vulture snuffs his food  
 e still warm and living breath !<sup>3</sup>  
 'er the wave his weeping daughter  
 'd from these scenes of slaughter, —  
 ung bird of BABYLON,<sup>4</sup>  
 e to tell of vict'ry won,  
 me, with wing, ah ! not unstain'd  
 'ed hands that held her chain'd.

In her own sweet as  
 Can these delights, th  
 Call up no sunshine o  
 No, — silent, from her  
 As even now she felt  
 The chill of her appro  
 She sits, all lovely in l  
 As a pale Angel of the  
 And o'er the wide tem  
 Looks, with a shudder,  
 Where, in a few short  
 Blood, blood, in stream  
 Foul incense for to-mo  
 " Where art thou, glor  
 " So lov'd, so lost, whe  
 " Foe — Gheber — infid  
 " The' unhallow'd na  
 bear,  
 " Still glorious — still ti  
 " Dear as its blood, wh  
 " Yes — ALLA, dreadful  
 " If there be wrong, be  
 " Let the black waves t  
 " Whelm me this instan  
 " Forgetting faith — hor  
 " Before its earthly idol  
 " Nor worship ev'n Thy  
 " For, oh, so wildly do l  
 " Thy Paradise itself we  
 " And joyless, if not sha  
 Her hands were clasp'd.  
 Dropping their tears l  
 And, though her lip, fon  
 With words of passior  
 Yet was there light arou  
 A holiness in these d

for a spirit pure as hers  
 eyes pure, ev'n while it errs,  
 shine, broken in the rill,  
 turn'd astray, is sunshine still!  
 wholly had her mind forgot  
 oughts but one, she heeded not  
 sing storm — the wave that cast  
 ment's midnight, as it pass'd —  
 eard the frequent shout, the tread  
 h'ring tumult o'er her head —  
 d swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie  
 the rude riot of the sky. —  
 ark! — that war-whoop on the deck —  
 crash, as if each engine there,  
 sails, and all, were gone to wreck,  
 yells and stampings of despair!  
 ul Heaven! what can it be?  
 x the storm, though fearfully  
 ip has shudder'd as she rode  
 ountain-waves — "Forgive me, God!  
 ive me" — shriek'd the maid, and knelt,  
 ling all over — for she felt  
 er judgment-hour was near;  
 crouching round, half dead with fear,  
 ndmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd —  
 hark! — a second crash — a third —  
 ow, as if a bolt of thunder  
 r'n the labouring planks asunder,  
 ck falls in — what horrors then!  
 waves, and tackle, sword and men  
 nix'd together through the chasm, —  
 retches in their dying spasm  
 ighting on — and some that call  
 OD and IRAN!" as they fall!

was the hand that turn'd away  
 rils of the' infuriate fray,  
 atch'd her breathless from beneath  
 ilderment of wreck and death?  
 ew not — for a faintness came  
 'er her, and her sinking frame  
 he ruins of that hour  
 ke a pale and scorched flow'r,  
 h the red volcano's shower.  
 the sights and sounds of dread  
 ock'd her ere her senses fled!  
 wning deck — the crowd that strove  
 he tott'ring planks above —  
 il, whose fragments, shiv'ring o'er  
 ugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,  
 'd like bloody flags — the clash  
 es, and the lightning's flash  
 heir blades, high toss'd about  
 eteor brands! — as if throughout  
 elements one fury ran,

ore that Pliny calls "faces."  
 illiant Canopus, unseen in European climates." —  
 brd's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the

One gen'ral rage, that left a doubt  
 Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

Once too — but no — it could not be —  
 'Twas fancy all — yet once she thought,  
 While yet her fading eyes could see,  
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught  
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,  
 That glory of her soul, — even then,  
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,  
 Shining above his fellow-men,  
 As, on some black and troublous night,  
 The Star of EGYPT<sup>3</sup>, whose proud light  
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest  
 In the White Islands of the West,<sup>3</sup>  
 Burns through the storm with looks of flame  
 That put Heav'n's cloudier eyes to shame.  
 But no — 'twas but the minute's dream —  
 A fantasy — and ere the scream  
 Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,  
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse  
 Of soul and sense its darkness spread  
 Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

How calm, how beautiful comes on  
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone  
 When warring winds have died away,  
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity, —  
 Fresh as if Day again were born,  
 Again upon the lap of Morn! —  
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn  
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,  
 Hang floating in the pure air still,  
 Filling it all with precious balm,  
 In gratitude for this sweet calm; —  
 And every drop the thunder-show'rs  
 Have left upon the grass and flow'rs  
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem<sup>4</sup>  
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!  
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,  
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
 And each a different perfume bears, —  
 As if the loveliest plants and trees  
 Had vassal breezes of their own  
 To watch and wait on them alone,  
 And waft no other breath than theirs:  
 When the blue waters rise and fall,  
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all;  
 And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves  
 Is like the full and silent heavens  
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,  
 Too newly to be quite at rest.

<sup>3</sup> A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages, supposes it to be the opal.

What meets her wond'ring view.  
In a galliot's deck she lies,  
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade, —  
Plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,  
Or jasmine on her pillar laid.  
The rude litter, roughly spread  
In war-cloaks, is her homely bed,  
Shawl and sash, on javelins hung,  
Awning o'er her head are flung.  
Id'ring she look'd around — there lay  
A group of warriors in the sun,  
Lying their limbs, as for that day  
Their ministry of death were done.  
She gazing on the drowsy sea,  
In unconscious reverie ;  
Some, who seem'd but ill to brook  
A sluggish calm, with many a look  
To slack sail impatient cast,  
To see it flagg'd around the mast.

ALLA! who shall save her now?  
There's not in all that warrior band  
An Arab sword, one turban'd brow  
From her own faithful Moslem land.  
Her garb — the leathern belt<sup>1</sup> that wraps  
Her yellow vest<sup>2</sup> — that rebel hue —  
The Tartar fleece upon their caps<sup>3</sup> —  
All — yes — her fears are all too true,  
Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,  
Condon'd her to HAFED's power ;  
O, the Gheber ! — at the thought  
Her very heart's blood chills within ;  
From her soul was hourly taught  
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,  
The minister, whom Hell had sent,  
To lead its blast, where'er he went,  
In the air —

And now, what shall she do?  
Paint on the fleeting  
In trance or slumber

But now the bark, with  
Scales the blue wa-  
tion,  
The oars are out, and  
Break the bright n  
Scatt'ring its brillian  
And now she sees —  
Their course is tow  
Those tow'rs, that mi  
Where MÆCCA's godh  
Lie, like beleaguer'  
In their last deadly  
Amid the' illumin'd b  
Sunless that mighty  
Save where, above its  
There shone a flaming  
As 'twere the flag of  
Hung out to mark wh

Had her bewilder'd m  
Of thought in this ter  
She well might marvel  
Man's foot could scale  
Since ne'er had Arab  
Of path but through th  
But every thought wa  
When, as their bound  
The craggy base, she  
Hurry them tow'rd th  
That from the Deep is  
Beneath that Mount's  
And loud a voice of

Silent they floated — as if each  
 Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech  
 In that dark chasm, where even sound  
 Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around  
 The goblin echoes of the cave  
 Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,  
 As 'twere some secret of the grave!

But soft—they pause—the current turns  
 Beneath them from its onward track;—  
 Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns  
 The vexed tide, all foaming, back,  
 And scarce the oars' redoubled force  
 Can stem the eddy's whirling course;  
 When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung  
 Among the rocks—the chain is flung—  
 The oars are up—the grapple clings,  
 And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.  
 Just then, a day-beam through the shade  
 Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid  
 Can see from whence the brightness steals,  
 Upon her brow she shudd'ring feels  
 A viewless hand, that promptly ties  
 A bandage round her burning eyes;  
 While the rude litter where she lies,  
 Uplifted by the warrior throng,  
 O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine!—genial Day,  
 What balm, what life is in thy ray!  
 To feel thee is such real bliss,  
 That had the world no joy but this,  
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—  
 It were a world too exquisite  
 For man to leave it for the gloom,  
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.  
 Ev'n HINDA, though she saw not where  
 Or whither wound the perilous road,  
 Yet knew by that awak'ning air,  
 Which suddenly around her glow'd,  
 That they had ris'n from darkness then,  
 And breath'd the sunny world again!  
 But soon this balmy freshness fled—  
 For now the steeply labyrinth led  
 Through damp and gloom—mid crash of boughs,  
 And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse  
 The leopard from his hungry sleep,  
 Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,  
 And long is heard, from steep to steep,  
 Chasing them down their thund'ring way!  
 The jackal's cry—the distant moan  
 Of the hyæna, fierce and lone—  
 And that eternal sadd'ning sound  
 Of torrents in the glen beneath,  
 As 'twere the ever-dark Profound  
 That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!  
 All, all is fearful—ev'n to see,  
 To gaze on those terrific things  
 She now but blindly hears, would be  
 Relief to her imaginings;

Since never yet was shape so dread,  
 But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,  
 And by such sounds of horror fed,  
 Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again  
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,  
 Or did a voice, all music, then  
 Come from the gloom, low whispering near—  
 "Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"  
 She *does* not dream,—all sense, all ear,  
 She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."  
 'Twas his own voice—she could not err—  
 Throughout the breathing world's extent  
 There was but *one* such voice for her,  
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent!  
 Oh, sooner shall the rose of May  
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,  
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay  
 Open her bosom's glowing veil,<sup>1</sup>  
 Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,  
 A breath of the beloved one!

Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think  
 She has that one beloved near,  
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,  
 Hath power to make even ruin dear,—  
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost  
 By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.  
 How shall the ruthless HAFED brook  
 That one of Gheber blood should look,  
 With aught but curses in his eye,  
 On her, a maid of ARABY—  
 A Moslem maid—the child of him,  
 Whose bloody banner's dire success  
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,  
 And their fair land a wilderness!  
 And, worse than all, that night of blood  
 Which comes so fast—Oh! who shall stay  
 The sword, that once hath tasted food  
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?  
 What arm shall then the victim cover,  
 Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—  
 "Save him this night—and if thine eyes  
 "Have ever welcom'd with delight  
 "The sinner's tears, the sacrifice  
 "Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,  
 "And here, before thy throne, I swear  
 "From my heart's inmost core to tear  
 "Love, hope, remembrance, though they be  
 "Link'd with each quiv'ring life-string there,  
 "And give it bleeding all to Thee!  
 "Let him but live,—the burning tear,  
 "The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,

<sup>1</sup> A frequent image among the oriental poets. "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rosebud and the rose."—*Jami*.

radiant soul like his from sin,—  
wand'ring star of virtue back  
his own native, heaven-ward track!  
I live but live, and both are Thine,  
together thine — for, blest or crost,  
I live or dead, his doom is mine,  
and, if *he* perish, both are lost!”

Next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated  
Ladies to continue the relation of her  
ill dream; but the fearful interest that  
and the fate of HINDA and her lover  
completely removed every trace of it from  
her mind; — much to the disappointment of a fair  
woman in her train, who prided themselves  
on their skill in interpreting visions, and who  
had lately remarked, as an unlucky omen, that  
she had seen, on the very morning after the dream,  
a silk dyed with the blossoms of the  
palm tree, Nilica.<sup>1</sup>

DEEN, whose indignation had more than  
been kindled during the recital of some parts  
of the heterodox poem, seemed at length to have  
brought his mind to the infliction; and took his  
leave of the evening with all the patience of a martyr,  
The Poet resumed his profane and seditious  
remarks as follows: —

Restless eyes and hearts at ease  
Beside the sunny shores and sun-bright seas,  
Lying beneath that mountain's height,  
To see a fair, enchanting sight.

Lampid, as if her mines  
Were melted all to foam  
And her fair islets, small  
With their green shores  
Look like those PERI islets  
That hang by spell-w

But vainly did those glories  
On HINDA's dazzled eyes  
The bandage from her brow  
And, pale and aw'd as they  
In their dark tombs — were  
The Searchers of the Grave  
She shudd'ring turn'd to  
In the fierce eyes that  
And saw those towers all  
That o'er her head tower  
As if defying ev'n the stars  
Of that soft heav'n to gild  
In vain with mingled hues  
She looks for him whose  
Had come, like music, to  
Strange, mocking dream  
And oh, the shoots, the  
That through her inmost  
When voices from within  
“ HAFED, the Chief ” —  
The warriors shout that  
He comes — the rock res  
How shall she dare to live  
Or meet those eyes whose  
Not YEMEN's boldest son  
In whose red beam, the  
Such rank and deadly lu  
As in those hellish fires  
The mandrake's charnel

she stands, with eyes cast down,  
 beneath the fiery frown,  
 ncy tells her, from that brow  
 ; o'er her fiercely now :  
 d'ring as she hears the tread  
 retiring warrior band.—  
 s pause so full of dread;  
 and with a trembling hand  
 , and, leaning o'er her, said,  
 "—that word was all he spoke,  
 s enough—the shriek that broke  
 er full bosom, told the rest.—  
 rith terror, joy, surprise,  
 but lifts her wond'ring eyes,  
 s them on her Gheber's breast !  
 is he—the man of blood,  
 t of the Fire-fiend's brood,  
 re demon of the fight,  
 ice unnerves, whose glances blight,—  
 n loved Gheber, mild  
 ous as when first he smil'd  
 re tow'r, and left such beams  
 re eye to light her dreams,  
 believ'd her bower had giv'n  
 me wanderer from heav'n !

there are, and this was one  
 like a minute's gleam of sun  
 black Simoom's eclipse—  
 : those verdant spots that bloom  
 he crater's burning lips,  
 uring the very edge of doom !  
 —the future—all that Fate  
 : of dark or desperate  
 uch hours, but makes them cast  
 adiance while they last !

his youth—though dimm'd and gone  
 of Hope that cheer'd him on—  
 s lost—his cause betray'd—  
 dear-lov'd country, made  
 carcasses and slaves,  
 y waste of chains and graves !—  
 ut ling'ring, dead at heart,  
 the last, long struggling breath  
 r's great soul depart,  
 y him down and share her death—  
 o sunk in wretchedness,  
 om still darker gath'ring o'er him,  
 s moment's pure caress,  
 ild eyes that shone before him,  
 hat blest assurance, worth  
 ransports known on earth,  
 as lov'd—well, warmly lov'd—  
 ; precious hour he prov'd  
 how thorough-felt the glow  
 , kindling out of woe ;—  
 isite one single drop  
 us sparkling to the top

Of mis'ry's cup—how keenly quaff'd,  
 Though death must follow on the draught !

She, too, while gazing on those eyes  
 That sink into her soul so deep,  
 Forgets all fears, all miseries,  
 Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,  
 Whom fancy cheats into a smile,  
 Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while !  
 The mighty Ruins where they stood,  
 Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,  
 Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,  
 Where lightly o'er the illumin'd surge  
 Many a fair bark that, all the day,  
 Had lurk'd in shel't'ring creek or bay,  
 Now bounded on, and gave their sails,  
 Yet dripping, to the ev'ning gales ;  
 Like eagles, when the storm is done,  
 Spreading their wet wings in the sun.  
 The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star  
 Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,  
 Were still with ling'ring glories bright,—  
 As if, to grace the gorgeous West,  
 The Spirit of departing Light  
 That eve had left his sunny vest  
 Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.  
 Never was scene so form'd for love !  
 Beneath them waves of crystal move  
 In silent swell—Heav'n glows above,  
 And their pure hearts, to transport giv'n,  
 Swell like the wave, and glow like Heav'n.

But ah ! too soon that dream is past—  
 Again, again her fear returns ;—  
 Night, dreadful night, is gath'ring fast,  
 More faintly the horizon burns,  
 And every rosy tint that lay  
 On the smooth sea hath died away.  
 Hastily to the dark'ning skies  
 A glance she casts—then wildly cries  
 " At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—  
 " Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—  
 " Soon will his murd'rous band be here,  
 " And I shall see thee bleed and die.—  
 " Hush ! heard'st thou not the tramp of men  
 " Sounding from yonder fearful glen ?—  
 " Perhaps ev'n now they climb the wood—  
 " Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,  
 " He'll come—oh ! yes—he wants thy blood—  
 " I know him—he'll not wait for night !"

In terrors ev'n to agony  
 She clings around the wond'ring Chief ;—  
 " Alas, poor wilder'd maid ! to me  
 " Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.  
 " Lost as I am, nought ever grew  
 " Beneath my shade but perish'd too—

Start not — that noise is but the shock  
 “ Of torrents through yon valley hurl’d —  
 Dread nothing here — upon this rock  
 “ We stand above the jarring world,  
 Alike beyond its hope — its dread —  
 In gloomy safety, like the Dead !  
 Or, could ev’n earth and hell unite  
 In league to storm this Sacred Height,  
 Fear nothing thou — myself, to-night,  
 And each o’erlooking star that dwells  
 Fear God will be thy sentinels ; —  
 And, ere to-morrow’s dawn shall glow,  
 Lack to thy sire — — ”

“ To-morrow ! — no — ”  
 A maiden scream’d — “ thou’lt never see  
 To-morrow’s sun — death, death will be  
 The night-cry through each reeking tower,  
 Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour !  
 Thou art betray’d — some wretch who knew  
 That dreadful glen’s mysterious clew —  
 Ay, doubt not — by yon stars, ’tis true —  
 Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire ;  
 His morning, with that smile so dire  
 He wears in joy, he told me all,  
 And stamp’d in triumph through our hall,  
 As though thy heart already beat  
 His last life-throb beneath his feet !  
 O God Heav’n, how little dream’d I then  
 His victim was my own lov’d youth ! —  
 Ay — send — let some one watch the glen —  
 By all my hopes of heav’n ’tis truth ! ”

colder than the wind that freezes  
 Counts, that but now in sunshine play’d,  
 At congealing pang which seizes

And, though his life  
 Like lightning on  
 Yet shall his death  
 Of glory, perma  
 To which the brave  
 The suff’ring brave  
 With proud regr  
 Watch through t  
 For vengeance on t  
 This rock, his mon  
 Shall speak the t  
 And hither bards a  
 Shall come in sec  
 And bring their wa  
 The wond’ring boy  
 And swear them on  
 Of their lost country  
 Never — while bre  
 Within them — nev  
 The’ accursed race,  
 Hath left on IRAN’S  
 Blood, blood alone

Such are the swelling  
 Enthroned themselves  
 And ne’er did Saint  
 On the red wreath  
 More proudly than t  
 That pile, which t  
 Half lighted by the a  
 Glimmers — his dest  
 Heap’d by his own, l  
 Of ev’ry wood of c  
 There, by the Fire-G  
 Ready to fold in r  
 The sun will c



ratchfulness the maid attends  
 bid glance, where'er it bends —  
 hoot his eyes such awful beams?  
 plans he now? what thinks or dreams?  
 why stands he musing here,  
 ev'ry moment teems with fear?  
 "No, my own beloved Lord,"  
 weeping cries — "first, last ador'd!  
 that soul thou'st ever felt  
 alf what thy lips impassion'd swore,  
 t, on my knees, that never knelt  
 o any but their God before,  
 ay thee, as thou lov'st me, fly —  
 ", now — ere yet their blades are nigh.  
 taste — the bark that bore me hither  
 in waft us o'er yon dark'ning sea,  
 — west — alas, I care not whither,  
 thou art safe, and I with thee!  
 where we will, this hand in thine,  
 lose eyes before me smiling thus,  
 ough good and ill, through storm and  
 ine,  
 e world's a world of love for us!  
 ome calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,  
 re 'tis no crime to love too well; —  
 re thus to worship tenderly  
 rring child of light like thee  
 not be sin — or, if it be,  
 re we may weep our faults away,  
 ther kneeling, night and day,  
 l, for my sake, at ALLA's shrine,  
 I — at any God's, for thine!"

these passionate words she spoke —  
 n hung her head, and wept for shame;  
 ig, as if a heart-string broke  
 h every deep-heav'd sob that came.  
 he, young, warm — oh! wonder not  
 or a moment, pride and fame,  
 oath — his cause — that shrine of flame,  
 RAN's self are all forgot  
 r whom at his feet he sees  
 ing in speechless agonies.  
 ame him not, if Hope awhile  
 'd in his soul, and threw her smile  
 ours to come — o'er days and nights,  
 'd with those precious, pure delights  
 she, who bends all beauteous there,  
 orn to kindle and to share.  
 r or two, which, as he bow'd  
 raise the suppliant, trembling stole,  
 warn'd him of this dang'rous cloud  
 oftness passing o'er his soul.

1 "A bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed." —

ther Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion*  
*nat. 2d.*, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him  
 y life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a  
 ag with celestial fire, out of which he came without  
 and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared,  
 ed to him. — *Vide Patrick on Exodus, iii. 2.*

Starting, he brush'd the drops away,  
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray; —  
 Like one who, on the morn of fight,  
 Shakes from his sword the dews of night,  
 That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.  
 Yet, though subdued the' unnerving thrill,  
 Its warmth, its weakness, linger'd still  
 So touching in its look and tone,  
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid  
 Half counted on the flight she pray'd,  
 Half thought the hero's soul was grown  
 As soft, as yielding as her own,  
 And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said, —  
 "Yes — if there be some happier sphere,  
 "Where fadeless truth like ours is dear, —  
 "If there be any land of rest  
 "For those who love and ne'er forget,  
 "Oh! comfort thee — for safe and blest!  
 "We'll meet in that calm region yet!"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart  
 If good or ill these words impart,  
 When the rous'd youth impatient flew  
 To the tow'r-wall, where, high in view,  
 A pond'rous sea-horn<sup>1</sup> hung, and blew  
 A signal, deep and dread as those  
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows. —  
 Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true  
 Through life and death, that signal knew;  
 For 'twas the' appointed warning blast,  
 The' alarm, to tell when hope was past,  
 And the tremendous death-die cast!  
 And there, upon the mould'ring tow'r,  
 Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,  
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea  
 That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came — his Chieftains at the call  
 Came slowly round, and with them all —  
 Alas, how few! — the worn remains  
 Of those who late o'er KERMAN's plains  
 Went gaily prancing to the clash  
 Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,  
 Catching new hope from every flash  
 Of their long lances in the sun,  
 And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,  
 And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,<sup>2</sup>  
 Looking, as if the steeds they rode  
 Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!  
 How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan  
 Each scarr'd and faded visage shone  
 As round the burning shrine they came; —  
 How deadly was the glare it cast,

1 "The shell called *Silankos*, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow sound." — *Pennant*.

2 "The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies." — *Theremot*.

For litter silently prepare,  
And lay it at her trembling feet ;—  
And now the youth, with gentle care,  
Gently plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,  
And press'd her hand — that ling'ring press  
Of hands, that for the last time sever ;  
Hearts, whose pulse of happiness,  
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.  
And yet to her this sad caress

Gives hope — so fondly hope can err !  
As joy, she thought, joy's mute excess —  
Their happy flight's dear harbinger ;  
As warmth — assurance — tenderness —  
Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste !" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,  
But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark ;  
And by to-morrow's dawn — oh bliss !  
With thee upon the sun-bright deep,  
Or off, I'll but remember this,  
As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep ;  
And thou — " but ah ! — he answers not —  
"Good Heav'n ! — and does she go alone ?  
Now has reach'd that dismal spot,  
Where, some hours since, his voice's tone  
I come to soothe her fears and ills,  
Yet as the angel ISRAFIL's,<sup>1</sup>  
When every leaf on Eden's tree  
Rembling to his minstrelsy —  
Now — oh, now, he is not nigh. —  
HAFED ! my HAFED ! — if it be  
Thy will, thy doom this night to die,  
Let me but stay to die with thee,  
And I will bless thy loved name,  
And the last life-breath leave this frame.  
And let our lips, our cheeks be laid

Light all he loves o  
Hopeless as they w  
By the cold moor  
The corpse of one, lo  
To the bleak floo  
And on the deck sti  
And long look back  
To watch the moon  
That ripples o'er the

But see — he star  
That dreadful shout  
From the land-side  
Rings through the c  
Of fearful things, th  
Its Ghoses and Dive  
Had all in one dream  
So loud, so terrible !  
" They come — the  
His proud soul mou  
" Now, Spirits of th  
" Enfranchis'd throu  
" Rejoice — for soul  
" Are on the wing t  
He said — and, light  
To their young lo  
And gain'd the Shrin  
Their swords, as v  
Together, at that cry  
Had from their shea  
And hark ! — again  
Near and more near  
Peal through the che  
Had seen those list'n  
With their swords gr  
Turn'd on their Chic

- though of all earth's hope bereft,  
swords, and vengeance still are left.  
I make you valley's reeking caves  
re in the awe-struck minds of men,  
tyrants shudder, when their slaves  
fill of the Ghebers' bloody gien.  
Ow, brave hearts! — this pile remains  
refuge still from life and chains;  
his the best, the holiest bed,  
sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

the precipitous rocks they sprung,  
vigour, more than human, strung  
arm and heart. — The exulting foe  
rough the dark defiles below,  
led by his torches' lurid fire,  
went slow, as through GOLCONDA'S vale,  
like mighty serpent, in his ire,  
came on with glitt'ring, deadly trail.  
To the Ghebers need — so well  
now each myst'ry of the dell,  
have, in their wanderings,  
the wild race that round them dwell,  
very tigers from their delves  
cut, and let them pass, as things  
und and fearless like themselves!

was a deep ravine, that lay  
raking in the Moslem's way;  
not to make invaders rue  
any fall'n before the few.  
Breasts from that morning's sky  
I'd the narrow chasm breast-high,  
on each side, aloft and wild,  
cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd, —  
yards with which young Freedom lines  
highways to her mountain-shrines.  
at this pass, the scanty band  
of its last avengers stand;  
wait, in silence like the dead,  
sten for the Moslem's tread  
suddenly, the carrion bird  
them flaps his wing unheard!

come — that plunge into the water  
signal for the work of slaughter.  
Ghebers, now — if e'er your blades  
point or prowess, prove them now —  
to the file that foremost wades!  
O come — a falchion greets each brow,  
as they tumble, trunk on trunk,  
in the gory waters sunk,  
as their drowning bodies press  
victims quick and numberless;

le upon the story of Sinbad.  
thicket upon the banks of the Jordan several sorts of wild  
went to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of

Till scarce an arm in HAFED'S band,  
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,  
But listless from each crimson hand  
The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.  
Never was horde of tyrants met  
With bloodier welcome — never yet  
To patriot vengeance hath the sword  
More terrible libations pour'd!

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

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,  
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;  
Countless tow'rsd some flame at night  
The North's dark insects wing their flight,  
And quench or perish in its light;  
To this terrific spot they pour —  
Till, bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,  
It bears aloft their slipp'ry tread,  
And o'er the dying and the dead,  
Tremendous causeway! on they pass. —  
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,  
What hope was left for you? for you,  
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice  
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes; —  
Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,  
And burn with shame to find how few?

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,  
Some found their graves where first they stood;  
While some with hardier struggle died,  
And still fought on by HAFED'S side,  
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back  
Tow'rsd the high towers his gory track;  
And, as a lion swept away  
By sudden swell of JORDAN'S pride  
From the wild covert where he lay,<sup>2</sup>  
Long battles with the o'erwhelming tide,  
So fought he back with fierce delay,  
And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,  
Their prey escap'd — guide, torches gone —

the covert by the overflowings of the river, gave occasion to the  
allusion of Jeremiah, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling  
of Jordan.* — *Mauclerc's Aleppo.*

down the darkling precipice  
dash'd into the deep abyss ;  
midway hang, impal'd on rocks,  
in quiet, yet alive, for flocks  
of vultures, — while the dell  
resounds with each horrible yell.

These sounds — the last, to vengeance dear,  
shall ring in HAFED's ear, —  
reach'd him, as aloft, alone,  
on the steep way breathless thrown,  
lay beside his reeking blade,  
sign'd, as if life's task were o'er,  
and blood-offering amply paid,  
and IRAN's self could claim no more.  
The only thought, one ling'ring beam  
broke across his dizzy dream  
of pain and weariness — 'twas she,  
his heart's pure planet, shining yet  
above the waste of memory,  
when all life's other lights were set.  
Never to his mind before  
did image such enchantment wore.  
Remember'd as if each thought that stain'd,  
each fear that chill'd their loves was past,  
did not one cloud of earth remain'd  
between him and her radiance cast ; —  
as if to charms, before so bright,  
new grace from other worlds was giv'n,  
did his soul saw her by the light  
now breaking o'er itself from heav'n !

His voice spoke near him — 'twas the tone  
of a lov'd friend, the only one  
of all his warriors, left with life  
in that short night's tremendous strife. —

AND NOW THEY SEEM —  
Now HAFED sees the  
When, lo ! — his weak,  
Dead on the thresho  
“ Alas, brave soul, too  
“ And must I leave  
“ The sport of every r  
“ The mark for ever  
“ No, by yon altar's sa  
He cries, and, with a s  
Not of this world, upli  
Of the fall'n Chief, an  
Bears him along ; — w  
The corpse upon the  
Then lights the consec  
And fires the pile, w  
Like lightning bursts o  
“ Now, Freedom's God  
The youth exclaims, a  
Of triumph vaulting o  
In that last effort, ere  
Have harm'd one glori

What shriek was that  
It came from yonde  
That just hath caught  
The death-light — f  
It is the boat — ah, w  
That bears the wretch  
Confided to the watch  
Of a small veteran  
Their gen'rous Chief.  
The secret of his fi  
But hop'd when HIRI  
Was render'd to he  
Their pardon, full and

very eye, in mute dismay,  
tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,  
the dim altar's quiv'ring ray  
:t all lone and tranquil burn'd.

s not, HINDA, in the pow'r  
'ancy's most terrific touch  
it thy pangs in that dread hour—  
silent agony—'twas such  
e who feel could paint too well,  
ne e'er felt and liv'd to tell !  
not alone the dreary state  
en spirit, crush'd by fate,  
though no more remains to dread,  
panic chill will not depart ;—  
though the inmate Hope be dead,  
ghost still haunts the mould'ring heart ;  
pleasures, hopes, affections gone,  
etch may bear, and yet live on,  
ings, within the cold rock found  
when all's congeal'd around.  
ere's a blank repose in this,  
stagnation, that were bliss  
keen, burning, harrowing pain,  
it through all thy breast and brain ;—  
pasm of terror, mute, intense,  
reathless, agonis'd suspense,  
whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,  
art hath no relief but breaking !

s the wave—heav'n's brilliant lights  
cted dance beneath the prow ;—  
vas when, on such lovely nights,  
who is there, so desolate now,  
sit all cheerful, though alone,  
ask no happier joy than seeing  
tar-light o'er the waters thrown—  
but that, to make her blest,  
the fresh, buoyant sense of Being,  
bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—  
star, not borrowing light,  
its own glad essence bright.  
fferent now !—but, hark, again  
ll of havoc rings—brave men !  
t, with beating hearts, ye stand  
bark's edge—in vain each hand  
aws the falchion from its sheath ;  
o'er—in rust your blades may lie :—  
whose word they've scatter'd death,  
now, this night, himself must die !  
ay ye look to yon dim tower,  
ask, and wond'ring guess what means  
tite-cry at this dead hour—  
she could tell you—she, who leans

fad (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that  
er be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia*.

he greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a  
e English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night

Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,  
With brow against the dew-cold mast ;—  
Too well she knows—her more than life,  
Her soul's first idol and its last,  
Lies bleeding in that murd'rous strife.

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

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

Farewell—farewell to thee, ARABY's daughter !  
(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)  
No pearl ever lay, under OMAN's green water,  
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,  
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,  
Like the wind of the south' o'er a summer lute  
blowing,  
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame !

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,  
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom  
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
With nought but the sea star<sup>a</sup> to light up her  
tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,<sup>b</sup>  
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the  
old,

very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—  
*Mirza Abu Taleb*.

<sup>a</sup> For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their  
work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves  
at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kempfer, Amoenitat. Exot.*

well — be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
 with ev'rything beauteous that grows in the  
 deep ;  
 the flow'r of the rock and each gem of the billow  
 shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

And thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
 that ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;  
 many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd  
 chamber,  
 the Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

And dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
 and plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;  
 seek where the sands of the Caspian<sup>2</sup> are  
 sparkling,  
 and gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell — farewell — until Pity's sweet fountain  
 gushes out in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
 I'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that  
 mountain, [wave.  
 I'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this



the singular placidity with which FADLADEEN  
 listened, during the latter part of this obnox-  
 ious, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ  
 willingly; and even inclined towards him the  
 of these unsuspecting young persons, who  
 new the source of a complacency so mar-  
 velous. The truth was, he had been organising,  
 the last few days, a most notable plan of per-  
 secution against the poet, in consequence of some  
 verses that had fallen from him on the second

these mingled antici-  
 pations, and the  
 usual satisfaction that  
 his eyes shine out like  
 wide and lifeless wild

Having decided u-  
 pon in this manner, he  
 spared him the minor  
 cordingly, when the  
 evening in the pavil-  
 ion expecting to see all  
 away, one by one, in  
 pearls in the cup of  
 agreeably disappoint-  
 ment with an ironical smile  
 poem deserved to be  
 fatal; and then sudden-  
 ly upon all Mussulman  
 larly his august and  
 zebe, — the wisest and  
 Timur — who, among  
 done for mankind, had  
 the very profitable  
 Taster of Sherbets to  
 of the Girdle of Be-  
 Nazir, or Chamberlain

They were now no  
 River<sup>4</sup>, beyond which  
 and were reposing for  
 Hussun Abdaul, which  
 resting-place of the Em-  
 perors of Cashmere.  
 of the Faith, Jehan-Gi-  
 shan, with his beloved and

when she must see him no longer,—  
 as still worse, behold him with eyes  
 look belonged to another; and there  
 melancholy preciousness in these last mo-  
 made her heart cling to them as it  
 fe. During the latter part of the jour-  
 she had sunk into a deep sadness,  
 nothing but the presence of the young  
 could awake her. Like those lamps in  
 which only light up when the air is ad-  
 vanced only at his approach that her eyes  
 shining and animated. But here, in this  
 r, every moment appeared an age of  
 she saw him all day, and was, therefore,  
 happy,—resembling, she often thought,  
 of Zinge<sup>1</sup>, who attribute the unfading  
 as they enjoy to one genial star that  
 ly over their heads.<sup>2</sup>

the party, indeed, seemed in their live-  
 during the few days they passed in this  
 solitude. The young attendants of the  
 who were here allowed a much freer  
 they could safely be indulged with in  
 sequestered place, ran wild among the gar-  
 rounded through the meadows lightly as  
 s over the aromatic plains of Tibet.  
 BLADEEN, in addition to the spiritual  
 rived by him from a pilgrimage to the  
 e saint from whom the valley is named,  
 opportunities of indulging, in a small way,  
 or victims, by putting to death some  
 of those unfortunate little lizards<sup>3</sup>, which  
 fustulmans make it a point to kill;—  
 granted, that the manner in which the  
 wings its head is meant as a mimicry of  
 in which the Faithful say their prayers.

two miles from Hussun Abdaul were  
 al Gardens<sup>4</sup>, which had grown beauti-  
 the care of so many lovely eyes, and

inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted  
 or melancholy; on this subject the Sheikh *Abu-al-*  
 has the following distich:—

the man without care or sorrow, (tell) that I may rub  
 in.

the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicsome  
 and mirth.<sup>5</sup>

scholars have discovered that the cause of this cheer-  
 da from the influence of the star Sobell, or Canopus,  
 ner them every night."—*Extract from a Geographical*

*script called Heft' Aklim, or the Seven Climates,*  
*W. Ouseley, Esq.*

and Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks  
 y imagine that by declining the head it mimics them  
 r their prayers."—*Hasselquist.*

particulars respecting Hussun Abdaul I am indebted  
 interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work

enter at that Bazar, without the gate of Damascus,  
 roon Mosque, so called because it hath a steeply faced  
 ased bricks, which render it very resplendent: it is  
 with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say

were beautiful still, though those eyes could see  
 them no longer. This place, with its flowers and  
 its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of  
 the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with  
 the pure water of those hills, was to LALLA ROOKH  
 all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, cool-  
 ness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the  
 Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious<sup>6</sup>;"  
 —and here, in listening to the sweet voice of  
 FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what yet he never  
 dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of  
 her whole life were passed. One evening, when  
 they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal,  
 the Light of the Haram<sup>7</sup>, who had so often wan-  
 dered among these flowers, and fed with her own  
 hands, in those marble basins, the small shining  
 fishes of which she was so fond<sup>8</sup>, the youth, in  
 order to delay the moment of separation, proposed  
 to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which  
 this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related,  
 he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers'  
 quarrel which took place between her and the  
 Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere;  
 and would remind the Princess of that difference  
 between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress  
 Marida<sup>9</sup>, which was so happily made up by the  
 soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the  
 story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERA-  
 MORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the  
 valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's  
 little Persian slave, and thus began:—

Who has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,  
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,<sup>10</sup>  
 Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear  
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their  
 wave?

this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come  
 so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious."—  
*Thevenot.* This reminds one of the following pretty passage in  
 Isaac Walton:—"When I sat last on this primrose bank, and  
 looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the  
 Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant  
 to be looked on, but only on holidays.'"

<sup>6</sup> Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards  
 called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

<sup>7</sup> See note 8, p. 38.

<sup>8</sup> Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abasides, s'étant  
 un jour brouillé avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il  
 aimoit cependant jusqu'à l'excès, et cette méintelligence ayant  
 déjà duré quelque tems, commença à s'ennuyer. Gisfar Barnaki,  
 son favori, qui s'en aperçut, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, ex-  
 cellent poëte de ce tems là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet  
 de cette brouillerie. Ce poëte exécuta l'ordre de Gisfar, qui fit  
 chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce prince  
 fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poëte, et de la  
 douceur de la voix du musicien, qu'il alla aussi-tôt trouver  
 Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle."—*D'Herbelot.*

<sup>9</sup> "The rose of Kashmir for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour  
 has long been proverbial in the East."—*Forsker.*

inging.

By moonlight,—when mellowly shines  
O'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;  
The water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,  
The nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars  
Runs by laughs and light echoes of feet  
The cool, shining walks where the young  
People meet. —

When, when the magic of daylight awakes  
Ronder each minute, as slowly it breaks,  
The fountains, call'd forth every one  
The arkness, as if but just born of the Sun.  
The Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,  
The Haram of night-flowers stealing away;  
The wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
The aspen-trees<sup>2</sup>, till they tremble all over.  
The East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
The Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,  
Through the mountainous portal<sup>3</sup> that opens  
The way, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

Ever yet, by night or day,  
The spring or summer's ray,  
The sweet Valley shine so gay,  
Where it shines—all love and light,  
Where by day and feasts by night!  
The happier smile illumines each brow,  
The quicker spread each heart uncloses,  
The bliss is ecstasy,—for now  
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses;<sup>4</sup>  
The joyous Time, when pleasures pour  
The sely round, and, in their shower,  
The open, like the Season's Rose,  
The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,<sup>5</sup>  
The fading while the dew-fall flows,  
The d every leaf its balm receives.  
When the hour of evening came

A thousand sparkling  
On every dome and minaret  
And fields and pathway  
Were lighted by a blaze  
That you could see, in  
The smallest rose-leaf  
Yet did the maids and  
Their veils at home, the  
And there were glancing  
And cheeks, that would  
In open day, but though  
Look lovely then, became  
And all were free, and  
And all exclaim'd to  
That never did the sun  
So gay a Feast of Roses  
The moon had never shone  
So clear as that which  
The roses ne'er shone but  
Nor they themselves

And what a wilderness  
It seem'd as though from  
And fairest fields of all  
The mingled spoil were  
The Lake, too, like a garden  
With the rich buds  
As if a shower of fairy  
Had fall'n upon it from  
And then the sounds of  
Of tabors and of dancing  
The minaret-crier's cha  
Sung from his lighted  
And answer'd by a zurna  
From neighbouring Ham  
The merry laughter, ec



some delighted girl above  
 p leaves of the orange-grove;  
 am those infant groups at play  
 g the tents<sup>1</sup> that line the way,  
 ng, unaw'd by slave or mother,  
 uls of roses at each other.—

e sounds from the Lake,—the low whis-  
 'ring in boats,  
 ey shoot through the moonlight;—the  
 ipping of oars,

wild, airy warbling that ev'rywhere floats,  
 gh the groves, round the islands, as if all  
 he shores,

se of KATHAY, utter'd music, and gave  
 ver in song to the kiss of each wave.<sup>2</sup>

gentlest of all are those sounds, full of  
 meling,

t from the lute of some lover are stealing, —  
 ver, who knows all the heart-touching  
 ower

e and a sigh in this magical hour.

t of delights as it ev'rywhere is

ear the lov'd *One*,—what a rapture is his  
 moonlight and music thus sweetly may  
 lide

Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by his  
 n can make the worst wilderness dear,  
 think what a Heav'n she must make of  
 LASHMERE!

he magnificent Son of ACBAR,<sup>3</sup>  
 om pow'r and pomp and the trophies of war  
 to that Valley, forgetting them all  
 e Light of the HARAM, his young NOUR-  
 MAHAL.

ree and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd  
 banks of that lake, with his only belov'd,

in the wreaths she would playfully snatch  
 he hedges, a glory his crown could not

natch,  
 effer'd in his heart the least ringlet that  
 urld

er exquisite neck to the throne of the world.

a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,  
 : long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,

on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
 re falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.

s not the beauty—oh, nothing like this,  
 young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of  
 liss!

he keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite  
 tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys,  
 with music, dances," &c. &c.—*Herbert*.

id commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients  
 marked that a current of water made some of the stones  
 ask send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and  
 used with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed  
 musical instruments of them."—*Grosier*.

zealous quality has been attributed also to the shore of  
 Rajah Mises, at Capella, concentum musicum illius

But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it  
 flies

From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the  
 eyes;

Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,  
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his  
 dreams.

When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,  
 That charm of all others, was born with her face!  
 And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquillest  
 climes

Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—  
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken

New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when  
 shaken.

If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye  
 At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,

From the depth of whose shadow, like holy re-  
 vealings

From innermost shrines, came the light of her  
 feelings.

Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took  
 wing

From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in  
 spring;

Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,  
 Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages,<sup>4</sup>

While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her  
 soul;

And where it most sparkled no glance could dis-  
 cover,

In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—  
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,

When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.  
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that

gave  
 NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East for her  
 slave:

And though bright was his Haram,—a living  
 parterre

Of the flow'rs<sup>5</sup> of this planet—though treasures  
 were there,

For which SOLIMAN's self might have giv'n all the  
 store

That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,  
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,

And the Light of his Haram was young NOUR-  
 MAHAL!

terre unde reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis vim puto  
 dictum."—*Ludov. Vives in Augustin. de Civitat. Dei*, lib. xviii.  
 c. 8.

<sup>3</sup> Jehan-Guire was the son of the Great Acbar.

<sup>4</sup> In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former  
 took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and  
 hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their  
 companions, who brought them the choicest odours."—*Richardson*.

<sup>5</sup> In the Malay language the same word signifies women and  
 flowers.

!—how light a cause may move  
 nsion between hearts that love!  
 s that the world in vain had tried,  
 sorrow but more closely tied;  
 stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
 i a sunny hour fall off,  
 hips that have gone down at sea,  
 : heaven was all tranquillity!  
 ething, light as air — a look,  
 word unkind or wrongly taken —  
 ove, that tempests never shook,  
 reath, a touch like this hath shaken.  
 nder words will soon rush in  
 ead the breach that words begin;  
 yes forget the gentle ray  
 wore in courtship's smiling day;  
 oices lose the tone that shed  
 lerness round all they said;  
 st declining, one by one,  
 veetnesses of love are gone,  
 earts, so lately mingled, seem  
 roken clouds, — or like the stream,  
 miling left the mountain's brow  
 ough its waters ne'er could sever,  
 e it reach the plain below,  
 ks into floods, that part for ever.

n, that have the charge of Love,  
 o him in rosy bondage bound,  
 he Fields of Bliss above  
 its, with flow'ret's fetter'd round; \* —  
 not a tie that round him clings,  
 or let him use his wings;  
 n an hour, a minute's flight  
 h the plumes of half a bird.

Has let loose all her wo  
 And every heart has for  
 He wanders, joyless and  
 And weary as that bird  
 Whose pinion knows no

In vain the loveliest che  
 This Eden of the Earth  
 Come crowding round  
 The eyes are dim: — thr  
 With every flow'r this es  
 What is it to the nigh  
 If there his darling rose  
 In vain the Valley's smil  
 Worship him, as he mov  
 He heeds them not — on  
 Is worth a world of wors  
 They but the Star's ador  
 She is the Heav'n that li

Hence is it, too, that Not  
 Amid the luxuries of t  
 Far from the joyous festi  
 Sits in her own sequest  
 With no one near, to soo  
 But that inspir'd and wo  
 NAMOUNA, the Enchantre  
 O'er whom his race the g  
 For unremember'd years  
 Yet never saw her bloomi  
 Younger or fairer than 'ti  
 Nay, rather, — as the wes  
 Freshens the flow'r it pas  
 Time's wing but seem'd, i  
 To leave her lovelier than  
 Yet on her smiles a sadne

pells and talismans she knew,  
 on the great Mantra<sup>1</sup>, which around  
 Air's sublimer Spirits drew,  
 the gold gems<sup>2</sup> of AFRIC, bound  
 the wand'ring Arab's arm,  
 keep him from the Siltim's<sup>3</sup> harm.  
 she had pledg'd her pow'ful art, —  
 'd it with all the zeal and heart  
 who knew, though high her sphere,  
 'twas to lose a love so dear, —  
 and some spell that should recall  
 Selim's<sup>4</sup> smile to NOURMAHAL !

: midnight—through the lattice, wreath'd  
 woodbine, many a perfume breath'd  
 plants that wake when others sleep,  
 timid jasmine buds, that keep  
 odour to themselves all day,  
 when the sun-light dies away,  
 e delicious secret out  
 cry breeze that roams about ; —  
 thus NAMOUNA : — " 'Tis the hour  
 t scatters spells on herb and flow'r,  
 garlands might be gather'd now,  
 t, twin'd around the sleeper's brow,  
 id make him dream of such delights,  
 a miracles and dazzling sights,  
 Genii of the Sun behold,  
 : evening, from their tents of gold  
 n the' horizon — where they play  
 twilight comes, and, ray by ray,  
 ir sunny mansions melt away.  
 r, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd  
 uds o'er which the moon has breath'd,  
 ich worn by her, whose love has stray'd,  
 light bring some Peri from the skies,  
 e sprite, whose very soul is made  
 f flow'rets' breaths and lovers' sighs,  
 i who might tell ——"

"For me, for me,"  
 NOURMAHAL impatiently, —  
 ! twine that wreath for me to-night."  
 . rapidly, with foot as light  
 e young musk-roc's, out she flew,  
 ill each shining leaf that grew

<sup>1</sup> said to have found the great Mantra, spell or talisman,  
 which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all deno-  
 — *W. Ford*.

<sup>2</sup> gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El  
 on the supposed charm they contain." — *Jacobson*.  
 men, supposed to haunt woods, &c., in a human shape."  
 — *W.*

<sup>3</sup> one of Jehan-Guire before his accession to the throne.  
 sagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest  
 r." — *Sir W. Jones*.  
 tree (the Nargessara) is one of the most delightful on  
 the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a  
 in quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love." — *Sir W.*

Malaysians style the tube-rose (*Pollanthes tuberosa*)  
 lass, or the Mistress of the Night." — *Penman*.  
 oples of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara

Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,  
 For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.  
 Anemones and Seas of Gold,<sup>5</sup>

And new-blown lilies of the river,  
 And those sweet flow'rets, that unfold  
 Their buds on CAMADEVA's quiver ;<sup>6</sup> —  
 The tube-rose, with her silv'ry light,  
 That in the Gardens of Malay  
 Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,<sup>7</sup>  
 So like a bride, scented and bright,  
 She comes out when the sun's away ; —  
 Amaranths, such as crown the maids  
 That wander through ZAMARA's shades ;<sup>8</sup> —  
 And the white moon-flow'r, as it shows,  
 On SERENDIB's high crags, to those  
 Who near the isle at evening sail,  
 Scenting her clove-trees in the gale ;  
 In short, all flow'ret's and all plants,  
 From the divine Amrita tree,<sup>9</sup>  
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants  
 With fruits of immortality,  
 Down to the basil tuft<sup>10</sup>, that waves  
 Its fragrant blossom over graves,  
 And to the humble rosemary,  
 Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed  
 To scent the desert<sup>11</sup> and the dead : —  
 All in that garden bloom, and all  
 Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,  
 Who heaps her baskets with the flow'rs  
 And leaves, till they can hold no more ;  
 Then to NAMOUNA flies, and show'rs  
 Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight the' Enchantress views  
 So many buds, bath'd with the dews  
 And beams of that bless'd hour ! — her glance  
 Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,  
 As, in a kind of holy trance,  
 She hung above those fragrant treasures,  
 Bending to drink their balmy airs,  
 As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.  
 And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed  
 From flow'rs and scented flame, that fed  
 Her charmed life — for none had e'er  
 Beheld her taste of mortal fare,

is one of the ancient names), "when not engaged in war, lead an  
 idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute,  
 crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaran-  
 thus, a native of the country, mostly prevails." — *Marsden*.

<sup>5</sup> The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu, or rose-apple) is  
 called Amrita, or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply  
 the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit." — *Sir  
 W. Jones*.

<sup>10</sup> Sweet basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in  
 churchyards.

<sup>11</sup> The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray  
 and weep at the sepulchres of the dead ; and the custom then is to  
 throw upon the tombs a sort of herb which the Arabs call rihan,  
 and which is our sweet basil." — *Mallett*, Lett. 10.

<sup>11</sup> "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and  
 rosemary." — *Asiat. Res.*

tomorrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies  
To visit the bashful maid,  
As from the jasmine flower, that sighs  
Its soul, like her, in the shade.  
A dream of a future, happier hour,  
That alights on misery's brow,  
Sings out of the silv'ry almond flow'r,  
That blooms on a leafless bough.<sup>1</sup>

Then hasten we, maid,  
To twine our braid,  
Tomorrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.

Visions, that oft to worldly eyes  
The glitter of mines unfold,  
Bite the mountain-herb<sup>2</sup>, that dyes  
The tooth of the fawn like gold.  
Phantom shapes — oh touch not them —  
That appal the murd'rer's sight,  
Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem,  
That shrieks, when pluck'd at night!

Then hasten we, maid,  
To twine our braid,  
Tomorrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.

Dream of the injur'd, patient mind,  
That smiles with the wrongs of men,  
Lies in the bruise'd and wounded rind  
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.

Then hasten we, maid,  
To twine our braid,  
Tomorrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.

Sooner was the flow'ry crown  
Laid on her head, than sleep came down,

So brilliantly his feat  
And such a sound  
Of sweetness when he  
Hovers around her, as

From CHINDARA'S<sup>3</sup> w.

Call'd by that moon  
From CHINDARA'S foun  
Where in music, me  
Where lutes in the air  
And voices are sing  
And every sigh the he  
Is turn'd, as it leave

Hither I come  
From my fairy  
And if there's a mag  
I swear by the l  
Of that moonlig  
Thy Lover shall sigh

For mine is the lay tha  
And mine are the murr  
That fall as soft as sno  
And melt in the heart  
And the passionate stra  
Refines the bosom it  
As the musk-wind, ove  
Ruffles the wave, but

Mine is the charm, who  
The Spirits of past Deli  
Let but the tuneful talis  
And they come, like Ge  
And mine is the gentle  
From soul to soul, th  
As a bird, that wafts th  
The cinnamon-seed f

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure  
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;<sup>1</sup>  
When Memory links the tone that is gone  
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;  
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on  
To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,  
Can as downy soft and as yielding be  
As his own white plume, that high amid death  
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a  
breath!

And oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,  
When Music has reach'd her inward soul,  
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen  
While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.  
So, hither I come  
From my fairy home,  
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,  
I swear by the breath  
Of that moonlight wreath,  
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,  
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,<sup>2</sup>  
As if the morn had wak'd, and then  
Shut close her lids of light again.  
And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying  
The wonders of her lute, whose strings—  
Oh, bliss!—now murmur like the sighing  
From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.  
And then, her voice—'tis more than human—  
Never, till now, had it been given  
To lips of any mortal woman  
To utter notes so fresh from heaven;

Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,  
When angel sighs are most divine.—  
"Oh! let it last till night," she cries,  
"And he is more than ever mine."  
And hourly she renews the lay,  
So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness  
Should, ere the evening, fade away,—  
For things so heavenly have such fleetness!  
But, far from fading, it but grows  
Richer, diviner as it flows;  
Till rapt she dwells on every string,  
And pours again each sound along,  
Like echo, lost and languishing,  
In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening, (trusting that his soul  
Might be from haunting love releas'd  
By mirth, by music, and the bowl,  
The Imperial SELIM held a feast  
In his magnificent Shalimar :<sup>3</sup>—  
In whose Saloons, when the first star  
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,  
The Valley's loveliest all assembled;  
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,  
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams  
Of beauty from its fountains and streams ;<sup>4</sup>  
And all those wand'ring minstrel-maids,  
Who leave—how can they leave!—the shades  
Of that dear Valley, and are found  
Singing in gardens of the South<sup>5</sup>  
Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound  
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth,

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile ;—  
Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,

<sup>1</sup> Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,  
The nice morn on the Indian steep  
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

<sup>2</sup> "In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahal, made Kashmir his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value."—*Forster*.

<sup>3</sup> "The waters of Cachenib are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachenirians are indebted for their beauty to them."—*Ali Yezdi*.

<sup>4</sup> "From him I received the following little Gazzel, or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India."—*Persian Miscellanies*.

<sup>1</sup> "Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of a complicated nature, made up of a sensation of the present sound or note, and an idea or remembrance of the singing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. The Sense, Memory, and Imagination, are conjunctively employed."—*Gervard on Taste*.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero—"Quoties corpus gaudere tandem, dum presentem sensibus voluptatem; animum et presentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospective venturam, nec praeteritam praeterfluere tunc."

Madame de Staël accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from rhyme.—"Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous échapper."

<sup>2</sup> "The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."—*Scott Waring*. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says—

rything young, everything fair  
 m East and West is blushing there,  
 pt—except—oh, NOURMAHAL!  
 u loveliest, dearest of them all,  
 one, whose smile shone out alone,  
 idst a world the only one ;  
 ose light, among so many lights,  
 i like that star on starry nights,  
 seaman singles from the sky,  
 steer his bark for ever by !  
 u wert not there—so SELIM thought,  
 nd everything seem'd drear without thee ;  
 ah ! thou wert, thou wert,—and brought  
 y charm of song all fresh about thee.  
 gling unnotic'd with a band  
 utanists from many a land,  
 veil'd by such a mask as shades  
 features of young Arab maids,<sup>8</sup>—  
 ask that leaves but one eye free,  
 o its best in witchery,—  
 'ov'd, with beating heart, around,  
 id waited, trembling, for the minute,  
 a she might try if still the sound  
 her lov'd lute had magic in it.

oard was spread with fruits and wine ;  
 grapes of gold, like those that shine

<sup>8</sup> "Gardens of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached to the palace of Morocco's palace) are unequalled, and mattresses of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon."—

<sup>9</sup> "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which contains the most beautiful rock-crystal. On account of its transparency it has been called the Paphian diamond."—*Mariti*.  
<sup>10</sup> "A part of Candahar, called Ferla, or Fairy Land."—*Mariti*.  
<sup>11</sup> "In some of those countries to the east of the Indies."—

i nat, wild and fresh, I  
 Feed on in ERAC's roc  
 All these in richest va  
 In baskets of pure s  
 And urns of porcelain  
 Sunk underneath th  
 Whence oft the lucky  
 Vases to grace the hall  
 Wines, too, of every cl  
 Around their liquid lu  
 Amber Rosolli<sup>10</sup>,—the  
 From vineyards of the  
 And SHIRAZ wine, that  
 As if that jewel, larg  
 The ruby for which KV  
 Offer'd a city's wealth<sup>11</sup>  
 Melted within the go

And amply SELIM quaf  
 And seems resolv'd the  
 His inward heart,—she  
 A genial deluge, as th  
 That soon shall leave n  
 For Love to rest his v  
 He little knew how well  
 Can float upon a gobl  
 Lighting them with his  
 As bards have seen hi

with the son of our Mehmaundar a  
 of which he gave an enchanting  
 100,000 gardens," &c.—*Id.*

<sup>9</sup> "The mangusteen, the most d  
 pride of the Malay Islands."—*Mariti*

<sup>10</sup> "A delicious kind of apricot, c  
 shema, signifying sun's seed."—*Des*

<sup>11</sup> "Sweetmeats."—

the blue GAWGES laughing glide  
 a rosy lotus wreath,<sup>1</sup>  
 a new lustre from the tide  
 : with his image shone beneath.

That are cups, without the aid  
 long to speed them as they flow ?  
 he — a lovely Georgian maid,  
 h all the bloom, the freshen'd glow  
 : own country maidens' looks,  
 warm they rise from TEPHIS' brooks ;<sup>2</sup>  
 rish an eye, whose restless ray,  
 floating, dark — oh, he, who knows  
 art is weak, of Heav'n should pray  
 guard him from such eyes as those ! —  
 h a voluptuous wildness flings  
 snowy hand across the strings  
 a syrinda<sup>3</sup>, and thus sings : —

ther, come hither — by night and by day,  
 eger in pleasures that never are gone ;  
 waves of the summer, as one dies away,  
 er as sweet and as shining comes on.  
 love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth  
 ew one as warm, as unequal'd in bliss ;  
 ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.<sup>4</sup>

idens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh  
 e flow'r of the Amra just op'd by a bee ;<sup>5</sup>  
 cious their tears as that rain from the sky,<sup>6</sup>  
 h turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.  
 k what the kiss and the smile must be worth  
 : the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,  
 n if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

arkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,  
 l draw down those angels of old from their  
 sphere,  
 ' wine of this earth ' left the fountains above,  
 forgot heav'n's stars for the eyes we have  
 here.  
 ess'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,  
 : Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss ?  
 ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

Georgian's song was scarcely mute,  
 ben the same measure, sound for sound,

Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the moun-  
 tain-tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous  
 toil." — *Song of Jayadeva.*

<sup>2</sup> "The Nisan or drops of spring rain, which they believe to  
 produce pearls if they fall into shells." — *Richardson.*

India Syrinda, or guitar." — *Symes.*  
 and the exterior of the Dewan Khafi (a building of  
 m's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of  
 a ground of white marble — "If there be a paradise upon  
 this, it is this." — *Franchin.*

Was caught up by another lute,  
 And so divinely breath'd around,  
 That all stood hush'd and wondering,  
 And turn'd and look'd into the air,  
 As if they thought to see the wing  
 Of ISRAFIL<sup>7</sup>, the Angel, there ; —

So pow'rfully on ev'ry soul  
 That new, enchanted measure stole.  
 While now a voice, sweet as the note  
 Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float  
 Along its chords, and so entwine  
 Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether  
 The voice or lute was most divine,  
 So wondrously they went together : —

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

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

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

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

<sup>5</sup> "Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the moun-  
 tain-tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous  
 toil." — *Song of Jayadeva.*

<sup>6</sup> "The Nisan or drops of spring rain, which they believe to  
 produce pearls if they fall into shells." — *Richardson.*

<sup>7</sup> For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the  
 angels, see *Mariti.*

<sup>8</sup> The Angel of Music. See note 1, p. 68.

the soul that minute caught  
the treasure it through life had sought;

of the very lips and eyes,  
restin'd to have all our sighs,  
never be forgot again,  
kiss'd and spok'd before us then!

Give me thy ev'ry glance and tone  
When first on me they breath'd and shone;  
as if brought from other spheres,  
welcome as if lov'd for years.

fly with me,—if thou hast known  
her flame, nor falsely thrown  
me away, that thou hadst sworn  
should ever in thy heart be worn.

if the love thou hast for me,  
fresh and fresh as mine for thee,—  
as the fountain under ground,  
first 'tis by the lapwing found.<sup>1</sup>

for me thou dost forsake  
other maid, and rudely break  
worshipp'd image from its base,  
leave to me the ruin'd place;—

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

was a rather in this

AND SELIM TO HIS NEAR  
In blushes, more than  
His NOURMAHAL, his E  
And well do vanish'd f  
The charm of every bri  
And dearer seems each  
For having lost its ligh  
And, happier now for a  
As on his arm her he  
She whispers him, with  
"Remember, love, th



FADLADEEN, at the conclu  
sody, took occasion to sun  
young Cashmerian's poetry  
they had that evening he  
recapitulated the epithets,  
monious"—"nonsensical,  
that, viewing it in the m  
resembled one of those M  
the Princess had alluded  
dream",—a slight, gilded  
out rudder or ballast, and  
sweets and faded flowers o  
indeed, of flowers and bir  
ready on all occasions,—  
gems, &c.—was a most of  
lence to his hearers; and  
of giving to his style all th  
garden without its method  
the aviary without its son,  
he chose his subjects badly.  
inspired by the worst parts



illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain<sup>1</sup>, so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The night that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her Ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor<sup>2</sup>, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled—to hide himself in her heart?

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequaled.<sup>3</sup> But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains,—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains<sup>4</sup>, which make every spot of that region holy ground,—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers<sup>5</sup>, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened, and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.<sup>6</sup> Sometimes from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth;—while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this *shui Kie-tsin*, that is, *water is put in*, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on. "They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—*Dunn*.

<sup>2</sup> An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Adam. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor."—*Hafiz*.

<sup>3</sup> *Cashmere by Nasir*.—*Forster*.

<sup>4</sup> The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Beeshan, and of Jann. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound. "Major Rennel's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan. *Shin-Gules* mentions a fountain in Cashmere called *Tirnagh*, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there."—"During the lifetime of my father, I was twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmere. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity

are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood."—*Tousset Jehangery*.—*Vide Asiat. Misc.*, vol. II.

<sup>5</sup> There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fasil, the author of the *Ayin-Achare*, "who," says *Major Rennel*, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the valley, by his description of the holy places in it."

<sup>6</sup> On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully-checkered parterre."—*Forster*.

<sup>7</sup> Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made."—*Vincent le Blanc's Travels*.

<sup>8</sup> For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, *vide Encyclopaedia*.

nts come over the heart with all that chill-  
id deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in  
old, odoriferous wind 'that is to blow over  
arth in the last days.

o marriage was fixed for the morning after  
rival, when she was, for the first time, to  
esented to the monarch in that Imperial  
o beyond the Lake, called the Shalimar.  
h never before had a night of more wakeful  
nxious thought been passed in the Happy  
, yet, when she rose in the morning, and  
adies came around her, to assist in the ad-  
nt of the bridal ornaments, they thought  
ad never seen her look half so beautiful.  
she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of  
arms was more than made up by that intel-  
expression, that soul beaming forth from  
s, which is worth all the rest of loveliness.  
they had tinged her fingers with the Henna  
id placed upon her brow a small coronet of  
of the shape worn by the ancient Queens  
haria, they flung over her head the rose-  
d bridal veil, and she proceeded to the  
hat was to convey her across the lake;—  
sing, with a mournful look, the little amulet  
elian, which her father at parting had hung  
er neck.

morning was as fresh and fair as the maid  
se nuptials it rose, and the shining lake  
red with boats, the minstrels playing upon  
res of the islands, and the crowded summer-  
on the green hills around, with shawls  
nners waving from their roofs, presented  
picture of animated rejoicing. as only she

apart, that all might hav  
presence, and with his h  
was to deliver to the F  
MORZ, and literature, and  
ed therewith."

They now had entered t  
the Lake to the splendi  
the Shalimar, and went  
gardens that ascended t  
flowering shrubs that m  
while from the middle o  
water, smooth and unbr  
height, that they stood lil  
in the sunshine. After  
of various saloons, they  
last and most magnifice  
awaited the coming of h  
the agitation of her hear  
with difficulty she could v  
which were covered wit  
ascent from the barge.  
stood two thrones, as p  
Throne of Coolburga<sup>2</sup>, on  
the youthful King of Buch  
in a few minutes, to be pl  
Princess in the world. In  
trance of LALLA ROOKE  
narch descended from h  
but scarcely had he time  
when she screamed with  
his feet. It was FERAM  
before her!—FERAMORZ  
reign of Bucharia, who in  
panied his young bride f  
won her love as an hand

consternation of FADLADEEN at this disclosure, for the moment, almost pitiable. But of opinion is a resource too convenient for this experienced courtier not to need to avail himself of it. His critics all, of course, recanted instantly: he is filled with an admiration of the King's power as unbounded as, he begged him to bestow on him in possession of an additional place, and the following day by all the Saints of Islam that never existed so great a poet as the Monarch

ALIRIS, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.



IRISH MELODIES.



## PREFACE.\*

ctions connected, in my mind, with a period of my life, when I first thought of writing in verse the touching language of the old Irish harp-players' music, tempt me again to do so long past days; and even at the present time I thought to indulge overmuch in the same. Gibber calls "the great pleasure about one's self all day," to notice of those impressions and influences which led to the attempt to adapt words to music. The attempt was for some time meditated, and, at last, undertaken.

There can be no doubt that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. The prevalence of the Penal Code, the exclusion of the Gaelic language, and the exclusion of the land was made to share in the fate of the Gaelic. Both were alike shut out from civilised life; and seldom anywhere else could the remnants of the proscribed race could be found. The voice of the songs of other days began to be forgotten. The itinerant harp-players, whom for a long period our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but a few. The precious tradition; and a meeting held at Belfast in the year 1792, in which the two or three still remaining harpers assisted, was the last public effort made by the harpers to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her, the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. The fierce legislature of the Parliament of Great Britain, poured vainly through so many centuries,—the utter extinction of Ireland, the deadly pressure of the harp had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and, but for the intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, the greater part of our musical world would probably have been lost to the

world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then awakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work;—flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilisation.

It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies;—a mine, from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since then derived their sole lustre and value.

About the same period I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think by one class, in the university; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the Debating Society—a sort of nursery to the authorised Historical Society—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners.

Of the political tone of this minor school of oratory, which was held weekly at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion,—one of which I recollect, was, "Whether an Aristocracy or a Democracy is most favourable to the advancement of science and literature?" while another, bearing even more pointedly on the relative position of the government and the people, at this crisis, was

\* First appeared in the collected edition, published

... and a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts, succeeded, lastly, to the grand and perilous example, then passing before all eyes, the young republic of France. Referring to the circumstance told of Cæsar, that, in swimming across Rubicon\*, he contrived to carry with him Commentaries and his sword, the young orator said, "Thus France wades through a sea of storm and blood; but while, in one hand, she holds the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature unsullied by the ensanguined tide through which she struggles." In another of his remarkable speeches, I remember his saying, when a people, advancing rapidly in knowledge and power, perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, it is to be done in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people?" A few months after, both Emmet and myself were admitted members of the greater and dignified institution, called the Historical Society; and, even here, the political feeling so rife had contrived to mix up its restless spirit in all our debates and proceedings; notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the authorities, as well as of a strong party in the Society itself, devoted adherents to the policy of the government, and taking in

opening upon her, in the orator's view. So, in this respect, were I and a few of my little party able to counteract it was at length through the higher authorities, to more advanced stand to a former race of the Society, in order that the speeches of Emmet, and the mischievous impression to produce. The name of the higher powers to record; but the objection was in some respect replying to a long oration that Emmet, much to the glory of him who gloried in him as a man, and, to use the parlance, was down. Whether from diffidence in encountering much his senior,—for as he was high-minded in the full career of his life, and repeat his words, or two to recover him. It fell to my own lot



d this vote; and a fierce contest between parties ensued, which I at last put an end to by voluntarily withdrawing my contribution from the Society's Book.

I have already adverted to the period when Emmet's valuable volume first became known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and, though never regularly employed in music, could play over the admirable facility on the piano-forte. Emmet used sometimes to sit by me, when thus engaged; and I remember one day sitting up as from a reverie, when I had finished playing that spirited tune called the Fox\*, and exclaiming, "Oh that I could be the head of twenty thousand men, fighting to that air!"

Little did I then think that in one of the passages of the sweet airs I used to play of his own dying words would find an insertion so worthy of their sad, but proud tone; or that another of those mournful strains would long be associated, in the hearts of our countrymen, with the memory of her who was associated with Ireland his last blessing and

though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had undertaken the task of adapting words to the airs; and it was, I am ashamed to say, in dull and turgid prose, that I made my appearance in print as a champion of the popular cause. Towards the latter end of the year 1797, the celebrated newspaper called the "Press" was set up by Arthur O'Connor, and Addis Emmet, and other chiefs of the Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great then fast approaching. This memorable day, according to the impression I at present entertain of it, was far more distinguished for its earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for its great display of literary talent;—the bold piece written by Emmet (the elder), under the signature of "Montanus," being the only one of the kind which I can now call to mind as entitled to respect for their literary merit. It required,

however, but a small sprinkling of talent to make bold writing, at that time, palatable; and, from the experience of my own home, I can answer for the avidity with which every line of this daring journal was devoured. It used to come out, I think, twice a week, and, on the evening of publication, I always read it aloud to our small circle after supper.

It may easily be conceived that, what with my ardour for the national cause, and a growing consciousness of some little turn for authorship, I was naturally eager to become a contributor to those patriotic and popular columns. But the constant anxiety about me which I knew my own family felt,—a feeling far more wakeful than even their zeal in the public cause,—withheld me from hazarding any step that might cause them alarm. I had ventured, indeed, one evening, to pop privately into the letter-box of The Press, a short Fragment in imitation of Ossian. But this, though inserted, passed off quietly; and nobody was, in any sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I was soon tempted, however, to try a more daring flight. Without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, I addressed a long Letter, in prose, to the \*\*\*\*\* of \*\*\*\*\*, in which a profusion of bad flowers of rhetoric was enwreathed plentifully with that weed which Shakspeare calls "the cockle of rebellion," and, in the same manner as before, committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected my prose would be honoured with insertion, when, lo, on the next evening of publication, when, seated as usual in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my select auditory, there was my own Letter staring me full in the face, being honoured with so conspicuous a place as to be one of the first articles my audience would expect to hear. Assuming an outward appearance of ease, while every nerve within me was trembling, I contrived to accomplish the reading of the Letter without raising in either of my auditors a suspicion that it was my own. I enjoyed the pleasure, too, of hearing it a good deal praised by them; and might have been

\* "Let Erin remember the days of old."  
 † "Oh, breathe not his name."

‡ "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."  
 § Miss Curran.

— Here he stopped ; but the mother's had followed his, with the rapidity of light- ; to mine, and at once she perceived the le truth. " That Letter was yours, then ? " asked of me eagerly ; and, without hesitation, urse, I acknowledged the fact ; when in the earnest manner she entreated of me never i to have any connexion with that paper ; as every wish of hers was to me law, I ly pledged the solemn promise she re- d.

ough well aware how easily a sneer may ised at the simple details of this domestic , I have yet ventured to put it on record, ording an instance of the gentle and wo- / watchfulness, — the Providence, as it e called, of the little world of home, — ouch, although placed almost in the very nt of so headlong a movement, and living arly with some of the most daring of those ropelled it, I yet was guarded from any ipation in their secret oaths, counsels, or and thus escaped all share in that wild le to which so many far better men than ' fell victims.

he mean while, this great conspiracy was ing on, with fearful precipitancy, to its ak ; and vague and shapeless as are now e to have been the views, even of those ere engaged practically in the plot, it

... information I speak. But among tl which had somewhat } for such a catastrop. painful description, wl self an actor in it, I n notice.

It was not many we crisis, that, owing to ir college authorities of t the students, not only organisation of the I Visitation was held by chancellor of the Univ. inquiring into the exte plot, and dealing summi in it.

Imperious and hars policy of thus setting u tribunal, armed with tl witnesses on oath, and in instruction of youth, I c the facts which came on evidence went far towar arbitrary proceeding ; s like myself, were acqu general views of the U even knowing, except those leaders were, or wh it was most startling t which every succeeding

bro \* \* \* \* \*, whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that, day after day, followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the unlawful proceedings inquired into by this tribunal.

But there was one young friend of mine, \* \* \* \* \*, whose appearance among the suspected and examined as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. He and Emmet had long been intimate and attached friends; — their congenial fondness for mathematical studies having been, I think, a far more binding sympathy between them than any arising out of their political opinions. From his being called up, however, on this day, when, as it appeared afterwards, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there could be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the college authorities must have possessed some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In the course of his examination, some questions were put to him which he refused to answer, — most probably from their tendency to involve or inculpate others; and he was accordingly dismissed, with the melancholy certainty that his future prospects in life were blasted; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was not merely expulsion from the University, but also exclusion from all the learned professions.

The proceedings, indeed, of this whole day had been such as to send me to my home in the evening with no very agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given affecting even the lives of some of those friends whom I had long regarded with admiration as well as affection; and what was still worse than even their danger, — a danger ennobled, I thought, by the cause in which they suffered, — was the shameful spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them. Of these witnesses, the greater number had been themselves involved in the plot, and now came forward either as voluntary informers, or else

were driven by the fear of the consequences of refusal to secure their own safety at the expense of companions and friends.

I well remember the gloom, so unusual, that hung over our family circle on that evening, as, talking together of the events of the day, we discussed the likelihood of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest advisers came, was that, overwhelming as the consequences were to all their plans and hopes for me, yet, if the questions leading to criminate others, which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor \* \* \* \* \* alone had refused to answer, were put to me, I must, in the same manner, and at all risks, return a similar refusal. I am not quite certain whether I received any intimation on the following morning, that I was to be one of those examined in the course of the day; but I rather think some such notice had been conveyed to me; — and, at last, my awful turn came, and I stood in presence of the formidable tribunal. There sat, with severe look, the vice-chancellor, and, by his side, the memorable Doctor Duigenan, — memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the Catholics.

The oath was proffered to me. "I have an objection, my Lord," said I, "to taking this oath." "What is your objection?" he asked sternly. "I have no fears, my Lord, that any thing I might say would criminate myself; but it might tend to involve others, and I despise the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates." This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day; and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. "How old are you, Sir?" he then asked. "Between seventeen and eighteen, my Lord." He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him, in an under tone of voice. "We cannot," he resumed, again addressing me, "suffer any one to remain in our University who refuses to take this oath." "I shall, then, my Lord," I replied, "take the

\* One of these brothers has long been a general in the French army: having taken a part in all those great enterprises of Napoleon which have now become matter of history. Should these pages meet the eye of General \* \* \* \* \*, they will call to his mind

the days we passed together in Normandy, a few summers since; — more especially our excursion to Bayeux, when, as we talked on the way of old college times and friends, all the eventful and stormy scenes he had passed through since seemed quite forgotten.

ged to any of these societies?" "No, my Lord." "Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?" "No, my Lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings, for the purchase of arms and ammunition?" "Never, my Lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposal made, in one of these societies, with respect to the expediency of assassination?" "No, my Lord." He then turned again to the gentleman, and, after a few words with him, said to me:—"When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of that great repugnance to taking the oath?" I have already told your Lordship my chief objection; in addition to which, it was the first I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural."†

He was now dismissed without any further objection; and, however trying had been this operation, was amply repaid for it by the zeal with which my young friends and acquaintances flocked to congratulate me;—not only so, but I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal from the court, as on the manner in which I had acquitted myself. Of my reception, on returning home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description;—it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish. \* \* \* \* \*

shall now string together such detached

ere had been two questions put to all those examined on the subject. "What was your objection to taking the oath?"

of so beautiful an air as such a subject. The soon after I wrote it, being at Chatsworth, in Lord Byron's letters from London that year, and all there full of it, and, in particular, that has been quite overheard, told you it was one of the omitted parts of it."

It has been sometimes said that he does not breathe his name. Lord Edward Fitzgerald has the song having been a well-known passage in his speech, "Let no man let my tomb remain unvisited, and other men shall be in my memory."

The feeble attempt to glorify our great English Muse, &c.—is in some measure made up amply for it by an outpouring, rare these days, of the spirit in the year 1815 that made their appearance

And still the last crown of  
The grandest, the purest

made such an appeal, as our poet held as he was. The words T.

proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,  
 under to heal the deep wounds of thy own.  
 set of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,  
 and for the land that first cradled thy fame, &c.

: fourteen years after these lines were  
 the Duke of Wellington recommended  
 hronc the great measure of Catholic  
 pation.

fancy of the "Origin of the Irish  
 ras (as I have elsewhere acknowledged")  
 ed, by a drawing made under pecu-  
 niful circumstances, by the friend so  
 entioned in this sketch, Edward Hud-

mexion with another of these matchless  
 me that defies all poetry to do it justice,  
 the following singular and touching  
 at in an article of the Quarterly Review.  
 g of a young and promising poetess,  
 a Davidson, who died very early from  
 excitement, the Reviewer says, "She  
 icularly sensitive to music. There was  
 ; (it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp)  
 she took a special fancy. She wished  
 it only at twilight, — thus (with that  
 ritous love of excitement which made  
 e the Æolian harp in the window when  
 composing) seeking to increase the  
 igh the song produced upon a nervous  
 already diseasedly susceptible; for it is  
 t, whenever she heard this song, she  
 cold, pale, and almost fainting; yet it  
 favourite of all songs, and gave occasion  
 verses addressed in her fifteenth year  
 ister."†

the Melody entitled "Love, Valour,  
 it," an incident is connected, which  
 ed feelings in me of proud, but sad  
 : — as showing that my songs had  
 the hearts of some of the descendants  
 great Irish families, who found them-  
 rced, in the dark days of persecution,  
 in other lands a refuge from the shame  
 of their own; — those, whose story I  
 is associated with one of their country's  
 racteristic airs: —

. In consequence of the compact entered into between  
 and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the State Pri-  
 son proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their  
 M a visit to Edward Hudson, in the jail of Kilmal-  
 he had then lain immured for four or five months,  
 dead after friend being led out to death, and expecting

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd  
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find  
 That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain.

From a foreign lady, of this ancient extraction,  
 — whose names, could I venture to mention  
 them, would lend to the incident an additional  
 Irish charm, — I received, about two years since,  
 through the hands of a gentleman to whom it had  
 been entrusted, a large portfolio, adorned inside  
 with a beautiful drawing, representing Love,  
 Wit, and Valour, as described in the song. In  
 the border that surrounds the drawing are intro-  
 duced the favourite emblems of Erin, the harp,  
 the shamrock, the mitred head of St. Patrick,  
 together with scrolls containing each, inscribed  
 in letters of gold, the name of some favourite  
 melody of the fair artist.

This present was accompanied by the fol-  
 lowing letter from the lady herself; and her  
 Irish race, I fear, is but too discernible in the  
 generous indiscretion with which, in this in-  
 stance, she allows praise so much to outstrip  
 desert: —

"Monsieur,

"Le 25 Août, 1836.

"Si les poètes n'étoient en quelque  
 sorte une propriété intellectuelle dont chacun  
 prend sa part à raison de la puissance qu'ils  
 exercent, je ne saurois en vérité comment faire  
 pour justifier mon courage! — car il en falloit  
 beaucoup pour avoir osé consacrer mon pauvre  
 talent d'amateur à vos délicieuses poésies, et  
 plus encore pour en renvoyer le pâle reflet à  
 son véritable auteur.

"J'espère toutefois que ma sympathie pour  
 l'Irlande vous fera juger ma foible production  
 avec cette heureuse partialité qui impose silence  
 à la critique: car, si je n'appartiens pas à l'Île  
 Verte par ma naissance, ni mes relations, je puis  
 dire que je m'y intéresse avec un cœur Irlande-  
 daïs, et que j'ai conservé plus que le nom de  
 mes pères. Cela seul me fait espérer que mes  
 petits voyageurs ne subiront pas le triste novi-  
 ciat des étrangers. Puissent-ils remplir leur  
 mission sur le sol natal, en agissant conjointe-  
 ment et toujours pour la cause Irlandaise, et

every week his own turn to come. I found that to amuse his soli-  
 tude he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his  
 prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish Harp which,  
 some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the 'Melodies.'  
 — *Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, vol. I.  
 † Quarterly Review, vol. xii. p. 394.

Si jamais mon étoile me conduit en Irlande,  
je m'y croirai pas étrangère. Je sais que le  
cœur y laisse de longs souvenirs, et que la con-  
solation des désirs et des espérances rapproche  
l'épave de l'espace et du tems.  
Jusque là, recevez, je vous prie, l'assurance

*Italian.*—G. Flechi  
Custi, Milano, 1836.

*French.*—Madame  
Loeve Veimars, Paris

*Russian.*—Several  
popular Russian poet

---

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEG

---

now many years since, in a Letter prefixed  
to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had  
the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work  
to your Ladyship, as to one whose character re-  
doubled honour on the country to which they  
belonged, and whose friendship had long been the  
joy and happiness of their Author. With the

same feelings of affective  
if not increased by the  
preceding year, I now pre-  
sent new form under

With perfect  
Your Ladyship's

---

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST COMPLETE EDITION.

---

THIS is an edition of the Poetry of the Irish, full of ethnographical and

# IRISH MELODIES.

## GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
But, while fame elates thee,  
Oh! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh! thus remember me.  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its ling'ring roses,  
Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,  
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh! still remember me.  
Then should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee,—  
Oh! then remember me.

*Brian Boruska, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed in the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after they defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.*

<sup>1</sup>Remember.

<sup>2</sup>The palace of Brian.

<sup>3</sup>This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Duke, the favourite troops of Brian, when they were interrupted their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince

## WAR SONG.

### REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.<sup>1</sup>

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,  
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;  
Tho' lost to Mononia<sup>2</sup>, and cold in the grave,  
He returns to Kinkora<sup>3</sup> no more.  
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd  
Its beam on the battle, is set;  
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,  
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint  
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,  
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
The footstep of slavery there?  
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,  
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,  
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood<sup>4</sup>  
In the day of distress by our side;  
While the moss of the valley grew red with their  
blood,  
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.  
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,  
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—  
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,  
To find that they fell there in vain.

### ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!  
Shining through sorrow's stream,  
Saddening through pleasure's beam,  
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,  
Weep while they rise.

*of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man."*  
<sup>4</sup>Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops;—never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland*, book xii. chap. I.

breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
re cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid :  
silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,  
the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

the night-dew that falls, though in silence it  
weeps,  
brighten with verdure the grave where he  
sleeps;  
the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
long keep his memory green in our souls.



WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

If he, who adores thee, has left but the name  
his fault and his sorrows behind,  
why wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
a life that for thee was resign'd?  
weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
my tears shall efface their decree;  
Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
I've been but too faithful to thee.

these were the dreams of my earliest love;  
every thought of my reason was thine;  
my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
thy name shall be mingled with mine.  
lest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
the days of thy glory to see;  
the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
is the pride of thus dying for thee.

TO SHOW WHAT SHE

—

FLY NOT

Fly not yet, 'tis just  
When pleasure, like  
That scorns the eye  
Begins to bloom for  
And maids who love  
'Twas but to bless thee  
That beauty and truth  
'Tis then their soft  
Set the tides and go  
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay  
Joy so seldom weav  
Like this to-night, to  
To break its links

Fly not yet, the foun  
In times of old thro  
Though icy cold by  
Yet still, like souls c  
To burn when nig  
And thus, should we  
At noon be cold as  
Nor kindle till the n  
Brings their genial h  
Oh! stay,—Oh! st  
When did morning e  
And find such beam  
As those that spar



pect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night  
 l return with to-morrow to brighten my  
 brow.

-life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
 ich seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;  
 he heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
 always the first to be touch'd by the thorns,  
 end round the bowl, and be happy awhile—  
 y we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage  
 here,  
 the tear that enjoyment may gild with a  
 smile,  
 d the smile that compassion can turn to a  
 tear.

thread of our life would be dark, Heaven  
 knows!

it were not with friendship and love inter-  
 twin'd;

I care not how soon I may sink to repose,  
 when these blessings shall cease to be dear to  
 my mind.

hey who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,  
 often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;  
 the heart that has slumber'd in friendship  
 securest,

appy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.  
 nd round the bowl; while a relic of truth  
 n man or in woman, this prayer shall be  
 mine,—

the sunshine of love may illumine our  
 youth,  
 the moonlight of friendship console our de-  
 cline.

#### THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

he last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,  
 herever thou art shall seem Erin to me;  
 le thy bosom shall still be my home,  
 hine eyes make my climate wherever we  
 roam.

the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an  
 educe respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the  
 hereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or  
 above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Cowlins* (long  
 on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommels.  
 occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which  
 h virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Cowlin*  
 youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which  
 glibb were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this  
 is air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—  
 's *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 124. Mr. Walker  
 s also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh  
 as taken against the Irish Minstrels.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no  
 more,

I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough  
 wind  
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it  
 wreathes,

And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;  
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that  
 hair.<sup>1</sup>

#### RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

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

#### AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow  
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,

<sup>2</sup> This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The  
 people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and  
 religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent ad-  
 ministration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young  
 lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress,  
 undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the  
 other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a  
 ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the  
 laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all  
 the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was  
 she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of  
 Ireland*, vol. i. book x.

his thought in the midst of enjoyment will  
stay,  
a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright  
ray;  
beams of the warm sun play round it in  
vain,  
y smile in his light, but it blooms not again.



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.<sup>1</sup>

It is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
that vale in whose bosom the bright waters  
meet;<sup>2</sup>  
the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
the bloom of that valley shall fade from my  
heart.

It was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
a forest of crystal and brightest of green;  
nor her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
no,—it was something more exquisite still.

That friends, the beloved of my bosom, were  
near,  
made every dear scene of enchantment more  
dear,  
who felt how the best charms of nature im-  
prove,  
we see them reflected from looks that we love.

That vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
in your bosom of shade, with the friends I love  
best,  
and the storms that we feel in this cold world

AND SHE WOULD BE

TAKE BACK T.

WRITTEN ON RETURN

TAKE back the  
White and un  
Some hand, mo  
The leaf must  
Thoughts come,  
Pure as even  
But, oh! each w  
Love turns to

Yet let me keep  
Oft shall my l  
When on its lea  
Dear thought  
Like you, 'tis fa  
Like you, too  
To let wild pass  
One wrong w

Haply, when fro  
Far, far away  
Should calmer t  
Tow'rds you :  
Fancy may trac  
Worthy those  
Thoughts that n  
Pure, calm, a

may the words I write  
Tell thro' what storms I stray—  
on still the unseen light,  
Guiding my way.

—♦—  
THE LEGACY.

in death I shall calmly recline,  
near my heart to my mistress dear;  
near it liv'd upon smiles and wine  
be brightest hue, while it linger'd here.  
near not shed one tear of sorrow  
nearly a heart so brilliant and light;  
nearly drops of the red grape borrow,  
near the relic from morn till night.

the light of my song is o'er,  
near take my harp to your ancient hall;  
near it up at that friendly door,  
near we weary travellers love to call!  
near some bard, who roams forsaken,  
near its soft note in passing along,  
near one thought of its master waken  
near warmest smile for the child of song.

is cup, which is now o'erflowing,  
near face your revel, when I'm at rest;  
near oh! never its balm bestowing  
near its that beauty hath seldom blest.  
near its some warm devoted lover  
near its he adores shall bathe its brim,  
near when my spirit around shall hover,  
near hallow each drop that foams for him.

—♦—  
OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

ow oft has the Benshee cried,  
ow oft has death untied  
right links that Glory wove,  
sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!  
to each manly soul that sleepeth;  
to each faithful eye that weepeth;  
ong may the fair and brave  
igh o'er the hero's grave.

ery house was one or two harps, free to all travellers,  
as more caroled, the more they exalted in music."—  
endeavour'd here, without losing that Irish character,  
my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude  
and ominous fatality, by which England has been  
as many great and good men, at a moment when she  
was all the side of talent and integrity.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days!<sup>3</sup>  
Star after star decays,  
Every bright name, that shed  
Light o'er the land, is fled.  
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth  
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;  
But brightly flows the tear,  
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—  
Thou of the Hundred Fights!<sup>4</sup>  
Thou, on whose burning tongue  
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!<sup>4</sup>  
Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,  
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,  
So long shall Erin's pride  
Tell how they lived and died.

—♦—  
WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS  
WORLD.

We may roam through this world, like a child at  
a feast,  
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the  
rest;  
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the  
east,  
We may order our wings, and be off to the  
west,

But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,  
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,  
We never need leave our own green isle,  
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.  
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward  
you roam,  
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at  
home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept  
By a dragon of prudery placed within call;  
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,  
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after  
all.  
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,  
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;

<sup>3</sup> This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a poem by O'Guive, the bard of O'Neil, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433. "Con. of the Hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories."

<sup>4</sup> Fox, "Romanorum ultimus."

ile the daughters of Erin keep the boy,  
 ver smiling beside his faithful oar,  
 rough billows of woe, and beams of joy,  
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.  
 an remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 thro' this world, whether eastward or westward  
 you roam,  
 en a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.



EVELEEN'S BOWER.

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

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

The white snow lay  
 On the narrow path-way,  
 when the Lord of the Valley crost over the moor;

"This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch  
 Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi  
 defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered succes-  
 sfully, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one,  
 and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."  
*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book ix.  
 "Military orders of knights were very early established in

LET ERIN REMEM

LET Erin rememb'  
 Ere her faithless  
 When Malachi won  
 Which he won f  
 When her kings, w  
 Led the Red-Br  
 Ere the emerald g  
 Was set in the

On Lough Neagh'  
 When the clear  
 He sees the round  
 In the wave ber  
 Thus shall memor  
 Catch a glimpse  
 Thus, sighing, loc  
 For the long fa

THE SONG

SILENT, oh Moyle, l  
 Break not, ye bre

of Plato, overwhelmed.  
 weather, used to paint out  
 under the water. *Piscator  
 more patriæ arcis sumi et  
 feste sereno tempore conspi  
 causas admirantibus, Frey,  
 c. 9.*

murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter  
to the night-star her tale of woes.  
shall the swan, her death-note singing,  
p, with wings in darkness furl'd?  
will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
my spirit from this stormy world?

oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,  
bids me languish long ages away;  
In her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,  
doth the pure light its dawning delay.  
will that day-star, mildly springing,  
in our isle with peace and love?  
will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
my spirit to the fields above?

—◆—  
**ME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.**

end round the wine, and leave points of  
relief  
spleton sages, and reasoning fools;  
ment's a flower too fair and brief,  
wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the  
schools.  
as may be purple, and mine may be blue,  
while they are fill'd from the same bright  
bowl,  
I, who would quarrel for difference of  
hue,  
desires not the comfort then shed o'er the  
bowl.

ask the brave soldier, who fights by my  
side  
of cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?  
give up the friend I have valued and tried,  
kneel not before the same altar with me?  
be heretic girl of my soul should I fly,  
seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?  
crush the hearts, and the laws that try  
thine, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

—◆—  
**SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.**

me was the warning that Liberty spoke,  
grand was the moment when Spaniards  
awoke  
to life and revenge from the conqueror's  
chain.  
Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,  
move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the  
west—

Give the light of your look to each sorrowing  
spot,  
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot  
While you add to your garland the Olive of  
Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their  
rights,  
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,  
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,  
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!  
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,  
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,  
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,  
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd  
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to  
find

That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for  
in vain,  
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you  
light,  
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,  
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,  
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted  
cause  
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,  
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,  
Its devotion to feel, and its right to maintain;  
Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will  
die!

The finger of glory shall point where they lie;  
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,  
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their  
grave  
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

—◆—  
**BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEAR-  
ING YOUNG CHARMS.**

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

ERIN, OH ERIN.

As the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy  
fane,<sup>1</sup>  
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,  
The heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,  
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.  
O, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears  
A long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

As nations have fallen, and thou still art young,  
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set ;  
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath  
hung, [yet.  
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee  
O, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,  
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Chill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,  
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,  
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,  
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.<sup>2</sup>  
O, oh Erin, *thy* winter is past,  
And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

Drink to her, who long  
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,  
The girl, who gave to song  
What gold could never buy.  
Oh ! woman's heart was made  
For minstrel hands alone ;

The indistinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which

To pass —  
While Wit a  
Which cut  
So here's to h  
Hath wak'd  
The girl, who  
What gold

The love that  
Where was  
Is like the gl  
That dwell  
But oh ! the  
Can boast  
Its native hon  
Though we  
Then drink to  
Hath wak'd  
The girl, who  
What gold

OH ! BLAME

Oh ! blame not the  
Where Pleasure li  
He was born for mu  
His soul might ha  
The string, that now  
Might have bent  
dart ;<sup>4</sup>  
And the lip, which  
desire,  
Might have pour'd

us, " were sprinkled with

as for his country! — her pride is gone by,  
 that spirit is broken, which never would  
 bend;  
 to ruin her children in secret must sigh,  
 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.  
 'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;  
 distinguish'd they live, if they shame not their  
 sires;  
 to torch, that would light them thro' dignity's  
 way,  
 to be caught from the pile, where their  
 country expires.

blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft  
 dream,  
 should try to forget, what he never can heal:  
 give but a hope — let a vista but gleam  
 o'ugh the gloom of his country, and mark  
 how he'll feel!  
 instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down  
 y passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;  
 the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,  
 the wreath of Harmodius, should cover  
 his sword.<sup>1</sup>

' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,  
 name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;  
 n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,  
 he lose the remembrance of thee and thy  
 wrongs.  
 anger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
 sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
 masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
 pause at the song of their captive, and weep.

#### BE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

BE gazing on the moon's light,  
 moment from her smile I turn'd,  
 look at orbs, that, more bright,  
 lone and distant glory burn'd.  
 But too far  
 Each proud star,  
 'or me to feel its warming flame;  
 Much more dear  
 That mild sphere,  
 Which near our planet smiling came;<sup>2</sup> —  
 aa, Mary, be but thou my own;  
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,

<sup>1</sup> The Hymn, attributed to Alcman, *Ev nepos eladi ro fides* — "I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius Aristagoras." &c.  
<sup>2</sup> "such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the is much more beneficial than they all put together." — *Plato's Theory*, &c.  
<sup>3</sup> *Emblems of Aristotle*, among other ingenious emblems, we

I'll love those moonlight looks alone,  
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,  
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,  
 Illumin'd all the pale flowers,  
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.  
 I said (while  
 The moon's smile  
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)  
 "The moon looks  
 "On many brooks  
 "The brook can see no moon but this;"<sup>3</sup>  
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,  
 For many a lover looks to thee,  
 While oh! I feel there is but *one*,  
*One* Mary in the world for me.

#### BILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,  
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,  
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,  
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.  
 For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and  
 her soul in,  
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon;  
 And, when once the young heart of a maiden is  
 stolen,  
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er  
 misses,  
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,  
 A butterfly<sup>4</sup>, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,  
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.  
 Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,  
 She brush'd him — he fell, alas! never to rise:  
 "Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our  
 faces,  
 "For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-case  
 was growing,  
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fall'n dew;  
 And a rose, farther on, look'd so tempting and  
 glowing,  
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:

find a starry sky without a moon, with these words, *Now mille, quod abesse.*

<sup>3</sup> This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: — "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

<sup>4</sup> An emblem of the soul.

By the hope within us springing,  
Herald of to-morrow's strife;  
By that sun, whose light is bringing  
Chains or freedom, death or life—  
Oh! remember life can be  
No charm for him, who lives not free!  
Like the day-star in the wave,  
Sinks a hero in his grave,  
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline  
The smiles of home may soothing shine,  
And light him down the steep of years:—  
But oh, how blest they sink to rest,  
Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers  
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,  
When his heart that field remembers,  
Where we tam'd his tyrant might.  
Never let him bind again  
A chain, like that we broke from then.  
Hark! the horn of combat calls—  
Ere the golden evening falls,  
Say we pledge that horn in triumph round!

Many a heart that now beats high,  
In slumber cold at night shall lie,  
For waken even at victory's sound:—  
But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,  
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

---

AFTER THE BATTLE.

There's yet a world  
Where tyrants tread  
If death that world  
Oh! who would

'TIS SWEET

'Tis sweet to think, that  
We are sure to find  
And that, when we're  
We've but to make  
The heart, like a tent  
Let it grow where  
But will lean to the  
It can twine with  
own.  
Then oh! what pleas  
To be sure to find  
And to know, when  
We've but to make  
near.

'Twere a shame, when  
To make light of the  
And the world's so  
'Twere a pity to let  
Love's wing and the  
They are both of the  
able too,  
And, wherever a new  
It will tincture the  
hue.  
Then oh! what pleas



THE PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.<sup>1</sup>

In grief and through danger thy smile hath  
 seem'd to bud from each thorn that round  
 me lay;  
 Ere our fortune, the brighter our pure love  
 run'd,  
 I went into glory, till fear into zeal was  
 run'd;  
 As I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,  
 I'd even the sorrows that made me more  
 dear to thee.

Thou wast honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd  
 and scorn'd, while I was adorn'd;  
 I was of briers, while gold her brows  
 I wore to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in  
 caves,  
 And I was all masters, while thine, alas!  
 were slaves;  
 In the earth, at thy feet, I would rather  
 lie than what I lov'd not, or turn one thought  
 from thee.

Under thee sorely, who say thy vows are  
 all—  
 I have been a false one, thy cheek had look'd  
 as pale.  
 I was too, so long thou hast worn those linger-  
 ing chains,  
 I know in thy heart they have printed their  
 vile stains—  
 I wish the slander,—no chain could that soul  
 bind blue—  
 I wish thy spirit, there liberty shineth  
 on!<sup>2</sup>

## ON MUSIC.

Thro' life unblest we rove,  
 Sing all that made life dear,  
 I know some notes we used to love,  
 Days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
 How welcome breathes the strain!  
 Evening thoughts that long have slept;  
 Sing former smiles again  
 And closed eyes that long have wept.

The gale, that sighs along  
 Of oriental flowers,  
 Grateful breath of song,  
 I once was heard in happier hours;

<sup>1</sup> Allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.  
<sup>2</sup> The Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.—St. Paul.

Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,  
 Though the flowers have sunk in death;  
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell!  
 Why should Feeling ever speak,  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are ev'n more false than they;  
 Oh! 'tis only music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT  
SHED.<sup>3</sup>

It is not the tear at this moment shed,  
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,  
 That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,  
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.  
 'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,  
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershadowed;  
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,  
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,  
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,  
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,  
 When we think how he liv'd but to love them.  
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume  
 Where buried saints are lying,  
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom  
 From the image he left there in dying!

## THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now  
 for thee,  
 Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea;  
 And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,  
 To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she  
 lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;  
 Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,  
 And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's  
 form.

<sup>3</sup> These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear  
 relative, who had died lately at Madeira.

away.

### LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

When the days are gone, when Beauty bright  
My heart's chain wove;  
Then my dream of life, from morn till night,  
Was love, still love.  
New hope may bloom,  
And days may come,  
Of milder, calmer beam,  
at there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream:  
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.

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

Oh,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot  
Which first love trac'd;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste.  
'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed;  
'Twas morning's winged dream;  
was a light that never can shine again

where you

Our spirit  
Oh! the joy that we  
poles,  
Is a flash amid darl  
But, though 'twere the  
We must light it up

Contempt on the mini  
Tho' fierce to your  
true;  
And the tribute most  
Is love from a heart  
While cov  
Your fame  
Would shrink from th  
The Stand  
In front w  
Oh, my life on your  
this minute,  
You'd cast every bi  
And show what the a  
When rous'd by the

He loves the Green Is.  
In hearts, which hav  
And hope shall be cr  
warded,  
And Erin's gay jubi  
The gem r  
By many s  
But nothing can clo  
Each fragr  
A light, to  
And thus, Erin, my co  
There's a lustre withi  
A spirit, which beams  
And now smiles at s

## WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

weep on, your hour is past;  
reams of pride are o'er;  
chain is round you cast,  
we are men no more.  
The hero's heart hath bled;  
The seer's tongue hath warn'd in vain;  
The demon! once thy flame hath fled,  
The lights again.

— perhaps in after days  
Learn to love your name;  
May a deed may wake in praise  
Whom hath slept in blame.  
They tread the ruin'd Isle,  
Rest, at length, the lord and slave,  
And ring ask, how hands so vile  
Conquer hearts so brave?

te," they'll say, "a wayward fate  
web of discord wove;  
The tyrants join'd in hate,  
Never join'd in love.  
The stars fell off, that ought to twine,  
The man profan'd what God had given;  
We were heard to curse the shrine,  
The others knelt to heaven!"

## A HATH A BEAMING EYE.

With a beaming eye,  
The one knows for whom it beameth;  
The dart left its arrows fly,  
But they aim at no one dreameth.  
The eyes tis to gaze upon  
The war's lid that seldom rises;  
The looks, but every one,  
The unexpected light, surprises!  
My Nora Creina, dear,  
The gentle, bashful Nora Creina,  
Beauty lies  
In many eyes,  
We in yours, my Nora Creina.

ears a robe of gold,  
I so close the nymph hath lac'd it,  
The arm of beauty's mould  
Wishes to stay where nature plac'd it.  
Nora's gown for me,  
The looks as wild as mountain breezes,  
The every beauty free  
I look or swell as Heaven pleases.

Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,  
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,  
Nature's dress  
Is loveliness—  
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,  
But, when its points are gleaming round us,  
Who can tell if they're design'd  
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?  
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,  
In safer slumber Love reposes—  
Bed of peace! whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the roses.  
Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!  
Wit, though bright,  
Hath no such light,  
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

## I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,  
Nor thought that pale decay  
Would steal before the steps of Time,  
And waste its bloom away, Mary!  
Yet still thy features wore that light,  
Which fleets not with the breath;  
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright  
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,  
Yet humbly, calmly glide,  
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
Within their gentle tide, Mary!  
So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,  
Thy radiant genius shone,  
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,  
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,  
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;  
Or could we keep the souls we love,  
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!  
Though many a gifted mind we meet,  
Though fairest forms we see,  
To live with them is far less sweet,  
Than to remember thee, Mary!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Hec! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam meminesse!"

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—  
Eyes of most unholy blue!  
She had lov'd him well and long,  
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.  
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,  
Still he heard her light foot nigh;  
East or west, where'er he turn'd,  
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,  
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;  
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er  
Woman's smile can haunt him there.  
But nor earth nor heaven is free  
From her power, if fond she be:  
Even now, while calm he sleeps,  
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet  
To this rocky, wild retreat;  
And when morning met his view,  
Her mild glances met it too.  
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!  
Sternly from his bed he starts,  
And with rude repulsive shock,  
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave  
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!  
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late,)  
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.  
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"  
Round the Lake light music stole;  
And her ghost was seen to glide,  
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

---

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

When they promis  
They'll shine o'er her  
West,  
From her own lov'

#### NAY, TELI

NAY, tell me not, dear  
One charm of feeli  
Believe me, a few of  
Are all I've sunk i  
Ne'er hat  
Been lost  
That ever was she  
The spell  
The balr  
Still float on the st  
Then fancy not, dear  
One blissful dream  
Like founts that awa  
The bowl but brig

They tell us that Lov  
Had two blush-ros  
He sprinkled the one  
But bath'd the oth  
Soon did  
That dra  
Distill'd by the rai  
While th  
Of ruby l  
All blush'd into be  
Then fancy not, dear  
One blissful dream  
Like founts that awa

## AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

re and bright fall the swift sword of Erin<sup>1</sup>  
 n who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!—  
 y fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,  
 p from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er  
 r blade.

red cloud that hung over Conor's dark  
 swelling,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ulad's<sup>3</sup> three champions lay sleeping in  
 re—  
 flows of war, which so often, high swelling,  
 rafted these heroes to victory's shore—

to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,  
 rp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,  
 shall be mute, and our fields shall lie  
 uted,  
 igeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

arch! tho' sweet are our home recollect-  
 ns,  
 h sweet are the tears that from tenderness  
 l;  
 weet are our friendships, our hopes, our  
 ections,  
 ge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

## THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

HAT the bee is to the flow'ret,  
 When he looks for honey-dew,  
 through the leaves that close embower it,  
 That, my love, I'll be to you.

That the bank, with verdure glowing,  
 Is to waves that wander near  
 Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going,  
 That I'll be to you, my dear.

but they say, the bee's a rover,  
 Who will fly, when sweets are gone;  
 And, when once the kiss is over,  
 Faithless brooks will wander on.

ords of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish  
 d "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of  
 which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by  
 nagan (see vol. I. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of*  
 ed upon which it appears that the "Darthula of Mac-  
 is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in  
 death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a decal-  
 against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of  
 This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been, from time  
 al, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories  
 2. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran,'  
 3 of the children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de  
 and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is

He.—Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,  
 If sunny banks will wear away,  
 'Tis but right, that bees and brooks  
 Should sip and kiss them while they may.

## LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,  
 " Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;  
 " Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers  
 " To heaven in mingled odour ascend.  
 " Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!  
 " So like is thy form to the cherubs above,  
 " It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,  
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint;  
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;  
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.  
 "Who would have thought," the urchin cries,  
 "That Love could so well, so gravely disguise  
 "His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,  
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.  
 He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,  
 He brightens the censor's flame with his sighs.  
 Love is the Saint enshrin'd in thy breast,  
 And angels themselves would admit such a  
 guest,  
 If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH  
PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,  
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,—  
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,  
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.  
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,  
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;  
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,  
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.

a Milesian story." It will be recollected, that, in the Second  
 Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the  
 children of Lear or Lir; "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to anti-  
 quity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature  
 of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality, if  
 the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the  
 liberal encouragement they so well merit.

<sup>2</sup> "Oh Nisi! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see  
 over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—*Deirdri's*  
*Song.*

<sup>3</sup> Ulster.

air time with the flow'rs on the margin have  
 wasted,  
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine.  
 ; pledge me the goblet ;— while Idleness weaves  
 These flow'rets together, should Wisdom but see  
 a bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves,  
 from her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.



**OH THE SHAMROCK.**

THROUGH Erin's Isle,  
 To sport awhile,  
 As Love and Valour wander'd,  
 With Wit, the sprite,  
 Whose quiver bright  
 A thousand arrows squander'd.  
 Where'er they pass,  
 A triple grass:  
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,  
 As softly green  
 As emeralds seen  
 Through purest crystal gleaming.  
 the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!  
 Chosen leaf  
 Of Bard and Chief,  
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, " See,  
 " They spring for me,  
 " Those leafy gems of morning!"—  
 Says Love, " No, no,  
 " For me they grow,  
 " My fragrant path adorning."  
 But Wit perceives

One di  
 On Wit's cele  
 May I  
 His fl  
 Of thorny fal  
 May v  
 His st  
 Against the c  
 Oh the Shamrock, th  
 Chosen  
 Of Ba  
 Old Erin's na

**AT THE MID**

At the mid hour of  
 I fly  
 To the lone vale w  
 in thine eye;  
 And I think oft, i  
 gions of air,  
 To revisit past sce  
 to me there,  
 And tell me our love

Then I sing the wi  
 sure to hear!  
 When our voices co  
 on the ear;  
 And, as Echo far  
 orison rolls,  
 I think, oh my l  
 Kingdom of

## THE BUMPER AT PARTING.

Bumper at parting!—though many  
 circled the board since we met,  
 lest, the saddest of any,  
 mine to be crown'd by us yet.  
 Sweetness that pleasure hath in it,  
 flows so slow to come forth,  
 Freedom, alas, till the minute  
 is, do we know half its worth.  
 O, — may our life's happy measure  
 of such moments made up;  
 born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
 die 'midst the tears of the cup.

And we journey, how pleasant  
 use and inhabit awhile  
 in sunny spots, like the present,  
 mid the dull wilderness smile!  
 O, like a pitiless master,  
 "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—  
 nor doth Time travel faster,  
 when his way lies among flowers.  
 O, — may our life's happy measure  
 of such moments made up;  
 born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
 die 'midst the tears of the cup.

How the sun look'd in sinking,  
 waters beneath him how bright;  
 O, let our farewell of drinking  
 be that farewell of light.  
 How he finish'd, by darting  
 foam o'er a deep billow's brim—  
 O, let's shine at our parting,  
 in liquid glory, like him.  
 O, may our life's happy measure  
 of moments like this be made up,  
 born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
 die 'midst the tears of the cup.

## THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

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

*Steady to Morna's grove.*—See, in Mr. Bunting's  
 poem translated from the Irish, by the late John  
 of my earliest college companions and friends, whose

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away.  
 When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,  
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,  
 How sweet to rove  
 Through Morna's grove,<sup>1</sup>  
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!  
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,  
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,  
 And the best of all ways  
 To lengthen our days,  
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
 And I, whose star,  
 More glorious far,  
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.  
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,  
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
 Or, in watching the flight  
 Of bodies of light,  
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

## THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—  
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,  
 "Though all the world betrays thee,

death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had  
 been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.<sup>1</sup>

THE valley lay smiling before me,  
Where lately I left her behind;  
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,  
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.  
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,  
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd;  
But, though darkness began to infold me,  
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber — 'twas lonely,  
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead; —  
Ah, would it were death, and death only!  
But no, the young false one had fled.  
And there hung the lute that could soften  
My very worst pains into bliss;  
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,  
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women,  
When Breffni's good sword would have sought  
That man, thro' a million of foemen,  
Who dar'd but to wrong thee *in thought!*  
While now — oh degenerate daughter  
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!  
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,  
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her,  
And strangers her valleys profane;  
They come to divide, to dishonour,  
And tyrants they long will remain.

In a blue summer c  
Where a leaf never c  
And the bee banqu  
flowers;  
Where the  
With se  
That the  
A thin  
Where simply to fe  
Is worth the best jo

There, with souls e  
We should love, a  
time;  
The glow of the su  
Would steal to our  
there.

With affe  
From c  
And, with  
Living  
Our life should res  
And our death com

FAREWELL! —  
WELC

FAREWELL — but  
That awakens the  
bower,  
Then think of the  
And forgot his ow  
His griefs may ret  
Of the few that h  
pain,



ll forget the short vision, that threw  
t around him, while ling'ring with

at evening, when pleasure fills up  
top sparkle each heart and each cup,  
with lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
y friends, shall be with you that  
our revels, your sports, and your wiles,  
o me, beaming all o'er with your  
—  
tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,  
ice had murmur'd, "I wish he were

er worst, there are relics of joy,  
s of the past, which she cannot de-  
n the night-time of sorrow and care,  
ck the features that joy used to wear.  
: my heart with such memories fill'd!  
, in which roses have once been dis-  
—  
ak, you may shatter the vase, if you  
of the roses will hang round it still.

#### OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

doubt me not — the season  
o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
now the vestal, Reason,  
all watch the fire awak'd by Love.  
this heart was early blown,  
irest hands disturb'd the tree,  
r shook some blossoms down,  
t has all been kept for thee.  
I doubt me not — the season  
o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
now the vestal, Reason,  
all watch the fire awak'd by Love.

though my lute no longer  
ay sing of Passion's ardent spell,  
trust me, all the stronger  
eel the bliss I do not tell.  
hrough many a garden roves,  
ms his lay of courtship o'er,  
he finds the flower he loves,  
les there, and hums no more.  
I doubt me not — the season  
o'er, when Folly kept me free,  
now the vestal, Reason,  
all guard the flame awak'd by thee.

#### YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.<sup>1</sup>

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,  
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,  
When the stranger, William, had made her his  
bride,  
And love was the light of their lowly cot.  
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,  
Till William, at length, in sadness said,  
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;" —  
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,  
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,  
When now, at close of one stormy day,  
They see a proud castle among the trees.  
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;  
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"  
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,  
And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth, —  
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"  
She believ'd him crazed, but his words were truth,  
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!  
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves  
What William, the stranger, woo'd and wed;  
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,  
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

#### I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,  
If thy smiles had left me too;  
I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
If thou wert, like them, untrue.  
But while I've thee before me,  
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,  
No clouds can linger o'er me,  
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,  
While fate leaves thy love to me;  
'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.  
One minute's dream about thee  
Were worth a long, an endless year  
Of waking bliss without thee,  
My own love, my only dear!

<sup>1</sup> This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

And looks round in fear and doubt.  
But soon, the prospect clearing,  
By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
And thinks no lamp so cheering  
As that light which Heaven sheds.

---

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul  
Burns the same, where'er it goes.  
If fate frown on, so we love and part not;  
If life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.  
Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Come wherover the wild wind blows;  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul  
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea  
Made for the Free,  
Land for courts and chains alone?  
Here we are slaves,  
But, on the waves,  
Love and Liberty's all our own.  
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
No earth forgot, and all heaven around us—  
Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;

Has love to thee  
Been like our  
Where sparkles  
All over the  
But, if in pursuit  
Allur'd by thee  
Ah! false as thou  
Like Love, thou

Has Hope, like  
That flitted  
With the talisman  
Has Hope been  
On branch after  
The gem did  
And, when near  
Then waft the

If thus the young  
When sorrow  
If thus the fair  
That led thee  
If thus the cold  
Each feeling  
Come, child of mine  
I'll weep with thee

NO, NOT M

voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing  
 summer wind thro' some wreathed shell —  
 secret winding, each inmost feeling  
 all my soul echoed to its spell.  
 whisper'd balm — 'twas sunshine spoken! —  
 seven years of grief and pain  
 on my long sleep of sorrow broken  
 such benign, blessed sounds again.

## WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,  
 ere shone such truth about thee,  
 on thy lip such promise hung,  
 I did not dare to doubt thee.  
 These change, yet still relied,  
 I clung with hope the fonder,  
 thought, though false to all beside,  
 on me thou couldst not wander.  
 But go, deceiver ! go,  
 The heart, whose hopes could make it  
 Trust one so false, so low,  
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

In every tongue thy follies nam'd,  
 led the unwelcome story ;  
 sound, in even the faults they blam'd,  
 some gleams of future glory.  
 It was true, when nearer friends  
 inspired to wrong, to slight thee ;  
 heart that now thy falsehood rends  
 would then have bled to right thee.  
 But go, deceiver ! go, —  
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken  
 From pleasure's dream, to know  
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Now now, though youth its bloom has shed,  
 no lights of age adorn thee :  
 few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,  
 and they, who flatter, scorn thee.  
 A midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,  
 no genial ties enwreath it ;  
 smiling there, like light on graves,  
 as rank cold hearts beneath it.  
 Go — go — though worlds were thine,  
 I would not now surrender  
 One taintless tear of mine  
 For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,  
 when even those ties shall sever ;  
 when thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
 when her thou'st lost for ever ;  
 when her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
 with smiles had still receiv'd thee,

And gladly died to prove thee all  
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.  
 Go — go — 'tis vain to curse,  
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;  
 Hate cannot wish thee worse  
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

## WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping  
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,  
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,  
 For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.  
 But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,  
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,  
 She saw History write,  
 With a pencil of light  
 That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's  
 name.

"Hail, Star of my Isle !" said the Spirit, all  
 sparkling  
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy  
 skies —  
 "Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,  
 "I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.  
 "For, though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was  
 their lot,  
 "And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of  
 Fame ; —  
 "But oh ! there is not  
 "One dishonouring blot  
 "On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's  
 name.

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,  
 "The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet  
 known ;  
 "Though proud was thy task, other nations un-  
 chaining,  
 "Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy  
 own.  
 "At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou  
 hast stood,  
 "Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,  
 "And, bright o'er the flood  
 "Of her tears and her blood,  
 "Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's  
 name !"

And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,  
I hung with gaze enchanted,  
Like him the sprite,<sup>1</sup>  
Whom maids by night  
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
Like him, too, Beauty won me,  
But while her eyes were on me,  
If once their ray  
Was turn'd away,  
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?  
And is my proud heart growing  
Too cold or wise  
For brilliant eyes  
Again to set it glowing?  
No, vain, alas! th' endeavour  
From bonds so sweet to sever;  
Poor Wisdom's chance  
Against a glance  
Is now as weak as ever.



#### WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,  
Condemn'd to chains unholy,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly?  
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,  
Would wait till time decay'd it,  
When thus its wing  
At once may spring  
To shake the throne of Him who made it?

Who live to

#### COME, REST

COME, rest in this b  
Though the herd has  
still here;  
Here still is the smi  
And a heart and a l

Oh! what was love  
Through joy and th  
and shame?  
I know not, I ask n  
I but know that I k

Thou hast call'd me  
And thy Angel I'll  
Through the furnac  
sue,  
And shield thee, and

#### 'TIS GONE

'Tis gone, and for e  
Like Heaven's fir  
dead—  
When Man, from th  
Look'd upward, s  
fled.  
'Tis gone, and the g  
But deprecates the loss

igh was thy hope, when those glories were  
 darting  
 and thee, through all the gross clouds of the  
 world;  
 Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,  
 awoke, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.<sup>1</sup>  
 Never shall earth see a moment so splendid!  
 When—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended  
 the tongues of all nations—how sweet had as-  
 cended  
 the first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

me on those tyrants, who envied the bless-  
 ing!  
 Shame on the light race, unworthy its good,  
 Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing  
 our hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood.  
 Wretch'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,  
 in spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,  
 may we be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian  
 as it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

#### I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

from the beach, when the morning was  
 dawning,  
 I look'd o'er the waters move gloriously on;  
 when the sun o'er that beach was declining,  
 the bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

such is the fate of our life's early promise,  
 passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;  
 and we, that we danc'd on at morning, ebb  
 from us,  
 leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

All me of glories, serenely adorning  
 the close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—  
 give me back, give me back the wild freshness of  
 Morning,  
 whose clouds and her tears are worth Evening's  
 best light.

who would not welcome that moment's return-  
 ing,  
 when a passion first wak'd a new life through his  
 frame,  
 whose soul, like the wood, that grows precious  
 in burning,  
 would out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

<sup>1</sup> Sun-burst " was the fanciful name given by the ancient  
 the Royal Banner.

#### FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smoothes away a wrinkle.  
 Wit's electric flame  
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,  
 As when through the frame  
 It shoots from brimming glasses  
 Fill the bumper fair!  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smoothes away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,  
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
 And bring down its ray  
 From the starr'd dominions:—  
 So we, Sages, sit,  
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,  
 From the Heaven of Wit  
 Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first  
 Made our souls inherit  
 This ennobling thirst  
 For wine's celestial spirit?  
 It chanc'd upon that day,  
 When, as bards inform us,  
 Prometheus stole away  
 The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up  
 To Glory's fount aspiring,  
 Took nor urn nor cup  
 To hide the pilfer'd fire.—  
 But oh his joy, when, round  
 The halls of Heaven spying,  
 Among the stars he found  
 A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,  
 Remains of last night's pleasure,  
 With which the Sparks of Soul  
 Mix'd their burning treasure.  
 Hence the goblet's shower  
 Hath such spells to win us;  
 Hence its mighty power  
 O'er that flame within us.  
 Fill the bumper fair!  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smoothes away a wrinkle.

Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;  
it, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sad-  
ness,  
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall  
twine!  
Sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slum-  
bers,  
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than  
mine;  
the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

---

### MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken  
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;  
In tears our last farewell was taken,  
And now in tears we meet again.  
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,  
But, like those Harps whose heav'nly skill  
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,  
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,  
An hour of peace and triumph came,  
And many an ardent bosom bounded  
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.  
Yet even then, while Peace was singing  
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,

How gaily, e'en  
Thou yet canst  
Like Memnon's lute  
'Mid desolation

### IN THE MORN

In the morning of life  
And its pleasures  
When we live in a breeze  
And the light that  
Oh 'tis not, believe  
We can love, as  
may;—  
Of our smiles, of our  
But affection is true

When we see the fi  
Like a leaf on the  
When our cup, whi  
so high,  
First tastes of the  
Then, then is the ti  
With a depth and  
Love, nurs'd among  
But the love born

In climes full of  
flowers,  
Their sighs have  
worth;  
'Tis the cloud and  
showers,  
That call the rich  
So it is not 'mid spl  
That the depth of

## AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
We talk, with joyous seeming,—  
With smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming;  
While mem'ry brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then  
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet  
Some isle, or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting;  
We think how great had been our bliss,  
If Heav'n had but assign'd us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing,—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

## WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

As cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast  
lov'd,  
Whose faults and his follies forgot by thee then;  
If from their slumber the veil be remov'd,  
To see thee deep o'er them in silence, and close it again.  
Oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far  
From the pathways of light he was tempted to  
roam,  
How bliss to remember that thou wert the star  
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.  
When thy innocent beauty first came  
To revealings, that taught him true love to adore.  
To see the bright presence, and turn him with shame  
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.

O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,  
Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;  
And if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd  
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And though, sometimes, the shades of past folly  
might rise,  
And though falsehood again would allure him to  
stray,  
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,  
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.  
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,  
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,  
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,  
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

## REMEMBER THEE.

REMEMBER thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,  
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;  
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,  
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and  
free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,  
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,  
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,  
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—  
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's  
nest,  
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy  
breast.

## WREATHE THE BOWL.

WREATHE the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us;  
We'll take a flight  
Tow'rd's heaven to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us.  
Should Love amid  
The wreaths be hid,  
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,  
No danger fear,  
While wine is near,  
We'll drown him if he stings us;  
Then, wreathe the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us;

Around it well be dieneed,  
 Then bring Wit's beam  
 To warm the stream,  
 And there's your nectar, splendid!  
 So wreathe the bowl  
 With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us;  
 We'll take a flight  
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time,  
 His glass sublime,  
 Fill up with sands unsightly  
 When wine, he knew,  
 Runs brisker through,  
 And sparkles far more brightly?  
 Oh, lend it us,  
 And, smiling thus,  
 The glass in two we'll sever,  
 Make pleasure glide  
 In double tide,  
 And fill both ends for ever!  
 Then wreathe the bowl  
 With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us;  
 We'll take a flight  
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us.



**HENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.**

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,  
 So full of hope, and joy, and light,  
 As if no cloud could ever rise,  
 To dim a heav'n so purely bright—  
 I sigh to think how soon that brow

Whatever in Fancy'  
 Or in Hope's swee  
 Shall be ours—

Bright flowers shall  
 A voice divine sh  
 The stars shall look  
 And this earth be  
 In our eyes—i

And thoughts, who  
 Like streams, that  
 Shall keep our hear  
 To be bathed by  
 Ever green, if t

All this and more t  
 Can breathe o'er  
 That heaven, which  
 He can make on  
 As thou'lt own

**TO I**

To Ladies' eyes &  
 We can't refus  
 Though bright ey  
 'Tis hard to ch  
 For thick as stars  
 Yon airy bow'  
 The countless ey  
 This earth of c  
 But fill the cup—  
 Our choice ma  
 We're sure to fin



ould lead us (God forgive them!)  
The other way, the other way.  
Fill the cup—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all! so drink them all!

ome, as in a mirror,  
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,  
Shun the flatt'ring error,  
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.  
Self has fix'd his dwelling  
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,  
Lips—but this is telling—  
Where they go! so here they go!  
Up, fill up—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all! so drink them all!

#### FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,  
The truest, the last of the brave,  
One—and the bright hope we cherish'd  
Died with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Could we from death but recover  
These hearts as they bounded before,  
The face of high heav'n to fight over  
At combat for freedom once more;—

Let the chain for an instant be riven  
Which Tyranny flung round us then,  
'Tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,  
Let Tyranny bind it again!

'Tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story  
The name of our Victor may be,  
First is the march of that glory  
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Clearer the grave or the prison,  
Named by one patriot name,  
Let the trophies of all, who have risen  
From Liberty's ruins to fame.

#### THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I  
Began it,  
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;  
Until they can show me some happier planet,  
Or ere social and bright, I'll content me with this.

As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,  
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,  
They may say what they will of their orbs in the  
skies,  
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring  
them

New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,  
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to  
sing them,<sup>1</sup>

They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.  
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,  
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,  
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,  
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splen-  
dour,

At twilight so often we've roam'd through the  
dew, [tender,

There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as  
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.<sup>2</sup>

But tho' they were even more bright than the queen  
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,

As I never those fair young celestials have seen,  
Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and  
me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,  
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,  
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that  
station, [spare.

Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could  
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,

If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,  
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,

And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and  
me.

#### OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!

Oh for the men who bore them,  
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,  
And tyrants crouch'd before them:

When free yet, ere courts began  
With honours to enslave him,

The best honours worn by Man  
Were those which Virtue gave him.

Oh for the swords, &c. &c.

<sup>1</sup> Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.—*Pluralité des Mondes.*  
<sup>2</sup> La terre pourra être pour Vénus l'toile du berger et la mère  
des amours, comme V. nus l'est pour nous.—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

---

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.<sup>1</sup>

" Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,  
" Unholy bark, ere morning smile;  
" For on thy deck, though dark it be,  
" A female form I see;  
" And I have sworn this sainted sod  
" Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod.'

THE LADY.

" Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,  
" Through wintry winds and billows dark:  
" I come with humble heart to share  
" Thy morn and evening prayer;  
" Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,  
" The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;  
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;  
But legends hint, that had the maid  
Till morning's light delay'd;  
And giv'n the saint one rosy smile,  
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

---

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

NE'ER ask the hour — what is it to us  
How Time deals out his treasures?  
The golden moments lent us thus.

A dial, by way c  
But Joy loved bett  
As long as its liq  
Than to watch with  
on,  
And how fast th  
So fill the cup — w  
How Time his ci  
The fairy hours we  
Obey no wand, l

SAIL

SAIL on, sail on, th  
Wherever blows  
It cannot lead to s  
More sad than ti  
Each wave that pa  
" Though death  
" Less cold we are  
" Whose smiling

Sail on, sail on, —  
Through calm —  
more:

The stormiest sea's  
To him who leav  
Or — if some deser  
Where never yet  
Profan'd a world, t  
Then rest thee, l

## THE PARALLEL.

Yes, sad one of Sion<sup>1</sup>, if closely resembling,  
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—  
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trem-  
bling"<sup>2</sup>  
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,  
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;  
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,  
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."<sup>3</sup>

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,  
Die far from the home it were life to behold;  
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,  
Remember the bright things that bless'd them  
of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"<sup>4</sup>  
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are  
slaves;  
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they  
waken, [graves!  
Have tones 'mid their mirth, like the wind over

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there  
the morrow,  
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,  
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery  
and sorrow,  
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden  
City<sup>4</sup>  
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her  
own lips; [pity,  
And the world she had trampled on heard, without  
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty  
came over  
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,  
And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,<sup>5</sup>  
The Lady of Kingdoms<sup>6</sup> lay low in the dust.

## DRINK OF THIS CUP.

DRINK of this cup; you'll find there's a spell in  
its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;

<sup>1</sup> These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

<sup>2</sup> "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Jer.* xv. 9.

<sup>3</sup> "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—*Isaiah*, lxi. 4.

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!  
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.  
Would you forget the dark world we are in,  
Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of  
it;

But would you rise above earth, till akin  
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every  
drop of it;

Send round the cup—for oh, there's a spell in  
its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;  
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!  
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power  
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;  
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,  
A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.  
There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd  
With the balm and the bloom of her kindest  
weather,

This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd  
To enliven such hearts as are here brought to-  
gether.

Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell  
in

its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;  
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!  
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—  
Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,  
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,  
Yet 'tis n't less potent for being unlawful.

And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that flame,  
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—  
Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,  
Which may work too its charm, though as law-  
less and hidden.

So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in  
its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;  
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!  
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

## THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,  
And I'll tell you your fortune truly  
As ever was told, by the new moon's light,  
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

<sup>4</sup> "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"—*Isaiah*, xiv. 4.

<sup>5</sup> "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave . . . and the worms cover thee."—*Isaiah*, xiv. 11.

<sup>6</sup> "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."—*Isaiah*, xlvi. 5.

you'll hardly, my dear, any difference find  
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,  
He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion—  
In ardour, of which such an innocent sprite  
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,  
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,  
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes  
To settle, ere morning, between them.

---

OH, YE DEAD!

Ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by  
the light you give  
a your cold gleaming eyes, though you move  
like men who live,

Why leave you thus your graves,  
In far off fields and waves,  
ere the worm and the sea-bird only know your  
bed,

To haunt this spot where all  
Those eyes that wept your fall,  
the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie  
dead?

True, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;  
he fair and the brave whom we lov'd on earth  
are gone;

But still thus ev'n in death,  
So sweet the living breath

In light-link'd dance  
Sweet May, shine  
For still, when thy  
That youth, who be  
Sweet May, return

Of all the bright ha  
Its lingering smile c  
Fair Lake, thou'r  
For when the last A  
Thy Naiads prepare  
Who dwells, bright

Of all the proud stee  
Young plumed Chief  
White Steed, most  
Who still, with the fi  
From under that glo  
My love, my chief,

While, white as the s  
When newly launch'd  
Fair Steed, as whit  
And spirits, from all  
Glide o'er the blue wi  
Around my love an

Of all the sweet death  
Whose lovers beneath  
Most sweet that de  
Which, under the nex  
When thou and thy s  
Dear love, I'll die f

## ECHO.

sweet the answer Echo makes  
To music at night,  
Loudly, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,  
Far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
Goes answering light.

Love hath echoes truer far,  
And far more sweet,  
e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
Lute, or lute, or soft guitar,  
The songs repeat.

When the sigh, in youth sincere,  
And only then,—  
Sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,  
That one, that only dear,  
Breath'd back again!

## OH BANQUET NOT.

Banquet not in those shining bowers,  
Ere Youth resorts, but come to me:  
Mine's a garden of faded flowers,  
Not fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.  
Here we shall have our feast of tears,  
And many a cup in silence pour;  
Weasts, the shades of former years,  
Toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

While the myrtle's withering boughs  
In lifeless leaves around us shed,  
Brim the bowl to broken vows,  
Friends long lost, the changed, the dead.  
Smile some blighted laurel waves  
In branches o'er the dreary spot,  
Drink to those neglected graves,  
Ere valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot.

## THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

Swinging of morn, the daylight's sinking,  
Night's long hours still find me thinking  
Of thee, thee, only thee.  
Friends are met, and goblets crown'd,  
Smiles are near, that once enchanted,  
Sh'd by all that sunshine round,  
Soul, like some dark spot, is haunted  
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken  
My spirit once, is now forsaken  
For thee, thee, only thee.

Like shores, by which some headlong bark  
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,  
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,  
I know not, heed not, hastening ever  
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,  
And pain itself seems sweet when springing  
From thee, thee, only thee.  
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,  
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,  
This heart, how'er the world may wake  
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken  
By thee, thee, only thee.

## SHALL THE HARP, THEN, BE SILENT.

SHALL the Harp, then, be silent, when he who first  
gave  
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all  
eyes?  
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,  
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots  
lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,  
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows  
be crost,  
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,  
And proclaim to the world what a star hath  
been lost;¹—

What a union of all the affections and powers  
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,  
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,  
While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,  
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch  
sublime—  
Like a pyramid rais'd in the desert—where he  
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom  
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,  
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,  
And for one sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's  
goal?

¹ These lines were written on the death of our great patriot, Grattan, in the year 1793. It is only the two first verses that are either intended or fitted to be sung.

As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,  
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from  
the crowd,  
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread  
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and  
which bow'd,  
As if each brought a new civic crown for his  
head —

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life  
But at distance observ'd him — through glory,  
through blame,  
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,  
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the  
same, —

Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns  
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is  
shrin'd —  
'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the  
urns  
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!



OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,  
When morning's beam is glancing  
O'er files array'd  
With helm and blade,  
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!  
When hearts are all high beating,

Stone walls in  
'Tis mind  
Worth st  
That keeps m  
Oh that sight  
When the mor  
O'er files  
With helr  
And in Freede

SWEET

SWEET Innisfalle  
May calm and  
How fair thou art  
To feel how fai

Sweet Innisfallen,  
In memory's dr  
Which o'er thee o  
When first I sa

'Twas light, indee  
Who had to tur  
Through crowded  
And leave thee

No more unto thy  
But, on the wor  
Dream of thee son  
Of sunshine he

Far better in thy  
To part from th  
When mist is o'er  
Like sorrow's v

g or smiling, lovely isle !  
all the lovelier for thy tears —  
ough but rare thy sunny smile,  
heav'n's own glance when it appears.

eling hearts, whose joys are few,  
when *indeed* they come, divine —  
ightest light the sun e'er threw  
feless to one gleam of thine !

AS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

one of those dreams, that by music are  
rought,  
right summer haze, o'er the poet's warm  
hought —  
lost in the future, his soul wanders on,  
of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

ld notes he heard o'er the water were those  
l taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and  
woes,  
e breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er  
Dinis' green isle, to Glens' wooded shore.

en'd — while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,  
ngering sounds on their way lov'd to rest ;  
e echoes sung back from their full mountain  
quire,  
oth to let song so enchanting expire.

id as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,  
ain brought to life in some airier sphere,  
eav'n in those hills, where the soul of the  
strain  
ad ceas'd upon earth was awaking again !

give, if, while list'ning to music, whose  
breath  
to circle his name with a charm against  
leath,  
ld feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,  
so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame :

so, tho' thy mem'ry should now die away,  
be caught up again in some happier day,  
he hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,  
igh the answering Future, thy name and  
hy song."

in during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Killarney.  
cribing the Skelligs (islands of the Barony of Forth),  
ng says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil  
eave down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and  
eem to light upon the rock."  
mina, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the

FAIREST ! PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST ! put on awhile  
These pinions of light I bring thee,  
And o'er thy own Green Isle  
In fancy let me wing thee.  
Never did Ariel's plume,  
At golden sunset hover  
O'er scenes so full of bloom,  
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,  
And fearlessly meets the ardour  
Of the warm Summer's gaze,  
With only her tears to guard her.  
Rocks, through myrtle boughs  
In grace majestic frowning ;  
Like some bold warrior's brows  
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,  
That never hath bird come nigh them,  
But from his course through air  
He hath been won down by them ;<sup>2</sup> —  
Types, sweet maid, of thee,  
Whose look, whose blush inviting,  
Never did Love yet see  
From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,<sup>3</sup>  
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,  
Bright as the tears thy lid  
Lets fall in lonely weeping.  
Glens<sup>4</sup>, where Ocean comes,  
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,  
And Harbours, worthiest homes  
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,  
So beautiful, shine before thee,  
Pride for thy own dear land  
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,  
Oh, let grief come first,  
O'er pride itself victorious —  
Thinking how man hath curst  
What Heaven had made so glorious

abundance of pearls in Ireland. *Their* princes, he says, hung them behind their ears ; and this we find confirmed by a present made A.C. 1091, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls." — *O'Halloran*.

<sup>4</sup> Glengarriff.

Fill round the cup, while you may;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,  
Like some young Hebe's lip,  
And half meets thine, and blushes  
That thou shouldst delay to sip.  
Shame, oh shame unto thee,  
If ever thou see'st that day,  
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,  
And turn untouch'd away!  
Then, quick! we have but a second,  
Fill round, fill round, while you may;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!



#### DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

Doth not a meeting like this make amends,  
Or all the long years I've been wand'ring away—  
See thus around me my youth's early friends,  
So smiling and kind as in that happy day?  
Nigh haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,  
The snow-fall of time may be stealing,—what  
then?  
Alas in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,  
'e'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

It soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,  
Gazing on those we've been lost to so long!  
Sorrow, the joys, of which once they were part,  
Will round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.  
Etters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,  
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,  
Many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd.

As all we can have  
And oft even joy is un-  
For want of some h  
Ah, well may we hope  
To meet in some wa  
For a smile, or a gras  
Is all we enjoy of e

But, come, the more ra  
The more we should  
more;  
They're ours, when wa  
we part,  
Like birds that brin  
o'er.  
Thus circling the cup,  
Let Sympathy pled  
pain,  
That, fast as a feeling  
Her magic shall sen

#### THE MOUNTAIN

In yonder valley there  
A youth, whose mother  
Till spells came o'er him  
He was haunted and wa

As once, by moonlight,  
The golden sands of the  
A foot-print sparkled b  
'Twas the fairy foot of

Beside a fountain, one  
As bending over the st



'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,  
erit fled!—and the youth but heard  
music, such as marks the flight  
of a bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

Yet, still haunted by that bright look,  
He, bewild'rd, his pencil took,  
Aided only by memory's light,  
To see once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

“You, who lovest the shadow,” cried  
The low whispering by his side,  
“I am and see,”—here the youth's delight  
In the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

“The spirits of land and sea,”  
He murm'rd, “there's none like thee,  
If, oh oft, may thy foot thus light  
A lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!”

#### AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

Vanquish'd Erin wept beside  
Boyne's ill-fated river,  
Where Discord, in the tide,  
Dropp'd his loaded quiver.  
“Id,” she cried, “ye venom'd darts,  
Where mortal eye may shun you;  
Id—the stain of manly hearts,  
That bled for me, is on you.”

In her wish, her weeping vain—  
Time too well hath taught her—  
When the Fiend returns again,  
She dives into that water;  
Triumphant, from beneath  
The shafts of desolation,  
He finds them, wing'd with worse than death,  
Tough all her madd'ning nation.

“Or her who sits and mourns,  
I now, beside that river—  
I cried still the Fiend returns,  
I stor'd is still his quiver.  
“When will this end, ye Powers of Good?”  
Weeping asks for ever;  
“Noly hears, from out that flood,  
“Demon answer, “Never.”

was the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally  
engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee,  
and to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of  
dependants, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful  
daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent

#### DESMOND'S SONG.<sup>1</sup>

By the Feal's wave benighted,  
No star in the skies,  
To thy door by Love lighted,  
I first saw those eyes.  
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,  
As the threshold I cross,  
There was ruin before me,  
If I lov'd, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow  
Too soon in his train;  
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow  
'Twere welcome again.  
Though misery's full measure  
My portion should be,  
I would drain it with pleasure,  
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour  
To bow to this flame,  
If you've eyes, look but on her,  
And blush while you blame.  
Hath the pearl less whiteness  
Because of its birth?  
Hath the violet less brightness  
For growing near earth?

No—Man for his glory  
To ancestry flies;  
But Woman's bright story  
Is told in her eyes.  
While the Monarch but traces  
Through mortals his line,  
Beauty, born of the Graces,  
Ranks next to Divine!

#### THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be  
(One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;  
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,  
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,  
I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wanton  
ray  
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features  
are, [far:  
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier

passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this  
inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride re-  
garded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation  
of his family."—*Leland*, vol. ii.

In death's cold shadow, ere they die.  
 There, there, far from thee,  
 Deceitful world, my home should be;  
 Where, come what might of gloom and pain,  
 False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound  
 Of unseen waters falling round;  
 The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,  
 Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead!  
 These, ay, these shall wean  
 My soul from life's deluding scene,  
 And turn each thought, o'ercharg'd with gloom,  
 Like willows, downward tow'rd's the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night  
 Would win repose, first quench the light,  
 So must the hopes, that keep this breast  
 Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.  
 Cold, cold, this heart must grow,  
 Unmov'd by either joy or woe,  
 Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown  
 Within their current turns to stone.

—♦—

### SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

SHE sung of Love, while o'er her lyre  
 The rosy rays of evening fell,  
 As if to feed, with their soft fire,  
 The soul within that trembling shell.  
 The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,  
 And play'd around those lips that sung  
 And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,  
 If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of

the fading ima  
 And cried, "Oh l  
 "Oh light of y  
 "Must ye then lo  
 "And thus, lik

### SING — SING —

SING — sing — Musi  
 To brighten the g  
 Souls here, like plan  
 By harmony's law  
 Beauty may boast of  
 But Love from the  
 And she, who but  
 speaks,  
 At once sends it l  
 sings.  
 Then sing — sing  
 To brighten th  
 Souls here, like  
 By harmony's

When Love, rock'd b  
 Lay sleeping as cal  
 "Hush, hush," said V  
 "Sweet voice but  
 Dreaming of music h  
 Till faint from his l  
 And Venus, enchante  
 While Love to his  
 Then sing — sing  
 To brighten th  
 Souls here, like  
 By harmony's

## HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

ble the banquet to which I invite thee,  
l there the best a poor bard can com-

g with welcome, shall throng round,  
t thee,  
serve the feast with his own willing

Fortune may seem to have turn'd  
he dwelling  
u regardest her favouring ray,  
id there a gift, all her treasures ex-  
s,  
judly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

edom of mind, which no vulgar do-  
n  
from the path a pure conscience ap-  
s;  
hope in the heart, and no chain on  
nion,  
wards its course to the light which it

res the pride of his humble retreat,  
; this, though of all other treasures  
r'd,  
f his garden to him is more sweet  
costliest incense that Pomp e'er re-

— if a board so untempting hath power  
: from grandeur, its best shall be thine;  
me, long the light of the bard's happy  
; will blend her bright welcome with

## SING, SWEET HARP.

weet Harp, oh sing to me  
song of ancient days,  
ounds, in this sad memory,  
buried dreams shall raise; —  
y that tells of vanish'd fame,  
e light once round us shone;  
: pride, now turn'd to shame,  
nopes for ever gone. —  
d Harp, thus sing to me;  
our doom is cast,  
st to all but memory,  
ve but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air  
Among thy chords doth sigh,  
As if it sought some echo there  
Of voices long gone by; —  
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd  
The foremost then in fame;  
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,  
Now sleep without a name. —  
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air  
Among thy chords doth sigh;  
In vain it seeks an echo there  
Of voices long gone by.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,  
Who once, in bower and hall,  
Sat listening to thy magic sound,  
Now mute and mould'ring all; —  
But, no; they would but wake to weep  
Their children's slavery;  
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,  
The dead, at least, are free! —  
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,  
That knell of Freedom's day;  
Or, listening to its death-like moan,  
Let me, too, die away.

## SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME—THE NINTH CENTURY.

To-morrow, comrade, we  
On the battle-plain must be,  
There to conquer, or both lie low!  
The morning star is up, —  
But there's wine still in the cup, [go;  
And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy,  
We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes  
A passing tear will rise,  
When we think of the friends we leave lone;  
But what can wailing do?  
See, our goblet's weeping too! [our own;  
With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy,  
With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on; —  
The last that o'er us shone  
Saw our children around us play;  
The next — ah! where shall we  
And those rosy urchins be? [boy, away;  
But — no matter — grasp thy sword and away,  
No matter — grasp thy sword and away!

Let those, who brook the chain  
Of Saxon or of Dane,  
Ignobly by their firesides stay;

As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,  
 And, like that lark, a music brings  
 Within him, where'er he comes or goes, —  
 A fount that for ever flows !  
 The world's to him like some play-ground,  
 Where fairies dance their moonlight round ; —  
 'f dimm'd the turf where late they trod,  
 The elves but seek some greener sod ;  
 So, when less bright his scene of glee,  
 To another away flies he !

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,  
 Without a bard to fix her bloom ?  
 They tell us, in the moon's bright round,  
 Things lost in this dark world are found ;  
 O charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,  
 In the poet's lay live on. —  
 Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim ?  
 You've only to give them all to him,  
 Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,  
 Can lend them life, this life beyond,  
 And fix them high, in Poesy's sky, —  
 Among stars that never die !

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes, —  
 Or, though he hath countless airy homes,  
 O which his wing excursive roves,  
 Yet still, from time to time, he loves  
 To light upon earth and find such cheer  
 As brightens our banquet here.  
 O matter how far, how fleet he flies,  
 You've only to light up kind young eyes,  
 Which signal-fires as here are given, —  
 And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,  
 At the minute such call to love or mirth  
 Proclaims he's wanting on earth !

Oh, what is Fancy's  
 If all her art cannot  
 One bliss like those  
 From lips now mute  
 No, no, — her spell !  
 As soon could she b  
 Those eyes themselv  
 As wake again one

#### I'VE A SECRET

I've a secret to tell t  
 Oh ! not where th  
 I'll seek, to whisper i  
 Some shore where  
 Where summer's wa  
 Nor fay can hear t  
 Where, if but a note  
 The rose saith, chic

There, amid the deep  
 When stars can be  
 Thyself shall, under t  
 Sit mute, with thy  
 Like him, the boy', v  
 The flowers that o  
 Sits ever thus, — his  
 To earth and heave

SONG O

where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,  
 our destin'd home or grave?"<sup>1</sup>  
 sung they as, by the morning's beams,  
 they swept the Atlantic wave.

So, where afar o'er ocean shines  
 sparkle of radiant green,  
 enough in that deep lay emerald mines,  
 whose light through the wave was seen.  
 "Innisfail" — 'tis Innisfail!"  
 songs o'er the echoing sea;  
 they, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail  
 at home of the brave and free.

They turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,  
 here now their Day-God's eye  
 look'd of such sunny omen gave  
 brightly up sea and sky.  
 A frown was seen through sky or sea,  
 or tear o'er leaf or sod,  
 or first on their Isle of Destiny  
 or great forefathers trod.

#### THE NIGHT DANCE.

See the gay harp! see the moon is on high,  
 as true to her beam as the tides of the  
 ocean,  
 hearts, when they feel the soft light of her  
 eye,  
 the mute call, and heave into motion.  
 Sound notes — the gayest, the lightest,  
 ever took wing, when heav'n look'd  
 brightest!

Again! Again!  
 And such heart-stirring music be heard  
 at City of Statues described by romancers,  
 'ning its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,  
 statues themselves all start into dancers!

When delay, with such sounds in our ears,  
 the flower of Beauty's own garden before  
 us,—  
 stars overhead leave the song of their  
 spheres,  
 list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?  
 that strain! — to hear it thus sounding  
 at set even Death's cold pulses bounding —

Again! Again!  
 What delight when the youthful and gay,  
 with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a  
 feather,

<sup>1</sup> *W. M. Flanagan* remembered the remarkable prediction of the prin-  
 cid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadeius should  
 e possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and  
 abt. — *Keating*.

Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,  
 And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

#### THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

THERE are sounds of mirth in the night-air ring-  
 ing,  
 And lamps from every casement shown;  
 While voices blithe within are singing,  
 That seem to say "Come," in every tone.  
 Ah! once how light, in Life's young season,  
 My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;  
 Nor paus'd to ask of greybeard Reason  
 Should I the syren call obey.

And, see — the lamps still livelier glitter,  
 The syren lips more fondly sound;  
 No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter  
 To sink in your rosy bondage bound.  
 Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms  
 Could bend to tyranny's rude control,  
 Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,  
 And yield to a smile his freeborn soul?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,  
 The nymphs their fetters around him cast,  
 And, — their laughing eyes, the while, conceal-  
 ing, —  
 Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.  
 For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,  
 Was like that rock of the Druid race,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,  
 But all earth's power couldn't cast from its base.

#### OH! ARRANMORE, LOV'D ARRAN- MORE.

Oh! Arranmore, lov'd Arranmore,  
 How oft I dream of thee,  
 And of those days when, by thy shore,  
 I wander'd young and free.  
 Full many a path I've tried, since then,  
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,  
 But ne'er could find the bliss again  
 I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs  
 At sunny morn I've stood,  
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs  
 That danc'd along thy flood;

<sup>2</sup> The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force  
 is able to dislodge from their stations.

—◆—  
LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

LAY his sword by his side<sup>2</sup>, it hath serv'd him too well

Not to rest near his pillow below;  
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,  
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.  
Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,  
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—  
That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,  
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,  
As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains;—  
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,  
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"

And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,  
"Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,  
O leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—  
"It hath victory's life in it yet!

Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,  
"Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,  
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,  
"Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.  
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use  
"Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—  
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,  
"Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!

Like those gay fi  
And in themselv  
A stock of light,  
Whenever they  
So, in this world  
Our hearts shoul  
And the flash of  
Break forth wh

While ev'ry joy d  
Hath still some sl  
In this new world  
Such shadows v  
Unless they're lik  
Which, when tho  
Still near thee, le  
Each spot wher

THE WINE

THE wine-cup is cir  
And its Chief, 'mi  
Looks up, with a sig  
Where his sword l  
When, hark! th  
From the vale w  
"Arm ye quick, t  
Ev'ry Chief star  
From his foamin  
And "To battle, t

The minstrels have a  
And they sing suc  
'Tis like the voice of  
Breaking forth fro

to buckler rang,  
 e minstrels sang,  
 : Sun-burst<sup>1</sup> o'er them floated wide;  
 : rememb'ring the yoke  
 a their fathers broke,  
 : liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

is of the night the Northmen came,  
 : valley of Almhin lowering;  
 vard mov'd, in the light of its fame,  
 nner of Erin, towering.  
 the mingling shock  
 cliff and rock,  
 rank on rank, the invaders die:  
 the shout, that last  
 the dying pass'd,  
 Victory! victory!"—the Finian's cry.

#### E DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

m of those days when first I sung thee is  
 r,  
 aph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows  
 in wore;  
 of the light which Hope once shed o'er  
 y chains,  
 a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,  
 the dark brand is there, though chainless  
 on art;  
 edom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit  
 ng burn'd,  
 hing at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?

ty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,  
 s on her temple fix'd, how proud was  
 y tread!  
 r thou ne'er had'st liv'd that summit to  
 in,  
 n the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

#### [ THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

this hour the pledge is given,  
 n this hour my soul is thine:  
 what will, from earth or heaven,  
 d or woe, thy fate be mine.

is given to the banner of the Irish.  
 dly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader, that these

When the proud and great stood by thee,  
 None dar'd thy rights to spurn;  
 And if now they're false and fly thee,  
 Shall I, too, basely turn?  
 No;—whate'er the fires that try thee,  
 In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,  
 Offers now a friendly shore,  
 Light may come where all looks darkest,  
 Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.  
 And, of those past ages dreaming,  
 When glory deck'd thy brow,  
 Oft I fondly think, though seeming  
 So fall'n and clouded now,  
 Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming,—  
 None so bright, so blest as thou!

#### SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.<sup>2</sup>

SILENCE is in our festal halls,—  
 Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er;  
 In vain on thee sad Erin calls,  
 Her minstrel's voice responds no more;—  
 All silent as th' Eolian shell  
 Sleeps at the close of some bright day,  
 When the sweet breeze, that wak'd its swell  
 At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,  
 Awak'd by music's spell, shall rise;  
 For, name so link'd with deathless song  
 Partakes its charm and never dies:  
 And ev'n within the holy fane,  
 When music wafts the soul to heaven,  
 One thought to him, whose earliest strain  
 Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,  
 The social night, when, by thy side,  
 He, who now weaves this parting lay,  
 His skillless voice with thine allied;  
 And sung those songs whose every tone,  
 When bard and minstrel long have past,  
 Shall still, in sweetness all their own,  
 Embalm'd by fame, undying last?

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—  
 Or, if thy bard have shar'd the crown,  
 From thee the borrow'd glory came,  
 And at thy feet is now laid down.  
 Enough, if Freedom still inspire  
 His latest song, and still there be,  
 As evening closes round his lyre,  
 One ray upon its chords from thee.

These are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of  
 an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.

TO THE FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

POWER takes the liberty of announcing to the public a Work which has long been a *Desideratum* in this country. Though the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally admitted and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original Irish Melodies, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words, containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country. Sir John Stevenson has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the Airs; and the lovers of Simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science. In the Poetical Part, Power has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters; particularly from Mr. Moore, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which has addressed to Sir John Stevenson on the subject:—

I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours are designed to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment,—we have left

and some melancholy Third or flat Seventh it passes, and makes Burns had been an Irish give up all our claim heart would have been genius would have made

“Another difficult (mechanical) arises from many of those airs, at which it will in consequence to them. In these is not to the eye, but to to have his verses of to mention, ‘*Quos si caroratio.*’ That beautiful Rope,’ which has all the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches* sentimental rakes which tie down in sober wed notwithstanding all the moderate portion of the surmount them, the de National, that I shall it all the assistance in

“*Leicesterhire, Feb. 1807.*”

ADVICE

TO THE PUBLIC

In presenting the Third to the Public, Power begs acknowledgments for the very it has been honoured; and unabated zeal of those ably conducted it



stands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

Power respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim, in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the Country,—a Work which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more, he is convinced, towards liberalising the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by the mere arguments of well-intentioned but uninteresting politicians.

—♦—

LETTER

TO  
THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL,  
PREFIRED TO  
THE THIRD NUMBER.

WHILE the publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number, to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. I know that, though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, you still continue to remember it well and warmly,—that you have not suffered the attractions of English society to produce, like the taste of the lotus, any forgetfulness of your own country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest and sympathy from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather tends to strengthen our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile from it must remember with most enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become at a distance softened, or altogether invisible. Nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes,—the zeal with which she

has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her,—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to “wring her into undutifulness.”<sup>1</sup>

It has been often remarked, and still oftener felt, that in our music is found the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency,—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness,—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next,—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are even many airs, which it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems applicable. Sometimes, for instance, when the strain is open and spirited, yet here and there shaded by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose<sup>2</sup>, marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth,—like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated. In many of these mournful songs we seem to hear the last farewell of the exile<sup>3</sup>, mingling regret for the ties which he leaves at home, with sanguine hopes of the high honours that await him abroad,—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and were applied to the mind as music was formerly

and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) “they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months.” *ac.*—*Asiatic Transactions*, vol. iii. on the Musical Modes of the Hindus.—What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs:—“Elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait entendre à des hommes d’un naturel aussi vil que les Athéniens.”—*Idem. sur la Peinture*, *ac.* tom. i. sect. 45.

<sup>1</sup> A phrase which occurs in a Letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth’s time.—*Scripta Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

<sup>2</sup> There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in “The complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose” (1690). See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vi. p. 49.; and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O’Ryan, chap. vii. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis de Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to the small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

<sup>3</sup> The associations of the Hindu music, though more obvious

may be to dissent from these romantic  
 ons, I cannot help thinking that it is pos-  
 love our country very zealously, and to  
 ly interested in her honour and happiness,  
 believing that Irish was the language  
 n Paradise<sup>3</sup>, that our ancestors were kind  
 o take the trouble of polishing the Greeks<sup>4</sup>,  
 abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of  
 h of Ireland.<sup>5</sup>  
 ne of these zealous antiquarians it has been  
 i that the Irish were early acquainted with  
 point<sup>6</sup>; and they endeavour to support  
 eature by a well-known passage in Gi-  
 where he dilates, with such elaborate  
 pon the beauties of our national minstrelsy.  
 terms of this eulogy are much too vague,  
 cient in technical accuracy, to prove that  
 iraldus himself knew anything of the  
 of counter-point. There are many ex-

but wild and refractory sul  
 It was only when the inver  
 be known, and the power  
 larged by additional string  
 supposed to have assume  
 which interests us at presen  
 persevered in the old muti  
 music became by degrees  
 laws of harmony and coun  
 While profiting, howeve  
 of the moderns, our style  
 character sacred from tl  
 though Carolan, it appear  
 nites of hearing the works  
 great masters, we but rar  
 his native simplicity to any  
 ments, or affectation of i  
 curious composition, inde  
 it is evident that he labor

ation, prefixed to the 2nd volume of his Scottish Ballads.  
 in some genuine specimens may be found at the end of  
 r's Work upon the Irish bards. Mr. Bunting has dis-  
 last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous  
 vertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of  
 oran, vol. I. part iv. chap. vii.  
 chap. vi.  
 is supposed, but with no little proof, that they understood  
 enharmonic interval.—The Greeks seem to have formed  
 o this delicate gradation of sound; and whatever diffi-  
 ctions may lie in the way of its practical use, we must  
 Merenne (Préludes de l'Harmonie, Quest. 7.), that the  
 fusc would be imperfect without it. Even in practice,  
 d, among others, very justly remarks, (Observations on  
 g, chap. I. sect. 16.) there is no good performer on the  
 does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and  
 agh, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are  
 otes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by  
 le transitions is also very striking and beautiful.  
 ords *tristitia* and *tristitia*, in a passage of Plato, and  
 sions of Cicero, in Fragment. lib. II. de Republ., induced  
 Fragular to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge  
 of *tristitia* because he expressed him. *tristitia*

indeed, to cite my own wild attempt  
 I find myself continually coming  
 times, appeared so pleasing to my  
 the critic with so small reluctant  
 pedantry in adhering too rigidly t  
 that there are instances in Haydn,  
 fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Intr  
 intimates that Handel has been i  
 irregularity.  
 \* A singular oversight occurs in  
 by Mr. Beauclerk, which is inserted  
 Historical Memoirs:—"The Irish  
 in the reign of Henry II. had two k  
 in *duobus* musicis generis instrum  
 velocius, *maius* tamen et *maius*  
 quick, the other soft and pleasing."  
 learning could so mistake the mu  
 sical construction of this ex  
 following is the passage as I find i  
 quires but little Latin to perceive t  
 to the words of the old Chronicle  
*flis, utatur lyra, tympano et cb*  
*choro Hibernici tamen in duob*  
*quamvis precipitem et velocem, sua*

its union of manners, so very dissimilar, pro-  
 the same kind of uneasy sensation which is  
 a mixture of different styles of architecture.  
 ular, however, the artless flow of our music  
 reserved itself free from all tinge of foreign  
 tion<sup>1</sup>; and the chief corruptions of which  
 ve to complain arise from the unskilful per-  
 nance of our own itinerant musicians, from  
 too frequently, the airs are noted down,  
 ured by their tasteless decorations, and re-  
 ble for all their ignorant anomalies. Though  
 sometimes impossible to trace the original  
 , yet, in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura*  
 ret," the pure gold of the melody shines  
 gh the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it,  
 d the most delicate and difficult duty of a  
 iler is to endeavour, by retrenching these  
 ant superfluities, and collating the various  
 ods of playing or singing each air, to restore  
 gularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity  
 character.

ust again observe, that in doubting the anti-  
 of our music, my scepticism extends but to  
 polished specimens of the art, which it is  
 alk to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern  
 vement; and that I would by no means in-  
 ate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank  
 e annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous  
 uary may be inclined to allow her. In addi-  
 indeed, to the power which music must always  
 possessed over the minds of a people so ardent  
 susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was  
 ranting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm;  
 barns of song were ennobled with the glories  
 artyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in  
 eigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as  
 xeful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen  
 cians, as the penal laws have been in keeping  
 Catholics.

ith respect to the verses which I have written  
 hese melodies, as they are intended rather to  
 ing than read, I can answer for their sound  
 somewhat more confidence than for their  
 e. Yet it would be affectation to deny that I  
 given much attention to the task, and that it  
 x through any want of zeal or industry, if I  
 etunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country  
 oetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their  
 gy, and their tenderness.

ough the humble nature of my contributions  
 is work may exempt them from the rigours of  
 any criticism, it was not to be expected that

those touches of political feeling, those tones of  
 national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes  
 sympathises with the music, would be suffered to  
 pass without censure or alarm. It has been accord-  
 ingly said, that the tendency of this publication is  
 mischievous<sup>2</sup>, and that I have chosen these airs but  
 as a vehicle of dangerous politics,—as fair and  
 precious vessels (to borrow an image of St.  
 Augustine<sup>3</sup>), from which the wine of error might  
 be administered. To those who identify nation-  
 ality with treason, and who see, in every effort for  
 Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—  
 to those, too, who nursed in the gloom of prej-  
 udice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of  
 liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness,  
 —like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun  
 shone upon him, shivered<sup>4</sup>,—to such men I shall  
 not condescend to offer an apology for the too  
 great warmth of any political sentiment which  
 may occur in the course of these pages. But as  
 there are many, among the more wise and tolerant,  
 who, with feeling enough to mourn over the  
 wrongs of their country, and sense enough to per-  
 ceive all the danger of not redressing them, may  
 yet be of opinion that allusions, in the least degree  
 inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication  
 of this popular description—I beg of these re-  
 spected persons to believe, that there is no one  
 who more sincerely deprecates than I do, any  
 appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry  
 multitude; but that it is not through that gross  
 and inflammable region of society, a work of this  
 nature could ever have been intended to circulate.  
 It looks much higher for its audience and readers,  
 —it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and  
 the educated,—of those who can afford to have  
 their national zeal a little stimulated, without  
 exciting much dread of the excesses into which it  
 may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may  
 be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as  
 much more is to be gained by their fears, than  
 could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection,  
 which has been hitherto made to the poetical part  
 of this work, allow me to add a few words in de-  
 fence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Steven-  
 son, who has been accused of having spoiled the  
 simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of  
 his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his  
 harmonies. We might cite the example of the ad-  
 mirable Haydn, who has sported through all the  
 mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of

among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the  
 slow perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or  
 two of the same ludicrous description,) has avoided that puerile  
 cry of natural noesis, motions, &c. which disgraces so often  
 the notes of even Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had  
 more taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.  
*Journal de Trévoux*, 1752. The reader may find  
 several remarks on the subject in Avicton upon Musical Ex-  
 amples; a work which, though under the name of Avicton, was

written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

<sup>1</sup> Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. vi. verse 204.

<sup>2</sup> See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, &c. in the  
*Morning Post, Pilot*, and other papers.

<sup>3</sup> "Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum  
 erroris quod cum eis nobis propinatur."—Lib. i. Confess. chap. xvi.

<sup>4</sup> This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (*capo-frontone*) to  
 Alexander the Great.—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* Lib. i.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

melodies; but it appears to Benson has brought to this national feeling, which it would a foreigner, however taste-ugh many of his own com-n of Irish sentiment, which ularly suited to catch the music; and, far from agree-s critics who think that his ng kindred with the airs I would say that, on the e, in general, those illu-manuscripts, which are of the writing which follows, oured and more curiously

he has arranged for voices, y distinguished itself, and, ened that a single melody es the language of feeling when a favourite strain has g lost its charm of novelty a harmonised shape, with rest and attention; and to licate artifices of composi-f the inner parts of these ink, considerable satisfac-an air to itself, a flowing hich might be heard with of the rest;—so artfully

not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the Publisher, but in consequence of a rumour which has been circulated industriously in Dublin that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work.

This would be, indeed, a revival of Henry the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop Lowth, it is true, was of opinion, that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans, than *all* the Philippics of Cicero. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lil bullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government than of the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were, in general, perhaps, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The public is apt to be reserved towards new acquaintances in music, and this, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. It is, indeed, natural th

hat the Sixth Number, which shall  
 ar, will, most probably, be the last of  
 Three volumes will then have been  
 according to the original plan, and the  
 desire me to say that a List of Sub-  
 be published with the concluding

o much, I must add, from a want of  
 id still less from any abatement of  
 stry, that we have adopted the resolu-  
 ing our task to a close; but we feel  
 ill more for our country's sake than  
 the general interest which this purely  
 has excited, and so anxious lest a par-  
 interest should be lost by too long a  
 of its existence, that we think it wiser  
 y the cup from the lip, while its flavour  
 ast, fresh and sweet, than to risk any  
 of the charm, or give so much as not  
 e wish for more. In speaking thus, I  
 ly to the Airs, which are, of course,  
 raction of these Volumes; and though  
 l a great many popular and delightful  
 produce', it cannot be denied that  
 ion experience considerable difficulty  
 the richness and novelty of the earlier  
 r which, as we had the choice of all  
 e naturally selected only the most rare  
 il. The Poetry, too, would be sure to  
 with the decline of the Music; and,  
 bly my words have kept pace with  
 e of the Airs, they would follow their  
 fear, with wonderful alacrity. Both  
 rudence, therefore, counsel us to come  
 hile yet our Work is, we believe, flou-  
 attractive, and thus, in the imperial  
 antes mori," before we incur the charge  
 ring for the worse, or, what is equally  
 le, continuing too long the same.  
 o say, however, that it is only in the  
 r failing to find Airs as good as most  
 have given, that we mean thus to an-  
 : natural period of dissolution (like  
 us who when their relatives become  
 ut them to death); and they who are  
 retarding this Euthanasia of the Irish  
 annot better effect their wish than by  
 z to our collection, — not what are called  
 s, for we have abundance of such, and  
 general, *only* curious, — but any real,  
 xpressive Songs of our Country, which  
 ce or research may have brought into

T. M.

W. Ashbourne,  
 1812.

is *Savouna Deelish*, which I have been hitherto  
 from selecting by the diffidence I feel in treading  
 ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words  
 have taken too strong possession of all ears and

ADVERTISEMENT  
 TO THE SIXTH NUMBER.

IN presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as  
 our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for  
 ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the  
 strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that  
 it may not turn out to be one of those eternal fare-  
 wells which a lover takes occasionally of his mis-  
 tress, merely to enhance, perhaps, the pleasure of  
 their next meeting. Our only motive, indeed,  
 for discontinuing the Work was a fear that our  
 treasures were nearly exhausted, and a natural un-  
 willingness to descend to the gathering of mere  
 seed-pearl, after the really precious gems it has  
 been our lot to string together. The announce-  
 ment, however, of this intention, in our Fifth  
 Number, has excited a degree of anxiety in the  
 lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and  
 flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various  
 contributions we have received in consequence,  
 have enriched our collection with so many choice  
 and beautiful Airs, that should we adhere to our  
 present resolution of publishing no more, it would  
 certainly furnish an instance of forbearance unex-  
 ampled in the history of poets and musicians. To  
 one gentleman in particular, who has been for  
 many years resident in England, but who has not  
 forgot, among his various pursuits, either the  
 language or the melodies of his native country, we  
 beg to offer our best thanks for the many interest-  
 ing communications with which he has favoured  
 us. We trust that neither he nor any other of our  
 kind friends will relax in those efforts by which  
 we have been so considerably assisted; for, though  
 our work must now be looked upon as defunct,  
 yet—as Reanmur found out the art of making  
 the cicada sing after it was dead — it is just pos-  
 sible that we may, some time or other, try a  
 similar experiment upon the Irish Melodias.

T. M.

Mayfield, Ashbourne,  
 March, 1815.

ADVERTISEMENT  
 TO THE SEVENTH NUMBER.

HAD I consulted only my own judgment, this  
 Work would not have extended beyond the Six  
 Numbers already published; which contain the  
 flower, perhaps, of our national melodies, and have  
 now attained a rank in public favour, of which I  
 would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by dege-  
 hearts, for me to think of following in his footsteps with any  
 success. I suppose, however, as a matter of duty, I must attempt  
 the air for our next Number.

suppression of which, for the enhancement  
we have published, would too much re-  
the policy of the Dutch in burning their  
—that I have been persuaded, though not  
it much diffidence in my success, to com-  
a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

—♦—

**DEDICATION.**  
TO  
**THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT,**  
PRELIEGE  
TO THE TENTH NUMBER.

with a pleasure, not unmixed with melancholy,  
dedicate the last Number of the Irish Melo-  
to your Ladyship; nor can I have any doubt

gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy  
allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty  
airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of  
etry, and some interesting traditions current in the country

ours, are now about to be

I am not without the  
the grace and spirit of th  
this closing portion of th  
what has preceded it. T  
the Number and the S  
been selected from the  
music, which has been fo  
in my hands; and it wa  
all that appeared most w  
the four supplementary  
Tenth Number, have be

Trusting that I may y  
of old times, hear our v  
the harmonized airs of  
honour to subscribe my:

Your Lad  
faith!

*Sliperion Cottage,  
May, 1834.*

where he resides, illustrated by  
which they refer; all of which  
Number, will be of infinite ser-  
task.



NATIONAL AIRS.





# NATIONAL AIRS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

I believe, who says, "*naturâ ad r;*" and the abundance of wild, indigenous almost every country, except senses, sufficiently proves the truth of The lovers of this simple, but ind of music, are here presented with aber of a collection, which, I trust, itions will enable us to continue. A hout words resembles one of those s of Plato, which are described as search of the remainder of themselves world. To supply this other half, by congenial words the many fugitive ch have hitherto had none,—or only nintelligible to the generality of their he object and ambition of the present er is it our intention to confine our: t are strictly called National Melodies, r we meet with any wandering and to which poetry has not yet assigned ne, we shall venture to claim it as an and enrich our humble Hippocrene

\* \* \* \*

T. M.

## NATIONAL AIRS.

### EMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.<sup>1</sup>

(SPANISH AIR.)

to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted, in this garden,—the thought is di- ras built, and she now only wanted of Friendship to place on the shrine. sculptor, who set down before her lip, the fairest his art could invent;

<sup>1</sup> is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called "La

But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of en- shrining [dim;—

"An image, whose looks are so joyless and "But yon little god, upon roses reclining,

"We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him!"

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:

"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden

"Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."

### FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

FLOW on, thou shining river;

But, ere thou reach the sea,  
Seek Ella's bower, and give her  
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,  
The current of our lives shall be,  
With joys along their course to shine,  
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,  
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,  
Then leave those wreaths to wither  
Upon the cold bank there;  
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,  
Her lone and loveless charms shall be  
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,  
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

### ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

(INDIAN AIR.)

ALL that's bright must fade,—  
The brightest still the fleetest;  
All that's sweet was made,  
But to be lost when sweetest.

That every hour are breaking?  
 Better far to be  
 In utter darkness lying,  
 Than to be bless'd with light, and see  
 That light for ever flying.  
 All that's bright must fade,—  
 The brightest still the fleetest ;  
 All that's sweet was made  
 But to be lost when sweetest !

SO WARMLY WE MET.

(HUNGARIAN AIR.)

Warmly we met and so fondly we parted,  
 But which was the sweeter ev'n I could not  
 tell,—

At first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,  
 And that tear of passion, which bless'd our fare-  
 well.

Our meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—  
 Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss ;  
 Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other  
 In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

Our first was like day-break, new, sudden, de-  
 licious,—

Our dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet ;  
 Our last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,  
 More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.

Our meeting, though happy, was ting'd by a sorrow  
 To think that such happiness could not remain ;  
 While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that  
 To-morrow

Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting  
 Again.

SHOULD THOU

(FOUNT)

Should those fond hopes  
 Which now so sweet  
 Should the cold world  
 From all thy visions  
 Should the gay friend  
 banish

Him who once thou  
 All, like spring birds,  
 And leave thy wint

Oh ! 'tis then that he  
 Would come to cheer  
 Then the truant, lost ;  
 Would to his bosom  
 Like that dear bird who  
 Who left us while  
 But, when chill'd by  
 On our threshold a

REASON, FOI

Is

Reason, and Folly, a  
 Went on a party of p

Folly play'd  
 Around the

The bells of his cap r  
 While Reason

To his serm  
 Oh ! which was the p  
 Which was the pleas

While Reason read  
His leaves of lead,  
no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !  
no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !

Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap ;  
e that on, he her heart might entrap —  
“ There it is,”  
Quoth Folly, “ old quiz ! ”  
was always good-natured, 'tis said,)  
“ Under the sun  
“ There's no such fun,  
Reason with my cap and bells on his head,  
son with my cap and bells on his head ! ”

Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,  
Beauty now lik'd him still less than before ;  
While Folly took  
Old Reason's book,  
twisted the leaves in a cap of such ton,  
That Beauty vow'd  
(Though not aloud),  
lik'd him still better in that than his own,  
— lik'd him still better in that than his own.

ARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE :

(SCOTCH AIR.)

Fare thee well, thou lovely one :  
Lovely still, but dear no more ;  
Once his soul of truth is gone,  
Love's sweet life is o'er.  
Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,  
Could scarce have thus deceived ;  
But eyes that acted truth so well  
Were sure to be believed.  
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one !  
Lovely still, but dear no more ;  
Once his soul of truth is gone,  
Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,  
True as stars they keep their light ;  
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil  
Of blushing always bright.  
'Tis only on thy changeable heart  
The blame of falsehood lies ;  
Love lives in every other part,  
But there, alas ! he dies.  
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one !  
Lovely still, but dear no more ;  
Once his soul of truth is gone,  
Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,  
A place for lovers, and lovers only,  
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs ?  
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,  
Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt before thee,  
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes ?  
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,  
Love bound us — never, never more to part !

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest<sup>1</sup>  
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest, —  
“ My life, my only life ! ” among the rest ;  
In those sweet accents that still enthrall me,  
Thou saidst, “ Ah ! wherefore thy life thus call me ?  
“ Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best ;  
“ For life soon passes, — but how bless'd to be  
“ That Soul which never, never parts from thee ! ”

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Oh, come to me when daylight sets ;  
Sweet ! then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolets  
O'er the moonlight sea.  
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,  
Beneath that glancing ray,  
With sound of lutes and mandolins,  
To steal young hearts away.  
Then, come to me when daylight sets ;  
Sweet ! then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolets  
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,  
Sweet ! like thee and me ;  
When all's so calm below, above,  
In heav'n and o'er the sea  
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles<sup>2</sup>  
And Echo sings again  
So sweet, that all with ears and souls  
Should love and listen then.  
So, come to me when daylight sets ;  
Sweet ! then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolets  
O'er the moonlight sea.

<sup>1</sup> The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

<sup>2</sup> Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise. — *Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.*

The cheerful hearts now broken !  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather ;  
I feel like one,  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed !  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

---

**HARK ! THE VESPER HYMN IS  
STEALING.**

(ROMAN AFR.)

**HARK !** the vesper hymn is stealing  
O'er the waters soft and clear ;  
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,  
And now bursts upon the ear :  
Jubilate, Amen.  
Farther now, now farther stealing,  
Soft it fades upon the ear :  
Jubilate, Amen.

Now like moonlight waves retreating

And then so sweet  
That Hope, who ne  
Believ'd he'd c

She linger'd there t  
Along the wat  
And o'er the sands  
Oft trac'd his name  
As often wash'

At length a sail ap  
And tow'rd th  
'Tis Wealth that co  
His golden bark ret  
But ah ! it is n

Another sail — 'tw  
Her night-lam  
And calm the light  
But Love had light  
And where, al

Now fast around th  
Night threw h  
The sunny sails we  
Hope's morning dre  
Love never can

THERE C

(G

THERE comes a t  
To him whose  
O'er all the fields  
And made each  
'Tis when his sou

Nor, like our northern day, gleam on  
Through twilight's dim delay,  
The cold remains of lustre gone,  
Of fire long pass'd away.



**MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING  
THEME.**

(SWEDEN AIR.)

My harp has one unchanging theme,  
One strain that still comes o'er  
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream  
Of joy that's now no more.  
In vain I try, with livelier air,  
To wake the breathing string;  
That voice of other times is there,  
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,  
Henceforth be all my own;  
Though thou art oft so full of pain  
Few hearts can bear thy tone.  
Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,  
The breath that Pleasure's wings  
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,  
Were still upon thy strings.



**OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE  
LOV'D.**

(CAMBRIAN AIR.)

Oh, no—not ev'n when first we lov'd,  
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;  
Thy beauty then my senses mov'd,  
But now thy virtues bind my heart.  
What was but Passion's sigh before,  
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;  
And, though I then might love thee *more*,  
Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth  
Might kindle with more wild desire,  
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth  
Much more than it has lost in fire.  
The flame now warms my inmost core,  
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,  
And, though I seem'd to love thee *more*,  
Yet, oh, I love thee *better* now.



**PEACE BE AROUND THEE.**

(SCOTCH AIR.)

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rov'st;  
May life be for thee one summer's day,  
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,  
Come smiling around thy sunny way!  
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,  
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,  
Like spring-showers, they'll only make  
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,  
And daily dooms some joy to death,  
O'er thee let years so gently fall,  
They shall not crush one flower beneath.  
As half in shade and half in sun  
This world along its path advances,  
May that side the sun's upon  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!



**COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.**

(FRANCE AIR.)

WHILE I touch the string,  
Wreathe my brows with laurel,  
For the tale I sing  
Has, for once, a moral.  
Common Sense, one night,  
Though not used to gambols,  
Went out by moonlight,  
With Genius, on his rambles.  
While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,  
Many wise things saying;  
While the light that shone  
Soon set Genius straying.  
One his eye ne'er rais'd  
From the path before him;  
T'other idly gaz'd  
On each night-cloud o'er him.  
While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,  
To a shady river;  
Common Sense soon pass'd,  
Safe, as he doth ever;  
While the boy, whose look  
Was in Heaven that minute,  
Never saw the brook  
But tumbled headlong in it!  
While I touch the string, &c.

**M**

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

(OLD ENGLISH AIR.)

HEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,  
This world has now for us  
O greater grief, no pain above  
The pain of parting thus,  
Dear love!  
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,  
Some few short hours of bliss,  
We might, in numb'ring them, forget  
The deep, deep pain of this,  
Dear love!  
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen  
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,  
But still there came some cloud between,  
And chas'd it all away,  
Dear love!  
And chas'd it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,  
Far dearer to my heart  
Were hours of grief, together past,  
Than years of mirth apart,  
Dear love!  
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,  
And nurs'd 'mid vain regrets;  
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,  
Like them in tears it sets,  
Dear love!  
Like them in tears it sets.

Into some lov'd  
Thoughts reserv'd  
To be thus whis

When the dance at  
Arm in arm as h  
How sweet to see t  
O'er her cheek's  
Then, too, the fare  
The words, who  
Lingers still in dre  
That haunt you

LOVE IS A

(LARGO)

Love is a hunter-  
Who makes you  
And, in his nets o  
Ensnares them  
In vain conceal'd  
Love tracks the  
In vain aloft they  
Love shoots the

But 'tis his joy mo  
At early dawn  
The print of Beau  
And give the tr  
And if, through v  
He tracks her f  
How sweet for Lo  
None went befo

Like sunset gleams, that linger late  
 When all is dark'ning fast,  
 Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—  
 The brightest, and the last.  
 Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven  
 But one bright hour allow,  
 Oh, think that one bright hour is given,  
 In all its splendour, now.  
 Let's live it out—then sink in night,  
 Like waves that from the shore  
 One minute swell, are touch'd with light,  
 Then lost for evermore!  
 Come, chase that starting tear, &c.



JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,  
 To whom the night-stars guide us;  
 Stolen walks through moonlight shades,  
 With those we love beside us,  
 Hearts beating,  
 At meeting;  
 Tears starting,  
 At parting;

Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades!  
 Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

Wand'rings far away from home,  
 With life all new before us;  
 Greetings warm, when home we come,  
 From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us.  
 Tears starting,  
 At parting;  
 Hearts beating,  
 At meeting;

Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some!  
 To some, how bright and fleeting!



HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

(FRENCH AIR.)

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,  
 In which our Love lies cold and dead,  
 I count each flatt'ring hope he gave  
 Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,  
 When first we met, would fade away?  
 Or that a chill would e'er come o'er  
 Those eyes so bright through many a day?  
 Hear me but once, &c.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,  
 'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,  
 One morn in the valley a bower he found,  
 So sweet, it allur'd him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,  
 A fountain ran darkly beneath;—  
 'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;  
 Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and, at his weak years,  
 What urchin was likely to know?—  
 That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears  
 The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,  
 As boys when impatient will do—  
 It fell in those waters of briny taste,  
 And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;  
 And, though it all sunny appears  
 With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,  
 Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.



SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT  
 TO-DAY?

(SICILIAN AIR.)

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day?  
 There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,  
 Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,  
 For spirits like mine to dare!  
 'Tis like the returning bloom  
 Of those days, alas, gone by.  
 When I lov'd, each hour—I scarce knew whom—  
 And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.

Ay—those were days when life had wings,  
 And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,  
 That, like the lark which sunward springs,  
 'Twas giddy with too much light.  
 And, though of some plumes bereft,  
 With that sun, too, nearly set,  
 I've enough of light and wing still left  
 For a few gay soarings yet.



may the child, whose love lay deepest,  
: of all, come while thou sleepest;  
ill as she was — no charm forgot —  
lustre lost that life had given;  
, if chang'd, but changed to what  
t'lt find her yet in Heaven!

---

GO, THEN — 'TIS VAIN.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

O, then — 'tis vain to hover  
Thus round a hope that's dead;  
t length my dream is over;  
'Twas sweet — 'twas false — 'tis fled!  
arewell! since nought it moves thee,  
Such truth as mine to see —  
ome one, who far less loves thee,  
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

arewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness  
New life around me shed;  
arewell, false heart, whose lightness  
Now leaves me death instead.  
lo, now, those charms surrender  
To some new lover's sigh —  
me who, though far less tender,  
May be more bless'd than I.

---

THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

(SWISS AIR.)

O'ER mountains bright

Sometimes, when on  
The golden sunse  
So like a gem the fl  
We thither bend  
And, though we fin  
We bless the rose t  
O'er mounta  
With snow  
We Crystal-Hun  
While rocks  
And icy wa  
Each instant ech

---

ROW GEN

(VALE)

Row gen  
My gond  
So softly w  
That not  
On earth,  
But hers to  
Had Heaven but t  
As starry e  
Oh, think what tal  
Of wanderi

Now rest  
My gond  
Hush, hush  
To climb  
Balcony'  
While thou



OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

(FRENCH AIR.)

Days of youth and joy, long clouded,  
Why thus for ever haunt my view?  
In the grave your light lay shrouded,  
Why did not Memory die there too?  
Why doth Hope her strain now sing me,  
Singing of joys that yet remain —  
Why ever more can this life bring me  
No joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Why does the way to death before me,  
And winds of Time blow round my brow;  
Why does the time of youth! that once fell o'er me.  
Where is your warmth, your glory now?  
Not that then no pain could sting me;  
Not that now no joys remain;  
Not that life no more can bring me  
No joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

When first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my  
sight,  
That a vision then came o'er me!  
Years of love, of calm and pure delight,  
Remind'd in that smile to pass before me.  
I hid the peasant dream of summer skies,  
The golden fruit, and harvests springing,  
Under hope than I of those sweet eyes,  
Of the joy their light was bringing.

Why now are all those fondly promis'd hours?  
Why woman's faith is like her brightness —  
As fast as rainbows, or day-flowers,  
Nought that's known for grace and lightness.  
As the Persian's prayer, at close of day,  
I'd be each vow of Love's repeating;  
Let him worship Beauty's precious ray —  
While he kneels, that ray is fleeting!

PEACE TO THE SLUMB'ERS!

(CATALONIAN AIR.)

PEACE to the slumb'ers!  
They lie on the battle-plain,  
With no shroud to cover them;  
The dew and the summer rain  
Are all that weep over them.  
Peace to the slumb'ers!

Vain was their brav'ry! —  
The fallen oak lies where it lay  
Across the wintry river;  
But brave hearts, once swept away,  
Are gone, alas! for ever.  
Vain was their brav'ry!

Woe to the conq'r'ror!  
Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs  
Of whom his sword bereft us,  
Ere we forget the deep arrears  
Of vengeance they have left us!  
Woe to the conq'r'ror!

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet light  
We used to gaze on so many an eve,  
When love was new and hope was bright,  
Ere I could doubt, or thou deceive —  
Oh, then, rememb'ring how swift went by  
Those hours of transport, even *thou* mayst sigh.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own  
That love like ours was far too sweet  
To be, like summer garments, thrown  
Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat;  
And wish in vain to know again  
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,  
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,  
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,  
Hymen's call was welcome to them.

“ Who'll buy my love-knots?  
“ Who'll buy my love-knots? ”  
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,  
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying  
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;  
Dames, who long had sat to watch him  
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him; —  
“ Who'll buy my love-knots?  
“ Who'll buy my love-knots? ”  
All at that sweet cry assembled;  
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

These flowers — they're drooping sadly,  
is gold-knot, too, ties but badly —  
Who'd buy such love-knots?  
Who'd buy such love-knots?  
Then this tie, with Love's name round it —  
I a sham — He never bound it."

And, who saw the whole proceeding,  
would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding;  
The Old Hymen, who was used to  
be like that these dames gave loose to —  
Take back our love-knots!  
Take back our love-knots!"  
He said, "There's no returning  
areas on Hymen's hands — Good Morning!"



### THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

(TO AN AIR SONG AT ROME, ON CHRISTMAS EVE.)

THE dawn from Heaven is breaking  
O'er our sight,  
And Earth, from sin awaking,  
Hails the light!  
See those groups of angels, winging  
From the realms above,  
On their brows, from Eden, bringing  
Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark, their hymns of glory pealing  
Through the air,  
To mortal ears revealing  
Who lies there!  
And that dwelling, dark and lowly,  
Sleeps the Heavenly Son,

Then listen, maids,  
Your needle's task  
At what I sing thereof  
While some, perchance

Young Cloe, bent on  
Such nets had learnt  
That none, in all our  
E'er caught so much  
But gentle Sue, less gaily  
While Cloe's nets were  
Such lots of Loves, as  
One little Love-cage  
Come, listen

Much Cloe laugh'd at  
But mark how thin  
These light-caught Loves  
Their name and age  
So weak poor Cloe's  
That, though she could  
New game each hour,  
Was able to break  
Come, listen

Meanwhile, young Sue  
Of bars too strong  
One Love with golden  
And caged him there  
Instructing, thereby,  
Whate'er their lool  
That, though 'tis pleasant  
'Tis wiser to make

Thus, maidens, that  
The task your fingers  
May all who hear  
The Heavenly Son,

WHEN THROUGH THE PLAZZETTA.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN through the Piazzetta  
 Night breathes her cool air,  
 Then, dearest Ninetta,  
 I'll come to thee there.  
 Beneath thy mask shrouded,  
 I'll know thee afar,  
 As Love knows, though clouded,  
 His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling  
 Some gay gondolier,  
 I'll whisper thee, trembling,  
 "Our bark, love, is near:  
 "Now, now, while there hover  
 "Those clouds o'er the moon,  
 "I'll waft thee safe over  
 "Yon silent Lagoon."

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

(SCYTHIAN AIR.)

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber—  
 Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.  
 If Pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er flies,  
 While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies.  
 Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so  
 splendid,  
 Often will shine again, bright as she then did—  
 But never more will the beam she saw burn  
 In those happy eyes, at your meeting, return.  
 Go, then, and dream, &c.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

TAKE hence the bowl;—though beaming  
 Brightly as bowl e'er shone,  
 Oh, it but sets me dreaming  
 Of happy days now gone.  
 There, in its clear reflection,  
 As in a wizard's glass,  
 Lost hopes and dead affection,  
 Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither  
 Some scene of bliss gone by;—

Bright lips, too bright to wither,  
 Warm hearts, too warm to die.  
 Till, as the dream comes o'er me  
 Of those long vanish'd years,  
 Alas! the wine before me  
 Seems turning all to tears!

FAREWELL, THERESA!

(VENETIAN AIR.)

FAREWELL, Theresa! yon cloud that over  
 Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we see,  
 Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy  
 lover  
 Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,  
 Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow;  
 With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I  
 found thee; [thou now!  
 Oh, think how chang'd, love, how chang'd art

But here I free thee: like one awaking  
 From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell;  
 'Tis over—the moon, too, her bondage is break-  
 ing—  
 Past are the dark clouds; Theresa, farewell!

OFT, WHEN THE WATCHING STARS.

(SAVOYARD AIR.)

OFT, when the watching stars grow pale,  
 And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,  
 To hear a flute through yonder vale  
 I from my casement lean.  
 "Come, come, my love!" each note then seems  
 to say,  
 "Oh, come, my love! the night wears fast away!"  
 Never to mortal ear  
 Could words, though warm they be,  
 Speak Passion's language half so clear  
 As do those notes to me!

Then quick my own light lute I seek,  
 And strike the chords with loudest swell;  
 And, though they nought to others speak,  
 He knows their language well.  
 "I come, my love!" each note then seems to say,  
 "I come, my love!—thine, thine till break of day."  
 Oh, weak the power of words,  
 The hues of painting dim,  
 Compar'd to what those simple chords  
 Then say and paint to him!

Then, to every bright tree  
 In the garden he'll wander;  
 While I, oh, much fonder,  
 Will stay with thee.  
 Arch of new sweetness through thousands  
 he'll run,  
 I find the sweetness of thousands in one.  
 Then, to every bright tree, &c.



THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

(FRANCE AIR.)

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,  
 And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,  
 It, even in a dream, to be bless'd  
 Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.  
 The bosom that opens  
 With earliest hopes,  
 The soonest finds those hopes untrue;  
 As flowers that first  
 In spring-time burst  
 The earliest wither too!  
 Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

Though by Friendship we oft are deceiv'd  
 And find Love's sunshine soon o'er-cast,  
 Yet Friendship will still be believ'd,  
 And Love trusted on to the last.  
 The web 'mong the leaves  
 The spider weaves  
 Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;  
 Though often she sees  
 'Tis broke by the breeze,

See, what numbers are s

When on *one* side the grape  
 While on t'other a blue  
 'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine  
 To disturb ev'n a saint  
 Yet, though life like a river  
 I care not how fast it goes  
 So the grape on its bank  
 And Love lights the way



WHERE SHALL WE LIVE?

(NAPOLITAN)

WHERE shall we bury  
 Where, in what de  
 Hide the last wreck  
 Broken and stain'd  
 Death may dis sever  
 Oppression will cease  
 But the dishonour, tho'  
 Die as we may, wi

Was it for this we see  
 Liberty's cry from  
 Was it for this that  
 Thrill'd to the world  
 Thus to live cowardly  
 Oh, ye free hearts  
 Do you not, ev'n in  
 Shudder, as o'er y



NEED TALK OF V

learns how lightly, fleetly pass  
his world and all that's in it,  
n the bumper that but crowns his glass,  
ad is gone again next minute!

diamond sleeps within the mine,  
e pearl beneath the water;  
e Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,  
e grape's own rosy daughter.  
none can prize her charms like him,  
e none like him obtain her,  
thus can, like Leander, swim  
rough sparkling floods to gain her!

—♦—  
**HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.**

(HIGHLAND AIR.)

sleeps the Bard who knew so well  
: sweet windings of Apollo's shell;  
er its music roll'd like torrents near,  
d, like distant streamlets, on the ear.  
sleep, mute bard; alike unheeded now  
orm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow;—  
form, whose rush is like thy martial lay;  
reeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!

—♦—  
**NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.**

o not say that life is waning,  
Or that Hope's sweet day is set;  
'hile I've thee and love remaining,  
Life is in th' horizon yet.  
o not think those charms are flying,  
Though thy roses fade and fall;  
auty hath a grace undying,  
Which in thee survives them all.  
at for charms, the newest, brightest,  
That on other cheeks may shine,  
ould I change the least, the slightest,  
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

—♦—  
**THE GAZELLE.**

st thou not hear the silver bell,  
Through yonder lime-trees ringing?  
s my lady's light gazelle,  
Go me her love thoughts bringing,—  
e while that silver bell  
Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,  
My love hath kiss'd in tying;  
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath  
Those silent flowers are lying,—  
Hid within the mystic wreath,  
My love hath kiss'd in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,  
And joy to her, the fairest,  
Who thus hath breath'd her soul to me,  
In every leaf thou bearest;  
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,  
And joy to her, the fairest!

Hail, ye living, speaking flowers,  
That breathe of her who bound ye;  
Oh, 'twas not in fields, or bowers,  
'Twas on her lips, she found ye;—  
Yea, ye blushing, speaking flowers,  
'Twas on her lips she found ye.

—♦—  
**NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.**

No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,  
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.  
Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,  
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,  
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?  
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,  
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,  
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light;  
But now thou com'st like sunny skies,  
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,  
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies!  
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,  
Since youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.

—♦—  
**WHERE ARE THE VISIONS.**

"WHERE are the visions that round me once  
hover'd, [alone;  
" Forms that shed grace from their shadows  
" Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd,  
" And voices that Music might take for her  
own?" [me,  
Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er  
Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh  
where?"  
And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,  
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There."

anting is the hero's joy,  
Till war his nobler game supplies.  
ark! the hound-bells ringing sweet,  
hile hunters shout, and the woods repeat,  
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

'ind again thy cheerful horn,  
Till echo, faint with ans'ring, dies:  
urn, bright torches, burn till morn,  
And lead us where the wild boar lies.  
ark! the cry, "He's found, he's found,"  
hile hill and valley our shouts resound,  
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

---

### OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel  
blight that this world o'er the warmest will  
steal:  
hile the faith of all round us is fading or past,  
ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last.

safer for Love 'tis to wake and to weep,  
he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep;  
death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,  
hile the love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

d though, as Time gathers his clouds o'er our  
head,  
hade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,  
nsparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,  
that Love's soften'd light may shine through to  
the last.

---

### SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

### BRING THE BRIGHT HIT.

BRING the bright ga  
Ere yet a leaf is c  
If so soon they mus  
Ours be their last  
Hark, that low dis  
'Tis the dreary voi  
Oh, bring beauty, b  
Bring all that ye  
Let life's day, as it  
Shine to the last

Haste, ere the bowl  
Drink of it now  
Now, while Beauty  
Love, or she's los  
Hark! again that  
'Tis the dreary voi  
Oh, if life be a torr  
Down to oblivio  
Like this cup be it  
Bright to the las

---

### IF IN LOVE.

If in loving, singing,  
We could trifle merr:  
Like atoms dancing:  
Like day-flies skimm  
Or summer blossoms  
Their sweetness out,  
How brilliant, thoug  
Thou and I could m

## THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Oh, alas ! my doom is spoken,  
 Anst thou veil the sad truth o'er ;  
 Art is chang'd, thy vow is broken,  
 Lov'st no more — thou lov'st no more.

Kindly still those eyes behold me,  
 Smile is gone, which once they wore ;  
 Fondly still those arms enfold me,  
 Not the same — thou lov'st no more.

Ag my dream of bliss believing,  
 Thought thee all thou wert before ;  
 Now — alas ! there's no deceiving,  
 All too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh as soon the dead couldst waken,  
 Lost affection's life restore,  
 Peace to her that is forsaken,  
 Bring back him who loves no more.

## GIVEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

As abroad in the world thou appearest,  
 And the young and the lovely are there,  
 My heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,  
 My eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.

They pass, one by one,  
 Like waves of the sea,  
 That say to the Sun,  
 " See, how fair we can be."  
 But where's the light like thine,  
 In sun or shade to shine ?  
 Oh, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,  
 Nothing like thee.

Of old, without farewell or warning,  
 Anty's self used to steal from the skies ;  
 A mist round her head, some fine morning,  
 Had post down to earth in disguise ;

But, no matter what shroud  
 Around her might be,  
 Men peep'd through the cloud,  
 And whisper'd, " 'Tis She."  
 So thou, where thousands are,  
 Shin'st forth the only star, —  
 Oh, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,  
 Nothing like thee.

## KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,  
 Though far off I be :  
 When on others most they shine,  
 Then think they're turn'd on me.

Should those lips as now respond  
 To sweet minstrelsy,  
 When their accents seem most fond,  
 Then think they're breath'd for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,  
 If when all on thee  
 Fix their charmed thoughts alone,  
 Thou think'st the while on me.

## HOPE COMES AGAIN.

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a stranger,  
 Once more she sings me her flattering strain ;  
 But hush, gentle syren—for, ah, there's less danger  
 In still suff'ring on, than in hoping again.

Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,  
 Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain ;  
 And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining  
 O'er eyelids long dark'ned, would bring me but  
 pain.

Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er me ;  
 Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest  
 Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,  
 But, ah—in forgetting how once I was blest.

## O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O SAY, thou best and brightest,  
 My first love and my last,  
 When he, whom now thou slightest,  
 From life's dark scene hath past,  
 Will kinder thoughts then move thee ?  
 Will pity wake one thrill  
 For him who liv'd to love thee,  
 And dying, lov'd thee still ?

If when, that hour recalling  
 From which he dates his woes,  
 Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,  
 Ah, blush not while it flows :

Of strength and joy,  
There comes to my bower  
A fairy-wing'd boy;  
With eyes so bright,  
So full of wild arts,  
Like nets of light,  
To tangle young hearts;  
With lips, in whose keeping  
Love's secret may dwell,  
Like Zephyr asleep in  
Some rosy sea-shell.  
Guess who he is,  
Name but his name,  
And his best kiss,  
For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground  
He prints his light feet,  
The flow'rs there are found  
Most shining and sweet:  
His looks, as soft  
As lightning in May,  
Though dangerous oft,  
Ne'er wound but in play:  
And oh, when his wings  
Have brush'd o'er my lyre,  
You'd fancy its strings  
Were turning to fire.  
Guess who he is,  
Name but his name,  
And his best kiss,  
For reward, you may claim.

---

LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas

FEAR NOT THAT  
THY

FEAR not that, whi  
Life's varied bles  
One sigh of hers sh  
Whose smile tho  
No, dead and cold  
Let our past love  
Once gone, its spiri  
Shall haunt thy :

May the new ties t  
Far sweeter, hap  
Nor e'er of me rem  
But by their true  
Think how, asleep  
Thy image haun  
But, how this hear  
For thy own pe

WHEN LO

WHEN Lov  
Cheerful  
Love's sur  
Welcom

But when  
Heartacl  
Tears, and  
Love ma

If Love ca



Love must, in short,  
Keep fond and true,  
Through good report,  
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,  
Young Love may go,  
For aught I care —  
To Jericho.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

Ireland I send thee was cull'd from those  
owers  
ion and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours;  
f or a blossom its bloom here displays,  
; some remembrance of those happy days.

were gather'd by that garden gate,  
r meetings, though early, seem'd always  
late; [moon,  
g'ring full oft through a summer-night's  
gs, though late, appear'd always too soon.

were all cull'd from the banks of that  
de.  
atching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,  
n'd, as the time went, that Love had no  
ver  
his chain even one happy hour.

HOW SHALL I WOO?

peak to thee in Friendship's name,  
ou think'st I speak too coldly;  
ention Love's devoted flame,  
ou say'st I speak too boldly.  
ren these two unequal fires,  
y doom me thus to hover?  
friend, if such thy heart requires,  
nore thou seek'st, a lover.  
h shall it be? How shall I woo?  
ne, choose between the two.

he wings of Love will brightly play,  
en first he comes to woo thee,  
's a chance that he may fly away  
fast as he flies to thee.  
Friendship, though on foot she come,  
fights of fancy trying,  
therefore, oft be found at home,  
en Love abroad is flying.  
I shall it be? How shall I woo?  
one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,  
Let's see, to please thee, whether  
We may not learn some precious art  
To mix their charms together;  
One feeling, still more sweet, to form  
From two so sweet already —  
A friendship that like love is warm,  
A love like friendship steady.  
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,  
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

Ev'ry season hath its pleasures;  
Spring may boast her flow'ry prime,  
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures  
Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.  
So Life's year begins and closes;  
Days, though short'ning, still can shine;  
What though youth gave love and roses,  
Age still leaves us friends and wine.


Phillis, when she might have caught me,  
All the Spring look'd coy and shy,  
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,  
When the flowers were all gone by.  
Ah, too late; — she found her lover  
Calm and free beneath his vine,  
Drinking to the Spring-time over  
In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,  
To their flight our pleasures suit,  
Nor regret the blossoms dying,  
While we still may taste the fruit.  
Oh, while days like this are ours,  
Where's the lip that dares repine?  
Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,  
So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

LOVE ALONE.

If thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our eyes,  
First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies:  
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,  
Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.  
What would the rose with all her pride be worth,  
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?  
Maidens, unlov'd, like flowers in darkness thrown,  
Wait but that light, which comes from Love alone.  
Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,  
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year to year:  
Wouldst thou they still should shine as first they  
Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone. [shone,





---

SACRED SONGS.

---



# SACRED SONGS.

TO

EDWARD TUTE DALTON, ESQ.

THIS FIRST NUMBER OF SACRED SONGS IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

THOMAS MOORE.

*Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, May 1816.*

## THOU ART, OH GOD.

(AIR.—UNKNOWN.)

Day is thine, the night also is thine : thou hast prepared  
and the sun.  
Thou hast set all the borders of the earth : thou hast made  
autumn and winter."—*Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.*

Thou art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Thou glow'st by day, its smile by night,  
Thy beams are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Ere'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

Thou art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Thou glow'st by day, its smile by night,  
Thy beams are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Ere'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

Thou art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Thou glow'st by day, its smile by night,  
Thy beams are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Ere'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

Thou art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Thou glow'st by day, its smile by night,  
Thy beams are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Ere'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

we heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is  
the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and

## THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

(AIR.—BESTROVEN.)

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,<sup>2</sup>  
When hast'ning fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam.  
But high she shoots through air and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, GOD, from every care  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,  
To hold my course to Thee!  
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
My Soul, as home she springs;—  
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy Freedom in her wings!

## FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

(AIR.—MARTINI.)

FALL'N is thy Throne, oh Israel!  
Silence is o'er thy plains;  
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,  
Thy children weep in chains.  
Where are the dews that fed thee  
On Etham's barren shore?  
That fire from Heaven which led thee,  
Now lights thy path no more.

<sup>2</sup> The carrier-pigeon. It is well known, flies at an elevated pitch,  
in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to  
which she is destined.

The wild wind whirls away,  
Silent and waste her bowers,  
Where once the mighty trod,  
And sunk those guilty towers,  
While Baal reign'd as God.

“Go”—said the LORD—“Ye Conquerors!  
“Steep in her blood your swords,  
“And raze to earth her battlements,<sup>4</sup>  
“For they are not the LORD'S.  
“Till Zion's mournful daughter  
“O'er kindred bones shall tread,  
“And Hinnom's vale of slaughter<sup>4</sup>  
“Shall hide but half her dead!”

---

### WHO IS THE MAID ?

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.<sup>7</sup>

(AIR.—BARTHOLOMEW.)

Who is the Maid my spirit seeks,  
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?  
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?  
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?  
No—wan and sunk with midnight prayer  
Are the pale looks of her I love;  
Or if, at times, a light be there,  
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my heart's elect,  
From those who seek their Maker's shrine  
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,  
As if themselves were things divine.  
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast  
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;

---

### THIS WORLD IS SH

(AIR.—)

THIS world is all a fl  
For man's illusion  
The smiles of Joy, th  
Deceitful shine, decei  
There's nothing tr

And false the light o  
As fading hues of  
And Love and Hope  
Are blossoms gather  
There's nothing b

Poor wand'ers of a  
From wave to wa  
And Fancy's flash, s  
Serve but to light th  
There's nothing c

---

### OH, THOU ! MOURN

(AIR)

“He healeth the broken in  
—Psalm cxlvii. 3.

Oh, Thou! who dr,  
How dark this w  
If, when deceiv'd a  
We could not fly

Friends, who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes, are flown;  
 He who has but tears to give,  
 Must weep those tears alone.  
 Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
 Rich, like the plants that throw  
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
 And catch sweetness out of woe.

No joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
 And even the hope that threw  
 Its moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,  
 Who would bear life's stormy doom,  
 And not thy Wing of Love  
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
 Or Peace-branch from above?  
 No sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright  
 With more than rapture's ray;  
 Darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day!

#### WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

(AIR.—AYTON.)

Not for those whom the veil of the tomb,  
 Life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,  
 Who threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,  
 Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Thou chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had  
 Stain'd it;  
 Thou was frozen in all the pure light of its course,  
 But sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has  
 Unchain'd it,  
 The water that Eden where first was its source,  
 Not for those whom the veil of the tomb,  
 Life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,  
 Who threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,  
 Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,<sup>1</sup>  
 The gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,  
 Whose early lustre had time to grow pale,  
 Whose the garland of Love was yet fresh on her  
 Brow.

<sup>1</sup> Second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to  
 of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late  
 Bainbridge, who was married in Ashbourne church,  
 St. Mary, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound  
 marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we  
 of her death. During her last delirium she sung several

Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying  
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was  
 unknown — [dying,  
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in  
 Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.  
 Weep not for her — in her spring-time she flew  
 To that land where the wings of the soul are  
 unfurl'd;  
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,  
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

#### THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

(AIR.—STEVENS.)

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;  
 My temple, LORD! that Arch of thine;  
 My censor's breath the mountain airs,  
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.<sup>2</sup>

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,  
 When murmur'ing homeward to their caves,  
 Or when the stillness of the sea,  
 Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,  
 All light and silence, like thy Throne;  
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,  
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,  
 Shall be my pure and shining book,  
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,  
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack  
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;  
 Thy mercy in the azure hue  
 Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,  
 From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,  
 But in its light my soul can see  
 Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,  
 But in its gloom I trace thy Love,  
 And meekly wait that moment, when  
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among  
 them were some from the present collection, (particularly, "There's  
 nothing bright but Heaven,") which this very interesting girl had  
 often heard me sing during the summer.

<sup>2</sup> *Pii orant tacite.*

—for the price of the Egyptian chariots,  
his chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and  
brave—  
vain was their boast, for the LORD hath but  
spoken,  
and chariots and horsemen are sunk in the  
wave.  
and the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;  
MOYSE has triumph'd—his people are free!

rise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD!  
word was our arrow, his breath was our  
sword.—  
o shall return to tell Egypt the story  
of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?  
the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of  
glory,<sup>9</sup>  
and all her brave thousands are dash'd in the  
tide.  
and the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;  
MOYSE has triumph'd—his people are free!

---

GO, LET ME WEEP.

(AIR.—SEVENSON.)

Go, let me weep—there's bliss in tears,  
When he who sheds them only feels  
some ling'ring stain of early years  
Effac'd by every drop that steals.  
The fruitless showers of worldly woe  
Fall dark to earth and never rise;  
While tears that from repentance flow,  
In bright exhalement reach the skies.  
Go, let me weep.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew

COME not, oh LORD, in th  
Thou wor'st on the M  
ire;  
Come veil'd in those st  
tender,  
Which Mercy flings o'

LORD, thou rememb're  
Nation<sup>3</sup>  
Stood fronting her Foe  
O'er Egypt thy pillar sh  
While Israel bask'd al

So, when the dread clou  
From us, in thy merc  
While shrouded in terro  
Oh, turn upon us the

---

WERE NOT THE SIN

(AIR.—F

WERE not the sinfi  
An offering worl  
When, o'er the fau  
She wept—and

When, bringing ev  
Her day of luxu  
She o'er her Savio  
The precious od

And wip'd them w  
Where once the  
Though now those  
Which shine for



nd the sunk heart, that inly bled—  
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

you, that hast slept in error's sleep,  
Oh, wouldst thou wake in Heaven,  
ke Mary kneel, like Mary weep,  
"Love much!" and be forgiven!

DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

wn in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,  
et flowers are springing no mortal can see,  
ep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,  
eard by the world, rises silent to Thee,  
My God! silent, to Thee—  
Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

ll to the star of its worship, though clouded,  
needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,  
rk as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,  
hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,  
My God! trembling, to Thee—  
True, fond, trembling, to Thee.

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

(AIR.—BENSON.)

but who shall see the glorious day  
When, thron'd on Zion's brow,  
The LORD shall rend that veil away  
Which hides the nations now?<sup>2</sup>  
When earth no more beneath the fear  
Of his rebuke shall lie;<sup>3</sup>  
When pain shall cease, and every tear  
Be wip'd from ev'ry eye.<sup>4</sup>

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn  
Beneath the heathen's chain;

<sup>2</sup> sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."—  
vii. 47.

<sup>3</sup> he will destroy, in this mountain, the face of the covering  
r all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations."—  
Ezr. 7.

<sup>4</sup> rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the  
—Isaiah, xxv. 8.

<sup>5</sup> God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; . . .  
shall there be any more pain."—Rev. xxi. 4.

<sup>6</sup> he that sat upon the throne said; Behold, I make all  
ew."—Rev. xxi. 5.

<sup>7</sup> whatsoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—  
E. 17.

<sup>8</sup> Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem  
pe of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the Palms,  
nd so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented  
t and Immortality which were brought to light by the  
—Observations on the Palm, as a Sacred Emblem, by  
M.

Thy days of splendour shall return,  
And all be new again.<sup>8</sup>  
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd  
In peace, by all who come;<sup>9</sup>  
And every wind that blows shall waft  
Some long-lost exile home.

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

(AIR.—MOZART.)

ALMIGHTY GOD! when round thy shrine  
The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,<sup>7</sup>  
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,  
And Love that "fadeth not away,")  
We bless the flowers, expanded all,<sup>8</sup>  
We bless the leaves that never fall,  
And trembling say,—"In Eden thus  
"The Tree of Life may flower for us!"

When round thy Cherubs—smiling calm,  
Without their flames<sup>9</sup>—we wreath the Palm.  
Oh God! we feel the emblem true—  
Thy Mercy is eternal too.  
Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,  
That crown of Palm which never dies,  
Are but the types of Thee above—  
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.<sup>10</sup>

(AIR.—MOORE.)

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove  
That flies alone to some sunny grove,  
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,  
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.

<sup>8</sup> "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with  
carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and open flowers."—  
1 Kings, vi. 29.

<sup>9</sup> "When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the  
great lawgiver in the mount, then the cherubic images which  
appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames;  
for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which  
Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind."—  
Observations on the Palm.

<sup>10</sup> In St. Augustine's Treatise upon the advantages of a solitary  
life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage,  
from which, the reader will perceive, the thought of this song was  
taken:—"Te, soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, sed timere  
semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavida  
columba frequentare rivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris  
cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententia  
sunt scripturarum, quae de limpidissimo sapientiae fonte pro-  
fluunt," ac. &c.—De Vita Eremit. ad Sororem.

MOORE'S WORKS.

hov'ring hawk be near,  
 ring in its mirror clear,  
 ere he reach his prey,  
 e timorous bird away,  
 ou this dove;  
 , be thou this dove.  
 ges of GOD's own book  
 ring, the eternal brook,  
 mirror, night and day,  
 Heaven's reflected ray; —  
 e foes of virtue dare,  
 wing, to seek thee there,  
 how dark their shadows lie  
 en and thee, and trembling fly!  
 ou that dove;  
 , be thou that dove

So bright the Gospel broke  
 Upon the souls of men;  
 So fresh the dreaming world awoke  
 In Truth's full radiance then.

Before yon Sun arose,  
 Stars cluster'd through the sky—  
 But oh, how dim! how pale were tho  
 To His one burning eye!

So Truth lent many a ray,  
 To bless the Pagan's night—  
 But, LORD, how weak, how cold wer  
 To Thy One glorious Light!

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT

(AIR.—DR. BOYCE.)

LORD, who shall bear that day, so d  
 splendid,  
 When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring  
 This sinful world, with hand to heav'n ex  
 And hear him swear by Thee that 'T  
 more?'  
 When Earth shall feel thy fast consuming  
 Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear tha

CEL OF CHARITY.

(AIR.—HANDEL.)

Charity, who, from above,  
 o dwell a pilgrim here,  
 s music, thy smile is love,  
 's soul is in thy tear.  
 e shrine of GOD were laid  
 ts of all most good and fair,  
 loom'd in Eden's shade

## TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

Teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art,  
 And with the one sacred image, my heart  
 All other passions disown;  
 The pure temple, that shines apart,  
 Reserved for Thy worship alone.

And in sorrow, through praise and through  
 Grief,  
 Let me, living and dying the same,  
 Thy service bloom and decay—  
 The lone altar, whose votive flame  
 Holiness wasteth away.

Born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth  
 And affliction, to darkness and dearth,  
 Thee let my spirit rely—  
 The rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,  
 Looks for its light from the sky.

## WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

(AIR.—STEVENS.)

Weep for him, the Man of God—  
 In yonder vale he sunk to rest;  
 None of earth can point the sod,<sup>2</sup>  
 That flowers above his sacred breast.  
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain,<sup>3</sup>  
 His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew—  
 Ne'er shall Israel see again  
 A Chief, to God and her so true.  
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,  
 His farewell song by Jordan's tide,  
 When, full of glory and of days,  
 He saw the promis'd land—and died.<sup>4</sup>  
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

He died he not as men who sink,  
 Before our eyes, to soulless clay;  
 He chang'd to spirit, like a wink  
 Of summer lightning, pass'd away.<sup>5</sup>  
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

<sup>1</sup> And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of  
 —Deut. xxxiv. 8.

<sup>2</sup> And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab; . . .  
 and his sepulchre unto this day.—*Ibid.* ver. 6.  
<sup>3</sup> His doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as  
 —*Moses' Song, Deut. xxxii. 2.*

<sup>4</sup> Wee'nt thou to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY  
BREEZE.

(AIR.—BARTHOLOM.)

Like morning, when her early breeze  
 Breaks up the surface of the seas,  
 That, in those furrows, dark with night,  
 Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er  
 The Spirit, dark and lost before,  
 And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare  
 For Truth divine to enter there.

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,  
 In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;  
 But when he swept its chords along,  
 E'en Angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, oh LORD,  
 Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord—  
 Till, wak'd by Thee, its breath shall rise  
 In music, worthy of the skies!

## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

(AIR.—GERMAN.)

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
 Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;  
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
 anguish—  
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,  
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name say-  
 ing—  
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."<sup>2</sup>

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,  
 What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,  
 Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—  
 "Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

not go over thither.—*Deut. xxxiv. 4.*

<sup>2</sup> "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was  
 still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden,  
 and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the  
 Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they  
 should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he  
 went to God."—*Josephus*, book iv. chap. viii.

MOORE'S WORKS.

RISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

thy light is come;<sup>1</sup>  
 that before outshone thee,  
 et lie dark and dumb—  
 f the LORD is on thee!

entiles to thy ray,  
 nook of earth shall cluster;  
 d princes haste to pay  
 ge to thy rising lustre.<sup>2</sup>

eyes around, and see,  
 fields, o'er farthest waters,  
 as return to thee,  
 urn thy home-sick daughters.<sup>3</sup>

ch, from Midian's tents,  
 eir treasures down before thee;  
 ng her gold and scents,  
 air and sparkle o'er thee.<sup>4</sup>

these that, like a cloud,<sup>5</sup>  
 ng from all earth's dominions,  
 ng absent, when allow'd  
 to shoot their trembling pinions.

The sun no more shall make thee bright  
 Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee  
 But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,  
 And flash eternal glory through thee

Thy sun shall never more go down;  
 A ray, from Heav'n itself descended,  
 Shall light thy everlasting crown—  
 Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own, elect, and righteous Land!  
 The Branch, for ever green and verd  
 Which I have planted with this hand—  
 Live thou shalt in Life Eternal!<sup>11</sup>



THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT

(AIR.—CRESCENTINI.)

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylig  
 weary  
 Of wasting its smile on a region so drear  
 What may that desert be?  
 'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few  
 come

ere is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell  
point where those waters in secrecy dwell—  
Who may that Spirit be?  
is Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that,  
where'er  
r wand bends to worship, the Truth must be  
there!

## SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

(AIR.—NICOLAS FREEMAN.)

SINCE first Thy Word awak'd my heart,  
Like new life dawning o'er me,  
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,  
All light and love before me.  
Nought else I feel, or hear or see—  
All bonds of earth I sever—  
Thee, O God, and only Thee  
I live for, now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away  
When light shone o'er his prison,<sup>1</sup>  
My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,  
Hath from her chains arisen.  
And shall a soul Thou bidst be free,  
Return to bondage?—never!  
Thee, O God, and only Thee  
I live for, now and ever.

## HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

(AIR.—BOUCHÉ.)

HARK! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling  
Earth's weary children to repose;  
While, round the couch of Nature falling,  
Gently the night's soft curtains close.  
Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,  
Numberless stars, through yonder dark,  
Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining  
From out the veils that hid the Ark.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,  
Thou who, in silence thron'd above,  
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest  
Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.

<sup>1</sup> "And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, . . . and his chains fell off from his hands."—Acts, xii. 7.

Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,  
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,  
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,  
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE  
SAINTED?

(AIR.—HARR.)

WHERE is your dwelling, ye Sainted?  
Through what Elysium more bright  
Than fancy or hope ever painted,  
Walk ye in glory and light?  
Who the same kingdom inherits?  
Breathes there a soul that may dare  
Look to that world of Spirits,  
Or hope to dwell with you there?

Sages! who, ev'n in exploring  
Nature through all her bright ways,  
Went, like the Seraphs, adoring,  
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—  
Martyrs! who left for our reaping  
Truths you had sown in your blood—  
Sinners! whom long years of weeping  
Chasten'd from evil to good—

Maidens! who, like the young Crescent,  
Turning away your pale brows  
From earth, and the light of the Present,  
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse—  
Say, through what region enchanted,  
Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air?  
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted,  
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S  
WING.

(AIR.—ANONYMOUS.)

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,  
Whose theme is in the skies—  
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing  
The nearer Heav'n they rise.

Though Love his magic lyre may tune,  
Yet ah, the flow'rs he round it wreathes  
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,  
Whose madness in their odour breathes.

No victor, but th' Eternal One,  
No trophies but of Love!

---

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

(AIR.—STEVENSSON.)

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch  
home,<sup>1</sup>  
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!  
From that time<sup>2</sup>, when the moon upon Ajalon's  
vale,  
Looking motionless down<sup>3</sup>, saw the kings of the  
earth,  
In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow  
pale—  
Oh, never had Judah an hour of such mirth!  
Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch  
home,  
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!  
Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of  
each tree  
That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.<sup>4</sup>  
From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,  
With a light not their own, through the Jordan's  
deep tide,  
Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided  
on<sup>5</sup>—  
Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride!  
Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch  
home,  
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

Eyes, this world  
There, as warm, as light  
Shall meet us and

When wearily we  
Of earth and heav'  
Beneath whose smile  
Blest, and think

Hope still lifts her  
Pointing to th' ete  
Upon whose portal  
Looking back for

Alas, alas!—doth I  
Shall friendship—  
That bind a momen  
Be found again w

Oh, if no other boor  
To keep our hear  
Who would not try  
Where all we lov

---

WAR AGAINST BABY

(AIR)

“War against Baby!  
Be our banners thr  
Rise up, ye nations, y  
“War against Ba  
world!”

she, that dwellest on many waters,<sup>1</sup>  
 her day of pride is ended now;  
 be dark curse of Israel's daughters  
 she, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!  
 War, war, war against Babylon!

bright the arrows, and gather the shields,<sup>2</sup>  
 the standard of God on high;

<sup>1</sup> she that dwellest upon many waters, . . . . thine end is  
 —Jer. li. 13.

<sup>2</sup> she bright the arrows; gather the shields . . . . . set up

Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,  
 "Zion" our watchword, and "vengeance" our  
 cry!  
 Woe! woe!—the time of thy visitation<sup>3</sup>  
 Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—  
 And the black surge of desolation  
 Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!  
 War, war, war against Babylon!

the standard upon the walls of Babylon."—Jer. li. 11, 12.

<sup>3</sup> "Woe unto them! for their day is come, the time of their  
 visitation!"—Jer. l. 27.







**THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.**



## BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.\*

return from the interesting visit to of which some account has been given in the Preface, I took up my abode in London, being joined there by my family, and resided in that capital, or its environs, till about the close of the year 1822. My life, however sunny, is without its share of passing shadows; and this long absence from our happy English home, which my family yearned even more than myself, had been caused by difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and to a large extent, in which I had been involved by the exertions of the person who acted as my deputy in the small office I held at Bermuda. It should ever have come to be chosen for me an employment seems one of those rare or anomalous of human destiny which are not of ordinary speculation; and went far, beyond, to realise Beaumarchais' notion of the standard by which, too frequently, the regulation for place is regulated,—“Il fallut un danseur; ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint.” However much, in this instance, I suffered from my want of schooling in matters of business, and more especially from my having neglected the ordinary precaution of requiring security from my deputy, I was more than amply repaid for all such embarrassment, were it even ten times as much, by the eager kindness of my friends, which pressed forward to help to relieve me from my difficulties. Could I venture to name the persons,—and they were many,—who thus volunteered their aid, it would be found they were all of them men of distinguished characters enhanced such a service, and in all, the name and the act reflected honour upon each other. It will so far lift the veil in which such a generosity seeks to shroud itself, as to give me briefly the manner in which one of

these kind friends,—himself possessing but limited means,—proposed to contribute to the object of releasing me from my embarrassments. After adverting, in his letter, to my misfortunes, and “the noble way,” as he was pleased to say, “in which I bore them,” he adds,—“would it be very impertinent to say, that I have 500*l.* entirely at your disposal, to be paid when you like; and as much more that I could advance, upon any reasonable security, payable in seven years?” The writer concludes by apologising anxiously and delicately for “the liberty which he thus takes,” assuring me that “he would not have made the offer if he did not feel that he would most readily accept the same assistance from me.” I select this one instance from among the many which that trying event of my life enables me to adduce, both on account of the deliberate feeling of manly regard which it manifests, and also from other considerations which it would be out of place here to mention, but which rendered so genuine a mark of friendship from such a quarter peculiarly touching and welcome to me.

When such were the men who hastened to my aid in this emergency, I need hardly say, it was from no squeamish pride,—for the pride would have been in receiving favours from such hands,—that I came to the resolution of gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out my deliverance by my own efforts. With a credit still fresh in the market of literature, and with publishers ready as ever to risk their thousands on my name, I could not but feel that, however gratifying was the generous zeal of such friends, I should best show that I, in some degree, deserved their offers, by declining, under such circumstances, to accept them.

Meanwhile, an attachment had issued against me from the Court of Admiralty; and as a negotiation was about to be opened with the

\* [From the collected edition of 1841, 1842.]

new, painful, and, in its first aspect, overwhelming exigence to provide for; and, certainly, Paris, swarming throughout as it was, at that period, with rich, gay, and dissipated English, was, to a person of my social habits and multifarious acquaintance, the very worst possible place that could have been resorted to for even the semblance of a quiet or studious home. The only tranquil, and, therefore, to me, most precious portions of that period were the two summers passed by my family and myself with our kind Spanish friends, the V\*\*\*\*\*s, at their beautiful place, La Butte Coaslin, on the road up to Bellevue. There, in a cottage belonging to M. V\*\*\*\*\*I, and but a few steps from his house, we contrived to conjure up an apparition of Sloper-ton\*; and I was able for some time to work with a feeling of comfort and home. I used frequently to pass the morning in rambling alone through the noble park of St. Cloud, with no apparatus for the work of authorship but my memorandum-book and pencils, forming sentences to run smooth and moulding verses into shape. In the evenings I generally joined with Madame V\*\*\*\*\*I in Italian duetts, or, with far more pleasure, sat as listener, while she sung to the Spanish guitar those sweet songs of her own country to which few voices could do such justice.

One of the pleasant circumstances connected with our summer visits to La Butte was the

which I looked for enfranchisement, or as well as most like my intended Life found that, at such living authorities gain any interesting private life of one w epistolary correspor impossible to proce task. Accordingly and Mr. Wilkie, w intended publishers them of this tempori

Being thus baffled few resources I had of a Romance in ve or Epistles; and wi story, on an Egypt much from that formed the ground After labouring, h at this experiment, pation, and distract all the Nine Musc attempt in despair truth of that warni verses of my own, Girl:—

Oh hint to the b  
Can hallow its h  
Like you, with a  
His song to the v

found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call around me some of the sunniest of those stern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its me.

But, abortive as had now been all my efforts woo the shy spirit of Poesy, amidst such quiet scenes, the course of reading I found me to pursue, on the subject of Egypt, was of small service in storing my mind with the various knowledge respecting that country, which some years later I turned to account, in writing the story of the Epicurean. The kind offices, indeed, towards this object, which some of the most distinguished French scholars and artists afforded me, are still remembered by me with thankfulness. Besides my old acquaintance, Denon, whose drawings of Egypt, then of some value, I frequently consulted, I found Mons. Fourier and Mons. Langles no less prompt in placing books at my disposal. With Humboldt, also, who was at that time in Paris, I had more than once some conversation on the subject of Egypt, and remember his expressing himself in no very laudatory terms respecting the labours of the French savans in that country.

I had now been foiled and frustrated in two of those literary projects on which I had counted so sanguinely in the calculation of my resources; and, though I had found sufficient to furnish my musical publisher with the sixth Number of the Irish Melodies, and also the number of the National Airs, these works, as I knew, would yield but an insufficient supply, compared with the demands so closely and threateningly hanging over me. In this difficulty I called to mind a subject, — the stern allegory of the Loves of the Angels, — which I had, some years before, begun a prose story, but in which, as a theme for poetry, had now been anticipated by Lord Byron, in one of the most sublime of his many poetical pieces, "Heaven and Earth." Knowing how soon I should be lost in the shadow into which the gigantic precursor would cast me, I had leavoured, by a speed of composition which had astonished my habitually slow pen,

to get the start of my noble friend in the time of publication, and thus afforded myself the sole chance I could perhaps expect, under such unequal rivalry, of attracting to my work the attention of the public. In this humble speculation, however, I failed; for both works, if I recollect right, made their appearance at the same time.

In the meanwhile, the negotiation which had been entered into with the American claimants, for a reduction of the amount of their demands upon me, had continued to "drag its slow length along;" nor was it till the month of September, 1822, that, by a letter from the Messrs. Longman, I received the welcome intelligence that the terms offered, as our ultimatum, to the opposite party, had been at last accepted, and that I might now with safety return to England. I lost no time, of course, in availing myself of so welcome a privilege; and as all that remains now to be told of this trying episode in my past life may be comprised within a small compass, I shall trust to the patience of my readers for tolerating the recital.

On arriving in England I learned, for the first time, — having been, till then, kept very much in darkness on the subject, — that, after a long and frequently interrupted course of negotiation, the amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and that towards the payment of this the uncle of my deputy, — a rich London merchant, — had been brought, with some difficulty, to contribute three hundred pounds. I was likewise informed, that a very dear and distinguished friend of mine, to whom, by his own desire, the state of the negotiation was, from time to time, reported, had, upon finding that there appeared, at last, some chance of an arrangement, and learning also the amount of the advance made by my deputy's relative, immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (750*l.*) of the required sum, to be there in readiness for the final settlement of the demand.

Though still adhering to my original purpose of owing to my own exertions alone the means of relief from these difficulties, I yet felt a pleasure in allowing this thoughtful de-

I had not counted on my bank "*in nubibus*" too sanguinely; for, on receiving my publishers' account, in the month of June following, I found 1000*l.* placed to my credit from the sale of the *Loves of the Angels*, and 500*l.* from the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*.

shed back upon it a noble author. T might well have been

Munera sunt, at

---

## PREFACE.

---

THE Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut<sup>1</sup>, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shámchazai<sup>2</sup>, are the only sources to which I need refer, for the origin of the notion on which this Romance is founded. In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories) the fall of the Soul from its original purity<sup>3</sup> — the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures — and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of Heaven are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate to the following pages the same *moral* interest.

Among the doctrines, or notions, derived by

sublime is that which of the soul, and its material world, from which it is supposed to which, after a trial, it will return symbolical forms, and all the Oriental theories sent the Soul as one which fall away with element, and must hope to return. So inquired of him, "might be made to give them," he replied, "But where are they asked. — In the aster.

The mythology the same doctrine, light who strayed and obscured the with this material

; it with the descent and ascent of the zodiac, considered Autumn as emblem of Soul's decline towards darkness, and appearance of Spring as its return to life

the chief spirits of the Mahometan religion, such as Gabriel, the angel of Revelations, whom the last trumpet is to be sounded, and Michael, the angel of death, there were also a great number of subaltern intelligences, of which tradition has preserved the names, appointed to preside over the different stages, or ascents, into the various regions of the celestial world was supposed to be the case. Thus Kelail governs the fifth heaven; Michael, the presiding spirit of the third, is employed in steadying the motions of the spheres, which would be in a constant state of flux and reflux if this angel did not keep his foot planted on earth.<sup>2</sup>

Other miraculous interpositions in favour of the human race, we find commemorated in the pages of the Koran, the appearance of five thousand angels on his side at the battle of Bedr.

The ancient Persians supposed that Ormuzd employed thirty angels to preside successively over the thirty days of the month, and twelve greater angels assume the government of the months; among whom Bahman (to whom was committed the custody of all animals, and the human race,) was the greatest. Mihr, the angel

of the 7th month, was also the spirit that watched over the affairs of friendship and love; — Chûr had the care of the disk of the sun; — Mah was agent for the concerns of the moon; — Isphandarmaz (whom Cazvin calls the Spirit of the Earth) was the tutelary genius of good and virtuous women, &c. &c. &c. For all this the reader may consult the 19th and 20th chapters of Hyde de Relig. Vet. Persarum, where the names and attributes of these daily and monthly angels are with much minuteness and erudition explained. It appears, from the Zend-avesta, that the Persians had a certain office or prayer for every day of the month (addressed to the particular angel who presided over it), which they called the Sirouzé.

The Celestial Hierarchy of the Syrians, as described by Kircher, appears to be the most regularly graduated of any of these systems. In the sphere of the Moon they placed the angels, in that of Mercury the archangels, Venus and the Sun contained the Principalities and the Powers; — and so on to the summit of the planetary system, where in the sphere of Saturn, the Thrones had their station. Above this was the habitation of the Cherubim in the sphere of the fixed stars; and still higher, in the region of those stars which are so distant as to be imperceptible, the Seraphim, we are told, the most perfect of all celestial creatures, dwelt.

The Sabeans also (as D'Herbelot tells us) had their classes of angels, to whom they prayed as mediators, or intercessors; and the Arabians worshipped female angels, whom they called Benad Hasche, or, Daughters of God.

Ormuzd adorned the lower heaven with lights, and placed therein thirty angels. — Koran, chap. xii. Kircher, p. 100.

## LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

---

world was in its prime,  
When stars had just begun  
Their day, and young Time  
His birth-days by the sun;  
The light of Nature's dawn  
And angels met  
On a sunny lawn, —  
When, or Sin had drawn  
The curtain from heav'n  
And heav'n her curtain yet!  
How nearer to the skies  
The days of crime and woe,  
How far, without surprise,  
The angelic eyes  
Look down on this world below.

How should profane,  
On the morning of the earth!  
The fatal stain  
On the hearts of heav'nly birth —  
How Woman's love should fall

Till, yielding gradual to the soft  
And balmy evening's influence —  
The silent breathing of the flow'rs,  
The melting light that beam'd above,  
As on their first, fond, erring hours,  
Each told the story of his love,  
The history of that hour unblest,  
When, like a bird, from its high nest  
Won down by fascinating eyes,  
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The first who spoke was one, with look  
The least celestial of the three —  
A Spirit of light mould, that took  
The prints of earth most yieldingly;  
Who, ev'n in heav'n, was not of those  
Nearest the Throne, but held a place  
Far off, among those shining rows  
That circle out through endless space,  
And o'er whose wings the light from Him



Where Nature knows not night's delay,  
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,  
Upon the threshold of the skies.

One morn, on earthly mission sent,<sup>1</sup>  
And mid-way choosing where to light,  
I saw, from the blue element—

Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!  
One of earth's fairest womankind,  
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd  
In the clear crystal of a brook;  
Which, while it hid no single gleam  
Of her young beauties, made them look  
More spirit-like, as they might seem  
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

Passing in wonder I look'd on,  
While, playfully around her breaking  
The waters, that like diamonds shone,  
She mov'd in light of her own making.  
At length, as from that airy height  
I gently lower'd my breathless flight,  
The tremble of my wings all o'er  
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)

Start'd her, as she reach'd the shore  
Of that small lake—her mirror still—  
Above whose brink she stood, like snow  
When rosy with a sunset glow.  
Never shall I forget those eyes!—  
The shame, the innocent surprise  
Of that bright face, when in the air  
Uplooking, she beheld me there.  
It seem'd as if each thought, and look,  
And motion, were that minute chain'd  
Fast to the spot, such root she took,  
And—like a sunflower by a brook,  
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

In pity to the wond'ring maid,  
Though loth from such a vision turning,  
Downward I bent, beneath the shade  
Of my spread wings to hide the burning  
Of glances, which—I well could feel—  
For me, for her, too warmly shone;

But, ere I could again unseal  
My restless eyes, or even steal  
One sidelong look, the maid was gone—  
Hid from me in the forest leaves,  
Sadden as when, in all her charms  
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives  
The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the pow'r,  
The despotism that, from that hour,

Passion held o'er me. Day and night  
I sought around each neighbouring spot;  
And, in the chase of this sweet light,  
My task, and heav'n, and all forgot;—  
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream  
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side  
I found myself, whole happy days,  
List'ning to words, whose music vied  
With our own Eden's seraph lays,  
When seraph lays are warm'd by love,  
But, wanting *that* far, far above!—  
And looking into eyes where, blue  
And beautiful, like skies seen through  
The sleeping wave, for me there shone  
A heaven, more worshipp'd than my own.  
Oh what, while I could hear and see  
Such words and looks, was heav'n to me?  
Though gross the air on earth I drew,  
'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too;  
Though dark the flow'rs, though dim the sky,  
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.  
Throughout creation I but knew  
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,  
Belov'd, and consecrated spot  
Where *LEA* was—the other, all  
The dull, wide waste, where she was *not*!

But vain my suit, my madness vain;  
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain  
One earthly look, one stray desire,  
I would have torn the wings, that hung  
Furl'd at my back, and o'er the Fire  
In *GEHIM*'s<sup>2</sup> pit their fragments flung;—  
'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmov'd  
She stood, as lilies in the light  
Of the hot noon but look more white;—  
And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,  
'Twas not as man, as mortal—no,  
Nothing of earth was in that glow—  
She lov'd me but as one, of race  
Angelic, from that radiant place  
She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven,  
To which her prayers at morn were sent,  
And on whose light she gaz'd at even,  
Wishing for wings, that she might go  
Out of this shadowy world below,  
To that free, glorious element!

Well I remember by her side  
Sitting at rosy even-tide,

<sup>1</sup> It appears that, in most languages, the term employed for an angel means also a messenger. *Firischteh*, the Persian word for angel, is derived (says D'Herbelot) from the verb *Firischtin*, to send. The Hebrew term, too, *Melak*, has the same signification.

<sup>2</sup> The name given by the Mahometans to the infernal regions, now which, they say, the angel *Tabbek* presides.

By the seven gates of hell, mentioned in the Koran, the commentators understand seven different departments or wards, in which

seven different sorts of sinners are to be punished. The first, called *Gehennem*, is for sinful Mussulmans; the second, *Ladna*, for Christian offenders; the third, *Hothama*, is appointed for Jews; and the fourth and fifth, called *Sair* and *Sacar*, are destined to receive the Saboans and the worshippers of fire: in the sixth, named *Gehim*, those pagans and idolaters who admit a plurality of gods are placed; while into the abyss of the seventh, called *Derk Asfal*, or the *Deespet*, the hypocritical centers of all religions are thrown.

So innocent the maid, so free  
From mortal taint in soul and frame,  
Whom 'twas my crime — my destiny —  
To love, ay, burn for, with a flame,  
To which earth's wildest fires are tame.  
Had you but seen her look, when first  
From my mad lips the' avowal burst;  
Not anger'd — no — the feeling came  
From depths beyond mere anger's flame —  
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,  
A mournfulness that could not weep,  
So fill'd her heart was to the brink,  
So fix'd and froz'n with grief, to think  
That angel natures — that ev'n I,  
Whose love she clung to, as the tie  
Between her spirit and the sky —  
Should fall thus headlong from the height  
Of all that heav'n hath pure and bright!

That very night — my heart had grown  
Impatient of its inward burning;  
The term, too, of my stay was flown,  
And the bright Watchers near the throne,  
Already, if a meteor shone  
Between them and this nether zone,  
Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning.  
Oft did the potent spell-word, giv'n  
To Envoys hither from the skies,  
To be pronounc'd, when back to heav'n  
It is their time or wish to rise,  
Come to my lips that fatal day;  
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,  
That my spread plumage in the ray  
And breeze of heav'n began to play; —  
When my heart fail'd — the spell was broken —  
The word unfinish'd died away,  
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,  
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

The shadow I  
The first, that ev'  
Had cast upon it:  
My heart was ma  
Of the wild rev  
To all that franti  
Of desp'rate ga  
Who never felt h  
Can break out th  
Sad mimicry of n  
Whose flashes cor  
Of inward passio  
Struck out by cla

Then, too, that ju  
And blessing of n  
That draught of s  
Phantoms of fair,  
Whose drops, like  
Upon the mists  
Bright'ning not o  
But grasping H  
Then first the fata  
Its dews of dark  
Casting whate'er c  
To my lost soul  
And filling it with  
Such fantasies a  
As, in the absence  
Haunt us for ev'  
That walk this c

Now hear the rest!  
I sought her in t  
Where late we oft,  
And the world hu  
At the same sile  
Her eyes, as usual

There was a virtue in that scene,  
 A spell of holiness around,  
 Which, had my burning brain not been  
 Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,  
 As though I trod celestial ground.  
 Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,  
 And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,  
 I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—  
 The memory of Eden came  
 Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;  
 And though too well each glance of mine  
 To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd  
 How far, alas, from aught divine,  
 Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,  
 Was the wild love with which I lov'd,  
 Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yea,  
 'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw  
 The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,  
 The homage of an Angel's awe  
 To her, a mortal, whom pure love  
 Then plac'd above him—far above—  
 And all that struggle to repress  
 A sinful spirit's mad excess,  
 Which work'd within me at that hour,  
 When, with a voice, where Passion shed  
 All the deep sadness of her pow'r,  
 Her melancholy power—I said,  
 'Then be it so; if back to heaven  
 ' I must unlov'd, unpitied fly,  
 ' Without one blest memorial giv'n  
 ' To soothe me in that lonely sky;  
 ' One look, like those the young and fond  
 ' Give when they're parting—which would be,  
 ' Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond  
 ' All heav'n hath left of bliss for me!

'Oh, but to see that head recline  
 ' A minute on this trembling arm,  
 ' And those mild eyes look up to mine,  
 ' Without a dread, a thought of harm!  
 ' To meet, but once, the thrilling touch  
 ' Of lips too purely fond to fear me—  
 ' Or, if that boon be all too much,  
 ' Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me!  
 ' Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—  
 ' Give them but kindly and I fly;  
 ' Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,  
 ' And tremble for their home on high.  
 ' Thus be our parting—check to check—  
 ' One minute's lapse will be forgiv'n,  
 ' And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak  
 ' The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!'

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,  
 Of me, and of herself afraid,  
 Had shrinking stood, like flow'rs beneath  
 The scorching of the south-wind's breath:  
 But when I nam'd—alas, too well,  
 I now recall, though wilder'd then,—

Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,  
 Her brow, her eyes uprose again,  
 And, with an eagerness, that spoke  
 The sudden light that o'er her broke,  
 'The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,  
 'And I will bless thee!' she exclaim'd—  
 Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,  
 And lost already, on her brow  
 I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd  
 The mystic word, till then ne'er told  
 To living creature of earth's mould!  
 Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,  
 Her lips from mine, like echo, caught  
 The holy sound—her hands and eyes  
 Were instant lifted to the skies,  
 And thrice to heav'n she spoke it out  
 With that triumphant look Faith wears,  
 When not a cloud of fear or doubt,  
 A vapour from this vale of tears,  
 Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame  
 All bright and glorified became,  
 And at her back I saw unclose  
 Two wings, magnificent as those  
 That sparkle around ALLA'S Throne,  
 Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose  
 Above me, in the moon-beam shone  
 With a pure light, which—from its hue,  
 Unknown upon this earth—I knew  
 Was light from Eden, glist'ning through!  
 Most holy vision! ne'er before  
 Did aught so radiant—since the day  
 When ERLIS, in his downfal, bore  
 The third of the bright stars away—  
 Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair  
 That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?  
 Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice  
 The pow'ful words that were, that night,—  
 Oh ev'n for heaven too much delight!—  
 Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,  
 And soul to soul, in Paradise?  
 I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—  
 I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;  
 For me the spell had pow'r no more.  
 There seem'd around me some dark chain  
 Which still, as I essay'd to soar,  
 Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour:  
 Dead lay my wings, as they have lain  
 Since that sad hour, and will remain—  
 So wills the' offended God—for ever!

It was to yonder star I trac'd  
 Her journey up the' illumin'd waste—  
 That isle in the blue firmament,  
 To which so oft her fancy went  
 In wishes and in dreams before,  
 And which was now—such, Purity,

But soon that passing dream was gone;  
Farther and farther off she shone,  
Till lessen'd to a point, as small

As are those specks that yonder burn,—  
Those vivid drops of light, that fall  
The last from Day's exhausted urn.  
And when at length she merg'd, afar,  
Into her own immortal star,  
And when at length my straining sight  
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,  
That minute from my soul the light  
Of heav'n and love both pass'd away;  
And I forgot my home, my birth,  
Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,  
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,  
Till I became—what I am now!"

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;  
A shame, that of itself would tell—  
Were there not ev'n those breaks of flame,  
Celestial, through his clouded frame—  
How grand the height from which he fell!  
That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets,  
The' unblench'd renown it us'd to wear;  
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,  
To show her sunshine *has* been there.

Once only, while the tale he told,  
Were his eyes lifted to behold  
That happy stainless star, where she  
Dwelt in her bower of purity!  
One minute did he look, and then—  
As though he felt some deadly pain  
From its sweet light through heart and  
brain—  
Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

"Twixt whom and  
And wide, as v  
To reach from an  
The vague sho

'Twas RUBI, in w  
Slept the dim lig  
Whose voice, tho  
Like echoes, in  
When first awak'  
And when he s  
Smile ever shor  
Of moonlight rain  
The sunny life, th  
Ev'n o'er his prid  
A soft'ning shade  
And though at tir  
The kindlings c  
Short was the fitf  
Like the last flash  
Seen through sc

Such was the Ang  
The silence that  
When he, the Spir  
Clos'd the sad h  
And, while a sacre  
For many a day  
Beautiful, as in da  
And not those eloc  
But every featur  
Thus his eventful

SECOND

st achieve, ere he could set  
 eal upon the world, as done —  
 that last perfection rise,  
 crowning of creation's birth,  
 'mid the worship and surprise  
 ling angels, Woman's eyes  
 : open'd upon heav'n and earth;  
 om their lids a thrill was sent,  
 rough each living spirit went,  
 rst light through the firmament!

ou forget how gradual stole  
 esh-awaken'd breath of soul  
 ghout her perfect form — which seem'd  
 ow transparent, as there beam'd  
 lawn of Mind within, and caught  
 oveliness from each new thought?  
 us o'er summer seas we trace  
 : progress of the noontide air,  
 ing its bright and silent face  
 minute into some new grace,  
 l varying heav'n's reflections there —  
 e the light of ev'ning, stealing  
 r some fair temple, which all day  
 slept in shadow, slow revealing  
 several beauties, ray by ray,  
 shines out, a thing to bless,  
 ll of light and loveliness.

ou forget her blush, when round  
 gh Eden's lone, enchanted ground  
 ok'd, and saw, the sea — the skies —  
 l heard the rush of many a wing,  
 high behests then vanishing;  
 aw the last few angel eyes,  
 ng'ring — mine among the rest, —  
 ant leaving scenes so blest?  
 that miraculous hour, the fate  
 his new, glorious Being dwelt  
 er, with a spell-like weight,  
 my spirit — early, late,  
 ate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,  
 ough of what might yet befall  
 natchless creature mix'd with all —  
 ie alone, but her whole race  
 ough ages yet to come — whate'er  
 eminine, and fond, and fair,  
 l spring from that pure mind and face,  
 wak'd my soul's intenses care;  
 forms, souls, feelings, still to me  
 on's strangest mystery!

en fait indubitable que la plupart des anciens philo-  
 Chaldéens, soit Grecs, nous ont donné les astres comme  
 at soutenu que les astres, qui nous éclairent, n'étoient  
 hars, ou même les navires, des Intelligences qui les con-  
 Pour les Chars, cela se lit partout; on n'a qu'ouvrir  
 sment," &c. &c. — *Mémoire Historique, sur le Sabisme,*  
 ansev.  
 hat the stars are either spirits or the vehicles of spirits,  
 a to all the religions and heresies of the East. Kircher

It was my doom — ev'n from the first,  
 When witnessing the primal burst  
 Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise  
 Those bright creations in the skies, —  
 Those worlds instinct with life and light,  
 Which man, remote, but sees by night, —  
 It was my doom still to be haunted  
 By some new wonder, some sublime  
 And matchless work, that, for the time  
 Held all my soul, enchain'd, enchanted,  
 And left me not a thought, a dream,  
 A word, but on that only theme!

The wish to know — that endless thirst,  
 Which ev'n by quenching is awak'd,  
 And which becomes or blest or curst,  
 As is the fount wherewith 'tis slak'd —  
 Still urg'd me onward, with desire  
 Insatiate, to explore, inquire —  
 Whate'er the wondrous things might be,  
 That wak'd each new idolatry —  
 Their cause, aim, source, whence-ever sprung —  
 Their inmost pow'rs, as though for me  
 Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,  
 When first I saw them burn on high,  
 Rolling along, like living cars  
 Of light, for gods to journey by!  
 They were my heart's first passion — days  
 And nights, unwearied, in their rays  
 Have I hung floating, till each sense  
 Seem'd full of their bright influence.  
 Innocent joy! alas, how much  
 Of misery had I shunn'd below,  
 Could I have still liv'd blest with such;  
 Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know  
 The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.  
 Often — so much I lov'd to trace  
 The secrets of this starry race —  
 Have I at morn and evening run  
 Along the lines of radiance spun  
 Like webs, between them and the sun,  
 Untwisting all the tangled ties  
 Of light into their different dyes —  
 Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest  
 Of those, the farthest, loneliest,  
 That watch, like winking sentinels,<sup>2</sup>  
 The void, beyond which Chaos dwells;  
 And there, with noiseless plume, pursued  
 Their track through that grand solitude,

has given the names and stations of the seven archangels, who  
 were by the Cabala of the Jews distributed through the planets.

<sup>2</sup> According to the cosmogony of the ancient Persians, there were  
 four stars set as sentinels in the four quarters of the heavens, to  
 watch over the other fixed stars, and superintend the planets in  
 their course. The names of these four sentinel stars are, according  
 to the Boudesh, Tachter, for the east; Batevis, for the west;  
 Venand, for the south; and Haborang, for the north.

MOORE'S WORKS.

intently all and each  
 soul within their radiance dwelt,  
 hing their sweet light were speech,  
 they might tell me all they felt.

, so passionate my chase  
 resplendent heirs of space,  
 I follow—lest a ray  
 d 'scape me in the farthest night—  
 lgrim Comet, on his way  
 sit distant shrines of light,  
 ll remember how I sung  
 ingly, when on my sight  
 rlds of stars, all fresh and young,  
 st born of darkness, sprung!

as my pure ambition then,  
 nless transport, night and morn,  
 this newer world of men,  
 hat most fair of stars was born  
 l, in fatal hour, saw rise  
 the flow'rs of Paradise!  
 orth my nature all was chang'd,  
 eart, soul, senses turn'd below;  
 who but so lately rang'd  
 wonderful expanse, where glow  
 upon worlds,—yet found his mind  
 that luminous range confin'd,—  
 est the humblest, meanest sod  
 ark earth where Woman trod!

Of so much loveliness, and see  
 What souls belong'd to such brig!  
 Whether, as sun-beams find the  
 Into the gem that hidden lies,  
 Those looks could inward turn  
 And make the soul as bright as  
 All this impell'd my anxious cha  
 And still the more I saw and k  
 Of Woman's fond, weak, conqu'ri  
 The' intenser still my wonder g

I had beheld their First, their Ev  
 Born in that splendid Paradise  
 Which sprung there solely to rec  
 The first light of her waking e  
 I had seen purest angels lean  
 In worship o'er her from above  
 And man—oh yes, had envying  
 Proud man possess'd of all her

I saw their happiness, so brief,  
 So exquisite,—her error, too,  
 That easy trust, that prompt beli  
 In what the warm heart wishes  
 That faith in words, when kindly  
 By which the whole fond sex is l  
 Mingled with—what I durst not  
 For 'tis my own—that zeal to  
 Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;  
 Which, though from heav'n all p

She, who brought death into the world,  
 There stood before him, with the light  
 Of their lost Paradise still bright  
 Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd  
 Down her white shoulders to her feet—  
 So beautiful in form, so sweet  
 In heart and voice, as to redeem  
 The loss, the death of all things dear,  
 Except herself—and make it seem  
 Life, endless Life, while she was near!  
 Could I help wond'ring at a creature,  
 Thus circled round with spells so strong—  
 One, to whose ev'ry thought, word, feature,  
 In joy and woe, through right and wrong,  
 Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,  
 To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her—  
 New Eyes in all her daughters came,  
 As strong to charm, as weak to err,  
 As sure of man through praise and blame,  
 Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,  
 He still the' unreasoning worshipper,  
 And they, throughout all time, the same,  
 Enchantresses of soul and frame,  
 Into whose hands, from first to last,  
 This world with all its destinies,  
 Devotedly by heav'n seems cast,  
 To save or ruin, as they please!  
 Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,  
 How restlessly I sigh'd to find  
 Some one, from out that witching throng,  
 Some abstract of the form and mind  
 Of the whole matchless sex, from which  
 In my own arms beheld, possess,  
 I might learn all the pow'rs to witch,  
 To warm, and (if my fate unblest  
 Would have it) ruin, of the rest!  
 Into whose inward soul and sense  
 I might descend, as doth the bee  
 Into the flower's deep heart, and thence  
 Rife, in all its purity,  
 The prime, the quintessence, the whole  
 Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer—  
 (For such—oh what will tongues not dare,  
 When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferr'd)—  
 At length my ominous prayer was heard—  
 But whether heard in heaven or hell,  
 Listen—and thou wilt know too well.

There was a maid, of all who move  
 Like visions o'er this orb, most fit  
 To be a bright young angel's love,  
 Herself so bright, so exquisite!  
 The pride, too, of her step, as light  
 Along the' unconscious earth she went,  
 Seem'd that of one, born with a right  
 To walk some heavenlier element,

And tread in places where her feet  
 A star at ev'ry step should meet.  
 'Twas not alone that loveliness  
 By which the wilder'd sense is caught—  
 Of lips, whose very breath could bless;  
 Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought  
 But luminous escapes of thought;  
 Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,  
 Were fire itself, but, at a word  
 Of tenderness, all soft became  
 As though they could, like the sun's bird,  
 Dissolve away in their own flame—  
 Of form, as pliant as the shoots  
 Of a young tree, in vernal flower;  
 Yet round and glowing as the fruits,  
 That drop from it in summer's hour;—  
 'Twas not alone this loveliness  
 That falls to loveliest women's share,  
 Though, even here, her form could spare  
 From its own beauty's rich excess  
 Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—  
 But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear  
 Through her whole frame—the soul, still near,  
 To light each charm, yet independent  
 Of what it lighted, as the sun  
 That shines on flowers, would be resplendent  
 Were there no flowers to shine upon—  
 'Twas this, all this, in one combin'd—  
 The' unnumber'd looks and arts that form  
 The glory of young woman-kind,  
 Taken, in their perfection, warm,  
 Ere time had chill'd a single charm,  
 And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,  
 As gave to beauties, that might be  
 Too sensual else, too unrefin'd,  
 The impress of Divinity!

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

Had we—but hold—hear every part  
 Of our sad tale—spite of the pain  
 Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart  
 Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—  
 Hear every step, so full of bliss,  
 And yet so ruinous, that led  
 Down to the last, dark precipice,  
 Where perish'd both—the fallen, the dead!

MOORE'S WORKS.

Your she caught my sight,  
 — day and night  
 In around her way,  
 Her loneliest musings near,  
 Back each thought that lay,  
 Within her heart, as clear  
 Within brooks appear;  
 Among the countless things  
 Among hearts for ever glowing,  
 Among fond imaginings,  
 As yet no object knowing—  
 Among hopes, that come when bid,  
 Among joys that end in weeping;  
 Among pure thoughts hid,  
 Among under flowerets sleeping:—  
 Among feelings — felt where'er  
 Among hearts beating — I saw there  
 Among aspirations high — beyond  
 Among dwelt in soul so fond —  
 Among every, far away  
 Among light, vague future given;  
 Among serene and grand, whose play,  
 Among eaglets, is near heaven!  
 — what a soul and heart  
 Among the tempter's art! —  
 Among knowledge, such as ne'er  
 Among in form so fair,  
 Among fatal hour, when Eve  
 Among fruit of Eden blest,  
 — rather than leave

The phantom, who thus came and went,  
 In half revelations only meant  
 To madden curiosity —  
 When by such various arts I found  
 Her fancy to its utmost wound,  
 One night — 'twas in a holy spot,  
 Which she for prayer had chosen — a gr  
 Of purest marble, built below  
 Her garden beds, through which a glow  
 From lamps invisible then stole,  
 Brightly pervading all the place —  
 Like that mysterious light the soul,  
 Itself unseen, sheds through the face.  
 There, at her altar, while she knelt,  
 And all that woman ever felt,  
 When God and man both claim'd her  
 Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,  
 Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and  
 Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,  
 Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes  
 Then, as the mystic light's soft ray  
 Grew softer still, as though its ray  
 Was breath'd from her, I heard her say :  
 ' Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er  
 ' Thy nature be — human, divine,  
 ' Or but half heav'nly — still too fair,  
 ' Too heavenly to be ever mine!  
 ' Wonderful Spirit, who dost make



or God, who hold'st the book  
 Knowledge spread beneath thine eye,  
 With thee, but one bright look  
 its leaves, and let me die!

se ethereal wings, whose way  
 through an element, so fraught  
 wing Mind, that, as they play,  
 every movement is a thought!

t bright, wreathed hair, between  
 ee sunny clusters the sweet wind  
 adise so late hath been,  
 left its fragrant soul behind!

ee impassion'd eyes, that melt  
 ir light into the inmost heart;  
 unset in the waters, felt  
 molten fire through every part—

nplere thee, oh most bright  
 l worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er  
 king, wondering eyes this night,  
 s one blest night—I ask no more!

ted, breathless, as she said  
 urning words, her languid head  
 be altar's steps she cast,  
 at brain-throb were its last—

urled by the breathing, nigh,  
 that echoed back her sigh,  
 her brow again she rais'd;  
 there, just lighted on the shine,  
 me—not as I had blaz'd  
 nd her, full of light divine,  
 ate dreams, but soften'd down  
 re mortal grace;—my crown  
 rs, too radiant for this world,  
 anging on yon starry steep;  
 gs shut up, like banners furl'd,  
 Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;  
 e autumnal clouds, that keep  
 ghtnings sheath'd, rather than mar  
 ning hour of some young star;  
 hing left, but what besem'd  
 ecessible, though glorious mate  
 d woman—whose eyes beam'd  
 pon hers, as passionate;  
 eady heart brought flame for flame,  
 n, whose madness was the same;  
 se soul lost, in that one hour,  
 r and for her love—oh more  
 n's light than ev'n the power  
 v'n itself could now restore!

that hour!"——

The Spirit here  
 i in his utterance, as if words  
 r beneath the wild career  
 then rushing thoughts—like chords,

Midway in some enthusiast's song,  
 Breaking beneath a touch too strong;  
 While the clench'd hand upon the brow  
 Told how remembrance throbb'd there now!  
 But soon 'twas o'er—that casual blaze  
 From the sunk fire of other days—  
 That relic of a flame, whose burning  
 Had been too fierce to be relum'd  
 Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning  
 To his bright listeners, thus resum'd:—

“ Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most

On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all—  
 Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st,  
 Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,  
 What happiness is theirs, who fall!  
 'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen  
 Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between  
 Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell .

In agonising cross-light given  
 Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell  
 In purgatory ' catch of heaven!  
 The only feeling that to me  
 Seem'd joy—or rather my sole rest  
 From aching misery—was to see

My young, proud, blooming LILIS blest.  
 She, the fair fountain of all ill

To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst  
 Fervidly panted after still,  
 And found the charm fresh as at first—  
 To see *her* happy—to reflect

Whatever beams still round me play'd  
 Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,  
 On her, my Moon, whose light I made,  
 And whose soul worshipp'd even my shade—

This was, I own, enjoyment—this  
 My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.  
 And proud she was, fair creature!—proud,  
 Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs

In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd  
 That beautiful young brow of hers  
 To aught beneath the First above,  
 So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing  
 Stronger and stronger—to which even  
 Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing  
 Everything strange in earth and heaven;

Not only all that, full reveal'd,  
 'The' eternal ALIA loves to show,

But all that He hath wisely seal'd—  
 In darkness, for man *not* to know—

<sup>1</sup> Called by the Mussulmans *Al Araf*—a sort of wall or partition which, according to the 7th chapter of the Koran, separates hell from paradise, and where they, who have not merits sufficient to gain them immediate admittance into heaven, are supposed to stand for a certain period, alternately tantalised and tormented by the sights that are on either side presented to them.

Manes, who borrowed in many instances from the Platonists, placed his purgatories, or places of purification, in the Sun and Moon.—*Beausobre*, liv. iii. chap. 8.

MOORE'S WORKS.

s desire, alas, ill-starr'd  
 fatal as it was, I sought  
 each minute, and unbarr'd  
 realms of wonder on her thought,  
 till then, had let their light  
 on any mortal's sight!  
 Deep earth—beneath the sea—  
 High caves of fire—through wilds of air—  
 Or sleeping Mystery  
 spread her curtain, we were there—  
 All beside us, as we went,  
 In each new element,  
 A pure of worship everywhere!

What was Nature taught to lay  
 The wealth of all her kingdoms down  
 In man's worshipp'd feet, and say,  
 "That creature, this is all thine own!"  
 That were diamonds, from the night,  
 From its deep centre brought to light,  
 To grace the conquering way  
 Of young beauty with their ray.

O, the pearl from out its shell  
 Brightly, in the sunless sea,  
 Ere a spirit, forc'd to dwell  
 (In unlovely) was set free,  
 And the neck of woman threw  
 The lent and borrow'd too.  
 Or did this maid—whate'er  
 The ambition of the base—

Dwells far away from human sense  
 Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—  
 The mystery of that Fountain-head  
 From which all vital spirit runs  
 All breath of Life, where'er 'tis sp  
 Through men or angels, flowers  
 The workings of the' Almighty M  
 When first o'er Chaos he design'd  
 The outlines of this world; and th  
 That depth of darkness—like t  
 Call'd out of rain-clouds, hug by I  
 Saw the grand, gradual picture  
 The covenant with human kind

By ALLA made '—the chains o  
 He round himself and them hath  
 Till his high task he consumma  
 Till good from evil, love from I  
 Shall be work'd out through sin a  
 And Fate shall loose her iron cha  
 And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn myster  
 And some, ev'n more obscure, I  
 And wildering to the mind than t  
 Which—far as woman's thought  
 Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach—  
 She dar'd to learn, and I to teach.  
 Till—fill'd with such unearthly lo  
 And mingling the pure light it

the imperfect dawn, or light  
 shining from the Zodiac's signs,  
 makes the doubtful east half bright,  
 the real morning shines!

Some moons of bliss go by—  
 as to her, who saw but love  
 pervade throughout earth and sky;  
 the enamour'd soul and eye,  
 as is the sun on high—  
 the light of all below, above,  
 the spirit of sea, and land, and air,  
 the influence, felt everywhere,  
 from its centre, her own heart,  
 the world's extremest part;  
 through that world her relentless mind  
 now career'd so fast and far,  
 with itself seem'd left behind,  
 her proud fancy, unconfin'd,  
 had only saw Heaven's gates ajar!

enthusiast! still, oh, still  
 from my own heart's mortal chill,  
 from that double-fronted sorrow,  
 which looks at once before and back,  
 as the yesterday, the morrow,  
 sees both comfortless, both black—  
 of all this, I could have still  
 delight forgot all ill;  
 which pain would not be forgot,  
 that have borne and murmur'd not.  
 thoughts of an offended heaven,  
 the awfulness, which I—ev'n I,  
 down its steep most headlong driven—  
 new could never be forgiven,  
 she o'er me with an agony  
 would all reach of mortal woe—  
 were kept for those who know,  
 every thing, and—worst of all—  
 and love Virtue while they fall!  
 when, her presence had the power  
 to soothe, to warm—nay, ev'n to bless—  
 bliss could graft its flower,  
 when so full of bitterness—  
 when her glorious smile to me  
 brought warmth and radiance, if not balm;  
 the moonlight o'er a troubled sea,  
 when, hushing the storm it cannot calm.

when that disheartening fear,  
 which all who love, beneath yon sky,  
 when they gaze on what is dear—  
 a dreadful thought that it must die!  
 a solating thought, which comes  
 in man's happiest hours and homes;

*angel Light.*  
 however, gives it as the opinion of the Mahometan  
 all souls, not only of men and of animals, living either  
 the sea, but of the angels also, must necessarily taste

Whose melancholy boding fings  
 Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,  
 Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads,  
 The grave beneath young lovers' heads!  
 This fear, so sad to all—to me

Most full of sadness, from the thought  
 That I must still live on<sup>2</sup>, when she  
 Would, like the snow that on the sea  
 Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;  
 That heaven to me this final seal  
 Of all earth's sorrow would deny,  
 And I eternally must feel

The death-pang, without power to die!  
 Ev'n this, her fond endearments—fond  
 As ever cherish'd the sweet bond  
 'Twixt heart and heart—could charm away;  
 Before her look no clouds would stay,  
 Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,  
 Their darkness put a glory on!  
 But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,  
 The guilty, to be happy long;  
 And she, too, now, had sunk within  
 The shadow of her tempter's sin,  
 Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence  
 To snatch the fated victim thence!

Listen, and, if a tear there be  
 Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,  
 Which we in love had dreamt away;  
 In that same garden, where—the pride  
 Of seraph splendour laid aside,  
 And those wings fur'd, whose open light  
 For mortal gaze were else too bright—  
 I first had stood before her sight,  
 And found myself—oh, ecstasy,

Which ev'n in pain I ne'er forget—  
 Worshipp'd as only God should be,  
 And lov'd as never man was yet!

In that same garden were we now,  
 Thoughtfully side by side reclining,  
 Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow  
 With its own silent fancies shining.

It was an evening bright and still  
 As ever blush'd on wave or bower  
 Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill  
 Could happen in so sweet an hour.  
 Yet, I remember, both grew sad  
 In looking at that light—even she,  
 Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,  
 Felt the still hour's solemnity,  
 And thought she saw, in that repose,  
 The death-hour not alone of light,  
 But of this whole fair world—the close  
 Of all things beautiful and bright—  
 The last, grand sunset, in whose ray  
 Nature herself died calm away!

MOORE'S WORKS.

as though some livelier thought  
 ly her fancy caught,  
 upon me her dark eyes,  
 to that full shape  
 n joy, reproach, surprise,  
 to let more soul escape,  
 lly as on my head  
 and rested, smil'd and said:—

night, a dream of thee,  
 ing those divine ones, given,  
 des to sweet minstrelsy,  
 hou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.

rich wreath was on thy brow,  
 g as if of starlight made;  
 wings, lying darkly now,  
 teors round thee flash'd and play'd.

d'st all bright, as in those dreams,  
 st wafted from above;  
 earth's warmth with heaven's beams,  
 ure to adore and love.

felt thee draw me near  
 pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,  
 within the atmosphere  
 exhaling light embrac'd;

' Too long and oft I've look'd upon  
 ' Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n th'  
 ' Too near the stars themselves have  
 ' To fear aught grand or luminous

' Then doubt me not — oh, who can  
 ' But that this dream may yet com  
 ' And my blest spirit drink thy ray,  
 ' Till it becomes all heavenly too?

' Let me this once but feel the flame  
 ' Of those spread wings, the very p  
 ' Will change my nature, and this fra  
 ' By the mere touch be deified!'

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not us'  
 To be by earth or heaven refus'd —  
 As one, who knew her influence o'er  
 All creatures, whatsoe'er they wen  
 And, though to heaven she could not  
 At least would bring down heaven

Little did she, alas, or I —  
 Even I, whose soul, but half-way y  
 Immerg'd in sin's obscurity  
 Was as the earth whereon we lie,  
 O'er half whose disk the sun is set  
 Little did we foresee the fate,  
 The dreadful — how can it be told

as the moultings of heaven's Dove,<sup>1</sup>—  
 formless, though so full of brightness,  
 her brow's wreath, that it would shake  
 if its flowers each downy flake  
 late, unmelted, fair,  
 as if they had lighted there.

'n with LILIS — had I not  
 and her sleep all radiant beam'd,  
 her her slumbers, nor forgot  
 her eye-lids, as she dream'd?  
 at, at morn, from that repose,  
 she not wak'd, unscath'd and bright,  
 h the pure, unconscious rose,  
 ough by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?

aring — as, alas, deceived  
 'sin's blindness, I believ'd —  
 use for dread, and those dark eyes  
 ' fix'd upon me, eagerly  
 ough the' unlocking of the skies  
 n waited but a sign from me —  
 ould I pause? how ev'n let fall  
 ord, a whisper that could stir  
 proud heart a doubt, that all  
 ight from heaven belong'd to her?  
 rom her side I rose, while she  
 e, too, mutely, tremblingly,  
 t with fear — all hope, and pride,  
 waited for the awful boon,  
 nestesses, at eventide,  
 ching the rise of the full moon,  
 light, when once its orb hath shone,  
 madden them to look upon!

ny glories, the bright crown,  
 when I last from heaven came down,  
 ft behind me, in yon star  
 lines from out those clouds afar, —  
 relic sad, 'tis treasure'd yet,  
 wnfallen angel's coronet! —  
 ny glories, this alone  
 wanting: — but the' illumin'd brow,  
 sun-bright locks, the eyes that now  
 ve's spell added to their own; —  
 ur'd a light till then unknown; —  
 unfolded wings, that, in their play,  
 arkles bright as ALLA's throne;  
 could bring of heaven's array,  
 at rich panoply of charms  
 ub moves in, on the day  
 est pomp, I now put on;  
 oud that in her eyes I shone  
 glorious, glided to her arms;

or pigeon which attended Mahomet as his Familiar,  
 sently seen to whisper into his ear. was, if I recollect  
 hat select number of animals (including also the ant  
 e dog of the Seven Sleepers, &c.) which were thought  
 t worthy of admission into Paradise.

me have a tradition that Mahomet was saved (when  
 if in a cave in Mount Shur) by his pursuers finding  
 'the cave covered by a spider's web, and a nest built

Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,  
 Her dazzled brow had, instantly,  
 Sunk on her breast,) were wide extended  
 To clasp the form she durst not see!<sup>2</sup>  
 Great Heaven! how could thy vengeance light  
 So bitterly on one so bright?

How could the hand, that gave such charms,  
 Blast them again, in love's own arms?  
 Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame

When — oh most horrible! — I felt  
 That every spark of that pure flame —

Pure, while among the stars I dwelt —  
 Was now, by my transgression, turn'd  
 Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,  
 Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;  
 Till there — oh God, I still ask why  
 Such doom was hers? — I saw her lie

Blackening within my arms to ashes!  
 That brow, a glory but to see —

Those lips, whose touch was what the first  
 Fresh cup of immortality

Is to a new-made angel's thirst!  
 Those clasping arms, within whose round —  
 My heart's horizon — the whole bound

Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!  
 Which, even in this dread moment, fond

As when they first were round me cast,  
 Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,

But, burning, held me to the last!  
 All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd  
 As if Love's self there breath'd and beam'd,  
 Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,

Withering in agony away;  
 And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,  
 From which this desolation came; —

I, the curst spirit, whose caress  
 Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas maddening! — but now hear even worse —  
 Had death, death only, been the curse

I brought upon her — had the doom  
 But ended here, when her young bloom

Lay in the dust — and did the spirit  
 No part of that fell curse inherit,

'Twere not so dreadful — but, come near —  
 Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear —

Just when her eyes, in fading, took

Their last, keen, agonis'd farewell,  
 And look'd in mine with — oh, that look!

Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell  
 Thou mayst to human souls assign,  
 The memory of that look is mine! —

by two pigeons at the entrance, with two eggs unbroken in it,  
 which made them think no one could have entered it. In conse-  
 quence of this, they say, Mahomet enjoined his followers to look  
 upon pigeons as sacred, and never to kill a spider."— *Modern Uni-*  
*versal History*, vol. I.

<sup>2</sup> "Mohammed (says Sale), though a prophet, was not able to  
 bear the sight of Gabriel, when he appeared in his proper form;  
 much less would others be able to support it."

MOORE'S WORKS.

t struggle, on my brow  
 y lips a kiss imprest,  
 ing!—I feel it now—  
 fire — but fire, ev'n more unblest  
 s my own, and like that flame,  
 ls shudder but to name,  
 rlasting element!  
 deep it pierc'd into my brain,  
 g and torturing as it went;  
 ere — mark here, the brand, the stain  
 on my front — burnt in  
 ast kiss of love and sin —  
 which all the pomp and pride  
 n Spirit cannot hide!

thus, dread Providence —  
 indeed, be thus, that she,  
 t for *one* proud, fond offence,  
 honour'd heaven itself, should be  
 n'd—I cannot speak it—no,  
 ALLA! 'tis not so —  
 ld lips divine have said  
 f a fate so dread.  
 that look—so deeply fraught  
 ore than anguish, with despair—  
 , fierce fire, resembling nought  
 en or earth—this scorch I bear!—  
 the first time that these knees  
 ent before thee since my fall,

Play'd in those plumes, that never  
 To their lost home in heaven must  
 Breath'd inwardly the voiceless pra  
 Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—  
 And which if Mercy *did not* hear,  
 Oh, God would *not* be what this bri  
 And glorious universe of His,  
 This world of beauty, goodness, lig  
 And endless love, proclaims He

Not long they knelt, when, from a  
 That crown'd that airy solitude,  
 They heard a low, uncertain sound  
 As from a lute, that just had found  
 Some happy theme, and murmur'd  
 The new-born fancy, with fond ton  
 Scarce thinking aught so sweet its  
 Till soon a voice, that match'd as v  
 That gentle instrument, as suits  
 The sea-air to an ocean-shell  
 (So kin its spirit to the lute's),  
 Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain  
 Interpreting its joy, its pain,  
 And lending the light wings of v  
 To many a thought, that else had l  
 Unfledg'd and mute among the c

All started at the sound—but chie  
 The third young Angel, in whos

hite, whose leading chord is gone,  
wounded bird, that hath but one  
perfect wing to soar upon,  
are like what I am, without thee!

When'er, my spirit-love, divide,  
In life or death, thyself from me;  
When again, in sunny pride,  
I walk'st through Eden, let me glide,  
In rostrate shadow, by thy side—  
How happier thus than without thee!"

When he had ceas'd, when, from the wood  
He sweep'd down that airy height,  
He'd the lone spot whereon they stood—  
There suddenly shone out a light  
A clear lamp, which, as it blaz'd  
On the brow of one, who rais'd  
Him aloft (as if to throw  
Light upon that group below),  
Open'd two eyes, sparkling between  
Lushy leaves, such as are seen  
Only, in those faces,  
That haunt a poet's walk at even,  
Coming from out their leafy places  
On his dreams of love and heaven.  
But a moment—the blush, brought  
All her features at the thought  
Being seen thus, late, alone,  
Only but the eyes she sought,  
And scarcely for an instant shone  
Through the dark leaves, when she was gone—  
Like a meteor that o'erhead  
Only shines, and, ere we've said,  
Is fled, how beautiful!"—'tis fled.

When she went, the words, "I come,  
Come, my NAMA," reach'd her ear,  
That kind voice, familiar, dear,  
Tells of confidence, of home,—  
A habit, that hath drawn hearts near,  
They grow one,—of faith sincere,  
That all Love most loves to hear;

his favourite personage among the Orientals, and acts a part in many of their most extravagant romances. He is pretended to have a Testament of this Patriarch in his own, in which was explained the whole theology of the different orders, &c. &c. The Kurds, too (as Hyde in his Appendix), have a book, which contains all the secrets of their religion, and which they call *Sohuph Shelt*, or the *Book of Secrets*.

It is meant that Seth and Cham are supposed to have been the memorialists of antediluvian knowledge, Xizuthrus an Arabian fable to have deposited in Siparis, the city of the monuments of science which he had saved out of the deluge.—See Jablonski's learned remarks upon the tablets of Seth, which he supposes to be the same as those of Mercury, or the Egyptian Thoth.—*Pantheon*, p. 100.

As the name, says D'Herbelot, apply the general name, to all those Spirits "qui approchent le plus près le trône de Dieu" are Mikail and Gebrael.

A music, breathing of the past,  
The present, and the time to be,  
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,  
Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind  
Summon'd away, remain behind;  
Nor did there need much time to tell  
What they—alas, more fall'n than he  
From happiness and heaven—knew well,  
His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run—not as he told  
The tale himself, but as 'tis grav'd  
Upon the tablets that, of old,  
By Seth<sup>1</sup> were from the deluge sav'd,  
All written over with sublime  
And sadd'ning legends of the' unblest,  
But glorious Spirits of that time,  
And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

### THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

Among the Spirits, of pure flame,  
That in the' eternal heavens abide—  
Circles of light, that from the same  
Unclouded centre sweeping wide,  
Carry its beams on every side—  
Like spheres of air that waft around  
The undulations of rich sound,  
Till the far-circling radiance be  
Diffus'd into infinity!  
First and immediate near the Throne  
Of ALLAH<sup>2</sup>, as if most his own,  
The Seraphs stand<sup>3</sup>—this burning sign  
Trac'd on their banner, "Love divine!"  
Their rank, their honours, far above  
Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,  
Though knowing all;—so much doth love  
Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in heaven!  
'T'mong these was ZARAPH once—and none  
E'er felt affection's holy fire,

<sup>1</sup> The Seraphim, or Spirits of Divine Love.

<sup>2</sup> There appears to be, among writers on the East, as well as among the Orientals themselves, considerable indecision with regard to the respective claims of Seraphim and Cherubim to the highest rank in the celestial hierarchy. The derivation which Hyde assigns to that order of spirits is:—"Cherubim, i. e. Propinqui Angell, qui sc. Deo propius quam alii accedunt; nam Cherub est i. q. Karub, appropinquare." (P. 203.) Al Beidawi, too, one of the commentators of the Koran, on that passage, "the angels, who bear the throne, and those who stand about it," (chap. xl.) says, "These are the Cherubim, the highest order of angels." On the other hand, we have seen, in a preceding note, that the Syrians place the sphere in which the Seraphs dwell at the very summit of all the celestial systems; and even, among Mahometans, the word *Asaril* and *Mocarreboun* (which mean the spirits that stand nearest to the throne of Alla) are indiscriminately applied to both Seraphim and Cherubim.

MOORE'S WORKS.

wards the' Eternal One,  
 Each longing, deep desire.  
 His impassion'd soul  
 To others, a mere part  
 Of the whole —  
 The breath of his heart!  
 In ALLA's lifted brow  
 None, too bright to bear,  
 In graph ranks would bow,  
 Their dazzled sight, nor dare  
 On the' effulgence there —  
 Whose eyes would court the blaze  
 (He in adoring took),  
 Not in that one gaze,  
 Of looking, than *not* look!  
 When angel voices sung  
 Their God, and strung  
 To hail, with welcome sweet,  
 He sat, watch'd for by all eyes,  
 The repentant sinner's feet  
 On the threshold of the skies,  
 Clearly did the voice  
 Above all rejoice!  
 Every buoyant tone—  
 As only could belong  
 To angels, and alone  
 From angels, bring such song!

Should e'er have been  
 'Tis too often here,

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

Quickly, however, to its source,  
 Tracing that music's melting course,  
 He saw, upon the golden sand



image of their native sphere,  
they had else forgotten here.

How could ZARAPH fail to feel  
moment's witcheries? — one, so fair,  
giving out music, that might steal  
from itself, and rapt in prayer  
seraphs might be proud to share!  
I did feel it, all too well —  
The warmth, that far too dearly cost —  
How he, when at last he fell,  
Each attraction, to which spell,  
Music, or Devotion, most  
I in that sweet hour was lost.

Was the hour, though dearly won,  
pure, as aught of earth could be,  
When first did the glorious sun  
The religion's altar see  
Parts in wedlock's golden tie  
Wedg'd, in love to live and die.  
Nation! by that Angel wove,  
Worthy from such hands to come;  
The asylum, in which Love,  
Fall'n or exil'd from above,  
In that dark world can find a home.

Though the Spirit had transgress'd,  
On his station 'mong the blest  
Grown by woman's smile, allow'd  
Aerial passion to breathe o'er  
The error of his heart, and cloud  
The image, there so bright before —  
How did that Power look down  
Upon him with a brow so mild;  
How did Justice wear a frown,  
Which so gently Mercy smil'd.  
How noble was their love — with awe  
Rembling like some treasure kept,  
Which is not theirs by holy law —  
How beauty with remorse they saw,  
How o'er whose preciousness they wept.  
How, that low, sweet root,  
Which all heavenly virtues shoot,  
The hearts of both — but most  
In MA's heart, by whom alone  
The harms, for which a heaven was lost,  
Were all unvalued and unknown;  
When her seraph's eyes she caught,  
How did hers glowing on his breast,

As to the Sephiroth or Splendors of the Jewish  
system, as a tree, of which God is the crown or

As the higher orders of emanative beings in the  
comprehensible system of the Jewish Cabbala.  
As by various names, Pity, Beauty, &c. &c.; and  
As they are supposed to act through certain canals, which  
link each other.

may judge of the rationality of this Jewish system

Even bliss was humbled by the thought —

“What claim have I to be so blest?”  
Still less could maid, so meek, have nurs'd  
Desire of knowledge — that vain thirst,  
With which the sex hath all been curs'd,  
From luckless EVE to her, who near  
The Tabernacle stole to hear  
The secrets of the angels': no —  
To love as her own Seraph lov'd,  
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe —  
Faith, that, were even its light remov'd,  
Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,  
And wait till it shone out again; —  
With Patience that, though often bow'd  
By the rude storm, can rise anew;  
And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,  
Sees sunny Good half breaking through!  
This deep, relying Love, worth more  
In heaven than all a Cherub's lore —  
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,  
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride  
Of her fond heart — the' unreasoning scope  
Of all its views, above, below —  
So true she felt it that to *hope*,  
To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.  
And thus in humbleness they trod,  
Abash'd, but pure before their God;  
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight  
So meekly beautiful as they,  
When, with the altar's holy light  
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,  
Hand within hand, and side by side,  
Two links of love, awhile untied  
From the great chain above, but fast  
Holding together to the last! —  
Two fallen Splendors<sup>2</sup>, from that tree,  
Which buds with such eternally,<sup>3</sup>  
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all  
Their light and freshness in the fall.  
Their only punishment, (as wrong,  
However sweet, must bear its brand,)  
Their only doom was this — that, long  
As the green earth and ocean stand,  
They both shall wander here — the same,  
Throughout all time, in heart and frame —  
Still looking to that goal sublime,  
Whose light remote, but sure, they see;  
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,  
Whose home is in Eternity!  
Subject, the while, to all the strife,  
True Love encounters in this life —

by the following explanation of part of the machinery:—“Les canaux qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d'un grand nombre d'Anges. Il y en a trente cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui recompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints.” &c. &c.—For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield's very useful compendium of Brucker.

“On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre . . . l'Ensoif qu'on met au-dessus de l'arbre Sephirotique ou des Splendeurs divines, est l'Infini.”—*L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. lx. 11.

MOORE'S WORKS.

es, he breathes in vain ;  
 e turns his warmest sighs  
 pour, ere they rise ;  
 eds on, and the pain  
 ery sweetness lies :—  
 illusions that betray  
 to their shining brink ;  
 on his desert way  
 bleak world, to bend and drink,  
 meets his lips, alas, —  
 ust sighing pass  
 ff home of peace,  
 his thirst will cease.

ar, but, not the less,  
 rich in happiness —  
 after many a day  
 oast far away,  
 face again is seen  
 h not a tear between —  
 e, without control,  
 from soul to soul ;  
 y fear or doubt  
 at from chill or stain,  
 e stars sheds out,  
 n shed back again ! —  
 glement of hearts,  
 'd as chymic compounds are,  
 wn existence parts,

And, shaking off earth's soiling dust  
 From their emancipated wings,  
 Wander for ever through those skies  
 Of radiance, where Love never dies !

In what lone region of the earth  
 These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell  
 God and the Angels, who look forth  
 To watch their steps, alone can tell.  
 But should we, in our wanderings,  
 Meet a young pair, whose beauty wan  
 But the adornment of bright wings,  
 To look like heaven's inhabitants —  
 Who shine where'er they tread, and yet  
 Are humble in their earthly lot,  
 As is the way-side violet,  
 That shines unseen, and were it not  
 For its sweet breath would be forgot —  
 Whose hearts, in every thought, are one  
 Whose voices utter the same wills —  
 Answering, as Echo doth some tone  
 Of fairy music 'mong the hills,  
 So like itself, we seek in vain  
 Which is the echo, which the strain —  
 Whose piety is love, whose love,  
 Though close as 'twere their souls' en  
 Is not of earth, but from above —  
 Like two fair mirrors, face to face,  
 Whose light, from one to the' other thro'

ODES OF ANACREON.



## PREFACE.\*

idea of attempting a version of some of Songs or Odes of Anacreon had very early occurred to me; and a specimen of my first attempts in this undertaking may be found in Dublin Magazine (The Anthologia) where, by number of that work for February, 1794, appeared a "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode, by T. Moore." As it may not be uninteresting to future and better translators of the Odes, to compare this schoolboy experiment with my later and more laboured version of the same ode, I shall here extract the specimen as it appeared in the Anthologia:—

"Let us, with the clustering vine,  
The rose, Love's blushing flower, entwine.  
Fancy's hand our chaplet's wreathing,  
Vernal sweets around us breathing,  
We'll gaily drink, full goblets quaffing,  
As frightened Care securely laughing.

"Rose! thou balmy-scented flower,  
Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power,  
Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,  
To gods themselves can give delight;  
And Cypris's child, with roses crown'd,  
Trips with each Grace the mazy round.

"Blind my brows,—I'll tune the lyre,  
Love my rapturous strains shall fire,  
Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,  
While roses fresh my brows entwine,  
Led by the winged train of Pleasures,  
I'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures."

In pursuing further this light task, the only objection I had for some time in view was to lay before the Board †, a select number of the odes not then translated, with a hope,— suggested by the kind encouragement I had already received,— that they might be considered as deserving of some honour or reward. Having experienced much hospitable attention from Dr. Kearney, one of the senior fellows ‡, a man of most amiable character, as well as of distinguished scholarship, I submitted to his perusal

the manuscript of my translation as far as it had then proceeded, and requested his advice respecting my intention of laying it before the Board. On this latter point his opinion was such as, with a little more thought, I might have anticipated, namely, that he did not see how the Board of the University could lend their sanction, by any public reward, to writings so convivial and amatory as were almost all those of Anacreon. He very good-naturedly, however, lauded my translation, and advised me to complete and publish it; adding, I well recollect, "young people will like it." I was also indebted to him for the use, during my task, of Spaletti's curious publication, giving a facsimile of those pages of a MS. in the Vatican Library which contain the Odes, or "Symposiacs," attributed to Anacreon.§ And here I shall venture to add a few passing words on a point which I once should have thought it profanation to question,— the authenticity of these poems. The cry raised against their genuineness by Robertellus and other enemies of Henry Stephen, when that eminent scholar first introduced them to the learned world, may be thought to have long since entirely subsided, leaving their claim to so ancient a paternity safe and unquestioned. But I am forced, however reluctantly, to confess that there appear to me strong grounds for pronouncing these light and beautiful lyrics to be merely modern fabrications. Some of the reasons that incline me to adopt this unwelcome conclusion are thus clearly stated by the same able scholar, to whom I am indebted for the emendations of my own juvenile Greek ode:—

[From the Preface to the collected edition of 1841, 1842.]  
[The Board of the Dublin University.]

Appointed Provost of the University in the year 1799, and made afterwards Bishop of Ossory.

When the monument to Provost Baldwin, which stands in the College of Dublin, arrived from Italy, there came in one packing-case with it two copies of this work of Spaletti, of which was presented by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic

Archbishop, as a gift from the Pope to the Library of the University, and the other (of which I was subsequently favoured with the use) he presented, in like manner, to my friend Dr. Kearney. Thus, curiously enough, while Anacreon in English was considered—and, I grant, on no unreasonable grounds—as a work to which grave collegiate authorities could not openly lend their sanction, Anacreon in Greek was thought no unfitting present to be received by a Protestant bishop, through the medium of a Catholic archbishop, from the hands of his holiness, the Pope.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ossible, if Anacreon  
mbic dimeter verse,  
holly neglected that  
of those fragments of  
ness, from internal  
doubt, almost all are  
the lighter Horatian  
in Iambic dimeter  
by looking through

at Greek verse from  
und prefixed to the  
d originally to illus-  
ting Anacreon cons-  
s of Wisdom, from  
the first edition of  
d I been brought up  
ys of prosody before  
d not have dared to  
roduction to the criti-  
lians of the English  
ime, I cannot help  
music, distinct from  
m much inclined to  
ly written to its pre-  
d that, at all events,  
doubt as to *which* of  
d most willingly set

ting the materials of  
e Translation, I was  
library adjoining St

time, and proceeded to London, with the two  
not very congenial objects, of keeping my terms  
at the Middle Temple, and publishing, by sub-  
scription, my Translation of Anacreon. One  
of those persons to whom, through the active  
zeal of friends, some part of my manuscript  
had been submitted before it went to press,  
was Doctor Laurence, the able friend of Burke;  
and, as an instance, however slight, of that  
ready variety of learning—as well the lightest  
as the most solid—for which Laurence was so  
remarkable, the following extract from the letter  
written by him, in returning the manuscript  
to my friend Dr. Hume, may not be without  
some interest:—

\* Dec. 20, 1766.

“ I return you the four odes which you were  
so kind to communicate for my poor opinion.  
They are, in many parts, very elegant and  
poetical; and, in some passages, Mr. Moore  
has added a pretty turn not to be found in the  
original. To confess the truth, however, they  
are, in not a few places, rather more paraphras-  
tical than suits my notion (perhaps an incorrect  
notion) of translation.

“ In the fifty-third ode there is, in my judg-  
ment, a no less sound than beautiful emend-  
ation suggested—would you suppose it?—by  
a Dutch lawyer. Mr. M. possibly may not be  
aware of it. I have endeavoured to express  
the sense of it in a couplet interlined with

To wipe with tender hands away  
The tears that on its blushes lay ;  
Then, to the bosom of the fair,  
The flower of love in triumph bear.

would *drop* altogether the image of the  
'*dropping with gems.*' I believe it is a  
red and false metaphor, unless the painter  
take the figure of Aurora from Mrs.  
1783.

Jeany, if it ought not to be his? The line might run,  
With tender hand the tears to brush,  
That give new softness to its blush (or, its flush).

"There is another emendation of the same  
critic, in the following line, which Mr. M. may  
seem, by accident, to have sufficiently expressed  
in the phrase of 'roses shed their *light.*'

"I scribble this in very great haste, but fear  
that you and Mr. Moore will find me too long,  
minute, and impertinent. Believe me to be,  
very sincerely,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"F. LAURENCE."

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

MR,

In allowing me to dedicate this  
to Your Royal Highness, you have conferred  
on me an honour which I feel very sensibly :  
have only to regret, that the pages which

you have thus distinguished are not more deserv-  
ing of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, SIR, with every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

be necessary to mention, that, in arrang-  
Odes, the Translator has adopted the order  
of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer

to the original, he has prefixed an index, which  
marks the number of each Ode in Barnes and the  
other editions.

# ODES OF ANACREON

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

## INDEX.

	BARNES.	ODE
Ν ἴδων με . . . . .	63.	45. Ὅταν πινῶ τον οἶνον . . . . .
λυρὴν Ὀμηροῦ . . . . .	48.	46. Ἴδε, πῶς ἔαρὸς φανετὸς . . . . .
αἴφων ἀριστε . . . . .	49.	47. Ἐγὼ γέρον μὲν εἰμι . . . . .
ον τορευων . . . . .	17.	48. Ὅταν ὁ Βακχος εἰσελθῆ . . . . .
να μοι τορευσον . . . . .	18.	49. Του Διὸς ὁ παῖς Βακχος . . . . .
λεκων ποθ' εἶδρον . . . . .	59.	50. Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῶ τον οἶνον . . . . .
αἱ γυναῖκες . . . . .	11.	51. Μὴ με φύγῃς ὀρῶσα . . . . .
λει τα Γυγού . . . . .	15.	52. Τι με τοὺς νομοὺς διδάσκεις . . . . .
τους θεοὺς σοι . . . . .	31.	53. Ὅτ' ἐγὼ νεῶν ὄμιλον . . . . .
λεῖς ποιήσω . . . . .	12.	54. Ὁ ταυρὸς οὗτος, ὦ παῖ . . . . .
ρινον τίς . . . . .	10.	55. Στεφανήφορον μετ' Ἡρῶς . . . . .
λὴν Κυβέθην . . . . .	13.	56. Ὁ τον ἐν ποταμοῖς ἀτειρῆ . . . . .
λῶ φιλησαί . . . . .	14.	57. Ἀρα τίς ὀρεῖσε παντων . . . . .
παντα δειδρων . . . . .	32.	58. Ὁ δραπετῆς ὁ χρυσοῦς . . . . .
πέλεια . . . . .	9.	59. Τον μελανοχρῶτα βοτρῶν . . . . .
αἴφων ἀριστε . . . . .	28.	60. Ἀνα βαρβίτον δοιήσω . . . . .
		* * * * *
		61. Πόλλοι μεν τίμιν πῶν . . . . .



ΖΟΝΗ πῦρ ἐξ Ὀλύμπου  
 Ἐρωτῆ Ἀνακρέοντα,  
 Ἐρωτῆ τοῦ ἔρωτος,  
 Ἱπποκλειδῶσας εἶπε  
 Ζῆς, ὃς ἔστι Ἀνακρέοντα  
 τῶν σοφωτάτων ἀπαντῶν,  
 ἑλκεῖσιν οἱ σοφισταί,  
 τί γέρον, τῶν βίον μεν  
 τοῦ ἔρωσι, τῆν Ἄναιψ,  
 Ἐοικ εμοὶ κρατεῖν εὐδακας ;  
 τί φίλημα τῆς Κυθήρης,  
 τί κέπαιλα τοῦ Ἄναιψ,  
 Ἄισι γ' ἐστρυφῆσας ἀδων,  
 οὐκ εμοὺς νομοὺς διδάσκων,  
 οὐκ εμὸν λαχὼν αὐτῶν ;  
 Ὅ δὲ Τῆϊος μελιώτης  
 μήτε δυσχέραινε, φησί,  
 Ὅτι, θεῶν, σου γ' ἄνευ μεν,  
 Ὅ σοφωτάτος ἀπαντῶν  
 Πάρα τῶν σοφῶν καλοῦμαι  
 φίλων, πῆν, λυρίζω,  
 Μετὰ τῶν καλῶν γυναικῶν  
 ἀφελῶς δὲ τερπνὰ παίζω,  
 Ὅτι λυρῆ γὰρ, εμὸν ἦτορ  
 Ἀναπνεῖ μόνους ἔρωτας  
 Ὅδε βίτου γαλήνην  
 φίλων μάλιστα πάντων,  
 οὐ σοφὸς μελωδὸς εἰμι ;  
 τίς σοφώτερος μὲν ἐστὶ ;

κατὰ δ' εὐδὴν ἐξ Ὀλύμπου }  
 Ζοφὴ δέσμων βῆσα, }  
 ἔσρωσ' Ἀνακρέοντα, 15 }  
 ἔσρωσά τοὺς ἔρωτας,  
 Ἱπποκλειδῶσά φησι }  
 Ζῆς, — ἐπειβροτῶν σέτοῦτο }  
 καλέουσι φύλα πάντα, 19 }  
 καλέουσιν οἱ σοφισταί, — }  
 τί, γέρον, μάτην ὀδύεις }  
 βίτου τρίβον τοῦ μὲν }  
 μετὰ τῶν καλῶν ἔρωτων, }  
 μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Ἄναιψ, }  
 ἐμὲ δ' ὀδε λῶξ ἀτίξεις ; 25 }  
 τί φίλημα τῆς Κυθήρης,  
 τί κέπαιλα τοῦ Ἄναιψ,  
 ἔσαι τρυφῶν ἀείβεις,  
 ἐμὰ δέσμι' οὐ διδάσκων, }  
 ἐμὸν οὐ λαχὼν αὐτῶν ; 30 }  
 οὐκ εμὸν λαχὼν αὐτῶν  
 ὁ δὲ Τῆϊος μελωδὸς,  
 Σὺ παρὲκ νόον γε μή μοι }  
 χαλέπταινε, φησ', ἀνευθε }  
 ὅτι σεῦ σοφὸς καλοῦμαι }  
 παρὰ τῶν σοφῶν ἀπάντων. }  
 φίλων, πῆν, λυρίζω, 36 }  
 μετὰ τῶν καλῶν γυναικῶν,  
 ἀφελῶς δὲ τερπνὰ παίζω }  
 κιθάρῃ γὰρ, ὡς κέαρ μεῦ, }  
 ἀναπνεῖ μόνους ἔρωτας. }  
 βίτου δὲ τῆν γαλήνην 41 }  
 φίλων μάλιστα πάντων,  
 σοφὸς οὐ μελωδὸς εἰμι ; }  
 τί σοφώτερον γένοιτ' ἄν ; }  
 ἐμὲθεν σοφώτερος τίς ; 45 }  
 τίς σοφώτερος μὲν ἐστὶ

RECTIONS OF THE PRECEDING ODE.

AS OBSERVED BY AN EMINENT GREEK SCHOLAR.

ῥοφοῦς τέπησι	Ἐπι βῆδοις ταπησι
τ' ῥῆδοις	Τῆϊος ποτ' ὃ μελιώτης
εἰὼν ἱκετο,	
ε καὶ λυρίζω 4	Ἄμφι αὐτοὺς οἱ δ' ἔρωτες
ὄντων ἄμφ' ἔρωτας	Ἄπαλοι συνέχορευσας
ἰ ποσὶν χόρευον.	
ὡς δ' μὲν Κυθήρης	Ἐποιεὶ, ψυχῆς οἴστους
ἀπῆς, οἴστους	
ἰς, ἀκ κεραυνοῦ 9	
τὰ καλλιφύλλοις	
ἰ βῆδοις πλέξας,	
γέρον γέροντα.	

REMARKS ON ANACREON.

THERE is but little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chameleon Heraclotes<sup>1</sup>, who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon.

10, 11. καλλιφύλλοις—βῆδοις. Pseud-Anacr. Od. v. 3. το βῆδον το καλλιφύλλον.  
 13. Tmesis pro καταβαση. Pseud-Anacr. Od. iii. 15. ἀνα δ' εὐδὴν λυτῶν ἀφας, h. e. ἀναφας.  
 16. Supple ἄνευ, quo τούτο referatur. Eurip. Phœn. 17. τούτο γὰρ πατήρ | ἔθετο. h. e. τούτο ἄνευ. βροτῶν φύλα ποῦτα adumbratum ex Pseud-Anacr. Od. iii. 4. μερωσῶν δὲ φύλα ποῦτα.  
 21. Pseud-Anacr. Od. xxiv. 7. βίτου τρίβον ὀδύεις.  
 25. Ἐσχ. Eumen. 538. μῦθε μοι, | κερδὸς ἴδων, ἄνευ ποδὶ λαβ' ἀτι- | σης.  
 22. παρὰ νόον γε μή μοι χαλέπταινε, ἢε πρὸς τὴν τῆς οἴστου τῆς κατὰ Π. γ. 123. Ἦτος, μή χαλέπταινε τῆς οἴστου. Similem positionem rationalem μὴ μοι exhibet Pseud-Anacr. Od. xxviii. 13.  
 1 He is quoted by Athenæus in τῷ τμήτι τῶν Ἀνακρέοντος.  
 R

MOORE'S WORKS.

... fabrications are intended to indulge  
which we naturally feel in the bio-  
trious men ; but it is rather a dan-  
illusion, as it confounds the limits  
romance <sup>1</sup>, and is too often sup-  
lithful citation.<sup>2</sup>

... as born in the city of Téos <sup>3</sup>, in the  
n of Ionia, and the time of his birth  
ve been in the sixth century before  
ourished at that remarkable period,  
he polished tyrants Hipparchus and  
hens and Samos were become the  
of genius. There is nothing certain  
his family, and those who pretend to  
ato that he was a descendant of the  
us, show much more of zeal than of  
y or judgment.<sup>3</sup>

... tion and talents of Anacreon recom-  
o the monarch of Samos, and he was  
he friend of such a prince as Poly-  
ptible only to the pleasures, he felt  
otions of the court ; and, while Py-  
rom the tyrant, Anacreon was cele-  
aises on the lyre. We are told too  
Tyrius, that, by the influence of his  
he softened the mind of Polycrates  
benevolence towards his subjects.<sup>6</sup>  
s of the poet, and the rivalry of  
shall pass over in silence ; and there  
... who will regret the omission

not allowed to indulge in the presumptio  
are we officiously reminded that there  
really such instances of depravity ?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at  
power which his father Pisistratus ha  
was one of those princes who may be sa  
polished the fetters of their subjects. E  
first, according to Plato, who edited th  
Homer, and commanded them to be st  
rhapsodists at the celebration of the Pa  
From his court, which was a sort of  
genius, Anacreon could not long be abs  
parchus sent a barge for him ; the po  
embraced the invitation, and the Muse  
Loves were wafted with him to Athens.<sup>1</sup>

The manner of Anacreon's death wa  
We are told that in the eighty-fifth year  
he was choked by a grape-stone<sup>2</sup> ; and  
we may smile at their enthusiastic parti  
see in this easy and characteristic death  
indulgence of Heaven, we cannot help  
that his fate should have been so emb  
his disposition. Cælius Calpagninus  
this catastrophe in the following epita  
poet <sup>10</sup> :—

Those lips, then, hallow'd sage, which pour'd  
A music sweet as any cygnet's song,  
The grape has clos'd for ever !  
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,  
Here let the rose be lov'd with laurels bloom  
In hands that ne'er shall sever.

al, both in warmth of passion and delicacy as, gives such play to the imagination, that it loves to indulge in it. But the vision is before historical truth; and Chameleon crmesianax, who are the source of the sup- a, are considered as having merely indulged etical anachronism.<sup>1</sup>

infer the moral dispositions of a poet from e of sentiment which pervades his works, is mes a very fallacious analogy; but the soul acreon speaks so unequivocally through his that we may safely consult them as the faith- rrors of his heart.<sup>2</sup> We find him there the it voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm stiment over passions and propensities at rigid morality must frown. His heart, de- to indolence, seems to have thought that is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom ses in mere wealth. The cheerfulness, in- with which he brightens his old age is sting and endearing: like his own rose, he rant even in decay. But the most peculiar e of his mind is that love of simplicity, which tributes to himself so feelingly, and which es characteristically throughout all that he ug. In truth, if we omit those few vices in

our estimate which religion, at that time, not only connived at, but consecrated, we shall be inclined to say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; that his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and that Virtue, with her zone loosened, may be an apt emblem of the character of Anacreon.<sup>3</sup>

Of his person and physiognomy time has pre- served such uncertain memorials, that it were better, perhaps, to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining to themselves the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing cheer- fully to his lyre. But the head of Anacreon, prefixed to this work<sup>4</sup>, has been considered so authentic, that we scarcely could be justified in the omission of it; and some have even thought that it is by no means deficient in that benevolent suavity of expression which should characterise the countenance of such a poet.

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed both by ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon<sup>5</sup>, we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of anti- quity.<sup>6</sup> They are, indeed, all beauty, all enchant- ment.<sup>7</sup> He steals us so insensibly along with him,

we is convinced (but very gratuitously) of the synchronism creon and Sappho. In citing his authorities, he has y neglected the line quoted by Fulvius Ursinus, as from a, among the testimonies to Sappho:—

*Lucas habet curamque Sappho videretur adferre.*

as thinks that they might have been contemporary, but n their amour as a tale of imagination. Voellius rejects the ively; as do also Olaus Borrichius and others.

Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of a, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he

*Lycum, Venerem, Cupidinemque  
Saxem lausit Anacreon poeta.  
Sed quo tempore nec capereus  
Rouabat cyathos, nec inquietis  
U'rebatur amoribus, sed ipse  
Teatum versibus et jocis amabat,  
Nullum prae se habitum gerens amantis.  
To Love and Bacchus ever young  
While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre,  
He neither felt the loves he sung,  
Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.  
Those Sorrow days had faded long,  
When youth could act the lover's part;  
And passion trembled in his song,  
But never, never, reach'd his heart.*

wean's character has been variously coloured. Barnes is with enthusiastic admiration; but he is always extra- if not sometimes also a little profane. Baillet runs too to the opposite extreme, exaggerating also the testimonies e has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him; cites such a compiler as Athenæus, as "un des plus riques de l'antiquité."—*Jugement des Scyrons*, M. CV. could hardly have read the passage to which he refers, because Le Ferre of having censured our poet's character on Longinus; the note in question being manifest irony, m to some censure passed upon Le Ferre for his Anacreon. r. Indeed, that praise rather than censure is intimated. anes Vulpius (de *Ullitate Poëticæ*), who vindicates our putation.

taken from the Bibliotheca of Fulvius Ursinus. Bellori d the same head into his *Imagines*. Johannes Faber, in gition of the coin of Ursinus, mentions another head on a

very beautiful cornelian, in which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters THIOZ around it; on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin, with the word TIANUN inscribed, in the left; "volendoci denotare (says Canini) che quelle ostadini la conlassero in honore del suo compatriota poeta." There is also among the coins of De Wilde one, which, though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word THION, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidni respicit hæc corona Anacreontem, nobilium lyricum?"—*De Wilde*.

<sup>1</sup> Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epi- grams, &c. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace, in addition to the mention of him (lib. iv. od. 9.), alludes also to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Cleo and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17; and the scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon Sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him like- wise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

<sup>2</sup> See Horace, *Maximus Tyrus*, &c. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the Juice of the Indian reed."—*Poet.* lib. i. cap. 44. "From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful," &c. *Dissertationes Academicæ de Poëtis*, div. 2. Scaliger again praises him thus in a pun; speaking of the *μῶα*, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit hæc *μῶα* sed etiam in *ipsis* mella." See the passage of Rapin, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing also the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos sublimes anime, vos Apollinis alumni, qui post unum Alcmanem in totâ Helladæ lyricam poesim exsuscitatis, colutis, amplificastis, queso vos an ullus unquam fuerit vates qui Telo cantori vel naturæ candore vel metri *navitate* palmam præperuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravini della *Rag. Poetic.* libro primo, p. 97. Among the *Ritratti* of Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning "Cingetemi la fronte," &c. &c.

<sup>3</sup> "We may perceive," says Voellius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace:—but the modern writers of Juvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

MOORE'S WORKS.

even in his excesses. In his is a delicacy of compliment any other ancient poet. Love rather an unrefined emotion: of the sexes was animated than by sentiment. They knew sternnesses which form the spirit; their expression of feeling and unvaried, and the poetry of its most captivating graces. He attained some ideas of this and the same delicacy of mind this refinement, prevented him from the freedom of language, the pages of all the other poets. He is warm; but the warmth is in words. He is sportive without ardor without being licentious. His diction is always most brilliantly simple, and his allegorical fictions which so abound in his odes, are so contrived as to be imitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and their innocence, as much as their beauty. They may be said, very infants of the Muses, and

accused of enthusiastic partiality; we read and felt the original; and conscious this should not be

apparent facility, perhaps, of his metro has attracted, as I have already remarked, a crowd of imitators. Some of these have succeeded in wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been so dangerous to his fame as those Greek epigrammatists of the early ages, who, being conscious of their own inferiority to their great prototype, determined on removing all possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral improvement, deprived the world of some of the most exquisite treasures of ancient times.<sup>3</sup> The works of Sappho and Alcæus were among those flowers of Greek literature which thus fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they were defended that this sacrifice of genius was hal- lowed by the interest of religion; but I have always assigned the most probable motive<sup>4</sup>; and if Gregory Nazianzenus had not written Anacreon we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmitigated, and be empowered to exultingly with Horace,

*Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon  
Delevit atas.*

The zeal by which these bishops professedly actuated, gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to good taste as it is to taste, where the poet of voluntar-

ontics of Scaliger, however, scarcely de-  
be name; as they glitter all over with  
and, though often elegant, are always  
ed. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus'  
re more happily than any others the delicate  
f those allegorical fables, which, passing so  
stly through the mediums of version and  
on, have generally lost their finest rays in  
mission. Many of the Italian poets have  
ed their fancies upon the subjects, and in  
manner of Anacreon. Bernardo Tasso first in-  
zed the metre, which was afterwards polished  
riched by Chabrier and others.<sup>2</sup>  
judge by the references of Degen, the Ger-  
language abounds in Anacreontic imitations;  
Iagedorn<sup>3</sup> is one among many who have as-  
l him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu, and  
her light poets of France, have also professed  
ivate the muse of Téos; but they have at-  
l all her negligence with little of the simple  
that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of  
as<sup>4</sup> we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon:  
of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the cha-  
: of our poet.

: come now to a retrospect of the editions of  
reon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted  
aving first recovered his remains from the  
ity in which, so singularly, they had for  
ages reposed. He found the seventh ode,  
e are told, on the cover of an old book, and  
sanicated it to Victorius, who mentions the  
stance in his "Various Readings." Stephen  
then very young; and this discovery was  
dered by some critics of that day as a literary  
sition.<sup>5</sup> In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon  
e world<sup>6</sup>, accompanied with annotations and  
in version of the greater part of the odes.  
learned still hesitated to receive them as the  
of the Teian bard; and suspected them to be  
abrication of some monks of the sixteenth  
ry. This was an idea from which the classic  
recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, con-

sulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the  
antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccur-  
ate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius,  
and this is the authority which Barnes has fol-  
lowed in his collation. Accordingly he misre-  
presents almost as often as he quotes; and the  
subsequent editors, relying upon his authority,  
have spoken of the manuscript with not less con-  
fidence than ignorance. The literary world, how-  
ever, has at length been gratified with this curious  
memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé  
Spaletti, who published at Rome, in 1781, a fac-  
simile of those pages of the Vatican manuscript  
which contained the odes of Anacreon.<sup>7</sup>

A catalogue has been given by Gail of all the  
different editions and translations of Anacreon.  
Finding their number to be much greater than I  
could possibly have had an opportunity of consult-  
ing, I shall here content myself with enumerating  
only those editions and versions which it has been  
in my power to collect; and which, though very  
few, are, I believe, the most important.

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris  
— the Latin version is attributed by Colomesius  
to John Dorat.<sup>8</sup>

The old French translations, by Ronsard and  
Belleau — the former published in 1555, the latter  
in 1556. It appears from a note of Muretus upon  
one of the sonnets of Ronsard, that Henry Stephen  
communicated to this poet his manuscript of Ana-  
creon, before he promulgated it to the world.<sup>9</sup>

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a  
prose translation.<sup>10</sup>

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a trans-  
lation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by la Fosse, 1704

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacreon," by Gaçon;  
Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse by several hands,  
1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

Laudare pomillili  
Anacreonticillie.

See the *Daniak Ports* collected by Rostgaard.

pretty littlemeases defy translation. A beautiful Ana-  
: by Hugo Grotius, may be found Lib. I. Farraginis.  
Angerianus Prior is indebted for some of his happiest my-  
al subjects.

Crescimbeni, *Historia della Volg. Poes.*

simable Hagedorn vant quelquefois Anacréon."— *Dorat,*  
*le Poète à Rome.*

Todarski on the learning of the Turks, as translated by de  
d. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted  
anacron. See his *Life*, prefixed to a translation of his  
by the Abbé de Goussac.

ordelius, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces  
res to be the triflings of some insipid Græcist.

ward commemorates this event:—

Je vray boire à Henrie Etienne  
Qui des enfers nous a rendu,  
Du viell Anacréon perdu,  
Le domes lyre Teienne.

Ode xv. book 3.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name.

Who rescued from the gloom of night

The Teian bard of festive fame,

And brought his living lyre to light.

<sup>7</sup> This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth cen-  
tury, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is  
a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams, and in the 678th page of it  
are found the *ἑκαμυθία Συμποσιακά* of Anacreon.

<sup>8</sup> "Le même (M. Vossius) m'a dit qu'il avoit possédé un Ana-  
creon, où Scaliger avoit marqué de sa main, qu'Henri Etienne  
n'étoit pas l'auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais  
Jean Dorat."— *Paulus Colomesius, Particularités.*

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on  
Vossius:— almost all these Particularités begin with "M. Vossius  
m'a dit."

<sup>9</sup> "La fiction de ce sonnet, comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est  
prise d'une ode d'Anacréon, encore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis  
traduit, *Ἐν μὲν πότῳ γελῶν."*

<sup>10</sup> The author of *Nouvelles de la Répub. des Lett.* bestows on  
this translation much more praise than its merits appear to me to  
justify.

MOORE'S WORKS.

Barnes; London, 1721.  
 Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin  
 metre.  
 English verse, by John Addison,  
 Italian translations of Anacreon,  
 1736, consisting of those by  
 , Salvini, Marchetti, and one by  
 as authors.<sup>2</sup>  
 in English verse, by Fawkes and  
 1760.<sup>3</sup>  
 rmous, 1768.  
 Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with  
 the Vatican MS.  
 y Degen, 1786, who published  
 nslation of Anacreon, esteemed  
 in English verse, by Urquhart,  
 y Gail, at Paris, 1799, with a

His tresses wore a silvery dye,  
 But beauty sparkled in his eye;  
 Sparkled in his eyes of fire,  
 Through the mist of soft desire.<sup>3</sup>  
 His lip exhal'd, when'er he sigh'd,  
 The fragrance of the racy tide;  
 And, as with weak and reeling feet  
 He came my cordial kiss to meet,  
 An infant, of the Cyprian band,  
 Guided him on with tender hand.  
 Quick from his glowing brows he drew  
 His braid, of many a wanton hue;  
 I took the wreath, whose inmost twine  
 Breath'd of him and blush'd with wine  
 I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow  
 And ah! I feel its magic now:<sup>7</sup>  
 I feel that even his garland's touch  
 Can make the bosom love too much.



ODE II.

GIVE me the harp of epic song,  
 Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;  
 But tear away the sanguine string,  
 For war is not the theme I sing.  
 Proclaim the laws of festal rite,<sup>8</sup>  
 I'm monarch of the board to-night;

OF ANACREON.<sup>4</sup>



ODE I.

Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,  
In wild but sweet ebriety;  
Flashing around such sparks of thought,  
As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then, give the harp of epic song,  
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;  
But tear away the sanguine string,  
For war is not the theme I sing.

ODE III.

LETTER to the Muse's lyre,  
Master of the pencil's fire!  
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,  
Many a city first portray;  
Many a city, revelling free,  
Full of loose festivity.  
Picture then a rosy train,  
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;  
Piping, as they roam along,  
Roundelay or shepherd-song.  
Paint me next, if painting may  
Such a theme as this portray,  
All the earthly heaven of love  
These delighted mortals prove.

ODE IV.

VELCAN! hear your glorious task;  
I do not from your labours ask  
In gorgeous panoply to shine,  
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.  
No—let me have a silver bowl,  
Where I may cradle all my soul;  
But mind that, o'er its simple frame  
No mimic constellations flame;

some has thought proper to lengthen this poem by con-  
interpolations of his own, which he thinks are indispen-  
sary to the completion of the description.

sch. Aulus Gellius tells us, was performed at an entertain-  
ment he was present.

[many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid, &c.] I have availed  
me of the additional lines given in the Vatican manu-  
script have not been accurately inserted in any of the  
editions:—

Ποικίλον ἀνθεύων μοῖν  
καὶ θυρωῶν κατ' ἄστρων  
καὶ μασσαδῶν τρυγασίας.  
Ποῦν δὲ λήρον αἶνον,  
ἀναβάντας σπονδύων,  
τοῦς σατυροῦς γελωτοῦς,  
καὶ λυγροῦς τοῦς κροῦτοῦς,  
καὶ ἐπιβήτων γελωτοῦς,  
ὄμοιοι καλῶν ἁγῶν,  
κροῦτο κ' ἀφροδισίου.

thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the

Nor grave upon the swelling side,  
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.  
I care not for the glitt'ring wain,  
Nor yet the weeping sister train.  
But let the vine luxuriant roll  
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,  
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid<sup>a</sup>  
Is culling clusters in their shade.  
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,  
Wildly press the gushing grapes,  
And flights of Loves, in wanton play,  
Wing through the air their winding way;  
While Venus from her harbour green,  
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,  
And young Lyæus by her side  
Sits, worthy of so bright a bride.

ODE V.

SCULPTOR, would'st thou glad my soul,  
Grave for me an ample bowl,  
Worthy to shine in hall or bower,  
When spring-time brings the reveller's hour.  
Grave it with themes of chaste design,  
Fit for a simple board like mine.  
Display not there the barbarous rites  
In which religious zeal delights;  
Nor any tale of tragic fate  
Which History shudders to relate.  
No—cull thy fancies from above,  
Themes of heav'n and themes of love.  
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,  
Distil the grape in drops of joy,  
And while he smiles at every tear,  
Let warm-ey'd Venus, dancing near,  
With spirits of the genial bed,  
The dewy herbage deftly tread.  
Let Love be there, without his arms,<sup>b</sup>  
In timid nakedness of charms;  
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,  
Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove;

preceding. There is a poem by Callius Calpagninus, in the manner  
of both, where he gives instructions about the making of a ring.

Tornabis annulum mihi  
Et fabre, et apte, et commode, &c. &c.

<sup>a</sup> Let Love be there, without his arms, &c.] Thus Sannasaro in  
the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia:—

Vegnan li vaghi Amori  
Senza fiammelle, o strali,  
Scherzando insieme pargoletti e nudi.  
Fluttering on the busy wing,  
A train of naked Cupids came,  
Sporting around in harmless ring,  
Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the Fervigillum Veneris:—

Ite nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatu est amor.  
Love is disarm'd—ye nymphs, in safety stray,  
Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

MOORE'S WORKS.

rosy boys disporting round,  
 'ts trip the velvet ground.  
 If there Apollo toys,  
 e for the rosy boys.<sup>1</sup>

ODE VI.<sup>2</sup>

I sought the spangled bowers,  
 A wreath of matin flowers,  
 Many an early rose was weeping,  
 The urchin Cupid sleeping.<sup>3</sup>  
 The boy, a goblet's tide,  
 Gladly mantling by my side,  
 Gave him by his downy wing,  
 I sm'd him in the racy spring.  
 I drank I down the poison'd bowl,  
 He now nestles in my soul.  
 My soul is Cupid's nest,  
 And he's fluttering in my breast.

<sup>1</sup> *the Apollo toys,*  
*the rosy boys.] An allusion to the fable, that*  
*this beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with*  
*This (says M. la Fosse) is assuredly the sense of*  
*not admit of any other."*  
*relators, to save themselves the trouble of a note,*  
*erty of making Anacreon himself explain this*  
*al, the most literal of any of them :—*  
*see the non-eloquent Apollo.*

ODE VII.<sup>4</sup>

THE women tell me every day  
 That all my bloom has past away.  
 "Behold," the pretty wantons cry  
 "Behold this mirror with a sigh ;  
 The locks upon thy brow are few,  
 And, like the rest, they're wither'd  
 Whether decline has thinn'd my hair  
 I'm sure I neither know nor care ;  
 But this I know, and this I feel,  
 As onward to the tomb I steal,  
 That still as death approaches near  
 The joys of life are sweeter, dearer  
 And had I but an hour to live,  
 That little hour to bliss I'd give.

ODE VIII.<sup>5</sup>

I CARE not for the idle state  
 Of Persia's king <sup>6</sup>, the rich, the great

<sup>4</sup> This epigram of Naugerius is imitated by Lodovico  
 poem, beginning

Mentre raccoglie hor uno, hor altro fior  
 Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucid' onde  
 Lida, &c. &c.

<sup>5</sup> Alberti has imitated this ode in a poem, beginning

Nisa mi dice e Clori  
 Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.



I envy not the monarch's throne,  
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own.  
But oh I be mine the rosy wreath,  
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe ;  
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,  
To cool and scent my locks of snow.<sup>1</sup>  
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,  
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine ;  
But if to-morrow comes, why then —  
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.  
And thus while all our days are bright,  
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,  
Let us the festal hours beguile  
With mantling cup and cordial smile ;  
And shed from each new bowl of wine  
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.  
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,  
May come, when least we wish him present,  
And beckon to the sable shore,  
And grimly bid us — drink no more !

ODE IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,<sup>2</sup>  
Give me the mighty bowl I love,  
And let me sing, in wild delight,  
"I will — I will be mad to-night !"  
Akmeon once, as legends tell,  
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell ;  
Orestes too, with naked tread,  
Frantic pac'd the mountain-head ;  
And why ? a murder'd mother's shade  
Haunted them still where'er they strayed.

Πρωτη σπουδη σπασας,  
Το σου βαλειος γυναικος ;  
Ουδεις Γυγας τα και τα ;

<sup>1</sup> Be mine the rich perfumes that flow.  
To cool and scent my locks of snow.] In the original, *μυρωδων ακρωτων τρωων*. On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, *Βασίλειος* de Pav pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his beard with myrtle. But he should have known, that this was an ancient eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists : "Vous voyez, Monsieur (says this traveller), que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe, est observé par le prophète Is. *sublime encore de nos jours*." Lettre 12. Savary likewise has this very ode of Anacreon. Angermann has not thought the ode inconsistent, having introduced it in the following lines :

*Hæc mihi cura, rosæ et cingere tempora myrto,  
Et curæ multo delapsidare mero.  
Hæc mihi cura, comas et barbam tingere succo  
Asuryio et dulces continuare Jocas.*

This be my care, to wreath my brow with flowers,  
To drench my sorrows in the ample bowl ;  
To pour rich perfumes o'er my beard in showers,  
And give full loose to mirth and joy of soul !

The poet is here in a frenzy of enjoyment, and it is, indeed, *sublime insanie* ; —

*Furor di poesia,  
Di lascivia, e di vino,*

*Hæc unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam  
is. Poesiam exccellit."*

But ne'er could I a murderer be,  
The grape alone shall bleed by me ;  
Yet can I shout, with wild delight,  
"I will — I will be mad to-night !"

Alcides' self, in days of yore,  
Imbru'd his hands in youthful gore,  
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,  
The quiver of th' expiring boy ;  
The quiver of th' expiring boy :  
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,  
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.  
But I, whose hands no weapon ask,  
No armour but this joyous flask ;  
The trophy of whose frantic hours  
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers,  
Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,  
"I will — I will be mad to-night !"

ODE X.

How am I to punish thee,  
For the wrong thou'st done to me,  
Silly swallow, prating thing<sup>4</sup> —  
Shall I clip that wheeling wing ?  
Or, as Tereus did, of old,<sup>5</sup>  
(So the fabled tale is told,)  
Shall I tear that tongue away,  
Tongue that utter'd such a lay ?  
Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been !  
Long before the dawn was seen,  
When a dream came o'er my mind,  
Picturing her I worship, kind,  
Just when I was nearly blest,  
Loud thy matins broke my rest !

Triplicato furore,  
Baccho, Apollo, et Amore.  
*Ritratti del Cavalier Marino.*

This is truly, as Scaliger expresses it,  
— Insanire dulce  
Et sapidum furere furorem.

<sup>3</sup> This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gail's index, that the German poet Weisse has imitated it, Scherz. Lieder. lib. II. carm. 5. ; that Ramler also has imitated it, Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 335. ; and some others. See Gail de Editionibus.

We are here referred by Degen to that dull book, the Epistles of Alciphron, tenth epistle, third book ; where Iophon complains to Eraston of being awakened by the crowing of a cock, from his vision of riches.

<sup>4</sup> Silly swallow, prating thing, &c.] The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialised ; thus Nicostratus :—

Ει το σκουροει και πολλα και ταχυος λαλει  
Ην του φωνηεν παραστρατον, αι χελιδονες  
Ελεγον' αν ημων συμφρονεστεροι πολυ.

If in prating from morning till night  
A sign of our wisdom there be,  
The swallows are wiser by right,  
For they prattle much faster than we.

<sup>5</sup> Or, as Tereus did of old, &c.] Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale ; but many respectable authorities among the ancients assigned this metamorphose to Frogue, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ODE XI.

Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,  
 In purchase shall I pay thee  
 This little waxen toy,  
 Of the Paphian boy?"  
 I said, the other day,  
 Youth who pass'd my way:  
 (He answer'd, and the while  
 Werd all in Doric style,  
 For it, for a trifle take it;  
 Not I who dared to make it;  
 Believe me, 'twas not I;  
 Has cost me many a sigh,  
 Can no longer keep  
 Gods, who murder sleep!"  
 Then here," (I said with joy,  
 Is silver for the boy:  
 Shall be my bosom guest,  
 Of my pious breast!"  
 O youth, young Love, I have thee mine,  
 Give me with that torch of thine;  
 I feel as I have felt,  
 My waxen frame shall melt:  
 I burn with warm desire,  
 Thou, my boy—in yonder fire.<sup>3</sup>

Cybele's name he howls around  
 The gloomy blast returns the sound  
 Oft too, by Claros' hallow'd springs  
 The votaries of the laurell'd king  
 Quaff the inspiring, magic stream  
 And rave in wild, prophetic dream  
 But frenzied dreams are not for  
 Great Bacchus is my deity!  
 Full of mirth, and full of him,  
 While floating odours round me  
 While mantling bowls are full of wine  
 And you sit blushing by my side  
 I will be mad and raving too—  
 Mad, my girl, with love for you

ODE XIII.

I WILL, I will, the conflict's past  
 And I'll consent to love at last.  
 Cupid has long, with smiling air  
 Invited me to yield my heart;  
 And I have thought that peace  
 Should not be for a smile resign'd  
 And so repell'd the tender lure,  
 And hop'd my heart would sleep

But, slighted in his boasted care  
 The angry infant flew to arms;

Assum'd the corselet, shield, and spear,  
 And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.  
 Then (hear it, all ye powers above!)  
 I fought with Love! I fought with Love!  
 And now his arrows all were shed,  
 And I had just in terror fled—  
 When, heaving an indignant sigh,  
 To see me thus unwounded fly,  
 And, having now no other dart,  
 He shot himself into my heart!<sup>1</sup>  
 My heart—alas the luckless day!  
 Receiv'd the god, and died away.  
 Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!  
 Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.  
 Vain, vain, is every outward care,  
 The foe's within, and triumphs there.

ODE XIV.<sup>2</sup>

COUNT me, on the summer trees,  
 Every leaf that courts the breeze;<sup>3</sup>  
 Count me, on the foamy deep,  
 Every wave that sinks to sleep;  
 Then, when you have numbered these  
 Billowy tides and leafy trees,  
 Count me all the flames I prove,  
 All the gentle nymphs I love.  
 First, of pure Athenian maids  
 Sporting in their olive shades,  
 You may reckon just a score,  
 Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.  
 In the fam'd Corinthian grove,  
 Where such countless wantons rove,<sup>4</sup>  
 Chains of beauties may be found,  
 Chains, by which my heart is bound;

Bevo, nel tuo liquor?   
 Bevi, su che non sono ebro d'Amore.   
 The wreath of the bow and quiver   
 Was hiding in a neighbouring river,   
 When, as I drank on yester-even,   
 (Shepherd-youth, the tale believe,)   
 'Twas not a cooling, crystal draught,   
 'Twas liquid flame I medly quaff'd;   
 For Love was in the rippling tide,   
 I hit him to my bosom glide:   
 And now the wily, wanton minion   
 Plays round my heart with restless pinion.   
 A day it was of fatal star,   
 But ah! 'twere even more fatal far,   
 If Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,   
 I found this flutt'ring, young desire:   
 Then, then indeed my soul would prove,   
 Ev'n more than ever, drunk with love!

Tell the foliage of the woods,   
 Tell the billows of the floods,   
 Number midnight's starry store,   
 And the sands that crowd the shore,   
 Then, my Bion, thou mayst count   
 Of my loves the vast amount.   
 I've been loving, all my days;   
 Many nymphs, in many ways;   
 Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—   
 I've been doting all my life.   
 Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,   
 Goddesses of groves and mountains,   
 Fair and sable, great and small,   
 Yes, I swear I've lov'd them all!   
 Soon was every passion over,   
 I was but the moment's lover;   
 Oh! I'm such a roving elf,   
 That the Queen of love herself,   
 Though she practis'd all her wiles,   
 Roesy blushes, wreathed smiles,   
 All her beauty's proud endeavour   
 Could not chain my heart for ever.

<sup>1</sup> And, having now no other dart,   
 He shot himself into my heart! Dryden has parodied this   
 sight in the following extravagant lines:—

— I'm all o'er Love;  
 Nay, I am Love; Love shot, and shot so fast,  
 He shot himself into my breast at last.

The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing   
 else, by a lively hyperbole, to inform us, that his heart, und   
 ed by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex   
 in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his   
 called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Menage has imi   
 in a Greek Anacreontic, which has so much ease and   
 as the reader may not be displeas'd at seeing it here:—

ΠΡΟΣ ΣΙΩΝΑ.   
 Ες αλευρα τα φυλλα,   
 Λαμπαρους τα νεαλα,   
 Ες κρητας αυτρα νεατα,   
 Παλαστους τα φερματου,   
 Αλας τα σπυραγδα,   
 Αουα, Βουα, αρβουα,   
 Και τωα κρητα κρητα   
 Αουα, Βουα, αρβουα,   
 Εαυρα, γυναικα, Χυρα,   
 Χυρα, Μουρα, Μεγυρα,   
 Αουα τα και Μελαουα,   
 Οραυδα, Νουαυα,   
 Νυραυδα τα νεαυα,   
 Ο ουα φυλας φυλας.   
 Πουαυα ουαυα και ουαυα   
 Αουα και ουαυα   
 Αουαυαυα Αφραυαυα,   
 Χουαυα, καιλα γλυκαυα,   
 Εραυαυα, ουαυαυα,   
 Αα ουαυα φυλαυα   
 Εραυα και ουαυαυα

<sup>2</sup> Count me on the summer trees,   
 Every leaf, &c.] This figure is called, by rhetoricians, the Im-   
 possible (*admirabile*), and is very frequently made use of in poetry.   
 The amatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to   
 express the infinite number of kisses which they require from the   
 lips of their mistresses: in this Catullus led the way.

— Quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,   
 Furtivos hominum vident amores;   
 Tam te basia multa basiare   
 Vesano satia, et super, Catullo est:   
 Quae nec pernumerare curiosi   
 Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua.   
 Carm. 7.   
 As many stellar eyes of light,   
 As through the silent waste of night,   
 Gazing upon this world of shade,   
 Witness some secret youth and maid,   
 Who fair as thou, and fond as I,   
 In stolen joys enamour'd lie.—   
 So many kisses, ere I slumber,   
 Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number;   
 So many kisses we shall count,   
 Envy can never tell the amount.   
 No tongue shall blab the sum, but mine;   
 No lips shall fascinate, but thine!

<sup>4</sup> In the fam'd Corinthian grove,   
 Where such countless wantons rove, &c.] Corinth was very fa-   
 mous for the beauty and number of its courtizans. Venus was the   
 deity principally worshipped by the people, and their constant   
 prayer was, that the gods should increase the number of her wor-   
 shippers. We may perceive from the application of the verb

MOORE'S WORKS.

d, are nymphs divine,  
 o a soul like mine.<sup>1</sup>  
 in Lesbos' isle;  
 ia smile;  
 etty swarm can boast;  
 ntains a host.  
 ll—of brown and fair  
 unt two thousand there.  
 stare? I pray you, peace!  
 d before I cease.  
 you all my flames,  
 morous Syrian dames?  
 bered every one,  
 der Egypt's sun?  
 phs, who blushing sweet  
 rine of Love in Crete;  
 God, with festal play,  
 l holiday?  
 ers, still remain  
 n, desiring train;<sup>2</sup>  
 es a myriad more  
 e India's shore;  
 many far remov'd,  
 g—all are lov'd!



Tell me whither, whence you rove,  
 Tell me all, my sweetest dove.

Curious stranger, I belong  
 To the bard of Teian song;  
 With his mandate now I fly  
 To the nymph of azure eye;—  
 She, whose eye has madden'd many,<sup>4</sup>  
 But the poet more than any.  
 Venus, for a hymn of love,  
 Warbled in her votive grove,<sup>3</sup>  
 ('Twas in sooth a gentle lay,)  
 Gave me to the bard away.  
 See me now his faithful minion,—  
 Thus with softly-gliding pinion,  
 To his lovely girl I bear  
 Songs of passion through the air.  
 Oft he blandly whispers me,  
 "Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."  
 But in vain he'll bid me fly,  
 I shall serve him till I die.  
 Never could my plumes sustain  
 Ruffling winds and chilling rain,  
 O'er the plains, or in the dell,  
 On the mountain's savage swell,  
 Seeking in the desert wood  
 Gloomy shelter, rustic food.  
 Now I lead a life of ease,  
 Far from rugged haunts like these.

with gently-moving wings  
an'd the minstrel while he sings:  
his harp I sink in slumbers,  
taming still of dulcet numbers!

This is all—away—away—  
I have made me waste the day.  
I've chatter'd! prating crowd  
yet did chatter so.

## ODE XVI.

OF, whose soft and rosy hues  
nic form and soul infuse,<sup>1</sup>  
of painters, come, portray  
lovely maid that's far away,<sup>2</sup>  
away, my soul! thou art,  
I've thy beauties all by heart.  
Her jetty ringlets playing,  
locks, like tendrils straying;<sup>3</sup>  
if painting hath the skill  
to make the spicy balm distil,<sup>4</sup>

and the next may be called companion-pictures; they asked, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the east. Franciscus Junius quotes them in his third *tura Veterum*.

I been imitated by Bonard, Giuliano Gosellini, &c. &c. as to it thus in his *Anacronica* :

Olim lepore blando,  
Litis verbibus  
Candidus Anacreon  
Quam pingret amicus  
Descripsit Venereum osuum.

The Tolan bard of former days,  
Attun'd his sweet descriptive lays,  
And taught the painter's hand to trace  
His fair beloved's every grace.

as of Caspar Barlaeus, entitled "An formosa sit dudar will find many curious ideas and descriptions of it."

as *soft and rosy hues*  
and *soul infuse*.] I have followed here the reading of B. *and*. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in laughing, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from *of beauty with that flower*. Salvini has adopted this literal translation :—

Della rosea arte signore.

*maid that's far away*.] If this portrait of the poet's is merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions *Ἰαργυρία* as his mistress.

Βαλθαρμὸς χροσσοῦ χέρας ἐν' Ἐκρητοῦλας.

*jetty ringlets playing,*  
*like tendrils straying*.] The ancients have been very their praise of the beauty of hair. Apuleius, in the *his Milesian*, says, that Venus herself, if she were surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be to her husband Vulcan.

pave the epithet *καλλοῦλας* to the Graces, and likewise the same upon the Muses. See Hadrian Junius's poem *Hair*.

age of our poet. Selden alluded in a note on the *Polyticon*, Song the Second, where observing, that the epigram was given by some of the ancients to the *o says*, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man in the provoking motives of wanton love), intending

Let every little lock exhale  
A sigh of perfume on the gale.  
Where her tresses' curly flow  
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,  
Let her forehead beam to light,  
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.  
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise  
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,  
Each, a crescent gently gliding,  
Just commingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,  
The lightning of her eyes to form?  
Let them effuse the azure rays  
That in Minerva's glances blaze,  
Mix'd with the liquid light that lies  
In Cytherea's languid eyes.<sup>4</sup>  
O'er her nose and cheek be shed  
Flushing white and soften'd red;  
Mingling tints, as when there glows  
In snowy milk the bashful rose.<sup>5</sup>  
Then her lip, so rich in blisses,  
Sweet petitioner for kisses,<sup>6</sup>  
Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,  
Mutely courting Love's invasion.

to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of woman's special ornament, well-haired (*καλλοῦλας*), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired."

<sup>4</sup> And, if painting hath the skill  
To make the spicy balm distil, &c.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: *εὐκτατος καὶ τοῦ εὐκτατος τοῦ ἰδίου, καὶ φημι γεγραφοῦς αὐτῆς μετὰ τῆς οὐραίας*. "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

<sup>5</sup> Mix'd with the liquid light that lies  
In Cytherea's languid eyes.] Marchetti explains thus the *εὐκτατος* of the original :—

Dipingilli umidetti  
Tremull e lascivetti,  
Qual gli ha Ciprigna l'alma Dea d'Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida :—

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso  
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes  
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,  
Soft as the broken solar beam,  
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

<sup>6</sup> *Mingling tints, as when there glows*  
*In snowy milk the bashful rose*.] Thus Propertius, eleg. 3. lib. II.

Utque roseo puro lacte natant folia.

And Davenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress,"

Catch as it falls the Scythian snow,  
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus too Targatus :—

Quo lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

<sup>7</sup> *Then her lip, so rich in blisses*.  
*Sweet petitioner for kisses*.] The "lip, provoking kisses" in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of *τὸ ἐπὶ μὲν ἄλλοτε ἔπος τὸ εὐλαμπές*. "Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with the apparent authority of experience, that "Sevius viros oculantur puella labiosa, quam quis

MOORE'S WORKS.

neath the velvet chin,  
 temple hides a Love within,<sup>1</sup>  
 her neck with grace descending,  
 queen of beauty ending ;  
 countless charms, above, below,  
 flutter round its snow.  
 floating, lucid veil,  
 her form, but not conceal ;<sup>2</sup>  
 may peep, a hue may beam,  
 the rest to Fancy's dream.  
 'tis she ! 'tis all I seek ;  
 it lives, it soon will speak !



ODE XVII.<sup>3</sup>

with all thy pencil's truth,  
 Bathyllus, lovely youth !  
 air, in masses bright,  
 floating rays of light ;<sup>4</sup>  
 the raven's die confuse  
 golden sunbeam's hues.

<sup>1</sup> And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious unimprovements of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he parades the heroine (in a very false and laboured manner) describes her lips thus :— " Os parvum decensque, et morsum aptissima."—Eplst. 114. lib. 1.

Let no wreath, with artful twine,<sup>5</sup>  
 The flowing of his locks confine ;  
 But leave them loose to every breeze,  
 To take what shape and course they please  
 Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,  
 But flush'd with manhood's early glow,  
 And guileless as the dews of dawn,<sup>6</sup>  
 Let the majestic brows be drawn,  
 Of ebon hue, enrich'd by gold,  
 Such as dark, shining snakes unfold.  
 Mix in his eyes the power alike,  
 With love to win, with awe to strike ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Borrow from Mars his look of ire,  
 From Venus her soft glance of fire ;  
 Blend them in such expression here,  
 That we by turns may hope and fear !

Now from the sunny apple seek  
 The velvet down that spreads his cheek  
 And there, if art so far can go,  
 The' ingenuous blush of boyhood show.  
 While, for his mouth—but no,—in vain  
 Would worlds its witching charm explain  
 Make it the very seat, the throne,  
 That Eloquence would claim her own ;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>2</sup> words "insignem tenui fronte," in Horace, Od. 33. lib. 1. is incorrectly, I think, that "tenui" here bears the same as the word *ovalos*.

<sup>3</sup> *Mix in his eyes the power alike,*  
*With love to win, with awe to strike ; &c.]* Tasso gives

the lips, though silent, wear  
 look, as if words were there.<sup>1</sup>

thou his ivory neck must trace,  
 d with soft but manly grace ;  
 the neck of Paphia's boy,  
 Paphia's arms have hung in joy.  
 m the winged Hermes' hand,<sup>2</sup>  
 hich he waves his snaky wand ;  
 chus the broad chest supply,  
 da's sons the sinewy thigh ;  
 through his whole transparent frame,  
 how'st the stirrings of that flame,  
 kindles, when the first love-sigh  
 rom the heart, unconscious why.

ure thy pencil, though so bright,  
 us of the eye's delight,  
 namour'd touch would show  
 oulder, fair as sunless snow,  
 now in veiling shadow lies,  
 d from all but Fancy's eyes.  
 r his feet—but hold—forebear—  
 e sun-god's portrait there ;<sup>3</sup>  
 aint Bathyllus ! when, in truth,  
 in that god, thou'st sketch'd the youth.

<sup>1</sup> *the lips, though silent, wear*  
 as if words were there.] In the original *καλον σιωπης*,  
 of Petrarck "paris con silenzio," which is perhaps the  
 of female eloquence.

<sup>2</sup> *the winged Hermes' hand, &c.*] In Shakspeare's  
 here is a similar method of description :—

— this is his hand,  
 His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,  
 The brauns of Hercules.

<sup>3</sup> *as in Hamlet.* Longepierre thinks that the hands  
 are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful  
 they were supposed to characterise the god of eloquence ;  
 he was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be  
 light-fingered deity.

<sup>4</sup> *But hold—forebear—*  
*sun-god's portrait there ;*] The abrupt turn here is  
 requires some explanation. While the artist is pur-  
 trait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns  
 ces a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an  
 oca. He then instantly tells the painter to cease his  
 his picture will serve for Bathyllus ; and that, when  
 moea, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the  
 had begun.

<sup>5</sup> *as (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly*  
 this one passage does him more honour than the  
 ver beautiful it might be, which Polyurates raised to

at translation of this ode, says Degen, may be found  
 Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. v. p. 403.

<sup>6</sup> *ut in brimming urns, &c.*] Orig. *ωινον αμυρην*. The  
 a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus  
*υελκιά υινος αμυρην*. Mad. Dacier, Longepierre,

<sup>7</sup> *in his twenty-sixth epistle (Thesaur. Critic. vol. i.),*  
*amyris as a draught to be exhausted without drawing*  
*hæmæta.* A note in the margin of this epistle of  
 says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat," but adds no

<sup>8</sup> *all these humid flowers, &c.*] According to the original  
 is line, the poet says, "Give me the flower of wine"—  
 e Lynd, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas ; and

Enough—let this bright form be mine,  
 And send the boy to Samos' shrine ;  
 Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,  
 Bathyllus then, the deity !

ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,  
 Fly, my girls, in pity fly,  
 Bring me wine in brimming urns,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cool my lip, it burns, it burns !  
 Sunn'd by the meridian fire,  
 Panting, languid I expire.  
 Give me all those humid flowers,<sup>2</sup>  
 Drop them o'er my brow in showers.  
 Scarce a breathing chaplet now  
 Lives upon my feverish brow ;  
 Every dewy rose I wear  
 Sheds its tears and withers there.<sup>3</sup>  
 But to you, my burning heart,<sup>4</sup>  
 What can now relief impart ?  
 Can brimming bowl, or frowret's dew,  
 Cool the flame that scorches you ?

Deh pergetimi del fiore  
 Di quel simo e buon liquore,

as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. The word *Αυτος* would  
 undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its  
 import in the epigram of Simoindes upon Sophocles :—

*Εσθραβος γαραι Σοφοκλους αυτος αυτου*

and *fiore* in the Latin is frequently applied in the same manner—  
 thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, *Flos inlilatus populi, suadæque*  
*medulla*. "The immaculate flower of the people, and the very  
 marrow of persuasion." See these verses cited by Aulus Gellius,  
 lib. xii., which Cicero praised, and Seneca thought ridiculous.

But in the passage before us, if we admit *αυτου*, according to  
 Faber's conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, without having  
 recourse to such refinements.

<sup>1</sup> *Every dewy rose I wear*

<sup>2</sup> *Sheds its tears, and withers there.*] There are some beautiful  
 lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting  
 here :—

Ante fores madida sic sic pendete corolla,  
 Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capit ;  
 At quum per niveam cervicem infuxerit humor,  
 Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimas.

By Cælia's arbour all the night  
 Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow ;  
 And haply, at the morning light,  
 My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then, if upon her bosom bright  
 Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,  
 Tell her, they are not drops of night,  
 But tears of sorrow shed by me !

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan's, "Uncouth is this moss-covered  
 grotto of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with  
 this of Angerianus :—

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve  
 Some lingering drops of the night-fallen dew ;  
 Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and they'll serve  
 As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

<sup>3</sup> *But to you, my burning heart, &c.*] The transition here is pec-  
 cularly delicate and impassioned ; but the commentators have  
 perplexed the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ODE XIX.<sup>1</sup>

you, gentle maid,<sup>2</sup>  
 embowering shade ;  
 ting, the modest trees,  
 e kissing breeze ;  
 le founts that weep,  
 he mind to sleep ;  
 whisper as they roll,  
 tion to the soul ;  
 me, is not this  
 cene of bliss ?  
 l, would pass it by ?  
 r you nor I.<sup>3</sup>

power is so natural and animated, that coolness and freshness while we peruse it from the first book of the Anthologia, somewhat resembling this ode :—

*ἄνεμος ἴστω πνεύσει, δὲ το μελιχρῶν  
 ἢ τῆς ἀνδραγαθῆς ἰσχυροῦς,  
 τῆς μελιχρῶν, ἐνδὲ μελιχρῶν  
 ἢ ὄψιν ἀνε καλῶν.*

the shadowy pine  
 ers my sylvan retreat ;  
 w the branches incline  
 hing of zephyr to meet.  
 tain that, flowing, diffuses  
 e a glittering spray ;  
 t, as the traveller muses,  
 im to sleep with my lay.

*ἄνεμος ἴστω πνεύσει, δὲ το μελιχρῶν*

ODE XX.<sup>4</sup>

ONE day the Muses twin'd the hands  
 Of infant Love with flow'ry bands ;  
 And to celestial Beauty gave  
 The captive infant for her slave.  
 His mother comes, with many a toy,  
 To ransom her beloved boy ;<sup>5</sup>  
 His mother sues, but all in vain, —  
 He ne'er will leave his chains again.  
 Even should they take his chains away  
 The little captive still would stay.  
 " If this," he cries, " a bondage be,  
 Oh, who could wish for liberty ? "

Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,  
 His shaft is pointles o'er a Muse's heart ! "

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which suggested by this ode.

*Scherzava dentro all' auree chiove Amore  
 Dell' alma donna della vita mia :  
 E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,  
 Che non sapea, nè voleva uscirne fore.*

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,  
 Sì, che per forza ancor convien che stia :  
 Tal lasci alta beltate orditi avia  
 Del crespò erin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,  
 A chi scoglie il figliuol la bella dea  
 Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede.  
 Ma ei vinto a due occhi l' arme cede :

*Ma el vinto a due occhi l' arme cede :*



ODE XXII.

ὈΨΑΚΕΥΝ when mother earth is dry,  
She drinks the droppings of the sky,  
And then the dewy cordial gives  
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.  
The vapours, which at evening weep,  
Are beverage to the swelling deep;  
And when the rosy sun appears,  
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.  
The moon too quaffs her paly stream  
Of lustre, from the solar beam.  
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!  
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;  
I'll make the laws of nature mine,  
And pledge the universe in wine.

<sup>1</sup> These critics who have endeavoured to throw the chains of pedantry over the spirit of this beautiful trifle, require too much from æsopæotic philosophy. Among others, Gall very sapiently thinks that the poet uses the epithet *ψακεύω*, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges in with an experimental disquisition on the subject.—See Gall's *idea*.

One of the Copulists has imitated this ode, in an epitaph on a rickard:—

Dum vixi sine sine bibi, sic imbrifer æreus  
Sic tellus pluvias sole perusta bibit.  
Sic bibit assidua fontes et flumina Pontus,  
Sic semper ætiens Sol maris haurit aquas.  
Et te igitur jactas plus me, Silene, bibisse;  
Et nihil de victis te quoque, Bacche, manus.

HIPPOLYTUS CAPILOPUS.

While life was mine, the little hour  
In drinking still unvaried flew;  
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,  
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;  
As ocean quaffs the rivers up,  
Or flushing sun inhales the sea:  
Silenus trembled at my cup,  
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of Shakspeare, where the thoughts of the ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude:

I'll example you with thievery.  
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Kobs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,  
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.  
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
The moon into salt tears. The earth's a thief,  
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stol'n  
From general excrement.

Timon of Athens, act. iv. sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> ——— a weeping matron's form:] Niobe.—Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the idea of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly, which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, by the different purposes which he recites: this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness, however, of a very graceful Muse; "Indit unaliter." The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the use of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of

ODE XXIII.

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,  
Was once a weeping matron's form;<sup>2</sup>  
And Frogne, hapless, frantic maid,  
Is now a swallow in the shade.  
Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,  
That I might catch that smile divine;  
And like my own fond fancy be,  
Reflecting thee, and only thee;  
Or could I be the robe which holds  
That graceful form within its folds;  
Or, turn'd into a fountain, lave  
Thy beauties in my circling wave.  
Would I were perfume for thy hair,  
To breathe my soul in fragrance there;  
Or, better still, the zone, that lies  
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!<sup>3</sup>

these fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Fauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select the following epigram of Dionysius:—

Εἶψ' αἰθέρας γυμνασθῶ, σὺ δὲ γὰρ σταχέουσα παρ' ἄνεμος,  
Στρέφει γυμνασθῶναι, καὶ με τρεπτοῖα λαθεῖς.  
Εἶψ' ῥόδου γυμνασθῶ ὑπερσφύριον, σφρα με χερσὶν  
Ἀρμενῶν, κομμάτις σπένθει χιρσῶν.  
Εἶψ' ἀρωματὸν γυμνασθῶ λυκασθῶν, σφρα με χερσὶν  
Ἀρμενῶν, μάλλον σὺν χροῦντι σφρῶντι.

I wish I could like zephyr steal  
To wanton o'er thy many vest;  
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom-veil,  
And take me panting to thy breast!  
I wish I might a rose-bud grow,  
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,  
To place me on that breast of snow,  
Where I should bloom, a wintry flower.  
I wish I were the lily's leaf,  
To fade upon that bosom warm,  
Content to wither, pale and brief,  
The trophy of thy fairer form!

I may add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius:

Ἀστὴρ σπασθῶναι, Ἀστὴρ ἐμοῦ· αὐτὸ γυμνασθῶ  
Ὀυρανῶν, ὅτι πάλλον ἐμῶν αἰς σὺ βλεπῶ.

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?  
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,  
And every star should be an eye,  
To wonder on thy beauties here!

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher, to justify himself for his verses on Critias and Charinus. See his Apology, where he also adduces the example of Anacreon; "Fœcere tamen et ali talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud Græcos Teius quidam," &c. &c.

<sup>3</sup> Or, better still, the zone, that lies,  
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs.] This *ζώνη* was a riband, or band, called by the Romans fasciæ and strophium, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Pollux. Onomast. Thus Martial:—

Fasciâ crescentes dominæ compece papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

MOORE'S WORKS.

those envious pearls that show  
 tly round that neck of snow —  
 would be a happy gem,  
 em to hang, to fade like them.  
 more would thy Anacreon be?  
 ything that touches thee;  
 sandals for those airy feet —  
 be trod by them were sweet !<sup>1</sup>



ODE XXIII.<sup>2</sup>

Wish this languid lyre,  
 arbler of my soul's desire,  
 raise the breath of song sublime,  
 n of fame, in former time.  
 hen the soaring theme I try,  
 the chords my numbers die,  
 hisper, with dissolving tone,  
 sighs are given to love alone !"  
 ant at the feeble lay,  
 the panting chords away,  
 d them to a nobler swell,  
 ruck again the breathing shell ;  
 he glow of epic fire,  
 rcules I wake the lyre,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For those airy feet—

But still its fainting sighs repeat,  
 " The tale of love alone is sweet !"  
 Then fare thee well, seductive dres  
 That mad'st me follow Glory's thet  
 For thou my lyre, and thou my he  
 Shall never more in spirit part:  
 And all that one has felt so well  
 The other shall as sweetly tell !



ODE XXIV.<sup>4</sup>

To all that breathe the air of heave  
 Some boon of strength has Nature  
 In forming the majestic bull,  
 She fenced with wreathed horns hi  
 A hoof of strength she lent the stee  
 And wing'd the timorous hare with  
 She gave the lion fangs of terror,  
 And, o'er the ocean's crystal mirror  
 Taught the unnumber'd scaly thro  
 To trace their liquid path along ;  
 While for the umbrage of the grove  
 She plum'd the warbling world of b

To man she gave, in that proud  
 The boon of intellectual power.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Original, may imply that kind of musical dialogue pr

Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,  
Was left in Nature's treasury?  
She gave thee beauty — mightier far  
Than all the pomp and power of war.<sup>1</sup>  
Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power  
Like woman in her conquering hour.  
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,  
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!<sup>2</sup>

ODE XXV.<sup>3</sup>

Once in each revolving year,  
Gentle bird! we find thee here.  
When Nature wears her summer-vest,  
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;  
But when the chilling winter lowers,  
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers  
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,  
Where sunny hours for ever smile.  
And thus thy pinion rests and roves, —  
Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,  
That brood within this hapless breast,  
And never, never change their nest!<sup>4</sup>  
Still every year, and all the year,  
They fix their fated dwelling here;  
And some their infant plumage try,  
And on a tender winglet fly;  
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,  
Still lurk a thousand more desires;  
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,  
And some in formless embryo sleeping.  
Thus peopled, like the vernal groves,  
My breast resounds with warbling Loves;

One urchin imps the other's feather,  
Then twin-desires they wing together,  
And fast as they thus take their flight,  
Still other urchins spring to light.  
But is there then no kindly art,  
To chase these Cupids from my heart;  
Ah, no! I fear, in sadness fear,  
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI.<sup>5</sup>

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,  
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;  
With other wars my song shall burn,  
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.  
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,  
That drank the current of my heart;  
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,  
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;  
No — 'twas from eyes of liquid blue,  
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew;<sup>6</sup>  
And now my heart all bleeding lies  
Beneath that army of the eyes!

ODE XXVII.<sup>7</sup>

We read the flying courser's name  
Upon his side, in marks of flame;  
And, by their turban'd brows alone,  
The warriors of the East are known.

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,  
And makes me shed the secret tear;  
Nor day nor night my soul hath rest,  
For night and day his voice I hear.  
A wound within my heart I find,  
And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been;  
For still he leaves a wound behind,  
Such as within my heart is seen.  
Oh, bird of Love! with song so dear,  
Make not my soul the nest of pain;  
But, let the wing which brought thee here,  
In pity waft thee hence again!

<sup>5</sup> "The German poet Us has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherr, *Lieder*, lib. III., *der Soldat*." Gail, Degen.

<sup>6</sup> No — 'twas from eyes of liquid blue  
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew;] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the *Anthologia*, which has a fancy something like this.

Ὅν με ληλόθας,  
Τοῖσ'τα, Ζηροφίλος ἠμίσει κρηνηταῖος.  
Archer Love! though sally creeping,  
Well I know where thou dost lie;  
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,  
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amour."

<sup>7</sup> This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS., but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.  
"Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ramler *Wahrzeichen der Liebe*, in *Lyr. Blumenlese*, lib. IV. p. 312."

<sup>1</sup> *She gave thee beauty — mightier far than all the pomp and power of war.*] Thus Achilles Tatius: — *ἡδὴ ἄνευ τῆς οὐραίας βλάστης, καὶ ἄνευ τῶν οφθαλμῶν εἰς τὴν ψυχὴν ἔρχεται. ὀφθαλμῶν γὰρ ἄνευ ἀνεύρου τῆς οὐραίας.* "Beauty wounds more readily than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul: by the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."

<sup>2</sup> *Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee, and a world is weak before thee.*] Longepierre's remark is ingenious: — "The Romans," says he, "were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act 2. scene 2. *cedid*."

*Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi vis.*

*Fortis, id est fortis, say Servius and Nonius."*

We have here another ode addressed to the swallow. Alberti imitated both in one poem, beginning

*Perch' lo pianga al tuo canto,  
Rondinella importuna, &c.*

*How! unlike the swarm of Loves, at brood within this hapless breast, and never, never change their nest!*] Thus Love is represented here, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the *Anthologia*:

Ἄνευ σοῦ θύεται μὴ ἐν οὐραῖς τῆς ἀρετῆς,  
Ὀρμηθεὶς ἔσται παθεῖς τὸ γλυκὺ δακρυό φέρει.  
Ὀὐδ' ἔσται, σὺ φέρεις ἀκαμψίαν, ἀλλ' ἔσται φιλίαν  
Μέλι πᾶσι ἀραδίῃ γυναικὶς ἀναστὶ τρυφερῶ.  
Ἐ πᾶσι, μὴ καὶ σὺν' ἀναστῶσθαί μιν ἀρετῆς  
Ὀὐδ' ἔσται, ἀναστῶσθαί μιν ἔσται ἀρετῆς.

MOORE'S WORKS.

lover's glowing eyes,  
 to his bosom lies;<sup>1</sup>  
 them we see the small faint mark,  
 he has dropp'd his burning spark!

ODE XXVIII.<sup>2</sup>

Lemnian forge's flame,  
 and of the Paphian dame  
 the glowing steel, to form  
 for Cupid, thrilling warm;  
 as, as he plied his art,  
 round his new-made dart,  
 ere, at hand, to finish all,  
 every arrow's point with gall;<sup>3</sup>  
 the Lord of Battles came  
 out of that deep cave of flame.  
 In the ranks of war he rush'd,  
 with many a life-drop blush'd;

<sup>1</sup> *lover's glowing eyes,*  
*to his bosom lies;*] "We cannot see into the heart,"  
 Lucian. But the lover answers —  
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐχὶ ἐν τῇ ἐπιπέδῳ ἡ καρδία.  
 has given the following lines, as enlarging on the  
 notion:—  
 Lorsque je vois un amant,  
 Il cache en vain son tourment,

He saw the fiery darts, and smil'd  
 Contemptuous at the archer-child.  
 "What!" said the urchin, "dost thou  
 Here, hold this little dart awhile,  
 And thou wilt find, though swift of  
 My bolts are not so feathery light."

Mars took the shaft — and, oh, the  
 Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took  
 Sighing, he felt the urchin's art,  
 And cried, in agony of heart,  
 "It is not light — I sink with pain!  
 Take — take thy arrow back again.  
 "No," said the child, "it must not  
 That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.

YES — loving is a painful thrill,  
 And not to love more painful still

<sup>2</sup> *Yes — loving is a painful thrill,*  
*And not to love more painful still; &c.]* The fol-  
 lowing is the original, addressed by Menage to Daniel Huet, enfor-  
 cing the "necessity of loving":—

Περὶ τοῦ θεοῦ φιλοῦσαι.  
 Πρὸς Πέτρον Δαυίδη Υγιῶν  
 Μεγα θαυμα τῶν ἀνδρῶν,  
 Χαριῶν θαλός, ἕρως,  
 φιλοῦσαι, οὐ φοβῶμαι.

But oh, it is the worst of pain,  
To love and not be lov'd again!  
Affection now has fled from earth,  
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,  
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile  
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.  
Gold is the woman's only theme,  
Gold is the woman's only dream.  
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven —  
Forgive him not, indignant heaven!  
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,  
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.  
Since that devoted thirst began,  
Man has forgot to feel for man;  
The pulse of social life is dead,  
And all its fonder feelings fled!  
War too has sullied Nature's charms,  
For gold provokes the world to arms:  
And oh! the worst of all its arts,  
It rends asunder loving hearts.

## ODE XXX.

THAS in a mocking dream of night—  
I fancied I had wings as light  
As a young bird's, and flew as fleet;  
While Love, around whose beauteous feet,

When in languor sleeps the heart,  
Love can wake it with his dart;  
When the mind is dull and dark,  
Love can light it with his spark!  
Come, oh! come then, let us haste  
All the bliss of love to taste;  
Let us love both night and day,  
Let us love our lives away!  
And when hearts, from loving free,  
(If indeed such hearts there be.)  
Frown upon our gentle flame,  
And the sweet delusion blame;  
This shall be my only curse,  
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)  
May they ne'er the rapture prove,  
Of the smile from lips we love!

<sup>1</sup> Anax imagines from this allegory, that our poet married very young. But I see nothing in the ode which alludes to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I agree in opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was very fond of pleasure to marry.

The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater steadiness inaccessibility than can ever result from the tenderest unions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram which bears some similitude to this ode:—

Læte compositus, vix prima silentia noctis  
Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;  
Cum me servus Amor pressum, sursumque capillis  
Excitat, et lacertum pervigilare jubet.  
Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellis,  
Sedus Io, solus, dare jacere potes?  
Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicosque soluta,  
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.  
Nunc prospero, nunc ire piget; rursumque redire  
Functet; et pudor est stare via media.  
Nunc secum voces hominum, strepitusque strarum,  
Et volucrum cæsus, turbaque fida canum.

I knew not why, hung chains of lead,  
Pursued me, as I trembling fled;  
And, strange to say, as swift as thought,  
Spite of my pinions, I was caught!  
What does the wanton Fancy mean  
By such a strange, illusive scene?  
I fear she whispers to my breast,  
That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its rest;  
That though my fancy, for a while,  
Hath hung on many a woman's smile,  
I soon dissolv'd each passing vow,  
And ne'er was caught by love till now!

## ODE XXXI.

ARM'D with Hyacinthine rod,  
(Arms enough for such a god,)  
Cupid bade me wing my pace,  
And try with him the rapid race.  
O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,  
By tangled brake and pendent steep,  
With weary foot I panting flee,  
Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.<sup>2</sup>  
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,  
To my lip was faintly flying;<sup>3</sup>  
And now I thought the spark had fled,  
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,

Solus ego ex cunctis pævo somnumque torumque,  
Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupido, tuum.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,  
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,  
When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,  
And forc'd me many a weary way to tread.  
"What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known  
Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"  
I rise and follow; all the night I stray,  
Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way;  
Tracing with naked foot the painful track,  
Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.  
Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd,  
Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard,  
I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,  
Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,  
Wander the world around, unknowing where,  
The slave of love, the victim of despair!

<sup>2</sup> Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew. I have followed those who read *τρυφεύς ἵδρωσιν* for *τρυφεύς ἵδρωσιν*; the former is partly authorised by the MS. which reads *τρυφεύς ἵδρωσιν*.

<sup>3</sup> And now my soul, exhausted, dying, To my lip was faintly flying; &c.] In the original, he says, his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich quoted by Aulus Gellius:—

Τὸν φέρον Ἀγαθὸν φίλου, ἐν χεῖλεσσι σέθεν.  
Ἢλθε γὰρ ἡ ἑλπίς σου ἐκ θαλάσσης σου.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,  
And drink thy breath, in trance divine,  
My soul then flutters to my lip,  
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find a number of those *νεῖμαρσι* of expression, which mark the effluence of the Latin language.

MOORE'S WORKS.

light his breezy pinion,  
 soul from death's dominion;<sup>1</sup>  
 accents half-reproving,  
 "Hou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.<sup>2</sup>

grant bed of leaves,  
 h the myrtle weaves;  
 xury's dream I sink,  
 n of Bacchus drink!  
 ur of revelry  
 all my attendant be —  
 sk, with tunic round  
 and shoulders bound,  
 ver by my side,  
 e racy tide!

wheels that kindling roll,  
 ing to the goal:  
 o feed the wind,  
 twill leave behind.  
 waste the rose's bloom  
 nsensate tomb?  
 eze, or odour's breath,  
 cold sense of death?

ODE XXXIII.<sup>3</sup>

"Twas noon of night, when round the  
 The sullen Bear is seen to roll;  
 And mortals, wearied with the day,  
 Are slumbering all their cares away:  
 An infant, at that dreary hour,  
 Came weeping to my silent bower,  
 And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,  
 To shield him from the midnight air.  
 "And who art thou," I waking cry,  
 "That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"<sup>4</sup>  
 "Ah, gentle sire!" the infant said,  
 "In pity take me to thy shed;  
 Nor fear deceit: a lonely child  
 I wander o'er the gloomy wild.  
 Chill drops the rain, and not a ray  
 Illumes the drear and misty way!"

I heard the baby's tale of woe;  
 I heard the bitter night-winds blow;  
 And sighing for his piteous fate,  
 I trimm'd my lamp and op'd the gate.  
 'Twas Love! the little wand'ring sprite  
 His pinion sparkled through the night.  
 I knew him by his bow and dart;  
 I knew him by my fluttering heart.  
 Fondly I take him in, and raise

That much I fear, the midnight shower  
Has injur'd its elastic power;<sup>1</sup>  
The fatal bow the urchin drew;  
Swift from the string the arrow flew;  
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,  
And to my inmost spirit came!  
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,  
As laughing wild he wing'd away;  
"Fare thee well, for now I know  
The rain has not relax'd my bow;  
It still can send a thrilling dart,  
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ODE XXXIV.<sup>1</sup>

OH thou, of all creation blest,  
Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest  
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops.  
To drink the dew that morning drops,  
And chirp thy song with such a glee,<sup>2</sup>  
That happiest kings may envy thee.  
Whatever decks the velvet field,  
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,  
Whatever buds, whatever blows,  
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.  
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,  
To him thy friendly notes are dear;

<sup>1</sup> In a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper, Raptus has preserved some of the thoughts of our author:—

O que virenti graminis in toro,  
Cicada, blande sidia, et herbidos  
Saltus oberras, otiosos  
Ingeniosa cetero cantas.  
Sua forte adultis floribus incubas,  
Cui caducis ebris scilicet, &c.

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed  
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,  
Reclinest soft, and tun'st thy song,  
The dewy herbs and leaves among!  
Whether thou ly'st on springing flowers,  
Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,  
Or, &c.

See what Lærtius says about grasshoppers, cap. 52. and 163.  
<sup>2</sup> [and chirp thy song with such a glee, &c.] "Some authors have termed (says Madame Decker), that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who says, *οὐκ ἔστιν αἱ γυναῖκες αἱ περὶ τὰς γυναῖκες οὐδ' ἔστιν αὐτὸν αἱ γυναῖκες*;" are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?" This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make a lady my authority for it.

<sup>3</sup> The *Muses love thy shrilly tone*; &c.] Philo, de Animal. Profrat. calls this insect *Μουσικὸς φάλαξ*, the darling of the Muses; and Lucianus *αἰσῶν*, the bird of the Muses; and we find Plato compared for its eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Theon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius:—

Τὸν τῶντων δ' ἤγαυον κλαυθουμένης, ἀλλ' ἀγαρήνην  
Ἐθροῦντος περὶ τὴν ἀστρογάβον, οἱ δ' Ἐσθραῖος  
ἀσθρῶν ἀσθρῶντος οὐκ ἀσθρῶντος ἰσθρῶν.

This last line is borrowed from Homer's *Iliad*, γ, where there occurs the very same simile.

<sup>4</sup> [*Melodious insect, child of earth*.] Longepierre has quoted the first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the *Anthologia*, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan:

For thou art mild as matin dew;  
And still, when summer's flowery hue  
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,  
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;  
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,  
And bless the notes and thee reverse!  
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;<sup>3</sup>  
Apollo calls thee all his own;  
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,  
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

Unworn by age's dim decline,  
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.  
Melodious insect, child of earth,<sup>4</sup>  
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;  
Exempt from every weak decay,  
That withers vulgar frames away;  
With not a drop of blood to stain  
The current of thy purer vein;  
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,  
Thou seem'st—a little deity!

ODE XXXV.<sup>1</sup>

CUPID once upon a bed  
Of roses laid his weary head;

Ἄφροδιτος περὶ τὴν ἄστρογάβον, ἀλλὰ τῶντων  
Ἰσθρῶντος οὐκ ἰσθρῶντος.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,  
The gay Cicada slipping floats;  
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings  
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

<sup>3</sup> Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth *Idyll*; but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and naïveté of expression. Spenser, in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude, begins thus:—

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering  
All in his mother's lap;  
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,  
About him flew by hap, &c. &c.

In Almelooven's collection of epigrams, there is one by Luxorius, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauties of inimitable grace. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for introducing here another of Menage's Anacreontics, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of the same natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved:—

Ἐρως παρ' ἐν χορείαις  
Τὸν κερθάνων αὐτοῦ,  
Τὴν μὲν φίλων Κορινθίαν,  
Ὅς εἶδεν, ὅς πρὸς αὐτὴν  
Προσέβραμεν ἄστρογάβον  
Διθύραξ τε χερσὶν αὐτῶν  
Φάλαξ μὲν, μύτιος, ἰσθρῶν.  
Καλομένην Κορινθίαν,  
Μύτιος, ἀσθρῶντος.  
Ὅς κερθάνων μὲν οὐκ ἔστιν.  
Κ' αὐτὸς δὲ διθύραξ, ἰσθρῶντος,  
Ὅς ἰσθρῶντος κλαυθουμένης.

MOORE'S WORKS.

not to see  
 a slumbering bee;  
 — with anger wild  
 and stung the child.  
 us are his cries;  
 k he runs, he flies;  
 — I am wounded through—  
 — in sooth I do!  
 little angry thing,  
 on a tiny wing—  
 for once, I know,  
 e call it so.”  
 and she the while  
 h a soothing smile;  
 y infant, if so much  
 little wild-bee's touch,  
 heart, ah, Cupid! be,  
 art that's stung by thee!”

ODE XXXVI.

d possess'd the power  
 fe's too fleeting hour,  
 from the hand of death  
 a moment's breath,  
 ove the precious ore!  
 ar should swell my store;

I might, by bribes, my doom delay,  
 And bid him call some distant day.  
 But, since, not all earth's golden store  
 Can buy for us one bright hour more,  
 Why should we vainly mourn our fate  
 Or sigh at life's uncertain date?  
 Nor wealth nor grandeur can illumine  
 The silent midnight of the tomb.  
 No—give to others hoarded treasures—  
 Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;  
 The goblet rich, the board of friends,  
 Whose social souls the goblet blends;<sup>1</sup>  
 And mine, while yet I've life to live,  
 Those joys that love alone can give.

ODE XXXVII.

'Twas night, and many a circling bow  
 Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul;  
 As lull'd in slumber I was laid,  
 Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd.  
 With maidens, blooming as the dawn,  
 I seem'd to skim the opening lawn;  
 Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,  
 We flew, and sported as we flew!



Saw me chasing, free and wild,  
 These blooming maids, and slyly smil'd;  
 Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,  
 Though none could doubt they envied me.  
 And still I flew—and now had caught  
 The panting nymphs, and fondly thought  
 To gather from each rosy lip  
 A kiss that Jove himself might sip—  
 When sudden all my dream of joys,  
 Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,  
 All were gone!—“Alas!” I said,  
 Sighing for th' illusion fled,  
 “Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,  
 Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!”<sup>1</sup>

ODE XXXVIII.<sup>2</sup>

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,  
 Let us raise the song of soul  
 To him, the god who loves so well  
 The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell;  
 The god who taught the sons of earth  
 To thrud the tangled dance of mirth;  
 Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,  
 And cradled in the Paphian grove;  
 Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms  
 So oft has fondled in her arms.<sup>3</sup>  
 Oh 'tis from him the transport flows,  
 Which sweet intoxication knows;  
 With him, the brow forgets its gloom,  
 And brilliant graces learn to bloom.

Behold!—my boys a goblet bear,  
 Whose sparkling foam lights up the air.  
 Where are now the tear, the sigh?  
 To the winds they fly, they fly!

Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking!  
 Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!  
 Say, can the tears we lend to thought  
 In life's account avail us aught?  
 Can we discern with all our lore,  
 The path we've yet to journey o'er?  
 Alas, alas, in ways so dark,  
 'Tis only wine can strike a spark!<sup>4</sup>  
 Then let me quaff the foamy tide,  
 And through the dance meandering glide;  
 Let me imbibe the spicy breath  
 Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death;  
 Or from the lips of love inhale  
 A more ambrosial, richer gale!  
 To hearts that court the phantom Care,  
 Let him retire and shroud him there;  
 While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,  
 And swell the choral song of soul  
 To him, the god who loves so well  
 The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,  
 Tripping through the dance of joy!  
 How I love the mellow sage,  
 Smiling through the veil of age!  
 And whene'er this man of years  
 In the dance of joy appears,  
 Snows may o'er his head be flung,  
 But his heart—his heart is young.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Was sudden all my dream of joys,  
 Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,  
 All were gone!* “Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same  
 words that Anacreon uses,—

Εγρηγορε δε  
 Νηπιονος σου σκεπη, και φιδες νηδης ιουβενος.”

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,  
 The nymph had fled from his arms;  
 Again to slumber he essay'd,  
 Again to clasp the shadowy maid. LONGEPIERRE.

<sup>2</sup> “Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,  
 Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!”] Doctor Johnson, in his  
 notice to Shakespeare, animadverting upon the commentators of  
 that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought,  
 to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following  
 words to the line of Anacreon before us:—“I have been told that  
 when Callima, after a pleasing dream, says, ‘I cried to sleep again,’  
 the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the  
 same wish on the same occasion.”

<sup>3</sup> “Compare with this beautiful ode to Bacchus the verses of  
 Rapsara, lib. v. ‘das Gesellschafliche;’ and of Bürger, p. 51, &c.  
 &c.—Dagen.

<sup>4</sup> *Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms  
 So oft has fondled in her arms.*] Robertellus, upon the epitheta-  
 mium of Cythera, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cythera,  
 he names of *Venus, upon the shadowy form of Cythera*, which seems to hint  
 at “Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed.”

<sup>5</sup> *Alas, alas, in ways so dark,  
 'Tis only wine can strike a spark!*] The brevity of life allows  
 arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among  
 many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall  
 content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia.

Λουσαμενοι, Πρωινη, νηπιονομολοι, και τον αρατρον  
 “Ελευμεν, σπυλικας μερινας αραμενοι,  
 Ρωσος ε χαριστοτερον οστι βιος, οισα τα λουσα  
 Τηρας αλκοουσι, και το γυλος θαυματος.

Of which the following is a paraphrase:—  
 Let's fly, my love, from noonday's beam,  
 To plunge us in yon cooling stream;  
 Then, hastening to the festal bower,  
 We'll pass in mirth the evening hour;  
 'Tis thus our age of bliss shall fly,  
 As sweet, though passing as that sigh,  
 Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,  
 “Come, while you may, of rapture sip.  
 For age will steal the graceful form,  
 Will chill the pulse, while throbbing warm;  
 And death—alas! that heart, which thrill  
 Like youth and mine, should o'er be still!

<sup>5</sup> *Snows may o'er his head be flung,  
 But his heart—his heart is young.*] Saint Favin makes the  
 same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl.  
 Je sais bien que les destinees  
 Ont mal compeé nos années;

MOORE'S WORKS.

ODE XL.

Heaven hath sent me here  
 mortal life's career;  
 which I have journey'd o'er,  
 more — alas! no more;  
 path I've yet to go,  
 how nor ask to know.  
 wizard Care, nor think  
 round this soul to link;  
 heart that feels with me  
 be a slave to thee!<sup>1</sup>  
 fore the vital thrill,  
 pulses at my heart, is still,  
 my's luxuriant flowers,  
 th bliss my fading hours;  
 all bid my winter bloom,  
 dance me to the tomb!<sup>2</sup>

ODE XLI.

g adorns the dewy scene,  
 o walk the velvet green,  
 e west wind's gentle sighs,  
 scented mead it flies!  
 o mark the pouting vine,

Or sit in some cool, green recess —  
 Oh, is not this true happiness?

ODE XLII.<sup>1</sup>

YES, be the glorious revel mine,  
 Where humour sparkles from the wine.  
 Around me, let the youthful choir  
 Respond to my enlivening lyre;  
 And while the red cup foams along,  
 Mingle in soul as well as song.  
 Then, while I sit, with flow'rets crown'd,  
 To regulate the goblet's round,  
 Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,  
 Be seated smiling by my side,  
 And earth has not a gift or power  
 That I would envy, in that hour.  
 Envy! — oh never let its blight  
 Touch the gay hearts met here to-night.  
 Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,  
 Nor harsh dispute, nor discord's sounds  
 Disturb a scene, where all should be  
 Attuned to peace and harmony.

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note  
 Upon the breeze inspiring float,  
 While round us, kindling into love,

ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed  
 Freshness o'er each fervid head,  
 With many a cup and many a smile  
 The festal moments we beguile.  
 And while the harp, impassion'd, flings  
 Tuneful raptures from its strings,<sup>1</sup>  
 Some airy nymph, with graceful bound,  
 Keeps measure to the music's sound ;  
 Waving, in her snowy hand,  
 The leafy Bacchanalian wand,  
 Which, as the tripping wanton flies,  
 Trembles all over to her sighs.  
 A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,  
 Floating on the listless air,  
 Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,  
 A tale of woe, alas, his own ;  
 And oh, the sadness in his sigh,  
 As o'er his lip the accents die !<sup>2</sup>  
 Never sure on earth has been  
 Half so bright, so blest a scene.  
 It seems as Love himself had come  
 To make this spot his chosen home ;<sup>3</sup> —  
 And Venus, too, with all her wiles,  
 And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,  
 All, all are here, to hail with me  
 The Genius of Festivity !<sup>4</sup>



<sup>1</sup> And while the harp, impassion'd, flings  
*Tuneful raptures from its strings, &c.*] Respecting the barbiton a host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients. The authors so extant upon the subject are, I imagine, little understood ; and certainly if one of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the euboharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody ; for this is a nicety of progression, of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus, attributed to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where it is called το εβρημα του ανακρεοντος. Neanthes of Cyzicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same. Vide Chabot, in Horat. on the words " Lesboum barbiton," in the first ode.

<sup>2</sup> And oh, the sadness in his sigh,  
 As o'er his lip the accents die !] Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia : —

Καρην τις μ' εβλεπον υποδεντρον χιλιονον θυρακι.  
 Πικρα μιν το φιλιαμα, το γαρ στομα νεκταρος εστιν.  
 Ηεν ραβδον το φιλιαμα, υψων τον φροντα στυγασσο.

Of which the following paraphrase may give some idea : —

The kiss that she left on my lip,  
 Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie ;  
 'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,  
 'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh.

• Collected by Melibomius.

ODE XLIV.<sup>5</sup>

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,  
 Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,  
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,  
 Till with crimson drops they weep.  
 Twine the rose, the garland twine,  
 Every leaf distilling wine ;  
 Drink and smile, and learn to think  
 That we were born to smile and drink.  
 Rose, thou art the sweetest flower  
 That ever drank the amber shower ;  
 Rose, thou art the fondest child  
 Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.  
 Even the Gods, who walk the sky,  
 Are amorous of thy scented sigh.  
 Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,  
 His hair with rosy fillet braids,  
 When with the blushing, sister Graces,  
 The wanton winding dance he traces.<sup>6</sup>  
 Then bring me, showers of roses bring,  
 And shed them o'er me while I sing,  
 Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,  
 Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,  
 I lead some bright nymph through the dance,<sup>7</sup>  
 Commingling soul with every glance.

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,  
 I cradle all my woes to sleep.

From the moment she printed that kiss,  
 Nor reason, nor rest has been mine ;  
 My whole soul has been drunk with the bliss,  
 And feels a delirium divine !

<sup>5</sup> It seems as Love himself had come  
 To make this spot his chosen home ; —] The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

<sup>6</sup> All, all are here, to hail with me  
 The Genius of Festivity !] Κημος, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures, gives a very lively description of this god.

<sup>7</sup> This spirited poem is a eulogy on the rose ; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is fancifully styled " the eye of flowers ;" and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse " the roses of Pieria." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

" Compare with this ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Ur, ' die Rose.' "

<sup>6</sup> When with the blushing, sister Graces,  
 The wanton winding dance he traces.] " This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon." — Degen.

<sup>7</sup> I lead some bright nymph through the dance, &c.] The epithet *Αυδωδωτος*, which he gives to the nymph, is literally " full-bosomed."

MOORE'S WORKS.

ve breathe the sigh of fear,  
 navailing tear ?  
 l never heed the sigh,  
 the tearful eye ;  
 t sparkle, eyes that weep,  
 be sealed in sleep.  
 ever vainly stray,  
 horns, from pleasure's way ;<sup>1</sup>  
 aff the rosy wave,  
 us loves, which Bacchus gave ;  
 oblet, rich and deep,  
 ying woes to sleep.

ODE XLVI.<sup>2</sup>

young, the rosy Spring,  
 breeze her scented wing ;  
 Graces, warm with May,  
 er her dewy way.<sup>3</sup>  
 ng billows of the deep  
 h'd into silent sleep ;<sup>4</sup>  
 he flitting sea-birds lave  
 in the reflecting wave ;  
 from hoary winter fly  
 a kinder sky.  
 al star of day  
 murky clouds away ;

All along the branches creeping,  
 Through the velvet foliage peeping,  
 Little infant fruits we see,  
 Nursing into luxury.

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,  
 Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,  
 As deep as any stripling fair,  
 Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear  
 And if, amidst the wanton crew,  
 I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,  
 Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand  
 Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,  
 But brandishing a rosy flask,<sup>5</sup>  
 The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask !<sup>7</sup>

Let those, who pant for Glory's char  
 Embrace her in the field of arms ;  
 While my inglorious, placid soul  
 Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl.  
 Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,  
 And bathe me in its brimming wave.  
 For though my fading years decay,  
 Though manhood's prime hath pass'd

ODE XLVIII.

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep,  
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.  
Talk of monarchs! I am then  
Richest, happiest, first of men;  
Careless o'er my cup I sing,  
Fancy makes me more than king;  
Gives me wealthy Cæsus' store,  
Can I, can I wish for more?  
On my velvet couch reclining,  
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,<sup>1</sup>  
While my soul expands with glee,  
What are kings and crowns to me?  
If before my feet they lay,  
I would spurn them all away!  
Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,  
Hasten to the sanguine fight;<sup>2</sup>  
But let me, my budding vine!  
Spill no other blood than thine.  
Yonder brimming goblet see,  
That alone shall vanquish me—  
Who think it better, wiser far  
To fall in banquet than in war.

ODE XLIX.<sup>3</sup>

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,  
The rosy harbinger of joy,  
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,  
Thaws the winter of our soul<sup>4</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> *Ivy leaves my brow entwining, &c.* "The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Montfaucon), because he formerly lay hid under its tree, or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine." Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in ornaments at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, &c. &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Arm ye, arm ye, men of might, Hasten to the sanguine fight;* I have adopted the interpretation of Baginier and others:—

Altri segue Marte fero;  
Che sol Bacco è l' mio conforto.

<sup>3</sup> This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely chæsons à boire;—the effusions probably of the moment of conviviality, and afterwards sung, we may imagine, with rapture throughout Greece. But that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can now be little felt even by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

<sup>4</sup> *Who, with the sunshine of the bowl, Thaws the winter of our soul—&c.* *Ανασσο* is the title which he gave to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance that Pitarck mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for *Λευ* (one of the hebraical cries), and accordingly supposed that they worshipped *Bacchus*.

<sup>5</sup> Fisher thinks this Ode spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, "it smells of Anacreon." The form of the original is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrains stanzas, each beginning with the line

Οὐ γὰρ ἔτις τὸν οὐρανὸν

When to my inmost core he glides,  
And bathes it with his ruby tides,  
A flow of joy, a lively heat,  
Fires my brain, and wings my feet,  
Calling up round me visions known  
To lovers of the bowl alone.

Sing, sing, of love, let music's sound  
In melting cadence float around,  
While, my young Venus, thou and I  
Responsive to its murmurs sigh.  
Then, waking from our blissful trance,  
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODE L.<sup>5</sup>

WHEN wine I quaff, before my eyes  
Dreams of poetic glory rise;<sup>6</sup>  
And freshen'd by the goblet's dews,  
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.  
When wine I drink, all sorrow's o'er;  
I think of doubts and fears no more;  
But scatter to the railing wind  
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.  
When I drink wine, th' ethereal boy,  
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;  
And while we dance through vernal bowers,<sup>7</sup>  
Whose ev'ry breath comes fresh from flowers  
In wine he makes my senses swim,  
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!

Again I drink,—and, lo, there seems  
A calmer light to fill my dreams;

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines. "Compare with this poem (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v., 'der Wein,' where that divine poet has wanted in the praises of wine."

<sup>6</sup> *When wine I quaff, before my eyes Dreams of poetic glory rise;* "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry." We find an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:—

Ὅταν τοὶ χαριέντι μὲνος πλεῖς ἴσῃς αἰσθη,  
Υἱὸν θεῶν, καλὸν οὐ τεκοῦς εὖρος.

If with water you fill up your glasses,  
You'll never write anything wise;  
For wine's the true horse of Parnassus,  
Which carries a bard to the skies!

<sup>7</sup> *And while we dance through vernal bowers, &c.* If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution, with regard to *καλυπθέντων μ' ἐν εὐνοῖαι*, "Cave ne caelum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy by such extravagant conceptions as the following:—

Quand je bois, mon œil s' imagine  
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers  
Bacchus m'emporte dans les airs,  
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this:—

Indi mi mena  
Mentre lieto ebro, deliro,  
Baccho in giro  
Per la vaga aura serena.

MOORE'S WORKS.

I spread  
 and my head;  
 sing "how blest  
 at rest!"  
 wine again,  
 its train;  
 round me rise,  
 woman's sighs,  
 me and form,  
 swarm,  
 beauty seems  
 ed dreams!  
 heart refines,  
 lines;

rits know,  
 lers, round the bowl  
 v young in soul!  
 oy is mine,  
 op of wine.  
 ve known,  
 y own;  
 e'er destroy,  
 ll my joy.

L<sup>3</sup>

f snow,

Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,  
 Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!  
 See, in yonder flowery braid,  
 Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,  
 How the rose, of orient glow,  
 Mingles with the lily's snow;  
 Mark, how sweet their tints agree,  
 Just, my girl, like thee and me!

ODE LIL.\*

AWAY, away, ye men of rules,  
 What have I to do with schools?  
 They'd make me learn, they'd make me think  
 But would they make me love and drink?  
 Teach me this, and let me swim  
 My soul upon the goblet's brim;  
 Teach me this, and let me twine  
 Some fond, responsive heart to mine,\*  
 For age begins to blanch my brow,  
 I've time for nought but pleasure now.

Fly, and cool my goblet's glow  
 At yonder fountain's gelid flow;  
 I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink  
 This soul to slumber as I drink.  
 Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,  
 X

ODE LIII.

WHEN I behold the festive train  
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!  
Memory wakes her magic trance,  
And wings me lightly through the dance.  
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!  
Cull the flower and twine the braid;  
Bid the blush of summer's rose  
Burn upon my forehead's snows;<sup>1</sup>  
And let me, while the wild and young  
Trip the mazy dance along,  
Fling my heap of years away,  
And be as wild, as young, as they.  
Hither haste, some cordial soul!  
Help to my lips the brimming bowl;  
And you shall see this hoary sage  
Forget at once his locks and age.  
He still can chant the festive hymn,  
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;<sup>2</sup>  
As deeply quaff, as largely fill,  
And play the fool right nobly still.



<sup>1</sup> *Bid the blush of summer's rose*  
Burn upon my forehead's snows; &c.] Lloetus, in his Hieroglyphica, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls to his attendants for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur flores coronas poetis et potentibus in symposio convenire, non autem sapientibus et philosophis affectantibus."—"It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152nd chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus, as fallen off; which distinguished, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. Such is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators!

<sup>2</sup> *He still can kiss the goblet's brim; &c.]* Wine is prescribed by Galen, as an excellent medicine for old men; "Quod frigidus et humeribus expletis calefaciat, &c.;" but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenæus, which says, "that wine makes an old man dance, whether he will or not."

Δραγὸς οὐτ' ἀρχαῖος, οὐ κακὸς οἶνος,  
Ὅπως λαγοῦσι τὸν γέροντα, ἢ παῖρα,  
Πάθει χροῖον ἐν βίοντι.

<sup>3</sup> *This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa.*—*Madame Dacier.*

It may probably have been a description of one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib. vi. cap. 22. "Sidonii numismata cum fœmina tauri dorso insidente ac mare transvolante cœdunt in ejus honorem." In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarté, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa. The poet Moschus has left a very beautiful idyl on the story of Europa.

<sup>4</sup> *No: he descends from climes above,  
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!* Thus Moschus:—  
Καθὼς θεὸς καὶ τρέφει θεῖμος καὶ γαστὴρ τιμωρὸς.  
The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,  
And a bull's skin belied th' almighty Jove.

ODE LIV.<sup>3</sup>

METHINKS, the pictur'd bull we see  
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!  
How fondly blest he seems to bear  
That fairest of Phœnician fair!  
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,  
And spurns the billowy surge aside!  
Could any beast of vulgar vein  
Undaunted thus defy the main?  
No: he descends from climes above,  
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!<sup>4</sup>



ODE LV.<sup>5</sup>

WHILE we invoke the wreathed spring,  
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing:<sup>6</sup>  
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers;  
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,  
Enchants so much our mortal eye.  
When pleasure's spring-tide season glows,  
The Graces love to wreath the rose;  
And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves,<sup>7</sup>  
An emblem of herself perceives.  
Oft hath the poet's magic tongue  
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful."

From the idea of peculiar excellence, which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, *ῥόδον ἄ' ἀρετῆς*, "You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat similar to the "dire des fleurées" of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the word *ῥόδον*, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Gualpinus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus. Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose:—

Jam te igitur rurus teneo, formosula, jam te  
(Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo. Eleg. 8.

Now I again may clasp thee, dearest,  
What is there now, on earth, thou fearest?  
Again these longing arms unfold thee,  
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, but are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us, in the beginning of his poem on the Rose:—

Carmine digna rosa est; vellem caneretur ut illam  
Telus arguta cecinit testudine vates.

<sup>6</sup> *Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing:*] I have passed over the line *ὄν ἄταρ σὺνταίρι μάλιστα*, which is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be an interpolation, if it were not for a line which occurs afterwards: *φῆρ δὲ φῶνι λεγόμενα*.

<sup>7</sup> *And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves, &c.]* Belleau, in a note upon an old French poet, quoting the original here *ἀφ' ὀφθαλμοῦ τ' ἀθύρμα*, translates it, "comme les délices et mignardises de Venus."

<sup>8</sup> *Oft hath the poet's magic tongue  
The rose's fair luxuriance sung; &c.]* The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited in the romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. *Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ ἠδίκῳ ἔχει τὸν ἐπιθετικὸν βασιλεῖα, το ῥόδον ἀν τῶν ἀκτιῶν βασιλεῖα. γῆς οὐτὶ ἀσπόμενος, φῆρ δὲ φῶνι λεγόμενα, ἠδὲ μὲν ἀφ' ὀφθαλμοῦ τ' ἀθύρμα, καλλῶν*

MOORE'S WORKS.

Muses, heavenly maids,  
 In their tuneful shades.  
 Early glance of morn,  
 The glittering thorn,  
 Are the tangled fence,  
 And flow'ret thence,  
 Tender hand away  
 In its blushes lay!  
 Hold the infant stems,  
 With Aurora's gems,  
 And the spicy sighs  
 Weeping buds arise.

Reigns, when mirth is high,  
 Beams in every eye,  
 Scent exhale,  
 Calm the fainting gale.  
 In nature bright or gay,  
 Not shed their ray.  
 Paints the orient skies,  
 And with roseate dyes;<sup>1</sup>  
 Betray the rose's hue,  
 As it kindles through.  
 Warm it glows,  
 With the living snows.

Is a healing balm,  
 Ease of pain to calm;

Preserves the cold inurned clay,<sup>2</sup>  
 And mocks the vestige of decay:<sup>3</sup>  
 And when at length, in pale decline,  
 Its florid beauties fade and pine,  
 Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath  
 Diffuses odour even in death!<sup>4</sup>  
 Oh! whence could such a plant have sprang  
 Listen, — for thus the tale is sung.  
 When, humid, from the silvery stream,  
 Effusing beauty's warmest beam,  
 Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,  
 Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;  
 When, in the starry courts above,  
 The pregnant brain of mighty Jove  
 Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance,  
 The nymph who shakes the martial lance  
 Then, then, in strange eventful hour,  
 The earth produc'd an infant flower,  
 Which sprung, in blushing glories dress  
 And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.  
 The gods beheld this brilliant birth,  
 And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!  
 With nectar drops, a ruby tide,  
 The sweetly orient buds they dyed,<sup>5</sup>  
 And bade them bloom, the flowers divine  
 Of him who gave the glorious vine;  
 And bade them on the spangled thorn  
 Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ἡρόδιτον πρότερον, συνεδρεῖ φάλλος κομῆ, συνεδρεῖ

prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in an



ODE LVII.<sup>1</sup>

nects the youthful crew  
 n in the brimmer's dew,  
 cloy'd by rich excesses,  
 hat wine possesses;  
 res the youth to bound  
 h the dance's round,—  
 god again is here,  
 ng the blushing year;  
 year with vintage teems,  
 i those cordial streams,  
 ling in the cup of mirth,  
 : sons of earth!<sup>2</sup>

i the ripe and vermeil wine, —  
 f the pregnant vine,  
 i mellow clusters swells, —  
 bursts its roseate cells,  
 oyous stream shall flow,  
 ery mortal woe!  
 then cast down or weak,  
 d joy shall light each cheek;  
 then desponding sigh,  
 l bid despondence fly.  
 other autumn's glow  
 her vintage flow.

ODE LVIII.<sup>3</sup>

he artist hand that spread  
 k the ocean's bed?<sup>4</sup>

his elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib. i. 'Die

one of the hymns which were sung at the  
 of the vintage; one of the *ενδρασιον ὕμνοι*, as  
 is them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot  
 everence for these classic relics of the religion  
 may be supposed to have written the nine-  
 od book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for  
 lebration of this kind.

*in the cup of mirth.*

s of earth? In the original *ωρον αεθρον*  
 er thinks that the poet here had the *νεπηθέ*  
 ad. *Odyssey*, lib. iv. This *νεπηθέ* was a  
 e charm, infused by Helen into the wine of  
 d the power of dispelling every anxiety. A  
 r, conjectures that this spell, which made the  
 as the charm of Helen's conversation. See

animated description of a picture of Venus  
 presented the goddess in her first emergence  
 out two centuries after our poet wrote, the  
 velles embellished this subject, in his famous  
 Anadyomené, the model of which, as Pliny  
 antiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander;  
 Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16. It was Phryne  
 the face and breast of this Venus.

imishes in the reading of the ode before us,  
 l Faber, Heyne, Brunck, &c. to denounce the  
 as. But, "non ero paucis offender maculis."  
 stful enough to be authentic.

*let hand that spread*

ocean's bed? The abruptness of *απα τις* is  
 expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of

And, in a flight of fancy, high  
 As aught on earthly wing can fly,  
 Depicted thus, in semblance warm,  
 The Queen of Love's voluptuous form  
 Floating along the silv'ry sea  
 In beauty's naked majesty!  
 Oh! he hath given th' enamour'd sight  
 A witching banquet of delight,  
 Where, gleaming through the waters clear,  
 Glimpses of undreamt charms appear,  
 And all that mystery loves to screen,  
 Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen.<sup>5</sup>

Light as the leaf, that on the breeze,  
 Of summer skims the glassy seas,  
 She floats along the ocean's breast,  
 Which undulates in sleepy rest;  
 While stealing on, she gently pillows  
 Her bosom on the heaving billows.  
 Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose,<sup>6</sup>  
 Her neck, like April's sparkling snows,  
 Illume the liquid path she traces,  
 And burn within the stream's embraces.  
 Thus on she moves, in languid pride,  
 Encircled by the azure tide,  
 As some fair lily o'er a bed  
 Of violets bends its graceful head.

Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,  
 The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,  
 Bearing in triumph young Desire,<sup>7</sup>  
 And infant Love with smiles of fire!  
 While, glittering through the silver waves,  
 The tenants of the briny caves

those beauties which we cannot but admire in their source, though,  
 by frequent imitation, they are now become familiar and unim-  
 pressive.

<sup>5</sup> *And all that mystery loves to screen,*

*Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen, &c.]* The picture here has all  
 the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and affords a  
 happy specimen of what the poetry of passion ought to be — glowing  
 but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment.  
 Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description,  
 which, like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, is  
 impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

<sup>6</sup> *Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose, &c.]* "Ροζωον (says an  
 anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom."  
 Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former  
 has the expression,

En hic in roseis latet papillis.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, &c.

Crotius, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too  
 vague a use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes:—  
 "e roseis oculis."

<sup>7</sup> *young Desire, &c.]* In the original *Ιουδοον*, who was  
 the same deity with Jocus among the Romans. Aurelius Augustinus  
 has a poem beginning—

Invitat olim Bacchus ad comam suos  
 Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated:—

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,  
 A noble meal bespoke us;  
 And for the guests that were to dine,  
 Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, &c.

MOORE'S WORKS.

to their gambols play,  
 the watery way.



ODE LVIII.<sup>1</sup>

As fleet as zephyr's pinion,  
 Faithless minion,<sup>2</sup>  
 He flies me ever,<sup>3</sup>  
 ? never, never!  
 Deserter go,  
 Hurt his direst foe?  
 My lighten'd mind  
 Telling gold confin'd,  
 Such clinging cares,  
 To the vagrant airs.  
 The Muse's spell,  
 The dulcet shell,  
 See more, to beauty sings,  
 Lives along the strings!

As my heart been taught  
 Deserves a thought,  
 We returns once more,  
 Gifts delicious store  
 Of your genial art  
 To the anxious heart.

Well do I know thy arts, thy wiles —  
 They wither'd Love's young wreathed smiles  
 And o'er his lyre such darkness shed,  
 I thought its soul of song was fled!  
 They dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,  
 Was fill'd with kisses to the brim.<sup>4</sup>  
 Go — fly to haunts of sordid men,  
 But come not near the bard again.  
 Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,  
 Scares from her bower the tuneful maid;  
 And not for worlds would I forego  
 That moment of poetic glow,  
 When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,  
 Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.  
 Away, away! to worldlings hence,  
 Who feel not this diviner sense;  
 Give gold to those who love that pest, —  
 But leave the poet poor and blest.



ODE LIX.<sup>5</sup>

RIPEN'D by the solar beam,  
 Now the ruddy clusters teem,  
 In osier baskets borne along  
 By all the festal vintage throng  
 Of rosy youths and virgins fair,

ey drink, with all their eyes,  
le that sparkling flies,  
ecchus, born in mirth,  
tands by, to hail the birth.

hose verging years decline  
the vale as mine,  
les the vintage-cup,  
wing'd from earth spring up,  
nees, the fresh air  
ing through his silvery hair.  
ung groups whom love invites,  
rivaling wine's delights,  
arm, the shadowy grove,  
words and looks of love,  
lovers look and say,  
t moonlight hours away.<sup>1</sup>

ODE LX.<sup>2</sup>

, my sleeping shell,  
t thy numbers swell;  
o glorious prize be thine,  
reath around thee twine,  
r is glory's hour  
gathers wisdom's flower.  
ee from thy voiceless slumbers,  
ft and Phrygian numbers,  
lingly, my lips repeat,  
rom thy chord as sweet.  
wan, with fading notes,  
yster's current floats,  
is breezes linger round,  
onsive sound for sound.

Lyre! illumine my dream,  
is my fancy's theme;

sted with the original need hardly be reminded  
cluding verses, I have thought right to give  
uning of my author, leaving the details un-

illo is supposed not to have been written by  
adoubtedly rather a sublimer flight than the  
med to soar. But, in a poet of whose works  
as reached us, diversity of style is by no means  
ve knew Horace but as a satirist, should we  
uld dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas  
ote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them.  
at an altered and imperfect state his works  
re find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode  
f Anacreon.

r, timid maid  
the kindly shade, &c.] Original:—  
το μεν κενεφευρα κεντρον,  
βουνοισ δ' αμειβε μαρτυρον.

no here has a double force, as it also signifies  
em, quam sanctus Numa, &c. &c." (See Mar-  
firm this import of the word here, those who  
dings, may place the stop after φωνου, thus:—

το μεν κενεφευρα κεντρον  
βουνοισ, δ' αμειβε μαρτυρον.

And hallow'd is the harp I bear,  
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,  
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,  
Who modulates the choral maze.  
I sing the love which Daphne twin'd  
Around the godhead's yielding mind;  
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight  
From this ethereal son of Light;  
And how the tender, timid maid  
Flew trembling to the kindly shade,<sup>3</sup>  
Resign'd a form, alas, too fair,  
And grew a verdant laurel there;  
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,  
In terror seem'd to tremble still!  
The god pursu'd, with wing'd desire;  
And when his hopes were all on fire,  
And when to clasp the nymph he thought,  
A lifeless tree was all he caught;  
And, stead of sighs that pleasure heaves,  
Heard but the west-wind in the leaves!

But, pause, my soul, no more, no more—  
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?  
This sweetly madd'ning dream of soul  
Hath hurried me beyond the goal.  
Why should I sing the mighty darts  
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,  
When ah, the song, with sweeter tone,  
Can tell the darts that wound my own?  
Still be Anacreon, still inspire  
The descant of the Teian lyre:<sup>4</sup>  
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,  
Distilling love in every note!  
And when some youth, whose glowing soul  
Has felt the Paphian star's control,  
When he the liquid lays shall hear,  
His heart will flutter to his ear,  
And drinking there of song divine,  
Banquet on intellectual wine!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Still be Anacreon, still inspire

*The descant of the Teian lyre.*] The original is *Τὸ ἀνακρεοντικὸν μέτρον*. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though, I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

*Τὸ ἀνακρεοντικὸν μέτρον*, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality, too, with some little reserve, we need not blush, I think, to follow in his footsteps. For, if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing? When we think of the sentiment in those lines:—

Away! I hate the slanderous dart,  
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,

how many are there in the world, to whom we would wish to say,

<sup>5</sup> Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS., whose authority helps to confirm the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number, which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius

MOORE'S WORKS.

ODE LXI.<sup>1</sup>

As endearing charms are fled ;  
 As locks deform my head ;  
 As graces, dalliance gay,  
 As flowers of life decay.<sup>2</sup>  
 As young age begins to trace  
 As memorials o'er my face ;  
 As youth has shed its sweetest bloom,  
 As future must be gloom.  
 As this that sets me sighing ;  
 As this is the thought of dying !<sup>3</sup>  
 As and dismal is the road  
 As to Pluto's dark abode ;  
 As when once the journey's o'er,  
 As we can return no more !<sup>4</sup>

ODE LXII.<sup>5</sup>

As e, boy, as deep a draught,  
 As was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd ;  
 As the water amply flow,  
 As the grape's intemperate glow ;<sup>6</sup>  
 As the fiery god be single,  
 As with the nymphs in union mingle.

For though the bowl's the grave of  
 Ne'er let it be the birth of madness.  
 No, banish from our board to-night  
 The revelries of rude delight ;  
 To Scythians leave these wild excesses  
 Ours be the joy that soothes and bliss  
 And while the temperate bowl we  
 In concert let our voices breathe,  
 Beguiling every hour along  
 With harmony of soul and song.

ODE LXIII.<sup>7</sup>

To Love, the soft and blooming child  
 I touch the harp in descant wild ;  
 To Love, the babe of Cyprian bow  
 The boy, who breathes and blushes  
 To Love, for heaven and earth adore  
 And gods and mortals bow before !

ODE LXIV.<sup>8</sup>

HASTE thee, nymph, whose well-air'd  
 Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer

Dian, Jove's immortal child,  
 Huntress of the savage wild!  
 Goddess with the sun-bright hair!  
 Listen to a people's prayer.  
 Turn, to Lethe's river turn,  
 There thy vanquish'd people mourn!<sup>1</sup>  
 Come to Lethe's wavy shore,  
 Tell them they shall mourn no more.  
 Thine their hearts, their altars thine;  
 Must they, Dian—must they pine?

ODE LXV.<sup>2</sup>

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,  
 Maid of Thrace, thou fly'st my courting.  
 Wanton filly! tell me why  
 Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,  
 And seem'st to think my doating heart  
 Is novice in the bridling art?  
 Believe me, girl, it is not so;  
 Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw  
 The reins around that tender form,  
 However wild, however warm.  
 Yes—trust me I can tame thy force,  
 And turn and wind thee in the course.  
 Though, wasting now thy careless hours,  
 Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,  
 Soon shalt thou feel the rein's control,  
 And tremble at the wish'd-for goal!

ODE LXVI.<sup>3</sup>

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,  
 Fairest of all that fairest shine;  
 To thee, who rul'st with darts of fire  
 This world of mortals, young Desire!

And oh! thou nuptial Power, to thee  
 Who bear'st of life the guardian key,  
 Breathing my soul in fervent praise,  
 And weaving wild my votive lays,  
 For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,  
 For thee, thou blushing young Desire,  
 And oh! for thee, thou nuptial Power,  
 Come, and illumine this genial hour.

Look on thy bride, too happy boy,  
 And while thy lambent glance of joy  
 Plays over all her blushing charms,  
 Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,  
 Before the lovely, trembling prey,  
 Like a young birdling, wing away!  
 Turn, Stratocles, too happy youth,  
 Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,  
 And dear to her, whose yielding zone  
 Will soon resign her all thine own.  
 Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,  
 Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh.  
 To those bewitching beauties turn;  
 For thee they blush, for thee they burn.

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,  
 Outblushes all the bloom of bowers,  
 Than she unrivall'd grace discloses,  
 The sweetest rose, where all are roses.  
 Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed  
 His blandest influence o'er thy bed;  
 And foster there an infant tree,  
 To bloom like her, and tower like thee!<sup>4</sup>

ODE LXVII.<sup>5</sup>

RICH in bliss, I proudly scorn  
 The wealth of Amalthea's horn;

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

<sup>1</sup> Turn, to Lethe's river turn.

There thy vanquish'd people mourn [ ] Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander. In its neighbourhood is the city called Magnesia. In favour of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was risen (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some strife, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

<sup>2</sup> This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in various, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all commentators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously through the poem, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates.

Strabo, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and runs us that the horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride. This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodrumus, in that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scollum at nuptial banquets.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, of which and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her *epithalamium* is not one of the least that we deplore. The following are cited as a relic of one of those poems:—

Οὐδὲν γαμβρῶν, οὐδὲ μὲν δι' ἡγάρας δις ἄρα,  
 Καταχέλασθ' ἄρα, δις τὸ πᾶρθεον αἶμα ἄρα.

<sup>4</sup> And foster there an infant tree,  
 To bloom like her, and tower like thee [ ] Original Κουαρτίνος δις ἡγάρας οὐδὲν αἶμα ἄρα. Passeratius, upon the words "cum castum amidst forem," in the Nuptial Song of Catullus, after explaining "flos" in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gaulminius attributes to *ἄρα*, says " Hortum quoque vocant in quo flos ille capitur, et Græcis ἄραρον ἐστὶ τὸ ἐπιβαλεῖν γυναικῶν."

I may remark, in passing, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus, has neglected a most striking and Anacreontic beauty in those verses " Ut flos in septis, &c." which is the repetition of the line. " Muti illum pueri, multas optavere puellas." with the slight alteration of nulli and nullas. Catullus himself, however, has been equally injudicious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; having translated γαμβρῶν ἡγάρας, but omitted all notice of the accompanying charm, δις φερούσας. Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully:

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
 Dulce loquentem.

<sup>5</sup> This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ask to call the throne  
 sian prince my own;<sup>1</sup>  
 ough his train of years,  
 declining fears.  
 r of joy to me  
 l eternity!

ODE LXVIII.<sup>2</sup>

's month our sky deforms,  
 ight-cloud teems with storms;  
 inds, infuriate driven,  
 n the face of heaven!  
 y friends, the gathering gloom  
 rays of wine illumine:  
 wreaths of parsley spread  
 foliage round our head,  
 ' almighty power of wine,  
 tions on his shrine!

ODE LXIX.<sup>3</sup>

ODE LXX.<sup>4</sup>

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,  
 Is all my spare and simple treat:  
 And while a generous bowl I crown  
 To float my little banquet down,  
 I take the soft, the amorous lyre,  
 And sing of love's delicious fire:  
 In mirthful measures warm and free,  
 I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXI.<sup>5</sup>

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung,  
 And while I wake them all for thee,  
 Thou, O maiden, wild and young,  
 Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade  
 Its antler'd mother leaves behind,<sup>6</sup>  
 Is not more wantonly afraid,  
 More timid of the rustling wind!

ODE LXXIII.<sup>1</sup>

AWHILE I bloom'd, a happy flower,  
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,  
And made my tender branches feel  
The wounds of his avenging steel.  
Then lost I fell, like some poor willow  
That falls across the wintry billow!

ODE LXXIV.<sup>2</sup>

MONARCH Love, resistless boy,  
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,  
And nymphs, whose eyes have Heaven's hue,  
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;  
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,  
Which, glowing with entreaty, rise,  
That thou wilt whisper to the breast  
Of her I love thy soft behest;  
And counsel her to learn from thee,  
That lesson thou hast taught to me.  
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,  
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well!

ODE LXXV.

SPIRIT of Love, whose locks unroll'd,  
Stream on the breeze like floating gold;  
Come, within a fragrant cloud  
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;  
And, on those wings that sparkling play,  
Waft, oh, waft me hence away!

Love! my soul is full of thee,  
Alive to all thy luxury.  
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,  
The lovely Lesbian mocks my woe;  
Smiles at the chill and hoary hues,  
That time upon my forehead strews.  
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms  
In store for younger, happier arms!

ODE LXXVI.<sup>4</sup>

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,  
Come and teach thy votary old  
Many a golden hymn divine,  
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,  
Fair thy silky locks unfold;  
Listen to a hoary sage,  
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

ODE LXXVII.<sup>5</sup>

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre,  
Of burnish'd ivory fair,  
Which, in the Dionysian choir,  
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,  
That some bright nymph might hold  
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,  
Herself as pure as gold!

<sup>1</sup> This is to be found in Hephaestion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

I have omitted, from among these scraps, a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, *Καὶ τῆς Ἐσπερίας μέλιτος*, &c. which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, "nil fuit unquam de imperio stult." It is in a style of gross satire, and abounds with expressions that never could be gracefully translated.

<sup>2</sup> A fragment preserved by Dion Chrysostom. *Orat. II. de Regno.* See Barnes, 62.

<sup>3</sup> This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101.), is supposed, on the authority of Chamaeleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some persons have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says), Sappho vit un monde environ cent ou six vint ans avant Anacréon."—*Nouvelles de la Rép. des Lett.* tom. II. de Novembre, 1684. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated to her verses of Anacreon:

Κίμων, οὐ χρυσοθρόνον Μοῦσα ἐπέθηκε  
Ἔμῳ, ἐν τῇ ἀλλοτρίωταίῳ οὐδίας  
Τὴν ἀμείβει ἐν αἰεὶ τῶν ἁγίων  
Πρῶτον ἄγαγε.

Oh Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,  
Full many a hymn of witching tone  
The Teian sage is taught by thee!  
But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,  
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told,  
He lately learn'd and sung for me.

<sup>4</sup> Formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

<sup>5</sup> This is generally inserted among the remains of Alceus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ODE LXXVIII.

sees how thickly now,  
Time fall o'er my brow,  
g of golden light,  
h an eaglet's flight,  
nward seems to say,  
ell, thou'st had thy day!"

---

lamp has lent the ray,  
r life's meandering way,  
thin this bosom stealing,  
a strange, mingled feeling,  
s, though so sadly teasing,  
ough so sweetly pleasing!²

---

n this wretched breath,  
remains to me  
n than kindly death

From dread Leucadia's frowning ste  
I'll plunge into the whitening deep:  
And there lie cold, to death resign'd,  
Since Love intoxicates my mind!⁴

---

Mix me, child, a cup divine,  
Crystal water, ruby wine:  
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,  
O'er my wintry temples blushing.  
Mix the brimmer—Love and I  
Shall no more the contest try.  
Here—upon this holy bowl,  
I surrender all my soul!⁵

---

Among the Epigrams of the Anthologia, are  
some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had  
leted, and originally intended as a sort of C



## ΠΙΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΑ.

ΛΛΟΙ τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος  
 ἄβρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα  
 γαι δ' αργυροετος αναβλιβονται γαλακτος,  
 ευωδες δ' απο γης ἴδου χειροτο μεθου,  
 ρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και οστεα τερψιν αρηται,  
 ει δε τις φθιμενοις χριμπτεται ευφροσυνα,  
 το φιλον στερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν αιδα  
 παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

UNDE the tomb, oh, bard divine!  
 'ere soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,  
 'g may the deathless ivy twine,  
 and summer spread her waste of roses!

l there shall many a fount distill,  
 and many a rill refresh the flowers;  
 wine shall be each purple rill,  
 and every fount be milky showers.

is, shade of him, whom Nature taught  
 'o tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,  
 o gave to love his tenderest thought,  
 Who gave to love his fondest measure,—

us, after death, if shades can feel,  
 'Thou may'st from odours round thee streaming,  
 pulse of past enjoyment steal,  
 And live again in blissful dreaming!'

Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to *Leconte de Poësie Grecque*, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvisatore. See *Institut. Orat. lib. x. cap. 7.* as is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by *Pliny* and others;—and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the *Anthologia*, among which are found these inscriptions on *Anacreon*. These remains have been sometimes imputed to other persons of the same name, of whom *Vossius* gives us the following account:—"Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Cæsaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex istius ejus epigrammate *Anthologias*, lib. iv. tit. εις ορχηστριδας. At in se Bathylizum primos fuisse pantomimos ac sub Augusto clemente, satis notum ex *Dionys.*" &c. &c.

The reader, who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange remark in *Hoffman's* quotation of this article from *Vossius*, viz. *Univer.* By the omission of a sentence he has made *Vossius* write that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime actors in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by *Odinus*, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he who then omits confounds *Brodusius* with another annotator on the *Anthologia*, *Vincencius Obsequens*, who has given a translation of the epigram.

— the Teian swan is laid.] Thus *Horace* of *Pindar*:—

Multa Divæsum levat aura cœcum.

swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. *Anacreon* has been called the swan of *Teos* by another of his eulogists.

Plaqueq; tumen Thessalonicens tribuenda videtur.—*Brasch*, *Notes of Herodotus.*

## ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

ΤΙΜΒΟΣ Ανακρειοντος. ὁ Τηϊος ενθαδε κυκνος  
 Εἶδει, χη παιδων ζωροτατη μανη.  
 Ακμην λειροεντι μελιζεται αμφι Βαθυλλα  
 Ἴμερα· και κισσου λευκος οδωδε λιθος.  
 Ουδ' Αἰδης σοι ερωτας απεσθεσεν, εν δ' Αχεραντος  
 Ων, ὀλος οδινεις Κυκρικι δερμοτερη.

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;  
 Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.<sup>3</sup>  
 Cold, cold that heart, which while on earth it dwelt  
 All the sweet frenzy of love's passion felt.  
 And yet, oh Bard! thou art not mute in death,  
 Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;<sup>2</sup>  
 And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,  
 Green as the ivy round thy mould'ring tomb.  
 Nor yet has death obscur'd thy fire of love,  
 For still it lights thee through the Elysian grove;  
 Where dreams are thine, that bless th' elect alone,  
 And Venus calls thee even in death her own!

## ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφον παρα λιτον Ανακρειοντος αμειβων,  
 Ει τι τοι εκ βιβλων ηλθεν εμων οφελος,  
 Σπεισον εμη σποδιη, σπεισον γανεις, οφρα κεν οινω  
 Οστερα γηθησε ταμα νοτιζομενα,  
 Ὡς ὁ Διονυσου μεμελημενος ουσσι κωμος,  
 Ὡς ὁ φιλακρητου συντροφος ἄρμονιης,

En τοις μελικροις ἴμεροις συντροφον  
 Λυκος Ανακρεοντα, Τηιον κυκνον,  
 Εσφηλας ἔγη νεκταρος μεληδονη.  
 Ευγενιος, *Antholog.*

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd  
 In wine's bewildering dream,  
 The fairest swan that ever play'd  
 Along the Muse's stream!—  
 The Teian, nurs'd with all those honey'd boys,  
 The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lipp'd Joys!

<sup>3</sup> Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;] Thus *Simonides*, speaking of our poet:—

Μολων δ' εν λυθη μελιτωρεος αλλ' ετι κισσω  
 Βαρβιτον ουδε θανων ενωσασιν εν αιδη.  
 Σιμωνιδου, *Antholog.*

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,  
 Though dark within the tomb he lies;  
 But living still, his amorous lute  
 With sleepless animation sighs!

This is the famous *Simonides*, whom *Plato* styled "divine," though *Le Ferre*, in his *Poësie Grecs*, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by *Stobæus*, *Φωνε γυναικων.*

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of *Anacreon* were perfect in the times of *Simonides* and *Antipater*. *Obsequens*, the commentator here, appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane id nequiloquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could not possibly have produced.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ος Βακχου διχα τουτον ἵποσιω  
 πων χωρον αφειλομενον.<sup>1</sup>

If Anacreon's shell  
 Light thy heart to swell,<sup>2</sup>  
 As throb or pleasure's sigh,  
 As wand'ring night  
 A goblet's richest tear<sup>3</sup>  
 Libation here!  
 Sleeping ashes thrill  
 Of enjoyment still.  
 Death can I resign  
 As that once were mine,  
 My pursu'd my ways,  
 Wanton'd to my lays,<sup>4</sup>  
 Could charm no more,  
 Let's bliss were o'er,  
 And once our doom decreed,  
 Could be death indeed;  
 Sink, unblest by wine,  
 Divine!

is supposed to utter these verses from  
 mutatus ab illo," at least in simplicity of

his shell  
 heart to swell, &c.] We may guess from  
 that Anacreon was not merely a writer of  
 such critics have called him. Amongst  
 all his professed admirers, has given

ΤΟΤ ΑΤΤΟΤ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΤΤΟΝ.

ΕΥΔΕΙΣ εν φθιμενοισιν, Ανακρεον, εσθλα πι  
 εδδει δ' ἡ γλυκερη νυκτιγαλος κιθαρα,  
 εἶδει και Σμερδεις, το Ποθων εαρ, ὡ σν μελι  
 βαρβειτ', ανεκρουου νεκταρ εναρμονιον·  
 ηἱδεων γαρ Ερωτος εφυσ σκοπος· ες δε σε μ  
 τοξα τε και σκολιας ειχεν ἐκηβολιας.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their  
 And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;  
 Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lute  
 night,<sup>5</sup>  
 Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

She, too, for whom that harp profusely she  
 The purest nectar of its numbers,<sup>6</sup>  
 She, the young spring of thy desires  
 fled,  
 And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!<sup>7</sup>

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if  
 commended for elegance. He reads the line thus :—

ὡς δ' Διονυσίου λελασμενης ουσσετε κομμου.

See Brunck, Analecta Veter. Poet. Græc. vol. ii.

<sup>5</sup> Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,  
 another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of it  
 represented as not yet silent even after his death.

Well! thou had'st a pulse for every dart<sup>1</sup>  
 At mighty Love could scatter from his  
 quiver;

*well! thou had'st a pulse for every dart, &c.] εως ουραυ, s. cras natura," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely says it.*

*criticus Obscuro, upon this passage, contrives to indulge in a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of scandal about Venus, "male positæ cum Marte in domo I."*

*And each new beauty found in thee a heart, &c.] This couplet otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the sense which Antipater has figuratively expressed.*

*As, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Creon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικων ηγεμον.*

And each new beauty found in thee a heart,  
 Which thou, with all thy heart and soul, didst  
 give her!<sup>2</sup>

*Την δε γυναικων μολον ηδεσθαι τον' αυτος,  
 "Ηδον Ανacreωντα", Τους δε "Ελλας αυτους,  
 Σωμωστων ηρωικον, γυναικων ηγεμονον.*

*Teos gave to Greece her treasure,  
 Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;  
 Fondly weaving lays of pleasure  
 For the maids who blush'd approving.*

*When in nightly banquets sporting,  
 Where's the guest could ever fly him?  
 When with love's seduction courting,  
 Where's the nymph could e'er deny him?*

<sup>2</sup> Thus Scalliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard:—  
 Blandus, suaviloquus, dulcis Anacreon.



JUVENILE POEMS.



## PREFACE.\*

the poems contained in this collected edition were written between the sixteenth and the third year of the author's age. But I will not go any farther; not only to rhyme but to the sonnet to my schoolmaster, Mr. Whyte, written in my fourteenth year, the time in a Dublin magazine, &c. &c. — the first, and, I fear, the creditable attempt in periodical literature which Ireland has to boast. I had an earlier period (1793) sent to this magazine, consisting of short pieces of verse, prefaced by the editor, requesting the insertion of the following attempts of a youthful poet, who was then in the fear and trembling with which I have since seen my step were agreeably dispelled by the appearance of the collection, still more by my finding myself, after, hailed as "Our esteemed schoolmaster, T. M."

On the pages of this publication, — the title of the poem was extracted, — it was printed with the Pleasures of Memory; and, when I open the volume of the collection which contains it, the very appearance and colour of the paper brings to my mind the delight with which I have since seen it at poem.

My schoolmaster, Mr. Whyte, though amusingly a good and kind-hearted man; a man of public reading and eloquently enjoyed considerable reputation. Several years before I became his pupil, Brinsley Sheridan, then about eight years of age, had been placed by Mrs. Whyte in his care †; and, strange to say, after a year's trial, pronounced, by the schoolmaster and parent, to be "an incorrigible rascal."

Among those who took lessons from my schoolmaster were several young

ladies of rank, belonging to some of those great Irish families who still continued to lend to Ireland the enlivening influence of their presence, and made their country-seats, through a great part of the year, the scenes of refined as well as hospitable festivity. The Miss Montgomerys, to whose rare beauty the pencil of Sir Joshua has given immortality, were among those whom my worthy preceptor most boasted of as pupils; and his description of them, I remember, long haunted my boyish imagination, as though they were not earthly women, but some spiritual "creatures of the element."

About thirty or forty years before the period of which I am speaking, an eager taste for private theatrical performances had sprung up among the higher ranks of society in Ireland; and at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, at Castletown, Marley, and other great houses, private plays were got up, of which, in most instances, the superintendence was entrusted to Mr. Whyte, and in general the prologue, or the epilogue, contributed by his pen. At Marley, the seat of the Latouches, where the masque of Comus was performed in the year 1776, while my old master supplied the prologue, no less distinguished a hand than that of our "ever-glorious Grattan" ‡, furnished the epilogue. This relic of his pen, too, is the more memorable, as being, I believe, the only poetical composition he was ever known to produce.

At the time when I first began to attend his school, Mr. Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils. In this line I was long his favourite *show*-scholar; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in

\* See to the collected edition of 1841. 1842.]  
[The mention of this fact has led the writer of a Memoir  
let Edition "of my Poems, printed at Zwickau,

to state that Brinsley Sheridan was my tutor! — "Great attention  
was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan."  
‡ Byron.

## PREFACE.

at Lady Borrowes's private  
lin, where, among the items of  
entertainment, is "An Epilogue,  
*St. Paul's*, Master Moore."

indeed, is associated the very  
at verse-making to which my  
es me to plead guilty. It was  
hink, even earlier than the date

that, while passing the summer  
a number of other young people,  
bathing-places, in the neigh-  
ublin, which afford such fresh  
retreats to its inhabitants, it was  
ng us that we should combine  
ne theatrical performance; and  
er and a Harlequin Pantomime  
tainments agreed upon, the parts  
the Motley hero fell to my share.

ouraged to write and recite an  
logue on the occasion; and the  
alluding to our speedy return  
remarkable only for their having  
in my memory, formed part of  
fort:—

Aungier Street, by my elder sister,  
and one or two other young person  
little drawing-room over the shop  
grand place of representation, and you  
now an eminent professor of music in  
enacted for us the part of orchestra  
piano-forte.

It will be seen, from all this, that, I  
imprudent and premature was my first  
ance in the London world as an auth  
only lucky that I had not much earlier  
that responsible character; in which  
public would probably have treated my  
productions in much the same manner  
that sensible critic, my Uncle Toby  
have disposed of the "work which th  
Lipsius produced on the day he was b

While thus the turn I had so early  
for rhyme and song was, by the gay  
ciable circle in which I lived, called  
couragingly into play, a far deeper fe  
and, I should hope, power—was at th  
time awakened in me by the mighty  
then working in the political aspect of  
and the stirring influence it had begun



the penal code; and I was myself among the first of the young Helots of the land, who striven to avail themselves of the new privilege of being educated in their country's university, — though still excluded from all share of those college honours and emoluments by which the ambition of the youths of the ascendant class was stimulated and rewarded. As I well knew that, next to my attaining some of these distinctions, my showing that I *deserved* to attain them would most gratify my anxious father, I entered as candidate for a scholarship, and (as far as the result of the examination went) successfully. But, of course, the mere barren credit of the effort was all I enjoyed for my pains.

It was in this year (1794), or about the beginning of the next, that I remember having, for the first time, tried my hand at political satire. In their very worst times of slavery and suffering, the happy disposition of my countrymen had kept their cheerfulness still unbroken and buoyant; and, at the period of which I am speaking, the hope of a brighter day dawning upon Ireland had given to the society of the middle classes in Dublin a more than usual flow of hilarity and life. Among other gay results of this festive spirit, a club, or society, was instituted by some of our most convivial citizens, one of whose objects was to caricature, good-humouredly, the forms and pomp of royalty. With this view they established a sort of mock kingdom, of which Dalkey, a small island near Dublin, was made the seat, and an eminent pawnbroker, named Stephen Armitage, much renowned for his agreeable singing, was the chosen and popular monarch.

Before public affairs had become too serious for such pastime, it was usual to celebrate, annually, at Dalkey, the day of this sovereign's session; and, among the gay scenes that still live in my memory, there are few it recalls with more freshness than the celebration, on a Sunday in summer, of one of these anniversaries of King Stephen's coronation. The picturesque sea-views from that spot, the gay crowds along the shores, the innumerable boats, of life, floating about, and, above all, that

true spirit of mirth which the Irish temperament never fails to lend to such meetings, rendered the whole a scene not easily forgotten. The state ceremonies of the day were performed, with all due gravity, within the ruins of an ancient church that stands on the island, where his mock majesty bestowed the order of knighthood upon certain favoured personages, and among others, I recollect, upon Inledon, the celebrated singer, who arose from under the touch of the royal sword with the appropriate title of Sir Charles Melody. There was also selected, for the favours of the crown on that day, a lady of no ordinary poetic talent, Mrs. Battier, who had gained much fame by some spirited satires in the manner of Churchill, and whose kind encouragement of my early attempts in versification were to me a source of much pride. This lady, as was officially announced in the course of the day, had been appointed his majesty's poetess laureate, under the style and title of Henrietta, Countess of Laurel.

There could hardly have been devised an apter vehicle for lively political satire than this gay travesty of monarchical power, and its showy appurtenances, so temptingly supplied. The very day, indeed, after this commemoration, there appeared, in the Dalkey state-gazette, an amusing proclamation from the king, offering a large reward, in *cronebane*\*, to the finder or finders of his majesty's crown, which, owing to his "having measured both sides of the road" in his pedestrian progress on the preceding night, had unluckily fallen from the royal brow.

It is not to be wondered at, that whatever natural turn I may have possessed for the lighter skirmishing of satire should have been called into play by so pleasant a field for its exercise as the state affairs of the Dalkey kingdom afforded; and, accordingly, my first attempt in this line was an Ode to his Majesty, King Stephen, contrasting the happy state of security in which he lived among his merry lieges, with the "metal coach," and other such precautions against mob violence, which were said to have been adopted at that time by his

\* Irish halfpence, so called.

---

---

## MOORE'S WORKS.

---

and. Some portions of  
live in my memory;  
rt of the lively demands  
th preserving, even as

circumstance that drew  
yming powers was my  
nglish verse, at one of  
tions. As the sort of  
n these occasions were  
, as a mere matter of  
, invariably, I believe,  
pearance of a theme in  
rdly fail to attract some  
re, with no small anx-  
ment for judging of the  
the examiners of the  
mble, as usual, at the  
at purpose. Still more

trying was it when I perceived that the re-  
verend inquisitor, in whose hands was my fate,  
had left the rest of the awful group, and was  
bending his steps towards the table where I  
was seated. Leaning across to me, he asked  
suspiciously, whether the verses which I had  
just given in were my own; and, on my an-  
swering in the affirmative, added these cheering  
words, "they do you great credit; and I shall  
not fail to recommend them to the notice of  
the Board." This result of a step, ventured  
upon with some little fear and scruple, was of  
course very gratifying to me; and the premium  
I received from the Board was a well-bound  
copy of the Travels of Anacharsis, together  
with a certificate, stating, in not very lofty  
Latin, that this reward had been conferred  
upon me, "*propter laudabilem in versibus  
componendis progressum.*"

---

## PREFACE

reader condemns, have been regarded rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators; who find a field for their ingenuity and research, in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito,"<sup>1</sup> &c. is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of "nec te posse carere velim," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But the poet of Verona, in my opinion, possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses. But still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches the chord of pathos, he reaches immediately the heart. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent will confess the beauty of those simple unaffected lines:—

O quid solutis est beatius curis!  
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessal venimus Larem ad nostrum  
Destitutaque acquiescimus lecto.

Carmin. xxix.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poesy; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathise with him. I wish I were a poet; I should then endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I have always so warmly admired.<sup>2</sup>

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorise the epithet "doctus," so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered his other writings to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description, than his loves of Acme and Septimius? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia, that they have

<sup>1</sup> Lib. I. Eleg. 2.

<sup>2</sup> In the following Poeme, will be found a translation of one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it is only a mere schoolboy's essay, and deserves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

<sup>3</sup> Lucretius.

always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, it must be confessed, in the midst of all these beauties,

— Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.<sup>3</sup>

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry; and we are sometimes told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle thus with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were anything more constant than the moderns: they felt all the same dissipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Wotton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such refinements. But he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid *fadeurs* of the French romances, which have nothing congenial with the graceful levity, the "grata protervitas," of a Rochester or a Sedley.

As far as I can judge, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr. LITTLE selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity ("ævo rarissima nostro simplicitas") was his fondest ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment<sup>4</sup>; and his life was of too short a date to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. LITTLE was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

T. M.

<sup>4</sup> It is a curious illustration of the labour which simplicity requires, that the Ramblers of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision: while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

MOORE'S WORKS.

TO  
ATKINSON, ESQ.

Every sincere pleasure in dedi-  
cating the Second Edition of our friend  
I am not unconscious that there  
selection which perhaps it would  
altered or omitted; and, to say  
I have once revised them for that  
I know not why, I distrusted either  
my judgment; and the consequence  
is their original form:

*Estros multa, Faustine, litura  
est; una litura potest.*

I am convinced, however, that, though  
quite a *casuiste relâché*, you have charity en-  
ough to forgive such inoffensive follies: you know  
the pious Beza was not the less revered for  
his sportive *Juvenilia* which he published under  
a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Beza's  
poems prevent him from making a very good  
dinal.

Believe me, my dear Friend,

With the truest esteem,

Yours,

T. M.

# JUVENILE POEMS.

## SONNETS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

*Unica est atque unica virtus.—Juv.*

Round boasters of a splendid line,  
Whose forms, mould'ring while they shine,  
That weight of alien show,  
Lies calm upon an infant's brow ;  
And splendours, whose contrasting light  
The native shades in deeper night.

And train who glory's shade pursue,  
The arts by which that glory grew ?  
The virtues that with eagle-gaze  
Renown in all her orient blaze !  
The heart by chymic truth refin'd,  
The soul, whose eye had read mankind ?  
The links that twin'd, with heav'nly art,  
Interest round the patriot's heart ?

*Armibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi  
In spe.—Livy.*

Oh, no consecrating cause,  
Heav'n, ordain'd by nature's laws,  
Flies the herald of our way,  
Whose beams upon the banners play ?

How call sweet as an angel's breath  
The babes, or innocence in death ;  
How the tongue of Heav'n within,  
Whose balance trembles upon sin.

How country's voice, whose claim should

Be the soul's most deep retreat ;  
How the strings responding chords should run,  
Whose there vibrate — but the one !

## VARIETY.

How reveling, pleasing power  
The sportive, wandering bee  
Retired, from flower to flower,  
You, 'tis variety.

Look Nature round, her features trace,  
Her seasons, all her changes see ;  
And own, upon Creation's face,  
The greatest charm's variety.

For me, ye gracious powers above !  
Still let me roam, unfix'd and free ;  
In all things, — but the nymph I love,  
I'll change, and taste variety.

But, Patty, not a world of charms  
Could e'er estrange my heart from thee ; —  
No, let me ever seek those arms,  
There still I'll find variety.

## TO A BOY WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,  
To rove through Erudition's bowers,  
And cull the golden fruits of truth,  
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers ?

And is it not more sweet than this,  
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,  
And pay them back in sums of bliss  
The dear, the endless debt of loving ?

It must be so to thee, my youth ;  
With this idea toil is lighter ;  
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,  
And makes the flower of fancy brighter.

The little gift we send thee, boy,  
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,  
If indolence or siren joy  
Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'Twill tell thee that the winged day  
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour ;  
That life and time shall fade away,  
While heav'n and virtue bloom for ever !

## SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow,  
Its look is so shifting and new,  
That the oath I might take on it now  
The very next glance would undo.

MOORE'S WORKS.

nestle so sly  
of arrows have got,  
the glance of an eye  
may be off in a shot.

by the dew on your lip,  
moment the treasure renews,  
wishes to trip,  
the oath when I choose.

disperse from that flow'r  
and the oath that are there ;  
new vow every hour,  
so sweetly in air.

heav'n of your brow,  
faith is a feather ;  
will pledge you my vow,  
must be broken together !

.....  
thou leav'st behind,  
warmly bound to thee,  
rest links can bind  
in as heart can be.

Still, my belov'd ! still keep in mind,  
However far remov'd from me,  
That there is one thou leav'st behind,  
Whose heart respires for only thee !

And though ungenial ties have bound  
Thy fate unto another's care,  
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,  
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no ! that heart is only mine  
By ties all other ties above,  
For I have wed it at a shrine  
Where we have had no priest but Love.

SONG.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The mem'ry of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew.  
Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flow'r  
Shall feel the wintry air,  
Remembrance will recall the hour  
When thou alone wert fair.  
Then talk no more of future gloom :

SONG.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear,  
Steal trembling from mine eye?  
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,  
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?  
And can you think my love is chill,  
Nor fix'd on you alone?  
And can you rend, by doubting still,  
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move,  
Devoutly, warmly true;  
My life has been a task of love,  
One long, long thought of you.  
If all your tender faith be o'er,  
If still my truth you'll try;  
Alas, I know but *one* proof more—  
I'll bless your name, and die!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness that hung upon Willumberg's walls  
Had long been remember'd with awe and dismay;  
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,  
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day.

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a  
beam,

Yet none could the woods of that castle illumine;  
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neigh-  
bouring stream,  
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse!"  
Said Willumberg's lord to the Seer of the Cave;—  
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,  
"Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the  
wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?  
Who *could* be but Reuben, the flow'r of the age?  
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,  
Though Youth had scarce written his name on  
her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his young heart had  
beat,—

For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,  
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery  
feet,  
It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?  
Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of the Cave,  
That darkness should cover that castle for ever,  
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

To the wizard she flew, saying, "Tell me, oh, tell!  
Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my  
eyes?"

"Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell  
Of the mould'ring abbey, your Reuben shall  
rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall  
rise!"

And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;  
And wip'd, while she listen'd, the tears from her  
eyes,  
And hop'd she might yet see her hero again.

That hero could smile at the terrors of death,  
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;  
To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,  
In the depth of the billows soon found his re-  
pose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—  
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,  
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,  
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,  
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:  
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,  
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,  
And heard but the breathings of night in the air;  
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,  
And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,  
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the  
stream,  
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,  
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the  
beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky;  
Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,  
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,  
When—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep  
in the wind!

She started, and saw, through the glimmering  
shade,

A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;  
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was  
decay'd  
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

MOORE'S WORKS.

Seer of the Cave had foretold? —  
 With the phantom the moon shot a

, ah! he was deathly and cold,  
 Like the spell of a dream!

She rose, and as often she thought  
 To embrace him, but vain her

neath, at a billow she caught,  
 Lose on its bosom for ever!



DID NOT.

feeling — something more  
 I dared to own before,  
 When we hid not;  
 Each other's eye,  
 At every half-breath'd sigh,  
 But did not.

His impassion'd touch —  
 At time I dared so much,  
 He chid not;  
 O'er my burning brow,  
 Doubt I love you now?"  
 "No, I did not.

TO

MRS. . . . .

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?  
 Is not that heart a heart refin'd?  
 Hast thou not every gentle grace,  
 We love in woman's mind and face?  
 And, oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin  
 To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy — dry that tear —  
 Though some thy heart hath harbour'd  
 May now repay its love with blame;  
 Though man, who ought to shield thy fame  
 Ungenerous man, be first to shun thee;  
 Though all the world look cold upon thee  
 Yet shall thy pureness keep thee still  
 Unharm'd by that surrounding chill;  
 Like the famed drop, in crystal found,<sup>1</sup>  
 Floating, while all was froz'n around, —  
 Unchill'd, unchanging shalt thou be,  
 Safe in thy own sweet purity.



ANACREONTIC.



s, whether we're on or we're off,  
 some witchery seems to await you;  
 love you was pleasant enough,  
 and, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

TO JULIA.

ANSWER TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

Let the stingless critic chide  
 All that fume of vacant pride  
 Mantles o'er the pedant fool,  
 Apour on a stagnant pool.  
 The song, to feeling true,  
 Pleaseth' elect, the sacred few,  
 Souls, by Taste and Nature taught,  
 With the genuine pulse of thought —  
 A fond feeling maid like thee,  
 An arm-ey'd child of Sympathy,  
 Say, while o'er my simple theme  
 Anguishes in Passion's dream,  
 Was, indeed, a tender soul —  
 Critic law, no chill control,  
 Would ever freeze, by timid art,  
 Flowings of so fond a heart!"  
 Soul of Nature! soul of Love!  
 Hovering like a snow-wing'd dove,  
 Had o'er my cradle warblings wild,  
 Ail'd me Passion's warmest child, —  
 Me the tear from Beauty's eye,  
 Feeling's breast the votive sigh;  
 'Tis my song, my mem'ry, find  
 Me within the tender mind;  
 Will smile when critics chide,  
 Will scorn the fume of pride  
 Mantles o'er the pedant fool,  
 Apour round some stagnant pool!

TO JULIA.

Is no more with Love's beguiling dream,  
 When, I find, illusory as sweet:  
 The love of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,  
 Is dearer were than passion's bland deceit!

Had you oft eternal truth declare;  
 My heart was only mine, I once believ'd.  
 Had I say that all your vows were air?  
 Hadst I say, my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Am, no longer that our souls are twin'd  
 In all our joys are felt with mutual zeal;  
 - 'Tis pity, pity makes you kind;  
 Now I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go seek within those arms  
 A joy in which affection takes no part?  
 No, no, farewell! you give me but your charms,  
 When I had fondly thought you gave your heart.

THE SHRINE.

TO . . . . .

My fates had destin'd me to rove  
 A long, long pilgrimage of love;  
 And many an altar on my way  
 Has lur'd my pious steps to stay;  
 For, if the saint was young and fair,  
 I turn'd and sung my vespers there.  
 This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,  
 Is what your pretty saints require:  
 To pass, nor tell a single bead,  
 With them would be profane indeed!  
 But, trust me, all this young devotion  
 Was but to keep my zeal in motion;  
 And, ev'ry humbler altar passed,  
 I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last!

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS,  
 OF LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

When, casting many a look behind,  
 I leave the friends I cherish here —  
 Perchance some other friends to find,  
 But surely finding none so dear —

Haply the little simple page,  
 Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee,  
 May now and then a look engage,  
 And steal one moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those  
 Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,  
 Let not the eye that seldom flows  
 With feeling's tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt  
 With pity, never melt with love;  
 And such will frown at all I've felt,  
 And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,  
 Which rather loves to praise than blame,  
 Should in my page an interest find,  
 And linger kindly on my name;

MOORE'S WORKS.

or, oh! if, gentler still,  
e lips my name be blest:  
to all affections thrill  
y as in woman's breast? —

at he whose loving themes  
ndulgent wanders o'er,  
times wake from idle dreams,  
er flights of fancy soar;

oft would claim the lay,  
ndship oft his numbers move;  
then, that "sooth to say,  
etest song was giv'n to Love!"

—♦—  
TO JULIA.

te, my girl, may bid us part,  
it cannot, shall not sever;  
ill seek its kindred heart,  
t to it as close as ever.

e, must we part indeed?  
dream of rapture over?  
pt Julia's bosom bleed  
so dear, so fond a lover?

Oh! while this heart bewilder'd took  
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,  
Thus would she smile, and lisp, and loo  
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigl

Yes, I did love her — wildly love —  
She was her sex's best deceiver!  
And oft she swore she'd never rove —  
And I was destin'd to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile  
Of one whose smile could thus betray  
Alas! I think the lovely wile  
Again could steal my heart away.

For, when those spells that charm'd my  
On lips so pure as thine I see,  
I fear the heart which she resign'd  
Will err again, and fly to thee!

—♦—  
NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace  
The soul's reflection in the face;  
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,

The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,  
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,  
That Nature wrote a second label,  
They're her own words, — at least suppose so —  
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I compos'd the fustian brain  
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,  
I had at hand but few ingredients,  
And so was forc'd to use expedients.  
I put therein some small discerning,  
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;  
And when I saw the void behind,  
I fill'd it up with — froth and wind!  
\* \* \* \* \*

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WHEN Time was entwining the garland of years,  
Which to crown my beloved was given,  
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with  
tears,  
Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heaven.  
And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,  
May its verdure for ever be new;  
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,  
And Sympathy nurse it with dew.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile, —  
Then murmuring subsides to rest.  
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea;  
And, having swell'd a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity!

CLORIS AND FANNY.

CLORIS! if I were Persia's king,  
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;  
While FANNY, wild and artless thing,  
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it —  
That, verily, I'm much afraid  
I should, in some unlucky minute,  
Forsake the mistress for the maid.

THE SHIELD.

SAY, did you not hear a voice of death!  
And did you not mark the paly form  
Which rode on the silvery mist of the heath,  
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it the wailing bird of the gloom,  
That shrieks on the house of woe all night?  
Or a shiv'ring fiend that flew to a tomb,  
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,  
For shiv'ring fiend that hung on the blast;  
'Twas the shade of Helderic — man of blood —  
It screams for the guilt of days that are past.

See, how the red, red lightning strays,  
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!  
Now on the leafless yew it plays,  
Where hangs the shield of this son of death.

That shield is blushing with murd'rous stains;  
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;  
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,  
But neither can take the blood away!

Of that yew, on the blasted field,  
Demons dance to the red moon's light;  
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging  
shield  
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

TO JULIA.

WEEPING.

Oh! if your tears are giv'n to care,  
If real woe disturbs your peace,  
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!  
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,  
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;  
You look so lovely in your tears,  
That I must bid you drop them still.

MOORE'S WORKS.

TEAMS,

TO

.....  
 How is it  
 Making the air,  
 For a visit,  
 Heaven knows where?

to deny it,  
 They to roam,  
 How so quiet,  
 Mine was at home.

With delight,  
 And they laugh'd the time

together at night,  
 What they mayn't do!

Heaven bless her!  
 Gain and to say,  
 Long and oppress her  
 Won'd all day.

He, "but to steal

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,  
 Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;  
 And when the shringing casket's worn,  
 The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,  
 Which sinks not with this chain of clay;  
 Which throbs beyond the chill control  
 Of with'ring pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death  
 Dissolves the spirit's earthly ties,  
 Love still attends th' immortal breath,  
 And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,  
 My soul shall leave this orb of men,  
 That love which form'd its treasure here,  
 Shall be its *best* of treasures then!

And as, in fabled dreams of old,  
 Some air-born genius, child of time,  
 Presided o'er each star that roll'd,  
 And track'd it through its path sublime;

So then, fair planet, not unled

wreath you wove, the wreath you wove  
 its emblem well may be ;  
 loom is yours, but hopeless Love  
 must keep its tears for me.

THE SALE OF LOVES.

HEART that, in the Paphian groves,  
 by nets by moonlight laying,  
 sought a flight of wanton Loves,  
 among the rose-beds playing.  
 As just had left their silvery shell,  
 while some were full in feather ;  
 ready a lot of Loves to sell,  
 ere never yet strung together.  
 Come buy my Loves,  
 Come buy my Loves,  
 names and rose-lipp'd misses ! —  
 They're new and bright,  
 The cost is light,  
 the coin of this isle is kisses.

Cloris came, with looks sedate,  
 her coin on her lips was ready ;  
 "ay," quoth she, "my Love by weight,  
 will grow, if you please, and steady."  
 "mine be light," said Fanny, "pray —  
 such lasting toys undo one ;  
 'twill little Love that will last to-day, —  
 to-morrow I'll sport a new one."  
 Come buy my Loves,  
 Come buy my Loves,  
 names and rose-lipp'd misses ! —  
 here's some will keep,  
 some light and cheap,  
 from ten to twenty kisses.

Armed Prue took a pert young thing,  
 diverted her virgin Muse with,  
 luck sometimes a quill from his wing,  
 and wrote her billet-doux with.  
 "Loe would give for a well-fledg'd pair  
 only eye, if you'd ask it ;  
 'Abitha begged, old toothless fair,  
 the youngest Love in the basket.  
 Come buy my Loves, &c. &c.

As he was left, when Susan came,  
 worth them all together ;  
 but of her dear looks of shame,  
 smiling, and pruned his feather.  
 "I wish'd the boy — 'twas more than whim —  
 looks, her sighs betray'd it ;

But kisses were not enough for him,  
 I ask'd a heart, and she paid it !  
 Good-by, my Loves,  
 Good-by, my Loves,  
 'Twould make you smile to've seen us  
 First trade for this  
 Sweet child of bliss,  
 And then nurse the boy between us.

TO

THE world had just begun to steal  
 Each hope that led me lightly on ;  
 I felt not, as I us'd to feel,  
 And life grew dark and love was gone.

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,  
 No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,  
 No circling arms to draw me near —  
 'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death.

But when I saw that gentle eye,  
 Oh ! something seem'd to tell me then,  
 That I was yet too young to die,  
 And hope and bliss might bloom again.

With every gentle smile that crost  
 Your kindling cheek, you lighted home  
 Some feeling, which my heart had lost,  
 And peace, which far had learn'd to roam.

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,  
 Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,  
 That, though I mourn, I yet forgive  
 The ruin they have left behind.

I could have lov'd you — oh, so well ! —  
 The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,  
 Is but a bright, beguiling spell,  
 That only lives while passion glows :

But, when this early flush declines,  
 When the heart's sunny morning fleets,  
 You know not then how close it twines  
 Round the first kindred soul it meets.

Yes, yes, I could have lov'd, as one  
 Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,  
 Finds something dear to rest upon,  
 Which pays him for the loss of all.

Y

MOORE'S WORKS.

TO

.....  
 ow the pedagogue proses,  
 et antiquity's stamp ;  
 n fragrance discloses,  
 ould smell of the lamp.

e withering kiss  
 t the Loves at defiance,  
 n the science of bliss,  
 the blisses of science.

be buried in books —  
 they're pitiful sages,  
 in *one* of your looks  
 nan in millions of pages.

is in those eyes  
 than she studies above ;  
 ould borrow your sighs  
 ly fittest for Love.

ic only can trip  
 our own charms you endeavour ;  
 e glows on your lip  
 wear, that you'll love me for ever.

what a brilliant alliance

Thou wert not form'd for living here,  
 So link'd thy soul was with the sky ;  
 Yet, ah, we held thee all so dear,  
 We thought thou wert not form'd to die

— + —  
 INCONSTANCY.

AND do I then wonder that Julia deceives  
 When surely there's nothing in nature  
 common ?

She vows to be true, and while vowing she  
 me —  
 And could I expect any more from a woman

Oh, woman ! your heart is a pitiful treasure  
 And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe  
 When he held that you were but materials of  
 sure,  
 And reason and thinking were out of  
 sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover  
 win it,  
 He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid ;  
 But, oh, while he's blest, let him die  
 minute —  
 If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betrayed

Thy life should glide in peace along,  
 Calm as some lonely shepherd's song  
 That's heard at distance in the grove;  
 No cloud should ever dim thy sky,  
 No thorns along thy pathway lie,  
 But all be beauty, peace, and love.

Indulgent Time should never bring  
 To thee one blight upon his wing,  
 So gently o'er thy brow he'd fly;  
 And death itself should but be felt  
 Like that of daybeams, when they melt,  
 Bright to the last, in evening's sky!

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA,  
 OF THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

Though sorrow long has worn my heart;  
 Though every day I've counted o'er  
 Hath brought a new and quick'ning smart  
 To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft  
 Of tender links by nature tied;  
 Though hope deceiv'd, and pleasure left;  
 Though friends betray'd and foes belied;

I still had hopes — for hope will stay  
 After the sunset of delight;  
 So like the star which ushers day,  
 We scarce can think it heralds night! —

I hop'd that, after all its strife,  
 My weary heart at length should rest,  
 And, fainting from the waves of life,  
 Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,  
 Was bright with honour's purest ray;  
 He was the dearest, gentlest youth —  
 Ah, why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here  
 To soothe his Julia's every woe;  
 He should have chas'd each bitter tear,  
 And not have caus'd those tears to flow.

We saw within his soul expand  
 The fruits of genius, nurs'd by taste;  
 While Science, with a fost'ring hand,  
 Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd.

We saw, by bright degrees, his mind  
 Grow rich in all that makes men dear; —  
 Enlighten'd, social, and refin'd,  
 In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we lov'd so well,  
 And such the hopes that fate denied; —  
 We lov'd, but ah! could scarcely tell  
 How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,  
 Twin'd with my very heart he grew;  
 And by that fate which breaks the chain,  
 The heart is almost broken too.

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS . . . . .

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

— Ego dixit — Virg.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,  
 Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;  
 But how comes it that you, such a capital prize,  
 Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,  
 To me such a ticket should roll,  
 A sixteenth, Heav'n knows! were sufficient for  
 me;  
 For what could I do with the whole?

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart enkindled lay  
 On Cupid's burning shrine:  
 I thought he stole thy heart away,  
 And plac'd it near to mine

I saw thy heart begin to melt,  
 Like ice before the sun;  
 Till both a glow congenial felt,  
 And mingled into one!

TO . . . . .

With all my soul, then, let us part,  
 Since both are anxious to be free;  
 And I will send you home your heart,  
 If you will send back mine to me.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ne happy hours together,  
 et often change its wing;  
 ould be but gloomy weather,  
 othing else but spring.

I expect to find  
 oted, fond, and true one  
 eek or sweeter mind —  
 me that she's a new one.

ave the bower of love,  
 ave loiter'd long in bliss;  
 down *that* pathway rove,  
 ll take my way through *this*.

ANACREONTIC.

ook'd so kind before —  
 he wanton's smile recall?  
 is witchery o'er and o'er,  
 w, vain, and heartless all !”

nd, sighing, drain'd  
 hich she so late had tasted;  
 rim still fresh remain'd  
 , so oft in falsehood wasted.

And when that thrill is most awake,  
 And when you think Heav'n's joys aw  
 The nymph will change, the chord will  
 Oh Love, oh Music, how I hate you!

TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind  
 From yonder oak the ivy sever;  
 They seem'd in very being twin'd;  
 Yet now the oak is fresh as ever!

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:  
 Torn from its dear and only stay,  
 In drooping widowhood it pines,  
 And scatters all its bloom away.

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,  
 Till Fate disturb'd their tender tie  
 Thus gay indifference blooms in thir  
 While mine, deserted, droops and

HYMN



ugh it droop in languor now,  
ourish on the Delphic shrine!  
he vale of earthly sense,  
sunk awhile the spirit lies,  
s hand shall cull it thence,  
om immortal in the skies!"

young should feel and know,  
vas taught so sweetly well,  
fell soft as vernal snow,  
vas brightness where they fell!  
er of my infant tear,  
rer of my infant joy,  
hade still ling'ring here?  
: still thy soul's employ?  
nd, as in former days,  
eeting on the sacred mount,  
s awak'd their choral lays,  
c'd around Cassotis' fount;  
vas all thy wish and care,  
e should be the simplest mien,  
d voice the sweetest there,  
the lightest o'er the green:  
h look and step to mould,  
rdian care is round me spread,  
every snowy fold,  
ding every mazy tread.  
I lead the hymning choir,  
it still, unseen and free,  
ween my lip and lyre,  
ls them into harmony.  
us, flow, thy murmuring wave  
ver drop its silv'ry tear  
are, so blest a grave,  
ory so entirely dear!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

— sine me sit nulla Venus.

SOLFICIA.

rt, my love, were form'd to be  
tine twins of Sympathy,  
live with one sensation:  
grief, but most in love,  
rds in unison they move,  
hrill with like vibration.

I've heard thee fondly say,  
l pulse shall cease to play  
mine no more is moving;  
w, to feel a joy *alone*  
rse to thee than feeling none  
n'd are we in loving!

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,  
And chilly was the midnight gloom,  
When by the damp grave Ellen wept —  
Fond maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air  
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:  
All night it lay an ice-drop there,  
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wand'ring from her sphere,  
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,  
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,  
And hung it on her diadem!

THE SNAKE.

My love and I, the other day,  
Within a myrtle arbour lay,  
When near us, from a rosy bed,  
A little snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid with thoughtful eyes —  
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!  
"Who could expect such hidden harm —  
"Beneath the rose's smiling charm?"  
Never did grave remark occur  
Less *à-propos* than this from her.

I rose to kill the snake, but she,  
Half-smiling, pray'd it might not be.  
"No," said the maiden — and, alas,  
Her eyes spoke volumes, while she said it —  
"Long as the snake is in the grass,  
"One *may*, perhaps, have cause to dread it:  
"But, when its wicked eyes appear,  
"And when we know for what they wink so,  
"One must be *very* simple, dear,  
"To let it wound one—don't you think so?"

TO ROSA.

Is the song of Rosa mute?  
Once such lays inspir'd her lute!  
Never doth a sweeter song  
Steal the breezy lyre along,  
When the wind, in odours dying,  
Woos it with enamour'd sighing.

MOORE'S WORKS.

sa's lute unstrung?  
of peace it sung  
r's throbbing breast —  
e divinely blest!  
sa loves no more,  
osa's song is o'er;  
e neglected lies;  
y forgotten sighs.  
—forgotten lover —  
and song are over!

ELIAC STANZAS.

*Sic juvat perire.*

etches sink to sleep,  
soft their slumbers lie!  
ath to those who weep,  
weep and long to die!

t and grassy bed,  
ts deck the green earth's breast?  
e to lay my head,  
ish to sleep at rest.

embalm my tomb, —  
dews at twilight given!

Love will never bear enslaving;  
Summer garments suit him best;  
Bliss itself is not worth having,  
If we're by compulsion blest.

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,  
I nothing did but drink and fill;  
The bowl by turns was bright and blan  
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still.

At length I bid an artist paint  
Thy image in this ample cup,  
That I might see the dimpled saint,  
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip  
Now blushes through the wave at me  
Every roseate drop I sip  
Is just like kissing wine from thee.

And still I drink the more for this;  
For, ever when the draught I drain,  
Thy lip invites another kiss,

in where's the veil of sleep  
I'd to shade thy looks of light;  
those eyes their vigil keep,  
other suns are sunk in night?

Il say—her angel breast  
ever throbb'd with guilty sting;  
in is the sweetest nest  
Slumber could repose his wing!

Il say—her cheeks, that flush  
:rnal roses in the sun,  
er by shame been taught to blush,  
for what her eyes have done!

me, why, thou child of air!  
lumber from her eyelids rove?  
her heart's impassion'd care? —  
s, oh sylph! perhaps, 'tis *love*.

THE WONDER.

ell me where the maid is found,  
e heart can love without deceit,  
ill range the world around,  
gh one moment at her feet.

l me where's her sainted home,  
t air receives her blessed sigh,  
image of years I'll roam  
atch one sparkle of her eye!

her cheek be smooth and bright,  
le truth within her bosom lies,  
e upon her morn and night,  
my heart leave me through my eyes.

ne on earth a thing so rare.  
own all miracles are true;  
ke one maid sincere and fair,  
'tis the utmost Heav'n can do!

LYING.

the le hoc bagie pajon divini.—*Masro d' Arcano.*

nfess, in many a sigh,  
s have breath'd you many a lie;  
ho, with such delights in view,  
lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay,—look not thus, with brow reproving;  
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving.  
If half we tell the girls were true,  
If half we swear to think and do,  
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,  
This world would be in strange confusion.  
If ladies' eyes were, every one,  
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,  
Astronomy must leave the skies,  
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes.  
Oh, no—believe me, lovely girl,  
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,  
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,  
Your amber locks to golden wire,  
Then, only then can Heaven decree,  
That you should live for only me,  
Or I for you, as night and morn,  
We've swearing kiss'd, and kissing sworn.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,  
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear.  
Whenever you may chance to meet  
Some loving youth, whose love is sweet,  
Long as you're false and he believes you,  
Long as you trust and he deceives you,  
So long the blissful bond endures,  
And while he lies, his heart is yours:  
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth  
The instant that he tells you truth.

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my soul, this goblet sip,  
'Twill chase that pensive tear;  
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,  
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.  
Like her delusive beam,  
'Twill steal away thy mind:  
But, truer than love's dream,  
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;  
These flow'rs were cull'd at noon;—  
Like woman's love the rose will fade,  
But, ah! not half so soon.  
For though the flower's decay'd,  
Its fragrance is not o'er;  
But once when love's betrayed,  
Its sweet life blooms no more.

MOORE'S WORKS.

OPHER ARISTIPPUS<sup>1</sup>

TO A LAMP

BEEN GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

*Insensia lectuli lucerna.*  
MARTIAL, lib. xiv. epig. 30.

Lamp" (my Mistress said),  
Lamp that, many a night,  
' lonely bed  
Little watch of light.

It seen her weep,  
Eye upon its flame,  
It has sunk to sleep,  
For beloved's name.

Lamp—'twill often lead  
Through learning's sacred way;  
The studious eyes shall read,  
By its lonely ray,

One, of nature's birth,  
Light in heaven or earth,  
The, by whom 'twas given,  
More than earth or heaven!"

Lamp, by every charm

And often, as she smiling said,  
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays  
Shall guide my visionary tread  
Through poesy's enchanting maze.  
Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,  
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,  
Where still the bard, though cold in death  
Has left his soul unquench'd behind.  
Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,  
Oh man of Ascrea's dreary glades!<sup>2</sup>  
To whom the nightly warbling Nine<sup>4</sup>  
A wand of inspiration gave,<sup>3</sup>  
Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that shades  
The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,  
We'll cull the sages' deep-hid store;  
From Science steal her golden clue,  
And every mystic path pursue,  
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,  
Through labyrinths of wonder flies.  
'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know  
How fleeting is this world below,  
Where all that meets the morning light,  
Is chang'd before the fall of night!<sup>6</sup>

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,  
" Swift, swift the tide of being runs,  
" And Time, who bids thy flame expire

Who that has cul'd a fresh-blown rose  
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,  
Unmindful of the blushing ray,  
In which it shines its soul away;  
Unmindful of the scented sigh,  
With which it dies and loves to die?

Pleasure, thou only good on earth!<sup>1</sup>  
One precious moment giv'n to thee —  
Oh! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth  
The sage's immortality.

Then far be all the wisdom hence,  
That would our joys one hour delay!  
Alas, the feast of soul and sense  
Love calls us to in youth's bright day,  
If not soon tasted, fleets away.

Ne'er wert thou form'd, my Lamp, to shed  
Thy splendour on a lifeless page; —  
Whate'er my blushing Lais said  
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,  
'Twas mockery all — her glance of joy  
Told me thy dearest, best employ.<sup>2</sup>  
And, soon as night shall close the eye  
Of heaven's young wanderer in the west;  
When seers are gazing on the sky,  
To find their future orbs of rest;  
Then shall I take my trembling way,  
Unseen but to those worlds above,  
And, led by thy mysterious ray,  
Steal to the night-bower of my love.

TO MRS. ———.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF  
VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon âme sur mon livre étoit lors toute entière,  
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre étoit;  
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière.  
Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce là restoit. VOLTAIRE.

How heav'nly was the poet's doom,  
To breathe his spirit through a kiss;  
And lose within so sweet a tomb  
The trembling messenger of bliss!

<sup>1</sup> Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness, and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

<sup>2</sup> Maupertuis has been still more explicit than this philosopher, in ranking the pleasures of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wisdom. Speaking of the infant man, in his production, he calls him — *une nouvelle créature, qui pourra comprendre les choses les plus sublimes, et ce qui est bien au-dessus, qui pourra goûter les*

And, sure his soul return'd to feel  
That it *again* could ravish'd be;  
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,  
His life and soul have fled to thee?

RONDEAU.

"Good night! good night!" — And is it so?  
And must I from my Rosa go?  
Oh Rosa, say "Good night!" once more,  
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,  
Till the first glance of dawning light  
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night."

And still "Good night," my Rosa, say —  
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"  
And I will stay, and every minute  
Shall have an age of transport in it;  
Till Time himself shall stay his flight,  
To listen to our sweet "Good night."

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,  
And tell me it is time to fly:  
And I will vow, will swear to go,  
While still that sweet voice murmurs "No!"  
Till slumber seal our weary sight —  
And then, my love, my soul, "Good night!"

SONG.

WHY does azure deck the sky?  
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;  
Why is red the rose's dye?  
Because it is thy blushes' hue.  
All that's fair, by Love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,  
But to be like thy bosom fair?  
Why are solar beams so bright?  
That they may seem thy golden hair!  
All that's bright, by Love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee!

mêmes plaisirs." See his *Vénus Physique*. This appears to be one of the efforts at Fontenelle's gallantry of manner, for which the learned President is so well and justly ridiculed in the *Akakis* of Voltaire.

Maupertuis may be thought to have borrowed from the ancient Aristippus that indiscriminate theory of pleasures which he has set forth in his *Essai de Philosophie Morale*, and for which he was so very justly condemned. Aristippus, according to Laertius, held *μη διαφορεῖται το ἡθικὸν ἀπορροῖ*, which irrational sentiment has been adopted by Maupertuis: "Tant qu'on ne considère que l'état présent, tous les plaisirs sont du même genre," &c. &c.

MOORE'S WORKS.

e's beauties felt?  
e in her we see!  
e power to melt?  
it speaks like thee.  
t, by Love's decree,  
e resembling thee!

TO ROSA.

Trusts to summer skies,  
A little bark to sea,  
And by smiling eyes,  
A simple heart to thee.

The summer wind,  
May the bark be tost;  
I care to change thy mind,  
If thy wretched heart is lost!

A COMMONPLACE BOOK,

OR  
CALLED  
"A BOOK OF FOLLIES;"

Blank, blank is ev'ry page with care,  
Not ev'n a folly brightens there.  
Will they yet brighten? — never, never!  
Then *shut the book*, O God, for ever!

TO ROSA.

SAY, why should the girl of my soul be in te  
At a meeting of rapture like this,  
When the glooms of the past and the sorr  
years  
Have been paid by one moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful de  
Which dwells on her memory yet?  
Do they flow, like the dews of the love-brea  
night,  
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing sn  
That smile, which is loveliest then;  
And if such are the drops that delight can be  
Thou shall weep them again and again.

Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;  
 While, to his wak'ning ear,  
 No other sounds were dear  
 But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets  
 sung.  
 But then came the light harp, when danger was  
 ended,  
 And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to  
 rest;  
 When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,  
 And flights of young doves made his helmet  
 their nest.



FROM

THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.<sup>1</sup>

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,  
 And speak my Heliodora's name.  
 Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,  
 And let the sound my lips adore,  
 Live in the breeze, till every tone,  
 And word, and breath, speaks her alone;

Give me the wreath that withers there,  
 It was but last delicious night,  
 It circled her luxuriant hair,  
 And caught her eyes' reflected light.  
 Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow:  
 'Tis all of her that's left me now.  
 And see — each rosebud drops a tear,  
 To find the nymph no longer here —  
 No longer, where such heavenly charms  
 As hers *should* be — within these arms.



SONG.

FLY from the world, O Bessy! to me,  
 Thou wilt never find any sincerer;  
 'Tl give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,  
 I can never meet any that's dearer.  
 Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,  
 That our loves will be censur'd by many;  
 All, all have their follies, and who will deny  
 That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in communion so  
 sweet,  
 Have we felt as if virtue forbid it? —

<sup>1</sup> Εγχε, απ' ταλαι αυτη, ταλαι, ταλαι, Ηλιοδωρος  
 Επει, σου αλαστη το ελεος μου; ουρα.  
 Και μη του βραχθυτα κρυος και χθις αυτη,  
 Μικροταυτο αυτος, αμφιδυο στεφανοι  
 Δακρυα φελαραστω ιδου ραβδον, οδοντα αυτου  
 Αλλαχ ε ου αυτουσ φεταρος αυτη.  
 Βαυτικ, Analact. tom. i. p. 29.

Have we felt as if heav'n denied them to meet?—  
 No, rather 'twas heav'n that did it.  
 So innocent, love, is the joy we then sip,  
 So little of wrong is there in it,  
 That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your lip,  
 And I'd kiss them away in a minute.

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,  
 From a world which I know thou despisest;  
 And slumber will hover as light o'er our bed  
 As e'er on the couch of the wisest.  
 And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,  
 And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,  
 I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of heav'n,  
 'Tis only our lullaby, dearest!

And, oh! while we lie on our deathbed, my love,  
 Looking back on the scene of our errors,  
 A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,  
 And Death be disarm'd of his terrors.  
 And each to the other embracing will say,  
 "Farewell! let us hope we're forgiven."  
 Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,  
 And a kiss be our passport to heaven!



THE RESEMBLANCE.

— vo cercand' lo,  
 Donna, quant' e possibile, in altrui  
 La delata vostra forma vera.  
 PETRARC. Sonnett. 14.

Yes, if 'twere any common love,  
 That led my pliant heart astray,  
 I grant, there's not a power above,  
 Could wipe the faithless crime away.

But, 'twas my doom to err with one  
 In every look so like to thee  
 That, underneath yon blessed sun,  
 So fair there are but thou and she.

Both born of beauty, at a birth,  
 She held with thine a kindred sway,  
 And wore the only shape on earth  
 That could have lur'd my soul to stray.

Then blame me not, if false I be,  
 'Twas love that wak'd the fond excess;  
 My heart had been more true to thee,  
 Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less.



MOORE'S WORKS.

NY, DEAREST.

re to sigh and mourn,  
 , for thee I'd sigh;  
 on my cheek should turn  
 thou art nigh.  
 e, and wine, and sleep,  
 I live,  
 ne it would take to weep  
 ay heart can give.  
 to despair and pine,  
 of all the dears!  
 rder'd to bathe in wine,  
 to take cold in tears.

n this heart of mine,  
 thy image lies;  
 or would cease to shine,  
 often with sighs.  
 f of beauty's light,  
 rough sorrow's tear;  
 e thee truly bright  
 y eye-beam clear.  
 ger till tears shall flow,  
 — the hope is vain;  
 ot dissolve thy snow,  
 tempt it with rain.

I cannot warn thee: every touch,  
 That brings my pulses close to thine,  
 Tells me I want thy aid as much—  
 Ev'n more, alas, than thou dost mine.

Yet, stay, — one hope, one effort yet —  
 A moment turn those eyes away,  
 And let me, if I can, forget  
 The light that leads my soul astray.

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,  
 That our hearts bear one common seal;  
 Think, Lady, think, how man's deceit  
 Can seem to sigh and feign to feel.

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thought  
 Like daybeams through the morning air  
 Hath gradual stole, and I have caught  
 The feeling ere it kindled there;

The sympathy I then betray'd,  
 Perhaps was but the child of art,  
 The guile of one, who long hath play'd  
 With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thine is not my earliest vow;  
 Though few the years I yet have told,  
 Canst thou believe I've liv'd till now,  
 With loveless heart or senses cold?



ny concern with those fanciful forms  
upon rainbows and ride upon storms;  
hort, you're a woman; your lip and  
eye  
as ever drew gods from the sky.  
ot believe them—no, Science, to you  
bid a last and a careless adieu :  
from Nature to study her laws,  
g delight by exploring its cause,  
how superior, for mortals below,  
on they dream to the truth that they  
w.  
hat has e'er enjoyed rapture complete,  
how we feel it, or why it is sweet;  
re confus'd, or how particles fly  
e medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh;  
e, who but once would not rather have  
wn it,  
n, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?

you, my sweet-voiced and invisible  
surely be one of those spirits, that rove  
k where, at twilight, the poet reclines,  
star of the west on his solitude shines,  
agical fingers of fancy have hung  
ze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue.  
him then, 'tis retirement alone  
his harp or ennoble its tone;  
with a veil of seclusion between,  
the world let him utter unseen,  
ou, a legitimate child of the spheres,  
n the eye to enrapture the ears.

pirit of mystery! how I should love,  
risome ways I am fated to rove,  
ou thus ever invisibly nigh,  
ever your song and your sigh!  
owds of the world and the murmurs of  
s,  
ometimes converse with my nymph of the

with distaste from the clamorous crew,  
the pauses one whisper from you.

me and be near me, for ever be mine,  
old in the air a communion divine,  
s, of old, was imagin'd to dwell  
to of Numa, or Socrates' cell.  
t those lingering moments of night,  
heart's busy thoughts have put slumber  
light,  
come to my pillow and tell me of love,  
igel to angel might whisper above.

s sorry to think that my friend had any serious inten-  
suing the nursery by this story; I rather hope—though  
it leads me to doubt—that his design was to ridicule  
red taste which prefers those monsters of the fancy to  
miracles "of true poetic imagination.

Sweet spirit!—and then, could you borrow the  
tone  
Of that voice, to my ear like some fairy-song  
known,

The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd  
With her being for ever my heart and my mind,  
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,  
An exile, and weary and hopeless the while.  
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,  
I will think, for that moment, that Cara is near;  
That she comes with consoling enchantment to  
speak,  
And kisses my eyelid and breathes on my cheek,  
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,  
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is nigh.

Fair spirit! if such be your magical power,  
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;  
And, let fortune's realities frown as they will,  
Hope, fancy, and Cara may smile for me still.

THE RING.<sup>1</sup>

A TALE.

*Annulus ille viri.—Ovid. Amor. lib. ii. eleg. 13.*

THE happy day at length arriv'd  
When Rupert was to wed  
The fairest maid in Saxony,  
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,  
The feasts and sports began;  
The men admir'd the happy maid,  
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth  
The day was pass'd along;  
And some the featly dance amus'd,  
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel  
Disported through the bowers,  
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head  
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,  
Within the castle walls,  
Sat listening to the choral strains  
That echo'd through the halls.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in  
a German author, *Fromman upon Fascination*, book iii. part vi.  
ch. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that Fromman quotes it  
from *Beluscensis*, among many other stories equally diabolical and  
interesting. E.

MOORE'S WORKS.

Rupert and his friends repair'd  
 To a spacious court,  
 Like the bounding tennis-ball  
 In seat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger wore  
 A wedding-ring so bright,  
 Which was to grace the lily hand  
 Of Isabel that night.

Fearing he might break the gem,  
 He chose it in the play,  
 And look'd around the court, to see  
 Where he the ring might lay.

In the court a statue stood,  
 In which there full long had been;  
 'Twas thought a Heathen goddess be,  
 Or else, a Heathen queen.

On its marble finger then  
 He tried the ring to fit;  
 Thinking it was safest there,  
 Ere he fasten'd it.

Now the tennis sports went on,  
 And they were wearied all,  
 When messengers announc'd to them  
 That dinner in the hall.

He search'd the base, and all the  
 But nothing could he find;  
 Then to the castle hied he back  
 With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth  
 The night in dancing flew;  
 The youth another ring procur'd,  
 And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their  
 The hours of love advance:  
 Rupert almost forgets to think  
 Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel  
 In blushing sweetness lay,  
 Like flowers, half-open'd by the dew,  
 And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,  
 In youthful beauty glows,  
 Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast  
 His beams upon a rose.

And here my song would leave the  
 Nor let the rest be told,  
 If 'twere not for the horrid tale  
 It yet has to unfold.

"Husband, husband, I've the ring  
 "Thou gav'st to-day to me;  
 "And thou'rt to me for ever wed,  
 "As I am wed to thee!"

And all the night the demon lay  
 Cold-chilling by his side,  
 And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,  
 He thought he should have died.

But when the dawn of day was near,  
 The horrid phantom fled,  
 And left th' affrighted youth to weep  
 By Isabel in bed.

And all that day a gloomy cloud  
 Was seen on Rupert's brows;  
 Fair Isabel was likewise sad,  
 But strove to cheer her sponse.

And, as the day advanc'd, he thought  
 Of coming night with fear:  
 Alas, that he should dread to view  
 The bed that should be dear!

At length the second night arriv'd,  
 Again their couch they press'd;  
 Poor Rupert hop'd that all was o'er,  
 And look'd for love and rest.

But oh! when midnight came, again  
 The fiend was at his side,  
 And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,  
 With howl exulting cried:—

"Husband, husband, I've the ring,  
 "The ring thou gav'st to me;  
 "And thou'rt to me for ever wed,  
 "As I am wed to thee!"

In agony of wild despair,  
 He started from the bed;  
 And thus to his bewilder'd wife  
 The trembling Rupert said:

"Oh Isabel! dost thou not see  
 "A shape of horrors here,  
 "That strains me to its deadly kiss,  
 "And keeps me from my dear?"

"No, no, my love! my Rupert, I  
 "No shape of horrors see;  
 "And much I mourn the phantasy  
 "That keeps my dear from me."

This night, just like the night before,  
 In terrors pass'd away,  
 For did the demon vanish thence  
 Before the dawn of day.

Said Rupert then, "My Isabel,  
 "Dear partner of my woe,  
 "To Father Austin's holy cave  
 "This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,  
 Who acted wonders maint—  
 Whom all the country round believ'd  
 A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave  
 Then Rupert straightway went;  
 And told him all, and ask'd him how  
 These horrors to prevent.

The Father heard the youth, and then  
 Retir'd awhile to pray;  
 And, having pray'd for half an hour,  
 Thus to the youth did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,  
 "Which I will tell to thee;  
 "Be there this eve, at fall of night,  
 "And list what thou shalt see.

"Thou'lt see a group of figures pass  
 "In strange disorder'd crowd,  
 "Travelling by torchlight through the roads,  
 "With noises strange and loud.

"And one that's high above the rest,  
 "Terrific towering o'er,  
 "Will make thee know him at a glance,  
 "So I need say no more.

"To him from me these tablets give,  
 "They'll quick be understood;  
 "Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,  
 "I've scrawl'd them with my blood!"

The night-fall came, and Rupert all  
 In pale amazement went  
 To where the cross-roads met, as he  
 Was by the Father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came  
 In strange disorder'd crowd,  
 Travelling by torchlight through the roads,  
 With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanc'd,  
 Rupert beheld from far  
 A female form of wanton mien  
 High seated on a car.

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon  
 The loosely vested dame,  
 Thought of the marble statue's look,  
 For hers was just the same.

MOORE'S WORKS.

k'd a hideous form,  
s flashing death;  
eath'd, a sulphur'd smoke  
g in his breath.

irst of all the crowd,  
ring o'er;  
il Rupert, "this is he,  
ask no more."

ent, and to this fiend  
embling gave,  
read them with a yell  
isturb the grave.

w the blood-scrawl'd name,  
fury shine;  
es he, "his time was out,  
t soon be mine!"

the youth a look  
s soul with fear,  
e female fiend,  
l in her ear.

l no sooner heard  
luctant look,  
hat Rupert lost,  
finger took.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;  
The shining pearls around it  
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,  
The hour when Love unbound it.

— + —  
WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF

OF  
A LADY'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserv'd for me,  
From all thy sweet memorials free;  
And here my simple-song might tell  
The feelings thou must guess so well.  
But could I thus, within thy mind,  
One little vacant corner find,  
Where no impression yet is seen,  
Where no memorial yet hath been,  
Oh! it should be my sweetest care  
To *write my name* for ever *there!*

— + —  
TO  
MRS. BL—  
WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

sure was this spirit's name,  
 rough so soft his voice and look,  
 hence, when'er he came,  
 tremble for her spotless book.

Bacchant cup he bore,  
 rich's sweet nectar sparkling bright ;  
 she fear'd lest, mantling o'er,  
 drops should on the pages light.

chance'd, one luckless night,  
 when let that goblet fall  
 in his book, so pure, so white,  
 his lines and marge and all !

When touch'd with shame, he tried  
 to wash those fatal stains away ;  
 but he had sunk the sullying tide,  
 and his eyes grew darker every day.

His sketches lost their hue,  
 and his once sweet lines were all effac'd,  
 and himself now scarcely knew  
 how to love himself so lately trac'd.

And the urchin Pleasure fled,  
 now, alas ! could Pleasure stay ?  
 while many a tear he shed,  
 he flung the book away.

What now alone remains,  
 the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,  
 though it bears some earthy stains,  
 memory counts the leaf a treasure.

They say, she scans it o'er,  
 oft, by this memorial aided,  
 she rereads the pages now no more,  
 and links of lines that long have faded.

But if this tale be true,  
 as the simple facts are stated ;  
 or their truth to you,  
 I love and you are near related.



TO  
 CARA,

FOR AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

ALB within the shady wood  
 she left her sleeping child,  
 now, to cull her rustic food,  
 the fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her pathway rise,  
 The mother roams, astray and weeping ;  
 Far from the weak appealing cries  
 Of him she left so sweetly sleeping

She hopes, she fears ; a light is seen,  
 And gentler blows the night wind's breath ;  
 Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,  
 The infant may be chill'd to death !

Perhaps, ev'n now, in darkness shrouded,  
 His little eyes lie cold and still ;—  
 And yet, perhaps, they are not clouded,  
 Life and love may light them still.

Thus, Cara, at our last farewell,  
 When, fearful ev'n thy hand to touch,  
 I mutely ask'd those eyes to tell  
 If parting pain'd thee half so much :

I thought,—and, oh ! forgive the thought,  
 For none was e'er by love inspir'd  
 Whom fancy had not also taught  
 To hope the bliss his soul desir'd.

Yes, I *did* think, in Cara's mind,  
 Though yet to that sweet mind unknown,  
 I left one infant wish behind,  
 One feeling, which I call'd my own.

Oh blest ! though but in fancy blest,  
 How did I ask of Pity's care,  
 To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,  
 The nursing I had cradled there.

And, many an hour, beguil'd by pleasure,  
 And many an hour of sorrow numb'ring,  
 I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure,  
 I left within thy bosom slumb'ring.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,  
 Haply, it yet a throb may give—  
 Yet, no—perhaps, a doubt has kill'd it ;  
 Say, dearest—*does* the feeling live ?



TO  
 CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHEN midnight came to close the year,  
 We sigh'd to think it thus should take  
 The hours it gave us—hours as dear  
 As sympathy and love could make

Z

MOORE'S WORKS.

oments,— every sun  
more closely one.

the dawn was nigh  
a new year's light to shed,  
naught from eye to eye  
e moments were not fled :  
t, some future sun  
still more closely one.

er, side by side,  
ars to happier glide ;  
ay the passing sigh  
ours, that vanish o'er us,  
he smiling eye,  
all shed on scenes before us !



TO

. . . . ., 1801.

of every hour  
es to Fancy's power,  
pt magic fills the mind  
d joys we've left behind,  
and friends are near,  
can'd with a tear :

The business of my life shall be,  
For ever to remember thee.  
And though that heart be dead to mine,  
Since Love is life and wakes not thine,  
I'll take thy image, as the form  
Of one whom Love had fail'd to warm,  
Which, though it yield no answering thine,  
Is not less dear, is worshipp'd still —  
I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,  
The bright, cold burden of my way.  
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,  
My heart shall be its lasting tomb,  
And Memory, with embalming care,  
Shall keep it fresh and fadeless there.



THE

GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

*Ad harmoniam canere mandum.*

*Cicero de Nat. Deor.*

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,  
In many a hollow winding wreath'd,  
Such as of old  
Echoed the breath that warbling sea-maids breathe

And thou shalt own,  
 That, through the circle of creation's zone,  
 Where matter slumbers or where spirit beams;  
 From the pellucid tides', that whirl  
 The planets through their maze of song,  
 To the small rill, that weeps along  
 Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;  
 From the rich sigh  
 The sun's arrow through an evening sky;<sup>2</sup>  
 'o the faint breath the tuneful osier yields  
 On Afric's burning fields;<sup>3</sup>  
 'hou't wondering own this universe divine  
 Is mine!  
 That I respire in all and all in me,  
 : mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony.

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!  
 Many a star has ceas'd to burn,<sup>4</sup>  
 Many a tear has Saturn's urn,  
 'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,<sup>5</sup>  
 Since thy aerial spell  
 Hath in the waters slept.  
 Now blest I'll fly  
 With the bright treasure to my choral sky,  
 Where she, who wak'd its early swell,  
 The Syren of the heavenly choir,  
 Ke o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre;<sup>6</sup>  
 Or guides around the burning pole  
 The winged chariot of some blissful soul :<sup>7</sup>  
 While thou —  
 Son of earth, what dreams shall rise for thee!  
 Beneath Hispania's sun,  
 Thou'lt see a streamlet run,  
 'hich I've imbued with breathing melody;<sup>8</sup>

euclidius, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the  
 na, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras, and possibly sug-  
 1 to Descartes.  
 israelides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the  
 of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who,  
 representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a  
 lar sound in the air.  
 a the account of Africa which D'Ablandcourt has translated,  
 is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches when  
 en by the hand produce very sweet sounds. "Le même auteur  
 (sage) dit, qu'il y a un certain arbre, qui produit des gaules  
 me d'osier, et qu'en les prenant à la main et les branlant, elles  
 une espèce d'harmonie fort agréable." &c. &c. — *L'Afrique de*  
*mol.*  
 Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance, of  
 s of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns,  
 ded each by its system. Descartes thought that our earth  
 ld formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick  
 nation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of  
 nral fire.  
 Porphyr says, that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear, την  
 πύλην των ουρανων ομοιω θεαρων (De Vita); and some one else, if I  
 this not, has added the planet Saturn as the source of it. Em-  
 bison, with similar affection, called the sea "the sweat of the  
 th." *ἰδρωτα της γης*. See *Ritterhausius versus Porphyrus*. Num. 41.  
 The system of the harmonised orbs was styled by the ancients  
 Great Lyre of Orpheus, for which Lucian thus accounts: "... ἡ δὲ  
 βάνητος αὐτῆς τῆς τῶν κοινωμένων αἰθρῶν ἀρμονίας συνεβλήθη,  
 ἂν ἡ ἀστρολογία."  
 Ἄλλοτε φωνῆς ἀναρρήθης τῆς αἰθρῆς, οὐραμ θ' ἰασηται προς ἑαυτῶν, και  
 σθῆρας ἑξ ἐξ οὐραμ — Distributing the souls severally among  
 stars, and mounting each soul upon a star as on its chariot." —  
 in *Timæus*.  
 This musical river is mentioned in the romance of Achilles  
 and. *Εἰνα ποταμῶς . . . ὅτι ἐξ ἀστρομῶν ὄλων τῶν ὀδῶν, ἡλίου, ἑσπέρου.* The

And there, when night-winds down the current  
 die,  
 Thou'lt hear how like a harp its waters sigh :  
 A liquid chord is every wave that flows,  
 An airy plectrum every breeze that blows.<sup>9</sup>

There, by that wondrous stream,  
 Go, lay thy languid brow,  
 And I will send thee such a godlike dream,  
 As never bless'd the slumbers even of him,<sup>10</sup>  
 Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,<sup>11</sup>  
 Sate on the chill Pangaean mount,<sup>12</sup>  
 And, looking to the orient dim,  
 Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,  
 From which his soul had drunk its fire,  
 Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,  
 Stole o'er his musing breast;  
 What pious ecstasy<sup>13</sup>  
 Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,  
 Whose seal upon this new-born world imprest<sup>14</sup>  
 The various forms of bright divinity!  
 Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,  
 'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,<sup>15</sup>  
 Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?  
 When, free  
 From earthly chain,  
 From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of  
 pain,  
 His spirit flew through fields above,  
 Drank at the source of nature's fountal number.<sup>16</sup>  
 And saw, in mystic choir, around him move  
 The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!  
 Such dreams, so heavenly bright,

Latin version, in supplying the hiatus which is in the original, has  
 placed the river in Hispania. "In Hispania quoque fluvius est, quem  
 primo aspectu," &c. &c.  
 9 These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles  
 Tatius. *Εἰνα γὰρ αἰθρῶς ἀρμονίας εἰς τὰς θείας ἀμύσησ, το μὲν ὄδῶν ἀπὸ χορῆς  
 κροῦται, το δὲ πνεύμα του ὄδῶν πληκτρῶν γινεται το βούμα δὲ ἀπὸ κίθαρα  
 λαλεῖ.* — Lib. II.  
 10 Orpheus.  
 11 They called his lyre *αρχαιοτατοῦν τετραχορδον Ορφεως*. See a curi-  
 ous work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled "Hebdomades,  
 sive septem de septenario libri." — Lib. IV. cap. 3. p. 177.  
 12 Eratosthenes, in mentioning the extreme veneration of Orpheus  
 for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pangaean  
 mountain at day-break, and there wait the rising of the sun, that  
 he might be the first to hail its beams. *Ἐπιτηρομενος τε της βρυχας,  
 κατα την ὀδῶντη εἰς το ορος το καλυμμενον Παγγαιον, προεμενη τας ἀνα-  
 τολῆς, ἰνα ἰδῶ του ἡλιου πρῶτον.* — *Καταστροφι.* 24.  
 13 There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain  
 sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. For  
 instance, those which Justin Martyr has produced :  
 Οὐρανὸν μὲν χαλεπῶν ἐς οὐρανον ἀστρονομίας  
 Χρονῶνται εἰς θρονῶν, κ. τ. λ. *Ad Græc. Cohortat.*  
 It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the  
 fabrications, which were frequent in the early times of Christianity.  
 Still, it appears doubtful to whom they are to be attributed, being  
 too pious for the Pagans, and too poetical for the Fathers.  
 14 In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to  
 Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a  
 variety of forms upon the universe.  
 15 Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted  
 the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the  
 mysteries of his philosophy. *Jamblich. de Vit.* This, as Hoiistenus  
 remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.  
 16 The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which  
 z 2

hair,  
le there,  
adiant dreams.

ber seem'd  
ed place,  
ly beam'd,  
lorous trace!

shed  
she fled,  
elting late,  
brds are mute,  
sembling breath  
rious death,  
pirit air  
ad been there.

sh, all the day,  
her cheek of rose;  
where late she lay  
divine repose;  
ce the hallow'd print  
d left, as pure and warm  
ne in rapture's mint,  
himself had stamp'd the form.

mistress, where wert thou?  
not thus from me;  
y life, my essence now,  
soul dies of wanting thee.

MRS. HENRY TIGHE,

ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

TELL me the witching tale again,  
For never has my heart or ear  
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,  
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear.

Say, Love, in all thy prime of fame,  
When the high heaven itself was thine;  
When piety confess'd the flame,  
And even thy errors were divine;

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,  
A glory round thy temples spread?  
Did ever lip's ambrosial air  
Such fragrance o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre  
The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd;—  
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,  
The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd.

Oh! you, that love's celestial dream,  
In all its purity, would know,  
Let not the senses' ardent beam  
Too strongly through the vision glow

Love safest lies, conceal'd in night,  
The night where heaven has bid h  
Oh! shed not there unhallow'd light  
Or, Psyche knows, the boy will f

Sweet Psyche, many a charmed b  
Through many a wild and maj  
To the fair fount and blissful bo  
Have I, in dreams, thy light f

this supposition.  
as if



Where'er thy joys are number'd now,  
Beneath whatever shades of rest,  
The Genius of the starry brow<sup>1</sup>  
Hath bound thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,  
Along whose verge our spirits stray, —  
Half sunk beneath the shadowy rim,  
Half brighten'd by the upper ray,<sup>2</sup> —

Thou dwellest in a world, all light,  
Or, lingering here, dost love to be,  
To other souls, the guardian bright  
That Love was, through this gloom, to thee;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,  
The song, whose gentle voice was given  
To be, on earth, to mortal ear,  
An echo of her own, in heaven.



FROM  
THE HIGH PRIEST OF APOLLO,  
TO  
A VIRGIN OF DELPHI

Cum digno digna . . . . . SOLFICIA.

\* Who is the maid, with golden hair,  
\* With eye of fire, and foot of air,  
\* Whose harp around my altar swells,  
\* The sweetest of a thousand shells?"  
Twas thus the deity, who treads  
The arch of heaven, and proudly sheds  
Day from his eyelids — thus he spoke,  
As through my cell his glories broke.

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,<sup>4</sup>  
With eyes of fire, and golden hair,  
Aphelia's are the airy feet,  
And hers the harp divinely sweet;

For foot so light has never trod  
The laurel'd caverns<sup>5</sup> of the god,  
Nor harp so soft has ever given  
A sigh to earth or hymn to heaven.

" Then tell the virgin to unfold,  
" In looser pomp, her locks of gold,  
" And bid those eyes more fondly shine  
" To welcome down a Spouse Divine;  
" Since He, who lights the path of years —  
" Even from the fount of morning's tears  
" To where his setting splendours burn  
" Upon the western sea-maids urn —  
" Doth not, in all his course, behold  
" Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold.  
" Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,  
" His lip yet sparkling with the tide  
" That nectars in Olympian bowls, —  
" The nectar of eternal souls!  
" For her, for her he quits the skies,  
" And to her kiss from nectar flies.  
" Oh, he would quit his star-thron'd height,  
" And leave the world to pine for light,  
" Might he but pass the hours of shade,  
" Beside his peerless Delphic maid,  
" She, more than earthly woman blest,  
" He, more than god on woman's breast!"<sup>7</sup>

There is a cave beneath the steep,<sup>8</sup>  
Where living rills of crystal weep  
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue  
That ever spring begemm'd with dew:  
There oft the greensward's glossy tint  
Is brighten'd by the recent print  
Of many a faun and naiad's feet, —  
Scarce touching earth, their steps so fleet, —  
That there, by moonlight's ray, had trod,  
In light dance, o'er the verdant sod.  
" There, there," the god, impassion'd, said,  
" Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,  
" And the dim orb of lunar souls<sup>9</sup>  
" Along its shadowy pathway rolls —  
" There shall we meet, — and not ev'n He,  
" The God who reigns immortally,

requires of Chiron some information respecting the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying, very gravely apologues for telling the God what his omniscience must know so perfectly already:

Εἰ δὲ γέγρη καὶ ποὺ σφοδρὸν αὐτοφροσύνῃ,  
ἔγωγε.

δ Ἀλλ' αἷς διαφροσύνῃ γυναικὶ θρησκείῃ ταύτῃ.  
EURIPID. ION. v. 76.

<sup>8</sup> The Corycian Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Pliatus.

<sup>9</sup> See note 4, p. 297. It should seem that lunar spirits were of a purer order than spirits in general, as Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon. The heresiarch Manes, in the same manner, imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Christ, and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight to those orbs.

<sup>1</sup> Constancy.

<sup>2</sup> By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

<sup>3</sup> This poem, as well as a few others that occur afterwards, formed part of a work which I had early projected, and even announced to the public, but which, luckily perhaps for myself, had been interrupted by my visit to America in the year 1803.

Among those impostures in which the priests of the pagan temples are known to have indulged, one of the most favourite was that of assuming to some fair votary of the shrine, that the God himself had become enamoured of her beauty, and would descend in all his glory, to pay her a visit within the recesses of the fan. An instance of this description formed an episode in the classic romances which I had sketched out; and the short fragment, given over, belongs to an epistle by which the story was to have been resumed.

<sup>4</sup> In the 9th Pythia of Pindar, where Apollo, in the same manner,

MOORE'S WORKS.

Babel's turrets paint their pride  
 th' Euphrates' shining tide', —  
 'n when to his midnight loves  
 stic majesty he moves,  
 d by many an odorous fire,  
 ymn'd by all Chaldea's choir, —  
 et, o'er mortal brow, let shine  
 fluence of Love Divine,  
 ll to-night, blest maid, o'er thine."

y the maid, whom heaven allows  
 k for heaven her virgin vows!  
 he maid!—her robe of shame  
 n'd by a heavenly flame,  
 glory, with a ling'ring trace,  
 rough and deifies her race!"

FRAGMENT.

, love! I'll pity thee,  
 ndeed hast felt like me.  
 ny bosom's peace is o'er!  
 , which *was* my hour of calm,  
 rom the page of classic lore,  
 e pure fount of ancient lay  
 has drawn the placid balm,  
 harm'd its every grief away,  
 re I find that balm no more.

Which seems so modestly to sto  
 Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive  
 Obscure with malice keen  
 Some timid heart, which only l  
 To live and die unseen.

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred k  
 On which my soul's beloved sw  
 That there should come a time  
 When she would mock my hop  
 And fancy shall thy glow renev  
 In sighs at morn, and dreams a  
 And none shall steal thy holy d  
 Till thou'rt absolv'd by rapture  
 Sweet hours that are to make n  
 Fly, swift as breezes, to the god  
 And let my love, my more than  
 Come blushing to this ardent b  
 Then, while in every glance I d  
 The rich o'erflowings of her mi  
 Oh! let her all enamour'd sink  
 In sweet abandonment resign'd  
 Blushing for all our struggles p

THE CATALOGUE

"I'll me," says Rosa, as kissing and kist,  
 she reclin'd on my breast;  
 I'll me the number, repeat me the list  
 nymphs you have lov'd and carest."—  
 'twas only my fancy that roved,  
 't at the moment was free;  
 I'll thee, my girl, how many I've loved,  
 the number shall finish with thee.

as Kitty; in infancy wild  
 I'll me the way to be blest;  
 I'll me to love her, I lov'd like a child,  
 you could fancy the rest.  
 I'll of dear and enrapturing lore  
 I'll ever forgot, I allow:  
 I'll it *by rote* very often before,  
 I'll it *by heart* until now.

she was next, and my soul was all flame,  
 my head was so full of romance  
 I'll cied her into some chivalry dame,  
 I'll as her knight of the lance.  
 I'll as was not of this fanciful school,  
 I'll laugh'd at her poor little knight;  
 I'll ought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,  
 I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

as now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,  
 I'll was tempted to rove;  
 I'll, I found, was so learned in books  
 I'll gave me more logic than love.  
 I'll as young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly  
 I'll as sweeter logicians in bliss,  
 I'll as the point with a soul-telling eye,  
 I'll to convince us at once with a kiss.

I'll was then all the world unto me,  
 I'll as was piously given;  
 I'll worst of it was, we could never agree  
 I'll road that was shortest to Heaven.  
 I'll an!" I've said, in the moments of mirth,  
 I'll as devotion to thee or to me?  
 I'll as you believe there's a heaven on earth,  
 I'll as believe that that heaven's in *thee!*"

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

TO HIMSELF.

*Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.*

I'll as the sighing fool to play;  
 I'll as to trifle life away;  
 I'll as vainly think those joys thine own,  
 I'll as h all, alas! have falsely flown.

What hours, Catullus, once were thine,  
 How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,  
 When lightly thou didst fly to meet  
 The girl whose smile was then so sweet—  
 The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain  
 Than e'er thy heart can feel again.

Ye met—your souls seem'd all in one,  
 Like tapers that commingling shone;  
 Thy heart was warm enough for both,  
 And hers, in truth, was nothing loath.

Such were the hours that once were thine;  
 But, ah! those hours no longer shine.  
 For now the nymph delights no more  
 In what she lov'd so much before;  
 And all Catullus now can do,  
 Is to be proud and frigid too;  
 Nor follow where the wanton flies,  
 Nor sue the bliss that she denies.  
 False maid! he bids farewell to thee,  
 To love, and all love's misery;  
 The heyday of his heart is o'er,  
 Nor will he court one favour more.

Fly, perjurd girl!—but whither fly?  
 Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?  
 Who now will drink the syren tone,  
 Which tells him thou art all his own?  
 Oh, none:—and he who lov'd before  
 Can never, never love thee more.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"  
St. John, chap. viii.

OH woman, if through sinful wile  
 Thy soul hath stray'd from honour's track,  
 'Tis mercy only can beguile,  
 By gentle ways, the wand'rer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,  
 Wash'd by those tears, not long will stay;  
 As clouds that sully morning skies  
 May all be wept in show'rs away.

Go, go, be innocent,—and live;  
 The tongues of men may wound thee sore;  
 But Heav'n in pity can forgive,  
 And bid thee "go, and sin no more!"

NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,  
 When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,

MOORE'S WORKS.

with their tresses green,  
On the western billow :  
And, at twilight dim,  
The spirit's vesper hymn  
Along the winding shore,  
And, through mist of eve,  
Their ringlets weave,  
The spangled green : —  
Seen all this, and more,  
What a deal you've seen !

PIGRAM,

THE FRENCH.

My kiss (says Prue),  
Is man, for I abhor it."  
My kiss, 'tis true :  
I thought, and thank you for it.

THE SINGING POETESS.

Does she her glance confine,  
Once, to *all the Nine!*

Tell me at once if this be true,  
And I will calm my jealous breast ;  
Will learn to join the dangling crew,  
And share your simpers with the rest

But if your heart be *not* so free, —  
Oh ! if another share that heart,  
Tell not the hateful tale to me,  
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you "false as hell,"  
Than find you to be all divine, —  
Than know that heart could love so well  
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, you little rosy rake,  
That heart of yours I long to rifle :  
Come, give it me, and do not make  
So much ado about a *trifle!*

SONG.

THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. ———.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND. 1799.

happiest hours of joy,  
 I have had my measure,  
 As were full, and ev'ry eye  
 dled with the light of pleasure,  
 For this I ne'er was given,  
 Friendship's purest blisses;  
 He himself looks down from heaven,  
 On such a day as this is.  
 Come, my friends, this hour improve,  
 Feel as if we ne'er could sever;  
 Say the birth of her we love  
 Thus with joy remember'd ever!

Ev'ry thought to-night,  
 Would disturb our soul's communion;  
 Thus to dear delight,  
 For once forget the Union!  
 Statesmen try their pow'rs,  
 Able o'er the rights they'd die for;  
 Of the soul be ours,  
 Y' union else we sigh for.  
 Then come, my friends, &c.

Around I mark  
 Wings of the heart o'erflowing;  
 Soul I catch the spark  
 Thy, in friendship glowing.  
 Such moments ever fly;  
 We ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;  
 Bright as Charlotte's eye,  
 As pure as Charlotte's bosom.  
 Then come, my friends, &c.

At e'er my span of years,  
 The sun may light my roving;  
 Waste my life in tears,  
 As now, for mirth and loving;  
 Shall come with aspect kind,  
 For fate may cast your rover;  
 Of those he left behind,  
 Give a health to bliss that's over!  
 Then come, my friends, &c.

SONG.<sup>1</sup>

Believ'd thee true,  
 Was blest in thus believing;

<sup>1</sup> was written to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla

But now I mourn that e'er I knew  
 A girl so fair and so deceiving.  
 Fare thee well.

Few have ever lov'd like me, —  
 Yes, I have lov'd thee too sincerely!  
 And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee, —  
 Alas! deceiv'd me too severely.

Fare thee well! — yet think awhile  
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;  
 Who now would rather trust that smile,  
 And die with thee than live without thee.

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,  
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;  
 For see, distracting woman, see,  
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken! —  
 Fare thee well!

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

J. AT—NS—N, ESQ. M. R. I. A.

THOUGH long at school and college dosing,  
 O'er books of verse and books of prosing,  
 And copying from their moral pages  
 Fine recipes for making sages;  
 Though long with those divines at school,  
 Who think to make us good by rule;  
 Who, in methodic forms advancing,  
 Teaching morality like dancing,  
 Tell us, for Heaven or money's sake,  
 What *steps* we are through life to take:  
 Though, thus, my friend, so long employ'd,  
 With so much midnight oil destroy'd,  
 I must confess, my searches past,  
 I've only learn'd to *doubt* at last.  
 I find the doctors and the sages  
 Have differ'd in all climes and ages,  
 And two in fifty scarce agree  
 On what is pure morality.  
 'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,  
 And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,  
 As modes of being great and wise,  
 That we should cease to own or know  
 The luxuries that from feeling flow: —  
 "Reason alone must claim direction,  
 "And Apathy's the soul's perfection.  
 "Like a dull lake the heart must lie;  
 "Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,  
 "Though Heav'n the breeze, the breath, supplied,  
 "Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

MOORE'S WORKS.

was the rigid Zeno's plan  
his philosophic man;  
ere the modes *he* taught mankind  
the garden of the mind;  
ere from thence some weeds, 'tis true,  
the flow'rs were ravag'd too!

listen to the wily strains,  
on Cyrené's sandy plains,  
Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,  
the philosophic throne,—  
at the courtly sage's tongue  
surrounding pupils sung:—  
ere's the only noble end  
which all human pow'rs should tend,  
Virtue gives her heav'nly lore,  
make Pleasure please us more.  
In and she were both design'd  
like the senses more refin'd,  
man might revel, free from cloying,  
most a sage when most enjoying!"

morality? — Oh, no!  
wiser path could show.  
'Tis within this vase confin'd,  
ere, the unfading flow'r of mind,  
ere throw all its sweets away  
from mortal mould of clay:  
— its richest breath should rise  
ere's incense to the skies.

No, pedants, I have left to you  
Nicely to sep'rate hue from hue.  
Go, give that moment up to art,  
When Heaven and nature claim th'  
And, dull to all their best attractiv'  
Go — measure *angles of refraction*.  
While I, in feeling's sweet romanc'  
Look on each daybeam as a glance  
From the great eye of Him above  
Wak'ning his world with looks of



THE  
TELL-TALE LYRE.

I've heard, there was in ancient d'  
A Lyre of most melodious spell  
'Twas heav'n to hear its fairy lays  
If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas play'd on by the gentlest si'  
And to their breath it breath'd  
In such entrancing melodies  
As ear had never drunk till the

Not harmony's serenest touch  
So stilly could the notes prolong  
They were not heavenly song so r

And as, with eyes commingling fire,  
They listen'd to each other's vow,  
The youth full oft would make the Lyre  
A pillow for the maiden's brow :

And, while the melting words she breath'd  
Were by its echoes wafted round,  
Her locks had with the chords so wreath'd,  
One knew not which gave forth the sound.

Alas, their hearts but little thought,  
While thus they talk'd the hours away,  
That every sound the Lyre was taught  
Would linger long, and long betray.

So mingled with its tuneful soul  
Were all their tender murmurs grown,  
That other sighs unanswer'd stole,  
Nor words its breath'd but theirs alone.

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung  
To every breeze that wander'd by;  
The secrets of thy gentle tongue  
Were breath'd in song to earth and sky.

The fatal Lyre, by Envy's hand  
Hung high amid the whispering groves,  
To every gale by which 'twas fann'd,  
Proclaim'd the myst'ry of your loves.

Nor long thus rudely was thy name  
To earth's derisive echoes given;  
Some pitying spirit downward came,  
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven.

There, freed from earth's unholy wrongs,  
Both happy in Love's home shall be;  
Thou, uttering nought but seraph songs,  
And that sweet Lyre still echoing thee!

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF WAR.

WHERE is now the smile, that lighten'd  
Every hero's couch of rest?  
Where is now the hope, that brighten'd  
Honour's eye and Pity's breast?  
Have we lost the wreath we braided  
For our weary warrior men?  
Is the faithless olive faded?  
Must the bay be pluck'd agnain?

Passing hour of sunny weather  
Lovely, in your light awhile,

Peace and Glory, wed together,  
Wander'd through our blessed isle.  
And the eyes of Peace would glisten,  
Dewy as a morning sun,  
When the timid maid would listen  
To the deeds her chief had done.

Is their hour of dalliance over?  
Must the maiden's trembling feet  
Waft her from her warlike lover  
To the desert's still retreat?  
Fare you well! with sighs we banish  
Nymph so fair and guests so bright;  
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,  
Leaves behind a soothing light;—

Soothing light, that long shall sparkle  
O'er your warrior's sanguin'd way,  
Through the field where horrors darkle,  
Shedding hope's consoling ray.  
Long the smile his heart will cherish,  
To its absent idol true;  
While around him myriads perish,  
Glory still will sigh for you!

SONG.

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art  
In passion's moment breath'd to me;  
Yet, no—it must not, will not part,  
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,  
And has become too pure for thee.

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh  
With all the warmth of truth imprest;  
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie,  
Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,  
Or bloom to make a rival blest.

Take back the vows that, night and day,  
My heart receiv'd, I thought, from thine;  
Yet, no—allow them still to stay,  
They might some other heart betray,  
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine.

LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir."  
J. J. ROUSSEAU.<sup>1</sup>

'Twas in the summer time so sweet,  
When hearts and flowers are both in season,  
That—who, of all the world, should meet,  
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

<sup>1</sup> Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's *Études de la Nature*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

eam of yesternight,  
talk'd about the weather;  
oth, was fair and bright,  
ook their way together.

y a gambol flew,  
like a Juno, stalk'd,  
rtly figure threw  
shadow, as she walk'd.

, as on they pass'd,  
at sunny morning chill,  
low Reason cast  
oy, and cool'd him still.

his wings to warm,  
way not so dim,  
d's gigantic form  
etween the sun and him.

be," said little Love —  
made for more than you."  
ugh a myrtle grove,  
rtly nymph adieu.

the laughing boy  
ead, by many a stream;  
nhaling joy,  
bliss in every beam.

dens, all the bowers,  
many sweets they shaded,

NAY, do not weep, my Fanny dear;  
While in these arms you lie,  
This world hath not a wish, a fear,  
That ought to cost that eye a tear,  
That heart, one single sigh.

The world!— ah, Fanny, Love must sl  
The paths where many rove;  
One bosom to recline upon,  
One heart to be his only-one,  
Are quite enough for Love.

What can we wish, that is not here  
Between your arms and mine?  
Is there, on earth, a space so dear  
As that within the happy sphere  
Two loving arms entwine?

For me, there's not a lock of jet  
Adown your temples curl'd,  
Within whose glossy, tangling net,  
My soul doth not, at once, forget  
All, all this worthless world.

'Tis in those eyes, so full of love,  
My only worlds I see;  
Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,  
And earth below and skies above,  
May frown or smile for me.



man possesses heart or eyes,  
an's bright empire never dies!

Fanny, love, they ne'er shall say,  
beauty's charm hath pass'd away;  
but the universe a soul  
'd to woman's soft control,  
Fanny hath the charm, the skill,  
eld a universe at will.



THE

GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM  
OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.  
TO HER LOVER.

— ης τε καλος  
Παρθενος, δεσπο τε χερου σπυριτου ιωαννης.  
Ανυλλου και Πλωτωνου. *Oracul. Metric. a Jovan.*  
Oppop. collecta.

he moon, or was it morning's ray,  
I'd thee, dearest, from these arms away?  
adst thou left me, when a dream of night  
er my spirit so distinct and bright,  
hile I yet can vividly recall  
ing wonders, thou shalt hear them all.  
ght I saw, upon the lunar beam,  
ged boys, such as thy muse might dream,  
ing from above, at that still hour,  
ling, with smooth step, into my bower.  
he beauteous spirits that, all day,  
tha's warm founts imprison'd stay,<sup>2</sup>

imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal  
above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating  
lands, in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accord-  
ing that the word *βλασφημια* was sometimes synonymous with  
ath was not unfrequently called *βλασφημια νησος*, or "the  
the ocean."

ias, in his life of Iamblichus, tells us of two beautiful  
s or loves, which Iamblichus raised by enchantment from  
springs at Gadara; "dicens astantibus (says the author of  
idici, p. 160.) illos esse loci Genioe;" which words, how-  
st in Eunapius.

on Cellarius, that Amatha, in the neighbourhood of  
is also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have pre-  
sented a more poetical name than Gadara. Cellarius quotes  
as. "Est et alia villa in vicinia Gadare nomine Amatha,  
aque erumpunt."—*Geograph. Antiq.* lib. iii. cap. 13.

chief of an ocean in the heavens, or "waters above the  
"was one of the many physical errors in which the early  
sundered themselves. Le P. Baltus, in his "Défense des  
s accusés de Platonisme," taking it for granted that the  
are more correct in their notions (which by no means  
is what I have already quoted), adduces the obstinacy  
ers, in this whimsical opinion, as a proof of their repug-  
na truth from the hands of the philosophers. This is a  
y of defending the fathers, and attributes much more  
nerve to the philosophers. For an abstract of this work  
the opposer of Fontenelle, Van Dale, &c. in the famous

But rise at midnight, from th' enchanted rill,  
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill.

At once I knew their mission;— 'twas to bear  
My spirit upward, through the paths of air,  
To that elysian realm, from whence stray beams  
So oft, in sleep, had visited my dreams.  
Swift at their touch dissolv'd the ties, that clung  
All earthly round me, and aloft I sprung;  
While, heav'nward guides, the little genii flew  
Thro' paths of light, refresh'd by heaven's own dew  
And fann'd by airs still fragrant with the breath  
Of cloudless climes and worlds that know not death.

Thou know'st, that, far beyond our nether sky,  
And shown but dimly to man's erring eye,  
A mighty ocean of blue ether rolls,<sup>2</sup>  
Gem'd with bright islands, where the chosen souls,  
Who've pass'd in lore and love their earthly hours,  
Repose for ever in fading bowers.  
That very moon, whose solitary light  
So often guides thee to my bower at night,  
Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,  
Floating in splendour through those seas above,  
And peopled with bright forms, aërial grown,  
Nor knowing aught of earth but love alone.  
Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way :—  
Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,  
While, all around, on lily beds of rest,  
Reclin'd the spirits of the immortal Blest.<sup>4</sup>  
(Oh! there I met those few congenial maids,  
Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades;  
There still Leontium<sup>5</sup>, on her sage's breast,  
Found lore and love, was tutor'd and cared;  
And there the clasp of Pythia's<sup>6</sup> gentle arms  
Repaid the zeal which deified her charms.

Oracle controversy,) see "Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclésiast. du  
160 siècle," part 1. tom. II.

<sup>4</sup> There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to  
their lunar establishment; some made it an elysium, and others a  
purgatory; while some supposed it to be a kind of *entrepôt* between  
heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies, and those  
that were on their way to join them, were deposited in the valley of  
Hecate, and remained till further orders. *Της περι σελήνης αερα  
ληγνυσθαισας εσθουσας, και αν' αυτης κατα χωρην εις την περιεπουσιν γενεσθαι.*—  
*Stob.* lib. I. Eclog. Phylae.

<sup>5</sup> The pupil and mistress of Epicurus, who called her his "dear  
little Leontium" (*Λεοντιουσα*), as appears by a fragment of one of his  
letters in Laertius. This Leontium was a woman of talent; "she  
had the impudence (says Cicero) to write against Theophrastus;"  
and Cicero, at the same time, gives her a name which is neither po-  
lite nor translatable. "Meretricula etiam Leontium contra Theo-  
phrastum scribere ausa est."—*De Natur. Deor.* She left a daughter  
called Danae, who was just as rigid an Epicurean as her mother;  
something like Wieland's Danae in Agathon.

It would sound much better, I think, if the name were Leontia,  
as it occurs the first time in Laertius; but M. Ménage will not hear  
of this reading.

<sup>6</sup> Pythia was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom after  
her death he paid divine honours, solemnising her memory by the  
same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the Goddess Ceres.  
For this impious gallantry the philosopher was, of course, censured;  
but it would be well if certain of our modern Stagyrites showed a  
little of this superstition about the memory of their mistresses.

MOORE'S WORKS.

in Aspasia's eyes,  
 less endearing ties,  
 's innocently fair,  
 her Samian's flowing hair,  
 x'd, its transmigrations past,  
 ns a resting-place, at last;  
 l, whate'er his dreamy thought  
 long had vainly sought,  
 orm'd of 'Two whom love hath

gods or men e'er found.

Theon, with what joy I thrill'd,  
 e, which through the valley rill'd,  
 held a form recline,  
 so resembling thine  
 t fidelity in me,  
 nd worship it for thee.  
 e unbodied soul requires,  
 embassy desires;  
 o spirits only given,  
 ulse, only felt in heaven,  
 or shaft through summer skies,  
 the glanc'd idea flies.

how divinely sweet  
 hen kindred spirits meet!  
 r-god<sup>4</sup>, whose waters flow,  
 ly light, through caves below,

But no; no more — soon as to-morrow's ray  
 O'er soft Illissus shall have died away,  
 I'll come, and, while love's planet in the we  
 Shines o'er our meeting, tell thee all the res

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue  
 Howe'er its splendour used to thrill me  
 And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue,—  
 To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,  
 However much I've rav'd about it;  
 And sweetly as that lip can kiss,  
 I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learn'd to fast,  
 That, sooth, my love, I know not whet  
 I might not bring myself at last,  
 To—do without you altogether.

And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,  
To heal his lip when bees have stung it.  
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,  
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,  
Which answers when the tongue is loath,  
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,  
And spread'st thy playful hands for both.  
Ah!—if there were not something wrong,  
The world would see them blended oft;  
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!  
The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!  
Then might the gold, the flow'rets be  
Sweet fetters for my love and me.

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,  
That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)  
When mingled thus they cease to shine,  
Or shine but for a transient season.  
Whether the Chain may press too much,  
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,  
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,  
And all their bloom, their glow is faded!  
Oh! better to be always free,  
Than thus to bind my love to me.

THE timid girl now hung her head,  
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,  
I saw a doubt its twilight spread  
Across her brow's divine expanse.  
Just then, the garland's brightest rose  
Gave one of its love-breathing sighs—  
Oh! who can ask how Fanny chose,  
That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes?  
"The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be  
"The tie to bind my soul to thee."

TO

AND hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,  
That many a time obscures my brow,  
Midst all the joys, beloved maid,  
Which thou canst give, and only thou?

Oh! 'tis not that I then forget  
The bright looks that before me shine;  
For never throbb'd a bosom yet  
Could feel their witchery, like mine.

When bashful on my bosom hid,  
And blushing to have felt so blest,  
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,  
Again to close it on my breast;—

Yes,— these are minutes all thine own,  
Thine own to give, and mine to feel;  
Yet ev'n in them, my heart has known  
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,  
When he who first thy soul possess'd,  
Like me awak'd its witching powers,  
Like me was lov'd, like me was blest.

Upon his name thy murm'ring tongue  
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;  
Upon his words thine ear hath hung,  
With transport all as purely felt.

For him — yet why the past recall,  
To damp and wither present bliss?  
Thou'rt now my own, heart, spirit, all,  
And Heaven could grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;  
I would be first, be sole to thee,  
Thou shouldst have but begun to live,  
The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effac'd,  
Love should have kept that leaf alone  
On which he first so brightly trac'd  
That thou wert, soul and all, my own.

TO

..... 'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she, whose shade thou art,  
No more will let thee soothe my pain;  
Yet, tell her, it has cost this heart  
Some pangs, to give thee back again.

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,  
With which she made thy semblance mine,  
As bitter is the burning tear,  
With which I now the gift resign.

Yet go — and could she still restore,  
As some exchange for taking thee,  
The tranquil look which first I wore,  
When her eyes found me calm and free;

Could she give back the careless flow,  
The spirit that my heart then knew —  
Yet, no, 'tis vain — go, picture, go —  
Smile at me once, and then — adieu!

MOORE'S WORKS.

FRAGMENT  
OF  
A BIOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.

infant of eternity!  
The day-star learn'd to move,  
The fire, along his grand career,  
The beamy shafts of light  
Which quiver to the farthest sphere,  
Wert alone, oh Love!  
Beneath the wings of ancient Night,  
Terrors seem'd to smile in shadowing

Beauty sooth'd thine eye,  
In the dim expanse it wander'd wide;  
Thy spirit caught thy sigh,  
Thy watery waste it ling'ring died.

Pulse, unknown the power,  
Lent in his heart was sleeping, —  
Thy! that lonely hour  
He himself thy absence weeping.

TO  
HIS SERENE HIGHNESS  
THE DUKE OF MONTPELIER  
ON HIS  
PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE

*Dominique*

To catch the thought, by painting's  
Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd,  
And o'er the kindling canvass tell  
The silent story of the mind;

O'er nature's form to glance the eye  
And fix, by mimic light and shade  
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,  
Her evening blushes, ere they fade

Yes, these are Painting's proudest powers  
The gift by which her art divine  
Above all others proudly towers, —  
And these, oh Prince! are richly

And yet, when Friendship sees thee  
In almost living truth express'd

THE  
FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.<sup>1</sup>

'Twas on a day  
In the immortals at their banquet lay;  
The bowl  
Sparkled with starry dew,  
weeping of those myriad urns of light,  
thin whose orbs, the almighty Power,  
At nature's dawning hour,  
In rich fluid of ethereal soul.<sup>2</sup>  
Around,  
Venus clouds, that upward wing their flight  
From eastern isles  
They have bath'd them in the orient ray,  
rich fragrance all their bosoms fill'd),  
flew, and, melting as they flew,  
laybreak o'er the board distill'd.

All, all was luxury!  
It be luxury, where Lyæus smiles.  
His locks divine  
Were crown'd  
With a bright meteor-braid,  
like an ever-springing wreath of vine,  
to brilliant leafy shapes,  
his brow in lambent tendrils play'd:  
In mid the foliage hung,  
Like lucid grapes,  
and clustering buds of light,  
in the gardens of the galaxy.

In bosom Cytherea's head  
Lay, as when first the Syrens sung  
Her beauty's dawn,  
The curtains of the deep, undrawn,  
Her sleeping in its azure bed.

I have styled this poem a Dithyrambic Ode, I cannot say that it possesses, in any degree, the characteristics of poetry. The nature of the ancient Dithyrambic is pretty known. According to M. Burette, a licentious use of metre, an extravagant research of thought and expression, a rude embarrassed construction, are among its most striking features; and in all these respects, I have but too often followed my models. Burette adds, " Ces caractères se font sentir à ceux qui lisent attentivement les leurs." — *Mémoires de l'Acad.* vol. x. p. 306. The same may be collected from Schmidt's dissertation upon the dithyrambic, however, if the Dithyrambics of Pindar were in our hands, we should find that, however wild and fanciful, they were not the tasteless jargon they are represented, and that regularity was what Boileau calls " un beau désordre." Pindar has been styled the Pindar of Italy, and from whom Pindar upon the Greek model was called Chiabreresco (as informs us, lib. i. cap. 12.), has given, amongst his Venetian Dithyrambics, " all' uso de' Greci; " full of those corruptions, which, we are told, were a chief characteristic of the ancient dithyrambic. — *Suid.* *Διθύραμβικός*;) such as

Brigilindorato Pegaso  
Nubicalpeator.

suppose that Pindar, even amidst all the licence of the age, would ever have descended to ballad-language like

The captive deity  
Hung lingering on her eyes and lip,  
With looks of ecstasy.  
Now, on his arm,  
In blushes she repos'd,  
And, while he gaz'd on each bright charm,  
To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance stole.

And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip  
The nectar'd wave  
Lyæus gave,  
And from her eyelids, half-way clos'd,  
Sent forth a melting gleam,  
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl:  
While her bright hair, in mazy flow  
Of gold descending  
Adown her cheek's luxurious glow,  
Hung o'er the goblet's side,  
And was reflected in its crystal tide,  
Like a bright crocus flower,  
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour  
With roses of Cyrene blending,<sup>3</sup>  
Hang o'er the mirror of some silvery stream.

The Olympian cup  
Shone in the hands  
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet  
Up

To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount;<sup>4</sup>  
And still  
As the resplendent rill  
Gush'd forth into the cup with mantling heat,  
Her watchful care

Was still to cool its liquid fire [air  
With snow-white sprinklings of that feathery  
The children of the Pole respire,  
In those enchanted lands,<sup>5</sup> [blow.  
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never

Bella Filla, e bella Clori,  
Non più dar pregio a tue bellezze e tacl,  
Che se Bacco fa vezzi alle mie labbra  
Fo le fiche a' vostri bucl.

— *casar vorrei Coppier,  
E se troppo desiro  
Deh foasi lo Bottiglier.*

*Rime del CHIABRERESCO, part II. p. 332.*

<sup>1</sup> This is a Platonic fancy. The philosopher supposes, in his *Timæus*, that, when the Deity had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls, in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as for the former; and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it among the stars, which served as reservoirs of the fluid. — *Tavri' eivai kai pallas eivai tou proteprou apantou en oi epn tou parntou phidru apantous emioye, κ. τ. λ.*

<sup>2</sup> We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. — *Ενοσμηματα τα δε τα εν Κυρηνη ροδα.*

<sup>3</sup> Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence. — "Scintilla stellaris essentia." — *MACROBIUS, in Somn. Scip.* lib. i. cap. 14.

<sup>4</sup> The country of the Hyperboreans. These people were supposed to be placed so far north that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, &c. &c. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It

A A

MOORE'S WORKS.

But oh!  
 Bright Hebe, what a tear,  
 And what a blush were thine,  
 When, as the breath of every Grace  
 Led thy feet along the studded sphere,  
 With a bright cup for Jove himself to drink,  
 One star, that shone beneath thy tread,  
 Raising its amorous head  
 To kiss those matchless feet,  
 Check'd thy career too fleet;  
 And all heaven's host of eyes  
 Stare'd, but fearful all,  
 "Hee, sweet Hebe, prostrate fall  
 Upon the bright floor of the azure skies;"<sup>1</sup>  
 Where, mid its stars, thy beauty lay,  
 As blossom, shaken from the spray  
 Of a spring thorn,  
 Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn.  
 In temples of the Paphian shade,  
 Worshippers of Beauty's queen behold  
 The image of their rosy idol, laid  
 Upon a diamond shrine.

The wanton wind,  
 Which had pursu'd the flying fair,  
 And sported mid the tresses unconfin'd  
 Of her bright hair,  
 As she fell,—oh wanton breeze!  
 Dost thou the robe, whose graceful flow  
 O'er those limbs of unsunn'd snow,  
 Gave to the Elysian soil

Alas, alas, upturn'd it lay  
 By the fall'n Hebe's side  
 While, in slow lingering drops,  
 As conscious of its own rich ess

Who was the Spirit that remem  
 In that blest hour,  
 And, with a wing of love  
 Brush'd off the goblet's sea  
 As, trembling, near the edge  
 And sent them floating to ou  
 Essence of immortality!

The shower  
 Fell glowing through the  
 While all around new tints  
 New odours and new lig  
 Enrich'd its radiant flow.  
 Now, with a liquid kis  
 It stole along the thrillin  
 Of Heaven's luminous  
 Stealing the soul of music in  
 And now, amid the breezes b  
 That whisper from the planets  
 The bright libation, softly fan  
 By all their sighs, meandering  
 They who, from Atlas' heig  
 Beheld this rosy flame  
 Descending through the wa  
 Thought 'twas some planet, who

Steeping  
 The rosy clouds, that curl'd  
 About his infant head,  
 Arrh upon the locks of Cupid shed.  
 But, when the waking boy  
 His exhaling tresses through the sky,  
 O morn of joy! —  
 The tide divine,  
 Glorious with the vermeil dye  
 Frank beneath his orient eye,  
 Still'd, in dew, upon the world,  
 Every drop was wine, was heavenly WINE!  
 'Tis to be the sod, and blest the flower  
 Which descended first that shower,  
 From Jove's nectarous springs; —  
 Far less sweet the flower, the sod,  
 Which the Spirit of the Rainbow flings  
 His magic mantle of her solar God!

RINGS AND SEALS.

*Ὀμοίωσιν ἀγαθῶν καὶ φθόρον.*  
 ACHILLES TATTUS, lib. II.

"said the angry, weeping maid,  
 My charm is broken! — once betray'd,  
 How can this wrong'd heart rely  
 On word or look, on oath or sigh.  
 Give back the gifts, so fondly given,  
 And promis'd faith and vows to heaven;  
 A little ring which, night and morn,  
 I wedded truth my hand hath worn;  
 A seal which oft, in moments blest,  
 I fast upon my lip imprest,  
 Sworn its sacred spring should be  
 To obtain seal'd for only thee:  
 Give them back, the gift and vow,  
 And allied, lost and hateful now!"

"Take the ring — the seal I took,  
 Oh, her every tear and look  
 Such as angels look and shed,  
 Man is by the world misled.  
 I whisper'd, "Fanny, dear!  
 If thy lover's gifts are here:  
 Where are all the kisses given,  
 From morn to noon, from noon to even,  
 — signets of true love, worth more  
 Solomon's own seal of yore, —  
 Are those gifts, so sweet, so many?  
 Dearest — give back all, if any."

she adorned those flowers and trees the sweetest upon  
 show had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly  
 knew, was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated.  
 upon lib. iv. cap. 2. where (as Vossius remarks) *καλλοῦσθαι*,  
*καλλοῦσθαι*, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius,  
 on particularities of the rainbow, De Origin. et Pro-  
 lib. III. cap. 12.  
 the gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in

While thus I whisper'd, trembling too,  
 Lest all the nymph had sworn was true,  
 I saw a smile relenting rise  
 'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,  
 Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,  
 While yet in mid-air hangs the dew.  
 She let her cheek repose on mine,  
 She let my arms around her twine;  
 One kiss was half allowed, and then —  
 The ring and seal were hers again.

TO  
 MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D.\*  
 ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,  
 A song, like those thy lip hath given,  
 And it was sung by shapes of light,  
 Who look'd and breath'd, like thee, of heaven.

But this was all a dream of sleep,  
 And I have said, when morning shone,  
 "Why should the night-witch, Fancy, keep  
 "These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent  
 Such tones to one of mortal birth;  
 I knew not then that Heaven had sent  
 A voice, a form like thine on earth.

And yet, in all that flowery maze  
 Through which my path of life has led,  
 When I have heard the sweetest lays  
 From lips of rosiest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word  
 From Beauty's lip, in sweetness vying  
 With music's own melodious bird,  
 When on the rose's bosom lying;

Though form and song at once combin'd  
 Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,  
 My heart hath sigh'd, my ear hath pin'd  
 For something lovelier, softer still: —

Oh, I have found it all, at last,  
 In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,  
 Through which the soul of song e'er pass'd,  
 Or feeling breath'd its sacred fire.

the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain,  
 which, they say, is the 'sealed fountain' to which the holy spouse  
 in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that So-  
 lomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to  
 keep them for his own drinking." — *Masdrell's Travels*. See also  
 the notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.

\* The present Duchess of Hamilton.



MOORE'S WORKS.

er, in wildest flight  
dreams, could hear or see  
igh or beauty's light  
at once, in thee!

IMPROMPTU,

LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

Adios comitum valetе octus! CATULLUS.

shall my soul forget  
as I found so cordial-hearted;  
e the day we met,  
shall be the night we parted.

ets, however sweet,  
n the lapse of time decay,  
en thus in mirth you meet,  
to him that's far away!

light of memory found  
hin your social glass;  
still the magic round,  
h Oblivion dares not pass.

Yet, hapless maid, in one sad hour,  
These spells have lost their guardian  
The gem has been beguil'd away;  
Her eyes have lost their chas'ning ray  
The modest pride, the guiltless shame  
The smiles that from reflection came,  
All, all have fled, and left her mind  
A faded monument behind;  
The ruins of a once pure shrine,  
No longer fit for guest divine.  
Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see —  
Heaven keep the lost one's fate from

TO

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,  
While yet my soul is something free  
While yet those dangerous eyes allow  
One minute's thought to stray from

Oh! thou becom'st each moment dear  
Every chance that brings me nigh  
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer, —  
I am lost, unless I fly thee.



WOMAN.

away — you're all the same,  
ding, flutt'ring, jilking throng;  
se too late, I burn with shame,  
ink I've been your slave so long.

be won, and quick to rove,  
folly kind, from cunning loath,  
I for bliss, too weak for love,  
signing all that's best in both;

ning o'er a crowd to reign, —  
joy it gives to woman's breast  
e ten frigid coxcombs vain,  
one true, manly lover blest.

away — your smile's a curse —  
blot me from the race of men,  
stying Heaven, by death or worse,  
er I love such things again.

TO

ΝΟΝΝΑ ΤΗ ΦΙΛΗΤΑ, ΕΚΡΙΣΙΔΕΣ.

take thy harp — 'tis vain to muse  
n the gathering ills we see;  
like thy harp and let me lose  
thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

me, love! — though death were near,  
song could make my soul forget —  
y, in pity, dry that tear,  
may be well, be happy yet.

but see that snowy arm  
more upon the dear harp lie,  
will cease to dream of harm,  
smile at fate, while thou art nigh.

3 In his Essay on the Decline of the Oracles, Cleombrotus, a Ptolemaic philosopher, describes an extraordinary man whom he met after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. This supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and with them; the rest of his time he passed among the Nymphs. Περὶ τῆς ἀφροσύνης θαλάσσης κύρου, ἀφροσύνης καὶ ἀνοργάνου, τὰ ἀλλὰ δε σου τὰς ὑμῶναι, ἡμῶναι καὶ σου. He speaks in a tone not far removed from singing; he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place; τὸν τῆς αὐτοῦ ἀρώμα, τὸν ἰσχυρὸν ἴδιον ἀνοργάνου. Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds. See Janus Domus, a little before his death, imagined a strain of music in the air. See the poem of Heinemann quam paulo ante obitum audire sibi visus est 344.

Give me that strain of mournful touch,  
We us'd to love long, long ago,  
Before our hearts had known as much  
As now, alas! they bleed to know.

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,  
Of all that look'd so smiling then,  
Now vanish'd, lost — oh pray thee, cease,  
I cannot bear those sounds again.

Art thou, too, wretched? yes, thou art;  
I see thy tears flow fast with mine —  
Come, come to this devoted heart,  
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met  
The venerable man<sup>1</sup>; a healthy bloom  
Mingled its softness with the vigorous thought  
That tower'd upon his brow; and, when he spoke,  
'Twas language sweeten'd into song — such holy  
sounds

As oft, they say, the wise and virtuous hear,  
Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,  
When death is nigh<sup>2</sup>; and still, as he unclos'd  
His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland  
As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers  
That blossom in elysium<sup>3</sup>, breath'd around.  
With silent awe we listen'd, while he told  
Of the dark veil which many an age had hung  
O'er Nature's form, till, long explor'd by man,  
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,  
And glimpses of that heavenly form shone thro': —  
Of magic wonders, that were known and taught  
By him (or Cham or Zoroaster nam'd)  
Who mus'd amid the mighty cataclysm,  
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore;<sup>4</sup>  
And gath'ring round him, in the sacred ark,  
The mighty secrets of that former globe,

3

— τὴν μακρὰν  
ὄψιν ἰκονίζεις  
αὐτῶν περιττωμένων' αὐ-  
θῆρα δε χρύσει φλογε.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

1 Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article, Cham. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus (or rather the impostor Annias), and a few more such respectable testimonies. See Naudé's Apologie pour les Grands Hommes, &c. chap. viii., where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

MOORE'S WORKS.

of science sink  
Which ingulph'd a world! —  
e reveal'd  
upon his typic lyre  
s mingled frame,

artis admiratoribus Zoroastrum, seu  
dictum et pro Deo habitum.—*Bo-*  
cap. 1.  
s Hebdomades, cap. 2. lib. iii. has en-  
Platonists, that man is a diapason, or  
ron, which is his soul, and a dispen-  
quent allusions to music, by which the  
ed their sublime theories, must have  
the character of the art, and to enrich  
andest and most interesting nature.  
eir ideas upon the harmony of the  
d the mixture of good and evil in this  
of harmony in a musical instrument  
, and Euryphamus, the Pythagorean,  
obous, describes human life, in its per-  
ned lyre. Some of the ancients were  
the operations of the memory were  
adence, and that ideas occurred to  
others converted the whole man into  
hose motion depended upon a certain  
to that of the strings in an instru-  
Aristoxenus for this fancy, and says,  
leave philosophy to Aristotle;" but  
dedly opposed to the harmonic specu-  
d Platonists, could sometimes conde-  
reference to the beauties of musical  
Ευρωμου attributed to him, καθαρὰ δὲ  
7. λ.  
quiry into the doctrine of the Stoics,  
ers the same mode of illustration.  
αυτοῦ; le corps cause passive de son  
l'autre; et γ' prenant, par son action

And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven.  
With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,  
Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night  
Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant  
Of Carmel's sacred mount.— Then, in a flow

sicut in isto scenulo Plato philosophus in urbe Atheniensis, in  
schola quae Academia dicta est, discipulos docuit, ita per inus-  
rahilia retro scenula, multum plexis quidem intervalla, sed eo  
et idem Plato, et eadem civitas, eademque schola, iidemque discipuli  
repetiti et per innumerabilia deinde saecula repetendi sunt.—*De*  
*vitat. Dei*, lib. xii. cap. 13. Vanini, in his dialogues, has given a  
similar explication of the periodic revolutions of the world. "Ei  
causae, qui nunc sunt in usu ritus, centies millies fuerunt, toties  
renascentur quoties ceciderunt." 52.  
The paradoxical notions of the Stoics upon the beauty,  
riches, the dominion of their imaginary sage, are among the most  
distinguishing characteristics of their school, and, according  
their advocate Lipsius, were peculiar to that sect. "Primum  
(decreta) quae passim in philosophantium scholis sunt oblatum, h  
quae peculiaris huius sectae et habent contradictionem: i. e. paradoxum  
—*Manufact. of Stoic. Philos.* lib. iii. disertat. 2. But it is evident  
(as the Abbé Gardier has remarked, *Mémoires de l'Acad.* 17  
xxxv.) that even these absurdities of the Stoics are borrowed, so  
that Plato is the source of all their extravagant paradoxes. We  
find their dogmas, "dives qui sapiens," (which Clement of Alex-  
andria has transferred from the Philosopher to the *Chaldaean*  
*Pædagog.* lib. iii. cap. 6.) expressed in the prayer of Socrates at the  
end of the *Phaedrus*. Ὁ φίλε Παν τε καὶ ἄλλοι θεοὶ ἐπιτέθειται, ἕνεκα  
καλοῦ γενέσθαι ταυτόθεν, ταυτοῦ δὲ ὅσα ἔχω, τὴν ἐπιτοχὴν αὐτῶν μοι βίη  
ἐπιτοχῶν δὲ νομισμάτων του σόφου. And many other instances might  
adduced from the *Λογισμοί*, the *Πολυμοί*, &c. to prove that the  
weeds of paradox were all gathered among the bowers of the  
Academy. Hence it is that Cicero, in the preface to his *Paradoxes*  
calls them Socratica; and Lipsius, exulting in the patronage of  
Socrates, says, "Ille totus est noster." This is indeed a maxim  
which evinces as much as can be wished the confused similarity of  
ancient philosophical opinions: the father of scepticism is his

iverse, he beguill'd us on  
y a maze of Garden and of Porch,  
ny a system, where the scatter'd

ruth lay, like a broken beam  
e sun, which, though refracted all  
nd hues, is sunshine still,<sup>1</sup>  
hrough every change!—he spoke of

ernal One, who dwells above,  
ul's untraceable descent  
high fount of spirit, through the

I being, till it mix  
ague, corruptible, and dark;  
then, though sunk in earthly dross,  
, nor its ethereal touch  
t tasting of the fountain still.  
ht river, which has roll'd along

of the Stoics, so vaunted in their school, was a  
tibly inefficient as the rest. All was fate in the  
tico. The chains of destiny were thrown over  
and their deity was like the Borgia of the epi-  
sneer et nihil." Not even the language of Seneca  
s degradation of divinity. "Ille ipse omnium  
scriptis quidem fata, sed sequitur; semper paret,  
2. de Providentiâ, cap. 5.  
the differences between the Stoics, Peripatetics, and  
s following words of Cicero prove that he saw but  
sh them from each other:—"Peripateticos et  
inibus differentes, re congruentes; a quibus Stoici  
sum sententiis dissernant."—*Academic. lib. ii.*  
hat Reid has remarked upon one of their points  
get be applied as effectually to the reconciliation  
The dispute between the Stoics and Peripatetics  
be want of definition. The one said they were  
control of reason, the other that they should be  
sage, vol. iii. In short, it appears a no less dif-  
stablish the boundaries of opinion between any  
phical sects, than it would be to fix the landmarks  
the moon, which Riciolus so generously allotted  
romomers. Accordingly we observe some of the  
stiquity passing without scruple from school to  
to the fancy or convenience of the moment.  
of Roman philosophy, is sometimes an Acade-  
s a Stoic; and, more than once, he acknowledges  
Epicurus; "non sine causâ igitur Epicurus susus  
in pluribus bonis esse sapientem, quia semper sit  
—*Tusculan. Quest. lib. v.* Though often pure in  
ro sometimes smiles at futurity as a fiction; thus,  
Cicentius, speaking of punishments in the life to  
jam si falsæ sunt, id quod omnes intelligent, quid  
sors eripuit, præter sensum doloris?"—though  
perhaps, do him but justice by agreeing with his  
ins, who remarks upon this passage, "Hæc autem  
a subservire." The poet Horace roves like a  
the schools, and now wings along the walls of the  
among the flowers of the Garden; while Virgil,  
ind strongly philosophical, has yet left us wholly  
sect which he espoused. The balance of opinion  
ve been an Epicurean, but the ancient author of  
t he was an Academician; and we trace through  
s of almost all the leading sects. The same kind  
ence is observable in most of the Roman writers.  
in the fine elegy to Cynthia, on his departure for

el studii animum emendare Platonis,  
plam, aut hortia, docte Epicure, tuis.  
Lib. iii. Eleg. 21.

mus here reads, "dux Epicure," which seems to  
the banners of Epicurus. Even the Stoic Seneca,

Through meads of flowery light and mines of  
gold,

When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,  
Disdains to take at once its briny taint,  
But keeps unchanged awhile the lustrous tinge,  
Or balmy freshness, of the scenes it left.<sup>2</sup>

And here the old man ceas'd — a winged train  
Of nymphs and genii bore him from our eyes.  
The fair illusion fled! and, as I wak'd,  
'Twas clear that my rapt soul had roam'd the while,  
To that bright realm of dreams, that spirit-world,  
Which mortals know by its long track of light  
O'er midnight's sky, and call the Galaxy.<sup>4</sup>

whose doctrines have been considered so orthodox, that St. Jerome  
has ranked him amongst the ecclesiastical writers, while Boccaccio  
doubts (in consideration of his supposed correspondence with  
St. Paul) whether Dante should have placed him in Limbo with the  
rest of the Pagans—even the rigid Seneca has bestowed such com-  
mendations on Epicurus, that if only those passages of his works  
were preserved to us, we could not hesitate, I think, in pronouncing  
him a confirmed Epicurean. With similar inconsistency, we find  
Porphyry, in his work upon abstinence, referring to Epicurus as an  
example of the most strict Pythagorean temperance; and Lan-  
celotti (the author of "Farfalloni degli antichi Istorici") has been  
seduced by this grave reputation of Epicurus into the absurd  
error of associating him with Chrysippus, as a chief of the Stoic  
school. There is no doubt, indeed, that however the Epicurean  
sect might have relaxed from its original purity, the morals of its  
founder were as correct as those of any among the ancient philo-  
sophers; and his doctrines upon pleasure, as explained in the letter  
to Menocæus, are rational, amiable, and consistent with our nature.  
A late writer, De Sablonis, in his *Grands Hommes vengés*, expresses  
strong indignation against the Encyclopædists for their just and  
animated praises of Epicurus, and discussing the question, "si ce  
philosophe étoit vertueux," denies it upon no other authority than  
the calumnies collected by Plutarch, who himself confesses that, on  
this particular subject, he consulted only opinion and report, with-  
out pausing to investigate their truth. — *Αλλα την θεσαν, ου την αλη-  
θειαν σκοπουμεν.* To the factious zeal of his illiberal rivals, the  
Stoics, Epicurus chiefly owed these gross misrepresentations of the  
life and opinions of himself and his associates, which, notwith-  
standing the learned exertions of Gassendi, have still left an odium  
on the name of his philosophy; and we ought to examine the  
ancient accounts of this philosopher with about the same degree of  
cautious belief which, in reading ecclesiastical history, we yield to  
the invectives of the fathers against the heretics,—trusting as little  
to Plutarch upon a dogma of Epicurus, as we would to the vehement  
St. Cyril upon a tenet of Nestorius. (1801.)

The preceding remarks, I wish the reader to observe, were written  
at a time, when I thought the studies to which they refer much  
more important as well as more amusing than, I freely confess, they  
appear to me at present.

<sup>1</sup> Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be  
found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that  
any one who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy  
might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian.  
"Si extitisset aliquis, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectas  
diffusam colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto  
non dissentiret a nobis."—*Inst. lib. vi. c. 7.*

<sup>2</sup> Το μωρον και ερημικον.

<sup>3</sup> This bold Platonic image I have taken from a passage in Father  
Boucher's letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in Picart's  
*Cité m. Relig. tom. iv.*

<sup>4</sup> According to Pythagoras, the people of Dreams are souls col-  
lected together in the Galaxy. — *Αρμος δε ουρανης, κατα Πυθαγορα, αι  
ψυχαι δε αναπαυθησαι φησιν εν τω γαλαξια.*—*Porphyr. de Astro Nymph.*

MOORE'S WORKS.

to  
MRS. . . . .

every day that came,  
still each day the same;  
smile, or sorrow's tear  
er kind and dear; —  
early, leave thee late,  
ong my bliss, my fate,  
out this cheering ray,  
like sunshine, every day,  
ain, my sorrow chas'd,  
and loveless waste.

the chords she us'd to touch?  
songs she lov'd so much?  
re hush'd, those chords are still,  
aps, will every thrill  
n be lull'd to rest,  
wak'd in Anna's breast.  
simple notes I play'd  
's tablet soon may fade;  
hich Anna lov'd to hear,  
om her heart and ear;  
's voice shall ever find  
at gentle mind,  
ose nor time impair  
es that tremble there.



Then call'd they up their school-day pr  
Nor thought it much their sense bene  
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,  
And lords show'd wit, and ladies teet

As—“ Why are husbands like the min  
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty  
Is but to set the name and print  
That give a currency to beauty.

“ Why is a rose in nettles hid  
“ Like a young widow, fresh and fair  
Because 'tis sighing to be rid  
Of *weeds*, that “ have no business ther

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,  
And now they struck and now they p  
And some laid in of full-grown wit,  
While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights  
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring  
For breaking grave conundrum-rites,  
Or punning ill, or — some such thing

From whence it can be fairly trac'd,  
Through many a branch and many a  
From twig to twig, until it grac'd  
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then, to you,  
Oh Tunbridge! and your springs iron  
I swear by Heathcote's eye of blue

dying tomes scholastic,  
 or monastic,  
 serving far  
 pollys, prettier far  
 their namesakes are,—  
 his and Polyhistora,  
 all their sisters.  
 own a hopeful youth  
 quest of lore and truth,  
 sufficient to confound him,  
 ohu, heap'd around him,—  
 rack to Theophrastus,  
 umbling o'er Bombastus.<sup>2</sup>  
 vile all that's learn'd and wise  
 boy, he lifts his eyes,  
 the window of his study  
 damsel fair and ruddy,  
 brightly turn'd upon him as  
 were on Hieronymus.  
 folios, widely scatter'd,  
 laurel'd brow is batter'd,  
 headlong sent, flies just in  
 eye of St. Augustin.  
 quits each dozing sage,  
 or thy lovelier page :  
 — unlike the books of art,—  
 are thy fairest part ;  
 dear errata column  
 ge in all the volume !<sup>4</sup>

matic philosopher, who never doubted about  
 to was his father. — " Nulla de re unquam  
 dubitavit." — *In Vit.* He was very learned —  
 in his head when it was opened.) le Punique  
 ébreu choque l'Arabique, pour ne point parler  
 l'illiance du Latin avec le Grec." &c. — See  
 œur, tom. ii. p. 91.

one of the names of that great scholar and  
 " Philippus Bombastus latet sub splendido  
 saphrasti Paracelsi," says Stadelius de circum-  
 vanitate. — He used to fight the devil every  
 word, to the no small terror of his pupil Opo-  
 rd the circumstance. (Vide Oporin. Vit.  
 h. Vit. Select. quorundam Eruditissimorum,  
 l but a poor opinion of Galen : — " My very  
 Paragranum) has more learning in it than  
 suna."

solded St. Jerom for reading Cicero, as Gratian  
 s " Concordantia discordantium Canonum,"  
 s reason bishops were not allowed to read the  
 s Gentilium libros non legat." — *Distinct.* 37.  
 ons for lying — besides, angels, as the illustrious  
 sures us, have got no tongues. Οὐκ ἔτι ἄμμι τα  
 λαττα' αὐτ' ἐσ ἄγγελοι τις θεοῦ φωνῆς ἀγγελοῦ. —  
 nat.

Rabbits respecting the origin of woman is not  
 zy think that man was originally formed with  
 , but that the Deity cut off this appendage and  
 Upon this extraordinary supposition the fol-  
 manded : —

He between women and men,  
 who weds is a pitiful elf,  
 to his tail like an idiot again,  
 takes a deplorable ape of himself.

y judge as the fashions prevail,  
 and remembers th' original plan,  
 g his wife is no more than his tail,  
 sees her behind him as much as he can.

But to begin my subject rhyme—  
 'Twas just about this devilish time,  
 When scarce there happen'd any frolic  
 That were not done by Diabolics,  
 A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,  
 Who woman scorn'd, nor saw the use of her,  
 A branch of Dagon's family,  
 (Which Dagon, whether He or She,  
 Is a dispute that vastly better is  
 Referr'd to Scaliger<sup>5</sup> et cateris,)  
 Finding that, in this cage of fools,  
 The wisest sots adorn the schools,  
 Took it at once his head ~~Scholaric~~ in,  
 To grow a great scholastic manikin,—  
 A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as  
 Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,<sup>6</sup>  
 Lully, Hales, Irrefragabilis.  
 Or any doctor of the rabble is.  
 In languages<sup>7</sup>, the Polyglots,  
 Compar'd to him, were Babel sots ;  
 He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,  
 Sanhedrim and Priest included ;—  
 Priest and holy Sanhedrim  
 Were one-and-seventy fools to him.  
 But chief the learned demon felt a  
 Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,  
 That, all for Greek and learning's glory,<sup>8</sup>  
 He nightly tipp'd " Græco more,"

<sup>5</sup> Scaliger. de Emendat. Temporum.—Dagon was thought by others  
 to be a certain sea-monster, who came every day out of the Red  
 Sea to teach the Syrians husbandry.—See Jacques Gaffarel (Cur-  
 coides Inoules, chap. l.), who says he thinks this story of the sea-  
 monster "carries little show of probability with it."

<sup>6</sup> I wish it were known with any degree of certainty whether the  
 Commentary on Boethius attributed to Thomas Aquinas be really  
 the work of this Angelic Doctor. There are some bold assertions  
 hazarded in it : for instance, he says that Plato kept school in a  
 town called Academia, and that Alcibiades was a very beautiful  
 woman whom some of Aristotle's pupils fell in love with : — " Alci-  
 biades mulier fuit pulcherrima, quam videntes quidam discipuli  
 Aristotelis." &c. — See *Freytag Adparat. Litterar.* art. 86. tom. i.  
<sup>7</sup> The following compliment was paid to Laurentius Valla, upon  
 his accurate knowledge of the Latin language : —

Nunc postquam manes defunctus Valla petivit,  
 Non audet Pluto verba Latina loqui.  
 Since Val arriv'd in Pluto's shade,  
 His nouns and pronouns all so pat in,  
 Pluto himself would be afraid  
 To say his soul's his own, in Latin !

See for these lines the "Auctorum Censio," of Du Verdier (page  
 28.).

<sup>8</sup> It is much to be regretted that Martin Luther, with all his  
 talents for reforming, should yet be vulgar enough to laugh at  
 Camerarius for writing to him in Greek. "Master Joachim (says  
 he) has sent me some dates and some raisins, and has also written  
 me two letters in Greek. As soon as I am recovered, I shall  
 answer them in Turkish, that he too may have the pleasure of  
 reading what he does not understand." "Græca sunt, legi non  
 possunt." is the ignorant speech attributed to Accursius ; but very  
 unjustly : — for, far from asserting that Greek could not be read,  
 that worthy juriconsult upon the Law & D. de Honor. Possess. ex-  
 pressly says, "Græca litera possunt intelligi et legi." (Vide Nov.  
 Libror. Rarior. Collection. Fascic. IV.)—Scipio Cartromachus  
 seems to have been of opinion that there is no salvation out of the  
 pale of Greek Literature : "Via prima salutis Græci pandetur ab  
 urbe ;" and the zeal of Laurentius Rhodomannus cannot be suf-  
 ficiently admired, when he exhorts his countrymen, "per gloriam

MOORE'S WORKS.

d a bill or balance  
 he Grecian Kalends : —  
 our scholars, when they want tick,  
 e's to be on tick,  
 as quite Ho Panu; <sup>1</sup>  
 as ever man knew.  
 combat syllogistic  
 skill and art eristic,  
 ou were the learn'd Stagirite,  
 he hip he had you right.  
 gh he had no ears  
 amongst the spheres,  
 f all, as he averr'd it,  
 d, 'cause no one heard it,)  
 t sight, could read  
 agram in Bede,  
 uclid's corollaria,  
 jig or aria.  
 our warbling Delias,  
 Saint Cecilias,  
 ought them much surpass'd  
 ted Hyaloclast <sup>2</sup>  
 iv'd by dint of throttle,  
 ent to crack a bottle.  
  
 show his mighty knowledge, he,  
 own in physiology,  
 chapter to divert us,  
 t little man Albertus,  
 w'd the reason why

He thought the aberrating rays,  
 Which play about a bumper's blaze,  
 Were by the doctors look'd, in common,  
 As a more rare and rich phenomenon.  
 He wisely said that the sensorium  
 Is for the eyes a great emporium,  
 To which these noted picture-stealers  
 Send all they can and meet with dealers.  
 In many an optical proceeding  
 The brain, he said, show'd great good-br  
 For instance, when we ogle women  
 (A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in),  
 Although the dears are apt to get in a  
 Strange position on the retina,  
 Yet instantly the modest brain  
 Doth set them on their legs again! <sup>4</sup>

Our doctor thus, with "stuff'd sufficie  
 Of all omnigenous omniscieny,  
 Began (as who would not begin  
 That had, like him, so much within?)  
 To let it out in books of all sorts;  
 Folios, quartos, large and small sorts;  
 Poems, so very deep and sensible  
 That they were quite incomprehensible. <sup>3</sup>  
 Prose, which had been at Learning's Fai  
 And bought up all the trumpery there,  
 The tatter'd rags of every vest,  
 In which the Greeks and Romans drest,  
 And o'er her figure swoll'n and antic



---

POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

---





## PREFACE.\*

Poems suggested to me by my visit to  
da, in the year 1803, as well as by the  
hich I made subsequently, through some  
of North America, have been hitherto  
judiciously arranged;—any distinctive  
ter they may possess having been dis-  
l and confused by their being mixed up  
ly with trifles of a much earlier date,  
so with some portions of a classical story,  
form of Letters, which I had made some  
ss in before my departure from England.  
: present edition, this awkward jumble  
en remedied; and all the Poems relating  
Transatlantic voyage will be found classed  
mselves. As, in like manner, the line of  
y which I proceeded through some  
of the States and the Canadas, has been  
thereto to be traced confusedly through a  
etached notes, I have thought that, to  
: readers of these poems, some clearer ac-  
of the course of that journey might not  
acceptable,—together with such vestiges  
y still linger in my memory of events  
ast fading into the background of time.  
: the precise date of my departure from  
nd, in the Phaeton frigate, I am indebted  
: Naval Recollections of Captain Scott,  
a midshipman of that ship. “We were  
ready,” says this gentleman, “for sea, and  
days saw Mr. Merry and suite embarked  
ard. Mr. Moore likewise took his passage  
is on his way to Bermuda. We quitted  
ead on the 25th of September (1803), and  
hort week lay becalmed under the lofty  
of Pico. In this situation the Phaeton is  
ed in the frontispiece of Moore’s Poems.”  
ring the voyage, I dined very frequently  
be officers of the gun room; and it was  
little gratifying to me to learn, from this  
man’s volume, that the cordial regard

these social and open-hearted men inspired in  
me was not wholly unreturned on their part.  
After mentioning our arrival at Norfolk, in Vir-  
ginia, Captain Scott says, “Mr. and Mrs. Merry  
left the Phaeton, under the usual salute, ac-  
companied by Mr. Moore;”—then, adding  
some kind compliments on the score of talents,  
&c., he concludes with a sentence which it gave  
me tenfold more pleasure to read,—“The gun-  
room mess witnessed the day of his departure  
with genuine sorrow.” From Norfolk, after a  
stay of about ten days, under the hospitable  
roof of the British Consul, Colonel Hamilton,  
I proceeded, in the Driver sloop of war, to  
Bermuda.

There was then on that station another  
youthful sailor, who has since earned for him-  
self a distinguished name among English writers  
of travels, Captain Basil Hall,—then a mid-  
shipman on board the *Leander*. In his *Frag-  
ments of Voyages and Travels*, this writer has  
called up some agreeable reminiscences of that  
period; in perusing which,—so full of life and  
reality are his sketches,—I found all my own  
naval recollections brought freshly to my mind.  
The very names of the different ships, then so  
familiar to my ears,—the *Leander*, the *Boston*,  
the *Cambrian*,—transported me back to the  
season of youth and those Summer Isles once  
more.

The testimony borne by so competent a  
witness as Captain Hall to the truth of my  
sketches of the beautiful scenery of Bermuda  
is of far too much value to me, in my capacity  
of traveller, to be here omitted by me, however  
conscious of but ill deserving the praise he  
lavishes on me, as a poet. Not that I mean to  
pretend indifference to such kind tributes;—on  
the contrary, those are always the most alive to  
praise, who feel inwardly least confidence in  
the soundness of their own title to it. In the  
present instance, however, my vanity (for so

\* in the collected edition of ten volumes, published in 1841,

## PREFACE.

is always called) seeks its direction. It is not as a d of Captain Hall's opinion, and observer; it is not to him to bear testimony, but t.

ing and most exact descrip- of Bermuda," says this gen-ound in Moore's Odes and ublished many years ago. y account excels in beauty on that of other men pro-enes described lie so much of ordinary observation in d the feelings which they ler are so much higher than the scenery we have been at, that, unless the imagi-awn upon, and the diction espondent pitch, the words , while the listener's fancy was. In Moore's account exaggeration, but, on the ful degree of temperance in st which to his rich fancy

claim or pretension. The following line one of my Bermudian poems,

*'Twas there, in the shade of the Calabash Tree,  
With a few who could feel and remember like me,*

still live in memory, I am told, on those f shores, connecting my name with the p turesque spot they describe, and the noble tree which I believe still adorns it.† One the few treasures (of *any* kind) I can boast possession of, is a goblet formed of one of fruit shells of this remarkable tree, which v brought from Bermuda, a few years since, Mr. Dudley Costello, and which that gent man, having had it tastefully mounted as goblet, very kindly presented to me; the f following words being part of the inscripti which it bears:—"To Thomas Moore, Es this cup, formed of a calabash which grew the tree that bears his name, near Walsingha Bermuda, is inscribed by one who," &c. &c.

From Bermuda I proceeded in the Bost with my friend Captain (now Admiral) J. Douglas, to New York, from whence, after short stay, we sailed for Norfolk, in Virgini and about the beginning of June, 1804. I s

sted entirely of persons of the Anti-Democratic party. Few, too, as had been my oppertu-  
gling for myself of the political  
e of the country, my mind was  
much to the influence of the feel-  
udices of those I chiefly consorted  
rtainly, in no quarter was I so  
lecided hostility, both to the men-  
ciples then dominant throughout  
as among officers of the British  
the ranks of an angry Federalist  
For any bias, therefore, that,  
circumstances, my opinions and  
be thought to have received, full  
course, is to be made in apprais-  
ht due to my authority on the  
I can answer for, is the perfect  
earnestness of the actual impres-  
r true or erroneous, under which  
from the United States were  
l so strong, at the time, I confess,  
mpressions, that it was the only  
y past life during which I have  
f at all sceptical as to the sound-  
Liberal creed of politics, in the  
ad advocacy of which I may be  
lly said to have begun life, and  
obably end it.

for the second time, New York,  
m thence on the now familiar and  
ise of visiting the Falls of Niagara.  
true, of all grand objects, whether  
art, that facility of access to them  
shes the feeling of reverence they  
pire. Of this fault, however, the  
gara, at that period — at least the  
; which led through the Genesee  
ould not justly be accused. The  
of the journey, which lay chiefly  
but half-cleared wood, we were  
perform on foot; and a slight acci-  
rith, in the course of our rugged  
ae up for some days at Buffalo.  
growth, in that wonderful region,  
be materials of civilisation, — how-  
ely they may be turned to ac-  
; flourishing town, which stands

ore of the Lakes, as he is styled.  
sentences of the above paragraph, as well as a

on Lake Erie, bears most ample testimony. Though little better, at the time when I visited it, than a mere village, consisting chiefly of huts and wigwams, it is now, by all accounts, a populous and splendid city, with five or six churches, town-hall, theatre, and other such appurtenances of a capital.

In adverting to the comparatively rude state of Buffalo, at that period, I should be ungrate-  
ful were I to omit mentioning, that, even then, on the shores of those far lakes, the title of "Poet," — however unworthily in that instance bestowed, — bespoke a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; and that the Captain who commanded the packet in which I crossed Lake Ontario\*, in addition to other marks of courtesy, begged, on parting with me, to be allowed to decline payment for my passage.

When we arrived, at length, at the inn, in the neighbourhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonder-  
ful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again.† It was through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that, during the short interval that followed, imagin-  
ation had far outrun the reality; and, vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impos-  
sible, indeed, for anything real to come up to the vision I had, in these few seconds, formed of it; and those awful scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared.

But, in spite of the start thus got by imagin-  
ation, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the

passage that occurs in the subsequent column, stood originally as part of the Notes on one of the American Poems.

## PREFACE.

ned upon me soon took possession of my mind; presenting, from day to day, new beauty or wonder, and, like the sublime in nature or art, awaking, as well as elevating thoughts. I remember but one other dream—visions so long past appear—which I expect be associated with the grand objects just been describing; and, however the nature of their appeals to the imagination should find it difficult to say on what occasion I felt most deeply affected, whether on the Falls of Niagara, or when sitting in moonlight among the ruins of the

Castles, I understand, injurious to the scene, have taken place in the Falls since the time of my visit; and among these is the total destruction by the gradual crumbling away of the small leafy island which lies near the edge of the Great Fall, the tranquillity and unapproachableness, of so much turmoil, lent it an interest. I thus tried to avail myself of,

rounding trees; and the whole scene picturesque and beautiful as it was not. It is said that West, the American painter, when he first saw the Apollo, at Rome, exclaimed instantly, "A young Indian warrior"—and, however startling the associations which appear, some of the graceful and agreeable objects which I saw that day among the Towers were such as would account for its appearance in the young painter's mind.

After crossing "the fresh-water ocean" of Ontario, I passed down the St. Lawrence, visiting Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places; and this part of my journey, as well as my voyage on from Quebec to Halifax, is sufficiently traceable through a few pieces of poetry that were suggested by scenes and events on the way. As I must again venture to avail myself of the valuable testimony of Captain Hall to the accuracy of my descriptions of some of those scenes, which his more practised eye followed, I am taking the liberty to omit in my text as far as may be done without injury to the subject, or context, some of that generous su-

evening chime; while the same distant regions, previously con- sidered in my imagination, a vividness of view on the spot, of which it is now said how much is due to the poetry, and how much to the real scene."\*

The subject of the Canadian Boat Song is connected with that once I may, for my musical readers at some interest. A few years since, in Dublin, I was presented, at last, to a gentleman who told me he had in their possession a curious youthful days,—being the first I made, in pencilling of the air the Canadian Boat Song, while I was on the St. Lawrence,—and that which I should add my signature to the authenticity of the autograph. I wish to say with truth that I had wholly forgotten the existence of such a memoran- dum would be as much a curiosity to me as it would be to any one else, and that I was thankful to be allowed to see it. A few days after, my request was complied with, and the following is the history of this song.

While I was on the St. Lawrence, I had for my travelling companions, one of the names of which was Harkness, the son of a wealthy merchant, has been some years dead. I was a friend, on parting with him, at the time, as a keepsake, a volume I had with me on the way,—Priestley's Lectures on the Air, and it was upon a fly-leaf of this volume I had taken down, in pencilling, the melody and a few of the words of the song by which my own boat-glee had been formed. The following is the form of the melody of the original air:—



gratifying," the author adds, "to discover that the Indian voyageurs never omit their offerings to me, before engaging in any enterprise: and that now, they omit no opportunity of keeping up so

Then follows, as pencilled down at the same moment, the first verse of my Canadian Boat Song, with air and words as they are at present. From all this it will be perceived, that, in my own setting of the air, I departed in almost every respect but the time from the strain our voyageurs had sung to us, leaving the music of the glee nearly as much my own as the words. Yet, how strongly impressed I had become with the notion that this was the identical air sung by the boatmen,—how closely it linked itself in my imagination with the scenes and sounds amidst which it had occurred to me,—may be seen by reference to a note appended to the glee as first published, which will be found in the following pages. †

To the few desultory and, perhaps, valueless recollections I have thus called up, I have only to add, that the heavy storm of censure and criticism—some of it, I fear, but too well deserved—which, both in America and in England, the publication of my "Odes and Epistles" drew down upon me, was followed by results which have far more than compensated for any pain such attacks at the time may have inflicted. In the most formidable of all my censors, at that period,—the great master of the art of criticism, in our day,—I have found ever since one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends; while the good-will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven.

As some consolation to me for the onsets of criticism, I received, shortly after the appearance of my volume, a letter from Stockholm, addressed to "the author of Epistles, Odes, and other poems," and informing me that "the Princes, Nobles, and Gentlemen, who composed the General Chapter of the most Illustrious, Equestrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim," had elected me as a Knight of this Order. Notwithstanding the grave and official

propitious an intercourse. The flourishing village which surrounds the church on the 'Green Isle' in question owes its existence and support entirely to these pious contributions."

† Page 246 of this edition.

PREFACE.

arded it, I own, at first, piece of pleasantry; and the name of St. "Joachim" the low and irreverent however, I learned that such an order of knighthood, &c. conferred by the name of Lord Nelson, the name of Colonel Imhoff, who was named Joachim, been authorized; but that since then,

this sanction of the order had been withdrawn. Of course to the reduction thus caused in the value of the honour was owing its descent in the scale of distinction to "such small deer" of Parnassus as myself. I wrote a letter, however, full of grateful acknowledgment, to Monsieur Hansson, the Vice-Chancellor of the Order, saying that I was unconscious of having entitled myself, by any public service, to a reward due only to the benefactors of mankind; and therefore begged leave most respectfully to decline it.

TO

FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE, CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, &c.

to think of addressing a friendship without calling to the memory of the Spartan to add to pronounce an eulogy. "On Hercules!" said the

your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honour to present.

I am, my Lord,

With every feeling of attachment and respect

ome enhances every distant temptation, and  
ern world has long been looked to as a re-  
m real or imaginary oppression; as, in  
e Elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots  
ad their visions realised, and be welcomed  
ed spirits to liberty and repose. In all  
ttering expectations I found myself com-  
lisappointed, and felt inclined to say to  
as Horace says to his mistress, "in-  
ites." Brissot, in the preface to his travels,  
that "freedom in that country is carried  
h a degree as to border upon a state of  
' and there certainly is a close approx-  
to savage life, not only in the liberty  
ey enjoy, but in the violence of party  
d of private animosity which results from  
s illiberal zeal embitters all social inter-  
and, though I scarcely could hesitate in  
the party whose views appeared to me  
pure and rational, yet I was sorry to ob-  
st, in asserting their opinions, they both  
an equal share of intolerance; the Demo-  
nsistently with their principles, exhibiting  
ity of rancour, which the Federalists too  
so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.  
ade familiarity of the lower orders, and  
he unpolished state of society in general,  
ither surprise nor disgust if they seemed  
from that simplicity of character, that  
norance of the gloss of refinement which  
looked for in a new and inexperienced  
But, when we find them arrived at ma-  
most of the vices, and all the pride of  
n, while they are still so far removed  
igher and better characteristics, it is im-  
not to feel that this youthful decay, this  
icipation of the natural period of corrup-

tion, must repress every sanguine hope of the future  
energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few  
remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by  
no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of  
a preface prevent me from entering into a justifica-  
tion of my opinions, and I am committed on the  
subject as effectually as if I had written volumes  
in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised  
of the very cursory observation upon which these  
opinions are founded, and can easily decide for  
himself upon the degree of attention or confidence  
which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which  
occupy the following pages, I know not in what  
manner to apologise to the public for intruding upon  
their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such  
a world of epicurean atoms as I have here brought in  
conflict together.<sup>1</sup> To say that I have been tempted  
by the liberal offers of my bookseller, is an excuse  
which can hope for but little indulgence from the  
critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable in-  
ducement, these poems very possibly would never  
have been submitted to the world. The glare of  
publication is too strong for such imperfect pro-  
ductions: they should be shown but to the eye of  
friendship, in that dim light of privacy which is as  
favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves  
as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm  
which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for  
the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the  
present require talents more active and more useful.  
Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I  
most sincerely regret that I have had the leisure  
to write them.

<sup>1</sup> See the foregoing Note, p. 318.

## MS RELATING TO AMERIC

---

TO

VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.

Oh! if, like Crotona's sage,<sup>1</sup>  
My hand could dare  
To disk its ample page,  
To send my thoughts, my wishes there;  
To a friend, whose careless eye  
Looks o'er that starry sky,  
To see, upon thy orb to meet  
Attention, kind and sweet,  
To ease of fond regret,  
To never to forget,  
My heart and soul would send  
To dear-lov'd, distant friend.

Oh, when we parted last,

And gave my soul such tempting scope  
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,  
That not Verona's child of song,  
When flying from the Phrygian shore  
With lighter heart could bound along  
Or pant to be a wand'rer more!<sup>2</sup>

Even now delusive hope will steal  
Amid the dark regrets I feel,  
Soothing, as yonder placid beam  
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,  
And lights them with consoling gleam  
And smiles them into tranquil sleep  
Oh! such a blessed night as this,  
I often think, if friends were near,  
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss  
Upon the moon-bright scenery here  
The sea is like a silvery lake,  
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides  
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake



Oh! could the lover learn from thee,  
 And breathe them with thy graceful tone,  
 Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy  
 Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But, hark! — the boatswain's pipings tell  
 'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:  
 Eight bells: — the middle watch is set;  
 Good night, my Strangford! — ne'er forget  
 That, far beyond the western sea  
 Is one, whose heart remembers thee.

STANZAS.

Ομοίως δε τῶν' ἄλλων —————  
 ————— μετ' ἠραρώμεθα ταῦτά'  
 Γενναῖος ταυθροῦτος μετ' ἄλλων ἄλλων.  
 ΕΣΧΥΤ. Fragment.

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,  
 The storms of the morning pursued us no more;  
 And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,  
 Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,  
 Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead;  
 And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their  
 power,  
 As the billow the force of the gale that was fled.

I thought of those days, when to pleasure alone  
 My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;  
 When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,  
 Was pity for those who were wiser than I.

I reflected, how soon in the cup of Desire  
 The pearl of the soul may be melted away;  
 How quickly, alas, the pure sparkle of fire  
 We inherit from heav'n, may be quench'd in the  
 clay;

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,  
 That Pleasure no more might its purity dim;  
 So that, sullied but little, or brightly the same,  
 I might give back the boon I had borrow'd  
 from him.

How blest was the thought! it appear'd as if Heaven  
 Had already an opening to Paradise shown;  
 As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,  
 My heart then began to be purely its own.

<sup>a</sup> It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky,  
 Which morning had clouded, was clouded no  
 more:  
 "Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "may a heavenly eye  
 "Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before."

TO  
 THE FLYING FISH.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN I have seen thy snow-white wing  
 From the blue wave at evening spring,  
 And show those scales of silvery white,  
 So gaily to the eye of light,  
 As if thy frame were form'd to rise,  
 And live amid the glorious skies;  
 Oh! it has made me proudly feel,  
 How like thy wing's impatient zeal  
 Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent  
 Within this world's gross element,  
 But takes the wing that God has given,  
 And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,  
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,  
 Attempt the paths of air in vain,  
 And sink into the waves again;  
 Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;  
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,  
 But erring man must blush to think,  
 Like thee, again the soul may sink.

Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,  
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak:  
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,  
 With brine still dropping from its wing,  
 Just sparkle in the solar glow  
 And plunge again to depths below;  
 But, when I leave the grosser throng  
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,  
 Let me, in that aspiring day,  
 Cast every lingering stain away,  
 And, panting for thy purer air,  
 Fly up at once and fix me there.

TO  
 MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

In days, my Kate, when life was new,  
 When, lull'd with innocence and you,

similitude between them: συγγενεῖον τῶν ψευδαισθητικῶν πτεροῦν τῶν ὕδατων. With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

MOORE'S WORKS.

in home's beloved shade,  
 In the world at distance made ;  
 Every night my weary head  
 In its own unthorned bed,  
 Mild as evening's matron hour,  
 On the faintly shutting flower,  
 Her saw our eyelids close,  
 Press'd them into pure repose ;  
 Happy if a week, a day,  
 'd from that home away,  
 Long the little absence seem'd !  
 Bright the look of welcome beam'd,  
 The you heard, with eager smile,  
 As of all that pass'd the while !

Now, my Kate, a gloomy sea  
 Divide between that home and me ;  
 Soon may thrice be born and die,  
 That seal can reach mine eye,  
 Used so soft, so quick to come,  
 Sweathing all the breath of home, —  
 Still fresh, the cordial air  
 Lips belov'd were lingering there.  
 Alas, — far different fate !  
 As o'er ocean, slow and late,  
 The dear hand that fill'd its fold  
 Words of sweetness may lie cold.

ence that gloomy thought ! at last,

Smiles on the dusky webs that hi  
 His sleeping sword's remember'd  
 While Peace, with sunny cheeks  
 Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil  
 Effacing with her splendid share  
 The drops that war had sprinkled  
 Thrice happy land ! where he wd  
 From the dark ills of other skies,  
 From scorn, or want's unnerving  
 May shelter him in proud repose  
 Hope sings along the yellow sand  
 His welcome to a patriot land ;  
 The mighty wood, with pomp, re  
 The stranger in its world of leave  
 Which soon their barren glory yi  
 To the warm shed and cultur'd fi  
 And he, who came, of all bereft,  
 To whom malignant fate had left  
 Nor home nor friends nor country  
 Finds home and friends and count

Such is the picture, warmly suc  
 That Fancy long, with florid touc  
 Had painted to my sanguine eye  
 Of man's new world of liberty.  
 Oh ! ask me not, if Truth have ye  
 Her seal on Fancy's promise set ;  
 If ev'n a glimpse my eyes behold  
 Of that imagin'd age of gold ; —  
 Alas, not yet one gleaming trace !

The word at parting — in the tone  
 Lost sweet to you, and most my own.  
 Be simple strain I send you here,<sup>1</sup>  
 Mild though it be, would charm your ear,  
 Did you but know the trance of thought  
 Which my mind its numbers caught.  
 Was one of those half-waking dreams,  
 That haunt me oft, when music seems  
 Bear my soul in sound along,  
 And turn its feelings all to song.  
 Thought of home, the according lays  
 Are full of dreams of other days ;  
 EASILY in each succeeding note  
 I find some young remembrance float,  
 And following, as a clue, that strain,  
 I wander'd back to home again.

Oh! love the song, and let it oft  
 Resound on your lip, in accents soft.  
 For that it tells you, simply well,  
 I have bid its wild notes tell, —  
 Memory's dream, of thoughts that yet  
 Glow with the light of joy that's set,  
 And all the fond heart keeps in store  
 Of friends and scenes beheld no more.  
 And now, adieu! — this artless air,  
 With a few rhymes, in transcript fair,  
 Are all the gifts I yet can boast  
 To send you from Columbia's coast ;  
 But when the sun, with warmer smile,  
 Shall light me to my destin'd isle,<sup>2</sup>  
 You shall have many a cowslip-bell,  
 Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,  
 In which that gentle spirit drew  
 From honey flowers the morning dew.

## A BALLAD.

## THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of  
 his loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends,  
 was afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his  
 will, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp,  
 it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and  
 died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

*Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature.* — D'ALEMBERT.

It made her a grave, too cold and damp  
 Or a soul so warm and true ;  
 She's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ere, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,  
 She paddles her white canoe.

The attempt at musical composition accompanied this  
 ballad.

The great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from

" And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,  
 " And her paddle I soon shall hear ;  
 " Long and loving our life shall be,  
 " And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
 " When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds —  
 His path was rugged and sore,  
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
 Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,  
 And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,  
 If slumber his eyelids knew,  
 He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep  
 Its venomous tear and nightly steep  
 The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,  
 And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,  
 Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,  
 " Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,  
 " And the white canoe of my dear ? "

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright  
 Quick over its surface play'd —  
 " Welcome," he said, " my dear one's light ! "  
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,  
 The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,  
 Which carried him off from shore ;  
 Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,  
 The wind was high and the clouds were dark,  
 And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,  
 This lover and maid so true  
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp  
 To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
 And paddle their white canoe !

## TO THE

## MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGALL.

FROM BERNUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

LADY ! where'er you roam, whatever land  
 Woos the bright touches of that artist hand ;  
 Whether you sketch the valley's golden meads,  
 Where mazy Lintz his lingering current leads ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,  
 At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep ;

Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long)  
 is called Drummond's Pond.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Donegall, I had reason to suppose, was at this time still  
 in Switzerland, where the well-known powers of her pencil must  
 have been frequently awakened.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ake, at day's decline,  
y on that holy shrine,<sup>1</sup>  
ht, the shade of Tell com-

and Helvetia's chains ;  
or a moment by,  
ss that creative eye,  
t, like the morning ray  
arp, illumine my lay.

r song so rude as mine,  
rs of your art divine ;  
on the canvass dwell ;  
eave your potent spell ;  
e animated smiles  
ese sun-born isles,  
awake some bright design,  
rompt one happy line,  
to see its humble thought  
so divinely caught ;  
nius, as he lean'd to trace  
kindling into grace,  
ers for the spark they threw,  
at lent a charm to you.

r, in nightly vision, stray'd  
f ever-blooming shade,  
with kindly fancy, plac'd  
th' Atlantic waste ? <sup>2</sup>

Bright rose the morning, every wave was sti  
When the first perfume of a cedar hill  
Sweetly awak'd us, and, with smiling charms,  
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.<sup>3</sup>  
Gently we stole, before the whisp'ring wind,  
Through plaintain shades, that round, like awn  
twin'd

And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,  
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales ;  
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,  
Each wooded island shed so soft a green  
That the enamour'd keel, with whisp'ring play  
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its wa.

Never did weary bark more gladly glide,  
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide !  
Along the margin, many a shining dome,  
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,  
Brighten'd the wave ;—in every myrtle grove  
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,  
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the s  
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,  
Lending the scene an ever-changing grace,  
Fancy would love, in glimpses vague, to tra  
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,<sup>2</sup>  
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch  
Lighted me back to all the glorious days  
Of Attic genius ; and I seem'd to gaze  
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,

their choicest tints, their softest light,  
 These spells into one dream of night,  
 The lovely artist slumbering lies,  
 Her picture o'er her mental eyes;  
 She tasks her own creative spells,  
 To show what song but faintly tells.

TO

GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.<sup>1</sup>

ON BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Ἦνεν ἡ ψυχὴ μου ἄσπαστος, ὡς ἡ Δελφίς,  
 Ἐπὶ τῆς θαλάσσης στήθεος ἕστη ἰσχυρῶς,  
 Ἐπὶ τῆς ἠσθητικῆς.

CALLIMACH, *Hymn in Del.* v. 11.

In a sea of storm we've pass'd! —  
 Mountain waves and foamy showers,  
 Blowing winds whose savage blast  
 Agrees with one whose hours  
 Pass'd in old Anacreon's bowers.  
 Not poetry's bright charm  
 Me in this rude alarm :<sup>2</sup> —  
 Lose they reef'd the timid sail,  
 Every plank complaining loud,  
 Bur'd in the midnight gale,  
 Ev'n our haughty main-mast bow'd,  
 Men, in that unlovely hour,  
 Use still brought her soothing power,  
 Amidst the war of waves and wind,  
 Gave's Elysium lapp'd my mind.  
 When no numbers of my own  
 Added to her wakening tone,  
 Men'd, with her golden key,  
 The casket where my memory lays,  
 The gems of classic poetry,  
 Which time has sav'd from ancient days.

Like one of these, to Lais sung, —  
 As it while my hammock swung,

A gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. He is worthy of a much higher sphere; but the excellent of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial joys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of the consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the stances of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality; sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm because of such a board, could sit down to write a libel in the true spirit of a modern philosopher. See the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, vol. II. seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind, deep of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda of a schooner an excellent sea-boat. She was then commanded by a very much regretted friend Captain Compton, who was killed aboard the Lilly in an action with a French corvette Compton! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of

As one might write a dissertation  
 Upon "Suspended Animation!"

Sweet<sup>3</sup> is your kiss, my Lais dear,  
 But, with that kiss I feel a tear  
 Gush from your eyelids, such as start  
 When those who've dearly lov'd must part.  
 Sadly you lean your head to mine,  
 And mute those arms around me twine,  
 Your hair adown my bosom spread,  
 All glittering with the tears you shed.  
 In vain I've kiss'd those lids of snow,  
 For still, like ceaseless founts they flow,  
 Bathing our cheeks, when'er they meet.  
 Why is it thus? do, tell me, sweet!  
 Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?  
 Am I to lose you? is to-night  
 Our last — go, false to heaven and me!  
 Your very tears are treachery.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,  
 Such was the strain, Morgante mio!  
 The muse and I together sung,  
 With Boreas to make out the trio.  
 But, bless the little fairy isle!  
 How sweetly after all our ills,  
 We saw the sunny morning smile  
 Serenely o'er its fragrant hills;  
 And felt the pure, delicious flow  
 Of airs, that round this Eden blow  
 Freshly as ev'n the gales that come  
 O'er our own healthy hills at home.  
 Could you but view the scenery fair,  
 That now beneath my window lies,  
 You'd think, that nature lavish'd there  
 Her purest wave, her softest skies,  
 To make a heaven for love to sigh in,  
 For bards to live and saints to die in.  
 Close to my wooded bank below,  
 In glassy calm the waters sleep,  
 And to the sunbeam proudly show  
 The coral rocks they love to steep.<sup>4</sup>

allowing such a miserable thing as the Lilly to remain in the service; so small, crank, and unmanageable, that a well-manned merchantman was at any time a match for her.

<sup>2</sup> This epigram is by Paul the Silentary, and may be found in the *Analecta* of Brunck, vol. III. p. 72. As the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heinatus, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his *Poemata*.

Ἦδον μὲν ἐπὶ φιλίῳ τοῦ Λαίδος ἦδον δεῦντα  
 Ἠνεοδοντοῦσαν ἄκρον χειρὶς ἀλωφάρου,  
 Καὶ πάλιν ἐκλιθεῖσα σθεθεὶ σπυδαίου ἀσπίδος,  
 Ἠμετέρας κεφαλῆς ἄθρον κρησαμένη.  
 Μυρμηγκῶν δ' ἐφάλαρα τὰ δ' ὡς βροχῆς ἀπὸ πύργου  
 Δάκρυα μετ' ἄνεμον πύπτει ἀπὸ στεγμάτων.  
 Ἐπὶ δ' ἀνεμωμένη, τῆνος ὄφθαλα δάκρυα λείβεται;  
 Δαδίαι μὴ μὲ λυγῆς· ἐπὶ γὰρ ἄρα σπασταί.

<sup>4</sup> The water is so clear around the island, that the rocks are seen

MOORE'S WORKS.

ing breeze of morning fails ;  
 lowly boat moves slowly past,  
 e almost touch its sails  
 e they flap around the mast.  
 ide sun a splendour pours  
 s up all these leafy shores ;  
 own heav'n, its clouds and beams,  
 ar'd in the waters lie,  
 small bark, in passing, seems  
 along a burning sky.

e pinnacle lent to thee,<sup>1</sup>  
 reamer, who, in vision bright,  
 o'er heaven's solar sea  
 uch at all its isles of light.  
 nus, what a clime he found  
 y orb's ambrosial round !<sup>2</sup> —  
 ing the breezes, rich and warm,  
 gh around thy vesper car ;  
 ls dwell, so pure of form  
 ch appears a living star.<sup>3</sup>  
 the sprites, celestial queen !  
 endest nightly to the bed  
 ove, with touch unseen  
 met's bright'ning tints to shed ;  
 hat eye a light still clearer,  
 hat cheek one rose-blush more,  
 hat blushing lip be dearer,  
 had been all too dear before.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky  
 To light a lover to the pillow  
 Of her he loves —  
 The swell of yonder foaming bill  
 Resembles not the happy sigh  
 That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far  
 Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,  
 In this dark hour,  
 Than when, in passion's young e  
 I've stolen, beneath the evening s  
 To Julia's bower.

Oh ! there's a holy calm profound  
 In awe like this, that ne'er was g  
 To pleasure's thrill ;  
 'Tis as a solemn voice from heav  
 And the soul, listening to the so  
 Lies mute and still.

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,  
 Of slumb'ring with the dead to-m  
 In the cold deep,  
 Where pleasure's throb or tears o

## ODES TO NEA;

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA PERSONA. — EURIPID. *Medea*, v. 937.

NAT. tempt me not to love again,  
 There was a time when love was sweet;  
 Dear Nea! had I known thee then,  
 Our souls had not been slow to meet.  
 But, oh, this weary heart hath run,  
 So many a time, the rounds of pain,  
 Not ev'n for thee, thou lovely one,  
 Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet  
 The print of beauty's foot was set,  
 Where man may pass his loveless nights,  
 Unfever'd by her false delights,  
 Thither my wounded soul would fly,  
 Where rosy cheek or radiant eye  
 Should bring no more their bliss, or pain,  
 Nor fetter me to earth again.  
 Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,  
 Though little priz'd when all my own,  
 Now float before me, soft and bright  
 As when they first enamouring shone, —  
 What hours and days have I seen glide,  
 While fix'd, enchanted, by thy side,  
 Unmindful of the fleeting day,  
 I've let life's dream dissolve away.  
 O bloom of youth profusely shed!  
 O moments, simply, vainly sped!  
 Yet sweetly too — for Love perfum'd  
 The flame which thus my life consum'd;  
 And brilliant was the chain of flowers,  
 In which he led my victim-hours.

Say, Nea, say, couldst thou, like her  
 When warm to feel and quick to err,  
 Of loving fond, of roving fondler,  
 This thoughtless soul might wish to wander, —  
 Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,  
 Endearing still, reproaching never,  
 Till ev'n this heart should burn with shame,  
 And be thy own more fix'd than ever?  
 No, no — on earth there's only one  
 Could bind such faithless folly fast;  
 And sure on earth but one alone  
 Could make such virtue false at last!

Nea, the heart which she forsook,  
 For thee were but a worthless shrine —  
 Go, lovely girl, that angel look  
 Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.

Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,  
 That heart can feel or tongue can feign;  
 I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,  
 But must not, dare not, love again.

— Tale iter omne cave.  
 PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more  
 Along that wild and lonely shore,  
 Where late we thoughtless stray'd;  
 'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends  
 To be no more than simple friends,  
 Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where turning in  
 From ocean's rude and angry din,  
 As lovers steal to bliss,  
 The billows kiss the shore, and then  
 Flow back into the deep again,  
 As though they did not kiss.

Remember, o'er its circling flood  
 In what a dangerous dream we stood —  
 The silent sea before us,  
 Around us, all the gloom of grove,  
 That ever lent its shade to love,  
 No eye but heaven's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,  
 In vain would formal art dissemble  
 All we then look'd and thought;  
 'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,  
 'Twas ev'rything that young hearts feel,  
 By Love and Nature taught.

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,  
 A shell that, on the golden sand,  
 Before us faintly gleam'd;  
 I trembling rais'd it, and when you  
 Had kiss'd the shell, I kiss'd it too —  
 How sweet, how wrong it seem'd!

Oh, trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,  
 The worst that e'er the tempter's power  
 Could tangle me or you in;  
 Sweet Nea, let us roam no more  
 Along that wild and lonely shore,  
 Such walks may be our ruin.

You read it in these spell-bound eyes,  
 And there alone should love be read;  
 You hear me say it all in sighs,  
 And thus alone should love be said.

MOORE'S WORKS.

read no more ; I will not speak ;  
 Though my heart to anguish thrill,  
 To the burning of your cheek,  
 I look it all in silence still.

On the wish I dar'd to name,  
 I murmur on that luckless night,  
 My passion broke the bonds of shame,  
 My love grew madness in your sight ?

Through the graceful dance,  
 I seem'd to float in silent song,  
 To earth that sunny glance,  
 To light your steps along.

Why could others dare to touch  
 My hallow'd form with hands so free,  
 That to look was bliss too much,  
 And care for all but Love and me !

Smiling eyes, that little thought  
 Fatal were the beams they threw,  
 Smiling hands you lightly caught,  
 Found me, like a spirit, flew.

Of all, but you alone, —  
 You, at least, should not condemn,  
 Such eyes before me shone,  
 I had forgot all eyes but them, —

To whisper passion's vow, —

When blest alike were youth and age  
 And love inspir'd the wisest sage,  
 And wisdom grac'd the tenderest !

Before I laid me down to sleep,  
 Awhile I from the lattice gaz'd  
 Upon that still and moonlight deep,  
 With isles like floating gardens rais'd  
 For Ariel there his sports to keep ;  
 While, gliding 'twixt their leafy shores  
 The lone night-fisher plied his oars.  
 I felt, — so strongly fancy's power  
 Came o'er me in that witching hour,  
 As if the whole bright scenery there  
 Were lighted by a Grecian sky,  
 And I then breath'd the blissful air  
 That late had thrill'd to Sappho's lyre !

Thus, waking, dreamt I, — and when  
 Came o'er my sense, the dream we  
 Nor through her curtain dim and deep  
 Hath ever lovelier vision shone.  
 I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd  
 Through that serene, luxurious shade  
 Where Epicurus taught the Loves  
 To polish virtue's native brightness  
 As pearls, we're told, that fondling d  
 Have play'd with, wear a smoother  
 'Twas one of those delicious nights  
 So common in the climes of Greece



air wings diffuse a ray  
 aveller's weary way.<sup>1</sup>  
 If that mysterious kind,  
 which the soul perchance may roam,  
 left this world behind,  
 to seek its heavenly home.  
 Thou wert by my side,  
 his heav'n-ward path my guide.

and'ring thus we rang'd  
 path, the vision chang'd ;  
 although, we stole along  
 alls of more voluptuous glory  
 'd in Teian song,  
 'd in Milesian story.<sup>2</sup>  
 were there, whose very eyes  
 'd o'er with breath of sighs ;  
 ringlet, as it wreath'd,  
 al to passion breath'd.  
 ith amber cups, around,  
 e flowery wines of Crete ;<sup>3</sup>  
 pass'd with youthful bound,  
 shone beneath their feet.<sup>4</sup>  
 , waving arms of snow  
 y snakes of burnish'd gold,<sup>5</sup>  
 ; charms, as loth to show,  
 any a thin Tarentian fold,<sup>6</sup>  
 g the festal throug  
 urns of flowers along.  
 lay, in languor breathing,  
 ng beegrape', round them wreathing,  
 ir blushes warm and meek,  
 on a rosy cheek.

Why did morning break  
 that thus divinely bound me ?  
 awake ? how could I wake  
 my own and heaven around me !

WELL—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,  
 And health to that cheek, though it bloom not for  
 me !

To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves,<sup>7</sup>  
 Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,  
 And, far from the light of those eyes, I may yet  
 Their allurements forgive and their splendour for-  
 get.

Farewell to Bermuda<sup>8</sup>, and long may the bloom  
 Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume ;  
 May spring to eternity hallow the shade,  
 Where Ariel has warbled and Waller<sup>10</sup> has stray'd.  
 And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to  
 roam

Through the lime-covered alley that leads to thy  
 home,

Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,  
 And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,  
 I have led thee along, and have told by the way  
 What my heart all the night had been burning to  
 say—

Oh ! think of the past—give a sigh to those times  
 And a blessing for me to that alley of limes.

If I were yonder wave, my dear,  
 And thou the isle it clasps around,  
 I would not let a foot come near  
 My land of bliss, my fairy ground.

If I were yonder conch of gold,  
 And thou the pearl within it plac'd,  
 I would not let an eye behold  
 The sacred gem my arms embrac'd.

If I were yonder orange-tree,  
 And thou the blossom blooming there,  
 I would not yield a breath of thee  
 To scent the most imploring air.

Germanis saltu inusitata genera altum accedunt,  
 ignium modo, collucente noctibus.—*Plin.*

<sup>1</sup> or Milesian fables, had their origin in Miletus, a  
 'lonia. Aristides was the most celebrated author  
 of fictions. See *Phalaris* (in Crasso), who calls  
 them.

<sup>2</sup> Cretan wines, which Athenæus calls *οίνος ανθεμας*,  
 very resembling that of the finest flowers.—*Barry*  
 li.

<sup>3</sup> in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement  
 onyx. Thus Martial: "Calceatusque tuosub pede  
 g. 56. lib. xii.

<sup>4</sup> in shape were a favourite ornament among the  
 Greeks. *Οι επικρατεστεροι οφθαλμοι αι χρυσειαι νεβλαι ομοιοι και  
 της φαντασμα*.—*Philostroph.* Epist. xi. Lucian, too,  
 speaks of them. See his *Amores*, where he describes  
 of a Grecian lady, and we find the "silver vase,"  
 with powder, and all the "mystic order" of a  
*Βασιλικος ανθηρα, ανθημας κρηνη απο της Ταρταριου*  
 —*Ροβιν.*

<sup>7</sup> Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, lib. xiv. and "now called the  
 Muscatell (a muscarum tells)," says Pancirolius, book i. sect. 1.  
 chap. 17.

<sup>8</sup> I had, at this time, some idea of paying a visit to the West  
 India.

<sup>9</sup> The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Ber-  
 mooda. See the commentators on the words "still-vev'd Ber-  
 mooda," in the *Tempest*.—I wonder it did not occur to some of  
 those all-reading gentlemen that, possibly, the discoverer of this  
 "island of hogs and devils" might have been no less a personage  
 than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period (the  
 beginning of the sixteenth century), was sent Patriarch of the Latin  
 church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the  
 Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered.—*Travels of the*  
*Jesuits*, vol. i. I am afraid, however, it would take the Patriarch  
 rather too much out of his way.

<sup>10</sup> Johnson does not think that Waller was ever at Bermuda; but  
 the "Account of the European Settlements in America" affirms it  
 confidently. (Vol. ii.) I mention this work, however, less for its  
 authority than for the pleasure I feel in quoting an unacknowledged  
 production of the great Edmund Burke.

MOORE'S WORKS.

And not o'er the water's brink,  
 Not the wave that odorous sigh,  
 Its burning mirror drink  
 Soft reflection of thine eye.

Wavy hair, that glowing cheek,  
 That in the waters seem,  
 Could gladly plunge to seek  
 Image in the glassy stream.

Alas! at once my chilly grave  
 Nuptial bed that stream might be;  
 And thee in its mimic wave,  
 Die upon the shade of thee.

Under the leafy mangrove, bending  
 The waters blue and bright,  
 Her sea's silky lashes, lending  
 Her bow to her eyes of light.

My beloved! where'er I turn,  
 The trace of thee enchants mine eyes;  
 Every star thy glances burn;  
 And blush on every flow'ret lies.

And I in creation aught  
 Light, or beautiful, or rare,  
 To the sense, or pure to thought,  
 Thou art found reflected there.

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone  
 And he'll weep all his brilliancy down  
 To think that a bosom, as white as his  
 Should not melt in the daybeam like  
 Oh! lovely the print of those delicate  
 O'er his luminous path will appear—  
 Fly, fly, my beloved! this island is sw  
 But the Snow Spirit cannot come h

Ερωτικὸν διὰ καθοριστικῶν ἑστῶν καὶ ἑνὸς ἀποδείξαι τῆς ἀπορίας  
 ἢ ἀπὸ πρῶτος καὶ ἐπειὴ ἀποδείξαι.—ΦΙΛΟΛΟΓΙΑΣ, Τόμος 17.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,  
 While many a bending seagrape,<sup>1</sup>  
 The sprinkle of the feathery oar  
 That wing'd me round this fairy

'Twas noon; and every orange  
 Hung languid o'er the crystal floc  
 Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes  
 When love-thoughts in her bosom  
 Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower,  
 To shade me in that glowing hou

A little dove, of milky hue,  
 Before me from a plantain flew,  
 And, light along the water's brim  
 I steer'd my gentle bark by him;  
 For fancy told me, Love had sent

And, stealing over all her charms,  
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,  
New lustre to each beauty lent, —  
Itself all trembling as it went!

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe  
Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge  
Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light  
Just touching on the verge of night,  
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,  
Seem'd glowing through the ivory lid,  
And, as I thought, a lustre threw  
Upon her lip's reflecting dew, —  
Such as a night-lamp, left to shine  
Alone on some secluded shrine,  
May shed upon the votive wreath,  
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever vision half so sweet!  
Think, think how quick my heart-pulse beat,  
As o'er the rustling bank I stole; —  
Oh! ye, that know the lover's soul,  
It is for you alone to guess,  
That moment's trembling happiness.

A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem  
Within this simple ring of gold;  
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them  
Who liv'd in classic hours of old.  
Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,  
Upon her hand this gem display'd,  
Nor thought that time's succeeding lapse  
Should see it grace a lovelier maid.  
Look, dearest, what a sweet design!  
The more we gaze, it charms the more;  
Come — closer bring that cheek to mine,  
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth  
By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd —  
Look, as she leans, and say in sooth,  
Is not that hand most fondly plac'd?  
Upon his curled head behind  
It seems in careless play to lie,<sup>1</sup>  
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd  
To bring the truant's lip more nigh.  
Oh happy maid! too happy boy!  
The one so fond and little loath,

<sup>1</sup> Somewhat like the symplegma of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of Psyche's hand is finely and delicately expressive of affection. See the *Museum Florentinum*, tom. II. tab. 14. These are few subjects on which poetry could be more in-

The other yielding slow to joy —  
Oh rare, indeed, but blissful both.

Imagine, love, that I am he,  
And just as warm as he is chilling;  
Imagine, too, that thou art she,  
But quite as coy as she is willing:

So may we try the graceful way  
In which their gentle arms are twin'd,  
And thus, like her, my hand I lay  
Upon thy wreath'd locks behind:

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,  
As slow to mine thy head I move;  
And thus our lips together meet,  
And thus, — and thus, — I kiss thee, love.

— *Διόσκουρος κισσάου, ἐπὶ ἀνελκιδίου, ἑσπερίων.*  
ANASTAS. *Æthior.* lib. III. cap. 4.

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine,  
My soul hath e'er forgot;  
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,  
Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine  
Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell  
From that beguiling tongue,  
Which did not, with a ling'ring spell,  
Upon my charmed senses dwell,  
Like songs from Eden sung.

Ah! that I could, at once, forget  
All, all that haunts me so —  
And yet, thou witching girl, — and yet,  
To die were sweeter than to let  
The lov'd remembrance go.

No; if this slighted heart must see  
Its faithful pulse decay,  
Oh let it die, rememb'ring thee,  
And, like the burnt aroma, be  
Consum'd in sweets away,

TO

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.<sup>2</sup>

"THE daylight is gone — but, before we depart,  
"One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,  
"The kindest, the dearest — oh! judge by the tear  
"I now shed while I name him, how kind and how dear."

terestingly employed than in illustrating some of these ancient statues and gems.

<sup>2</sup> Pinkerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudes might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical li-

MOORE'S WORKS.

le of the Calabash-Tree,  
 el and remember like me,  
 ten my goblet, I threw  
 nd a blessing on you.

the mirth-bringing hour,  
 mbled, when wit, in full

, under Bacchus's dew,  
 ver springing and new—  
 nber, and hallow the brim  
 as you crown it to him  
 n these valleys so fair,  
 sium, if friends were not

came from the Calabash-

est and my spirit was free,  
 nd the dreams of the day  
 of my fancy in play,  
 as haunted me then  
 s to witness again.

few I adore,  
 ar and beloved before,  
 oved and dear,  
 surrounded me here;  
 did the light of their smiles  
 his region of isles;  
 they look'd on it, flow'd,

Oh magic of love ! unembellished by you,  
 Hath the garden a blush or the landscape a hue?  
 Or shines there a vista in nature or art,  
 Like that which Love opens thro' the eye to the heart

Alas, that a vision so happy should fade !  
 That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd  
 The rose and the stream I had thought of at night  
 Should still be before me, unfadingly bright ;  
 While the friends, who had seem'd to hang o'er  
 the stream,  
 And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream

But look, where, all ready, in sailing array,  
 The bark that's to carry these pages away,<sup>2</sup>  
 Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,  
 And will soon leave these islets of Ariel behind.  
 What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,  
 Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love !  
 Yet pleasant the swell of the billows would be,  
 And the roar of those gales would be music to me  
 Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,  
 Not the sunniest tears of the summer-eve dew,  
 Were as sweet as the storm, or as bright as the foam  
 Of the surge, that would hurry your wanderer home

THE

the wheel, unwearied still  
and, as my watchful eye  
k the needle's faithful thrill,  
of her I love, and cry,  
Port, my boy! port.

ms delay, or breezes blow  
rom the point we wish to steer;  
the wind close-haul'd we go,  
ive in vain the port to near;  
s thus the fates defer  
s with one that's far away,  
s remembrance springs to her,  
the sails and sighing say,  
Thus, my boy! thus.

ie wind draws kindly aft,  
ids are up the yards to square,  
the floating stu'n-sails waft  
tely ship through waves and air.  
I think that yet for me  
reeze of fortune thus may spring,  
eze to waft me, love, to thee —  
that hope I smiling sing,  
Steady, boy! so.



TO

THE FIRE-FLY.<sup>1</sup>

tring, when the earth and sky  
glowing with the light of spring,  
thee not, thou humble fly!  
think upon thy gleaming wing.

en the skies have lost their hue,  
sunny lights no longer play,  
n we see and bless thee too  
parkling o'er the dreary way.

t me hope, when lost to me  
lights that now my life illumine,  
ilder joys may come, like thee,  
ecr, if not to warm, the gloom!



<sup>1</sup> d varying illumination, with which these fire-flies  
as at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment.  
ous se développant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et  
ous, nous les voyions sur les oranges voisins, qu'ils  
sun, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits  
svait ravie," &c. &c. — See *L'Histoire des Antilles*,  
. 1.

TO

THE LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

If former times had never left a trace  
Of human frailty in their onward race,  
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,  
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;  
If every age, in new unconscious prime,  
Rose like a phenix, from the fires of time,  
To wing its way unguided and alone,  
The future smiling and the past unknown;  
Then ardent man would to himself be new,  
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view:  
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme  
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,  
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,  
Could tell him, fools had dreamt as much before.  
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,  
The plans of virtue midst the deeds of crime,  
The thinking follies and the reasoning rage  
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;  
When still we see, through every varying frame  
Of arts and polity, his course the same,  
And know that ancient fools but died, to make  
A space on earth for modern fools to take;  
'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;  
That Wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,  
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth  
Of pure perfection midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given,  
Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;  
O'er dross without to shed the light within,  
And dream of virtue while we see but sin.

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,  
Might sages still pursue the flatt'ring theme  
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,  
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,  
Belie the monuments of frailty past,  
And plant perfection in this world at last!

"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided  
reign  
"Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.  
"Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,  
"Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth  
"To full maturity of nerve and mind,  
"Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind.<sup>2</sup>  
"Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught  
"In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,

<sup>2</sup> Thus Morse. "Here the sciences and the arts of civilised life  
are to receive their highest improvements: here civil and religious  
liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ec-  
clesiastical tyranny: here genius, aided by all the improvements of  
former ages, is to be exerted in humanising mankind, in expanding  
and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical know-  
ledge," &c. &c.—P. 669.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ough nation, rank, and sect,  
 its tranquil waves reflect.  
 of the public shrine  
 heir gradual wreath intwine,  
 on from the flow'ring braid,  
 which they bloom to shade.  
 justice bound her view,  
 while she rights the few ;  
 through all the social frame,  
 as that vital flame  
 e our best and meanest part,  
 hile it expands a heart !”

what soul that loves to scan  
 than the dark of man,  
 hile smarting with the ill,  
 ith all its frailty still, —  
 es not spring to meet  
 th all that heavenly heat,  
 unwilling to resign  
 ng, even on earth, divine!  
 ee thee glow to think  
 may boast a link  
 the world has known,  
 Godhead's throne.

e even the glorious dream  
 t dim, uncertain gleam,  
 o give such fancies scope,  
 hile they nourish hope ?

Already blighted, with her black'ning trace,  
 The op'ning bloom of every social grace,  
 And all those courtesies, that love to shoot  
 Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit.

And were these errors but the wanton tide  
 Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride ;  
 The fervid follies and the faults of such  
 As wrongly feel, because they feel too much ;  
 Then might experience make the fever less,  
 Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess.  
 But no ; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,  
 All youth's transgression with all age's chill ;  
 The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,  
 A slow and cold stagnation into vice.

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage  
 And latest folly of man's sinking age,  
 Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,  
 While nobler passions wage their heated strife,  
 Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,  
 And dies, collecting lumber in the rear, —  
 Long has it palsied every grasping hand  
 And greedy spirit through this bartering land ;  
 Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold  
 So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,  
 And conscience, truth, and honesty are made  
 To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.<sup>2</sup>

Already in this free, this virtuous state,

upon my ear so mean, so base,  
 jargon of that factious race,  
 f heart and prodigal of words,  
 e slaves, yet struggling to be lords,  
 us patriots, from their negro-marts,  
 r rights, with rapine in their hearts.

with patience, for a moment see  
 mass of pride and misery,  
 l charters, manacles and rights,  
 acks and democratic whites,<sup>1</sup>  
 iebald polity that reigns  
 sion o'er Columbia's plains?  
 t man, thou just and gentle God!  
 before thee with a tyrant's rod  
 s like himself, with souls from thee.  
 oast of perfect liberty;  
 — I'd rather hold my neck  
 tenure from a sultan's beck,  
 ere liberty has scarce been nam'd,  
 t but that of ruling claim'd,  
 live, where bastard Freedom waves  
 ag in mockery over slaves;  
 ley laws admitting no degree  
 vilely slav'd and madly free—  
 idage and the licence suit,  
 ide ruler and the man made brute.

I thus, my friend, in flowerless song,  
 at, what yet I feel so strong,  
 rices of the land, where first  
 ends, that rack the world, were nurst,  
 n's arm by royalty was nerv'd,  
 en learn'd to crush the throne they

— lull'd in dreams of classic thought,  
 min'd and by sages taught,  
 all, upon this mortal scene,  
 th fancied or that sage hath been.  
 [ wake thee? why severely chase  
 rms of virtue and of grace,  
 fore thee, like the pictures spread  
 atrons round the genial bed,

<sup>1</sup> The effects of this system begin to be felt rather soon. The master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but see, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without an insurrection among the negroes. The accession of slaves, will increase this embarrassment; as the negroes, which are expected to take place, from this newly acquired territory, will considerably increase the white population, and thus strengthen the pro-slavery party to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous. *Weld's Travels*, p. 100.

<sup>2</sup> The location of the ground now allotted for the Federal City (says Mr. Weld), the identical spot on which the city of Rome was called. This anecdote is related in *Weld's Travels*, p. 100. "The prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, as it were, a second Rome." — *Weld's Travels*, p. 100.

Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art  
 Bright'ning the young conceptions of thy heart?

Forgive me, Forbes — and should the song destroy

One generous hope, one throb of social joy,  
 One high pulsation of the zeal for man,  
 Which few can feel, and bless that few who can, —  
 Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes  
 Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,  
 Forget where nature has been dark or dim,  
 And proudly study all her lights in him.  
 Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,  
 And feel that man may reach perfection yet.

TO

THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M. D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Διευθυνταί των βιβλίων της βιβλιοθήκης της πόλεως των Ηνωμένων Πολιτειών.  
 ΧΑΝΟΒΡΟΥΤ. ΈΡΗΣ. ΕΡΕΣΙΑΣ. lib. v.

'Tis evening now, beneath the western star  
 Soft sighs the lover through his sweet segar,  
 And fills the ears of some consenting she  
 With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy.  
 The patriot, fresh from Freedom's councils come,  
 Now pleas'd retires to lash his slaves at home;  
 Or woo, perhaps, some black Aspasia's charms,  
 And dream of freedom in his bondsmaid's arms.<sup>3</sup>

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,  
 Come, let me lead thee o'er this "second Rome!"<sup>4</sup>  
 Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,  
 And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now<sup>5</sup>: —  
 This embryo capital, where Fancy sees  
 Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;  
 Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now, adorn  
 With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,  
 Though nought but woods<sup>6</sup> and J——n they see,  
 Where streets should run and sages ought to be.

<sup>4</sup> A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.

<sup>5</sup> "To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-door neighbour, and in the same city, is a curious and, I believe, a novel circumstance." — *Weld*, letter iv.

<sup>6</sup> The Federal City (if it must be called a city) has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling, through which a common rustic stile introduces the

MOORE'S WORKS.

yon radiant wave,  
 golden grave.  
 aks of shade !  
 ure's morning made,  
 rance of prime,  
 ishly sublime,  
 p, with humbler care,  
 nderful to fair ;—  
 s, your boundless floods,  
 majestic woods,  
 ate and heroes rove,  
 an deserve her love, —  
 t, but born to grace  
 f-minded race'  
 ing o'er its breast,  
 he lion's crest ?  
 all that soil their home,  
 should dare to roam ?  
 orld ! oh ! doubly worse,  
 ally land to nurse  
 distant clime,  
 taint of crime  
 a her perturbed sphere,  
 here ?

little mount of pines,  
 and the fire-fly shines.  
 n bold relief,  
 at veteran chief ?  
 hero's name,

Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds  
 Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,  
 Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,  
 Proud to be useful, scorning to be more ;  
 Less mov'd by glory's than by duty's claim,  
 Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim ;  
 All that thou *wert* reflects less fame on thee,  
 Far less, than all thou didst *forbear to be*.  
 Nor yet the patriot of one land alone, —  
 For, thine's a name all nations claim their own ;  
 And every shore, where breath'd the good and  
 brave,  
 Echo'd the plaudits thy own country gave.

Now look, my friend, where faint the moonlight  
 falls  
 On yonder dome, and, in those princely halls, —  
 If thou canst hate, as sure that soul must hate,  
 Which loves the virtuous, and reveres the great, —  
 If thou canst loathe and execrate with me  
 The poisonous drug of French philosophy,  
 That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,  
 With which false liberty dilutes her crimes, —  
 If thou hast got, within thy freeborn breast,  
 One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,  
 With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,  
 Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,  
 Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,  
 And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god,  
 There, in those walls,—but burning tongue forbear!



like the air that fans her fields of green,  
 from spreads, unfever'd and serene;  
 foreign man can condescend to see  
 his ends and laws more sovereign still than he.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

——— *Tipde rpe waker philar*  
*Barrow' avafce rap.*  
 SOPHOCLES. *Œdip. Colon.* v. 788.

By the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,  
 bright were its flowery banks to his eye;  
 very far were the friends that he lov'd,  
 he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Free, though blessed and bright are thy rays,  
 the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,  
 but are they all to the lustre that plays  
 a mile from the heart that is fondly our own.

Why did the soul of the stranger remain  
 so long by the smile he had languish'd to meet;  
 scarce did he hope it would soothe him  
 gain,  
 the threshold of home had been prest by his  
 feet.

Days of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,  
 they lov'd what they knew of so humble a  
 name;  
 why told him, with flattery welcome and dear,  
 they found in his heart something better  
 than fame.

Woman — oh woman! whose form and  
 whose soul  
 the spell and the light of each path we pur-  
 sue;  
 far sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,  
 man be there, there is happiness too: —

She her enamouring magic deny, —  
 magic his heart had relinquisht so long, —  
 as he had lov'd was her eloquent eye,  
 them did it soften and weep at his song.

It be the tear, and in memory oft  
 its sparkle be shed o'er the wanderer's dream;  
 next be that eye, and may passion as soft,  
 as from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

is a dreary and savage character in the country imme-  
 diately above these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the  
 forest than the cultivated lands in the neigh-  
 borhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's  
 journal to him, the perpendicular height of the Cobos

The stranger is gone — but he will not forget,  
 When at home he shall talk of the toils he has  
 known,  
 To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,  
 As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

## LINES

WRITTEN AT

THE COBOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.<sup>1</sup>

*Già era in loco ove s' udia 'l rimbombo*  
*Dell' acqua ——— DANTE.*

FROM rise of morn till set of sun  
 I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;  
 And as I mark'd the woods of pine  
 Along his mirror darkly shine,  
 Like tall and gloomy forms that pass  
 Before the wizard's midnight glass;  
 And as I view'd the hurrying pace  
 With which he ran his turbid race,  
 Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,  
 Through shades that frown'd and flowers that  
 smil'd,  
 Flying by every green recess  
 That woo'd him to its calm caress,  
 Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,  
 As if to leave one look behind, —  
 Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,  
 How like to thee, thou restless tide,  
 May be the lot, the life of him  
 Who roams along thy water's brim;  
 Through what alternate wastes of woe  
 And flowers of joy my path may go;  
 How many a shelter'd, calm retreat  
 May woo the while my weary feet,  
 While still pursuing, still unblest,  
 I wander on, nor dare to rest;  
 But, urgent as the doom that calls  
 Thy water to its destin'd falls,  
 I feel the world's bewild'ring force  
 Hurry my heart's devoted course  
 From lapse to lapse, till life be done,  
 And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,  
 As onward thus my course I take; —  
 Oh, be my falls as bright as thine!  
 May heaven's relenting rainbow shine  
 Upon the mist that circles me,  
 As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

Falls is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-  
 six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as  
 the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most in-  
 teresting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

MOORE'S WORKS.

SONG

OR

THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.<sup>1</sup>

*via difficilis, quaque est via nulla.*

*Ovius. Metam. lib. iii. v. 227.*

vapour, hot and damp,  
 Day's expiring lamp,  
 The misty ether spreads  
 The white man dreads;  
 The thirsty thrill,  
 The shivering chill!

I hear the traveller's song,  
 Leads the woods along;—  
 'Tis the song of fear;  
 Ere round thee, night is near,  
 Wild thou dar'st to roam—  
 Was once the Indian's home!<sup>2</sup>

Sprites, who love to harm,  
 Ere you work your charm,  
 Seek, or by the brakes,  
 The pale witch feeds her snakes,  
 The dayman loves to creep,  
 In his wintry sleep:  
 The bird of carrion flits,

Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,  
 Tempt him to the den that's dug  
 For the foul and famish'd brood  
 Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood;  
 Or, unto the dangerous pass  
 O'er the deep and dark morass,  
 Where the trembling Indian brings  
 Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,  
 Tributes, to be hung in air,  
 To the Fiend presiding there!<sup>3</sup>

Then, when night's long labour  
 Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,  
 Sinking where the causeway's edge  
 Moulders in the slimy sedge,  
 There let every noxious thing  
 Trail its filth and fix its sting;  
 Let the bull-toad taint him over,  
 Round him let mosquitoes hover,  
 In his ears and eyeballs tingling,  
 With his blood their poison mingling  
 Till, beneath the solar fires,  
 Rankling all, the wretch expires!



TO

THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPE

the spirit baskingly reclines,  
 without effort, resting while it shines,—  
 I he roves, and laughing loves to see  
 stern priests with ancient rakes agree ;  
 with the cowl, the festal garland shines,  
 : stills finds a niche in Christian shrines ;

still, too, roam those other souls of song,  
 whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,  
 dark as light, their rarest gems of thought,  
 thy's magic to thy lip are brought.  
 alas ! by Erie's stormy lake,  
 from such bright haunts my course I take,  
 remembrance o'er the fancy plays,  
 : dream, no star of other days  
 that visionary light behind,  
 'ring radiance of immortal mind,  
 lds and hallows even the rudest scene,  
 blest shed, where genius once has been !

t creation's varying mass assumes  
 or lovely, here aspires and blooms ;  
 the mountains, rich the gardens glow,  
 ces expand, and conquering' rivers flow ;  
 , immortal mind, without whose ray,  
 d's a wilderness and man but clay,  
 ad alone, in barren, still repose,  
 ns, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows.  
 istians, Mohawks, democrats, and all  
 rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,  
 n the savage, whether slav'd or free,  
 he civilis'd, less tame than he,—  
 lull chaos, one unfeeling strife  
 half-polish'd and half-barbarous life ;  
 ery ill the ancient world could brew  
 with every grossness of the new ;  
 l corrupts, though little can entice,  
 ght is known of luxury, but its vice !

the region then, is this the climate  
 ng fancies ? for those dreams sublime,  
 l their miracles of light reveal  
 that meditate and hearts that feel ?  
 t so—the Muse of Nature lights  
 es round ; she scales the mountain heights,  
 ns the forests ; every wondrous spot  
 th her step, yet man regards it not.  
 pers round, her words are in the air,  
 unheard, they linger freezing there,<sup>2</sup>

That was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description  
 of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. "I believe  
 the most sublime in the world. The two rivers are  
 a same breath, each about half a league ; but the  
 is far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi  
 sea, through which it carries its white waves to the  
 sea, without mixing them : afterwards it gives its colour  
 to the sea, which it never loses again, but carries quite  
 sea."—Letter xxvii.

to the fanciful notion of " words congealed in north-

Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,  
 One ray of mind to thaw them into song.

Yet, yet forgive me, oh ye sacred few,  
 Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew ;  
 Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,  
 'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave.\*  
 Not with more joy the lonely exile scann'd  
 The writing trac'd upon the desert's sand,  
 Where his lone heart but little hop'd to find  
 One trace of life, one stamp of human kind,  
 Than did I hail the pure, th' enlighten'd zeal,  
 The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,  
 The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,  
 Which,—'mid the melancholy, heartless waste  
 My foot has travers'd,—oh you sacred few !  
 I found by Delaware's green banks with you.

Long may you loathe the Gallic cross that runs  
 Through your fair country and corrupts its sons ;  
 Long love the arts, the glories which adorn  
 Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.  
 Oh ! if America can yet be great,  
 If neither chain'd by choice, nor doom'd by fate  
 To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,  
 She yet can raise the crown'd, yet civic brow  
 Of single majesty,—can add the grace  
 Of Rank's rich capital to Freedom's base,  
 Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove  
 For the fair ornament that flowers above ;—  
 If yet releas'd from all that pedant throng,  
 So vain of error and so pledg'd to wrong,  
 Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide  
 Weakness in vaunt, and barrenness in pride,  
 She yet can rise, can wreath the Attic charms  
 Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,  
 And see her poets flash the fires of song,  
 To light her warriors' thunderbolts along ;—  
 It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven  
 Has made like yours, the glorious task is given :—  
 Oh ! but for such, Columbia's days were done ;  
 Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,  
 Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,  
 Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er.

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours  
 Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of  
 flowers,  
 Though few the days, the happy evenings few,  
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,

\* In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia,  
 I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the  
 States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through  
 this cultivated little circle that love for good literature and sound  
 politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very  
 rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I  
 trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of  
 the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not  
 hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not  
 value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it ; and in learning  
 from them what Americans can be, I but see with the more indig-  
 nation what Americans are.

MOORE'S WORKS.

the soul forgot its wish to roam,  
as in a dream of home.  
like looks I'd lov'd before,  
which, as they trembled o'er  
memory, found full many a tone  
in concord with their own.  
ights of that communion free,  
t, which I have known with thee  
; nights of mirth and mind,  
ught, and follies that refin'd.  
oth renew them? when, restor'd  
and intellectual board,  
e enjoy with thee and thine  
teach, those follies that refine?  
nd'ring upon Erie's shore,  
listant cataract roar,  
-alas! these weary feet  
e to journey, ere we meet.

ROY KAPTA NYN MNEIAN EXG.  
EURIPIDES.

SEVEN STANZAS.

oke, that so gracefully curl'd  
n elms, that a cottage was near,  
here's peace to be found in the

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red be  
"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet  
cline,  
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocen  
"Which had never been sigh'd on by  
mine!"

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON  
THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.<sup>1</sup>

Et remigem cantus hortatur.  
QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's part

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl  
But, when the wind blows off the shore,

TO THE

## Y CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

ON THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Months have now been dream'd away  
 Ere sun, beneath whose evening ray  
 Des swiftly past these wooded shores,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,

not then that, e'er the rolling year  
 its circle, I should wander here  
 Ere sun, beneath whose evening ray  
 Des swiftly past these wooded shores,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,  
 Ere Trent his mazy current pours,

si per costume di avere in venerazione gli alberi  
 hi, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli di anime  
 della Valle, part. second., lettera 16 da i giardinidi  
 his Travels, has noticed this shooting illumination  
 diffuse at night through the river St. Lawrence. —  
 sike is brittle and transparent.  
 led spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where,  
 ce, it is transformed into a dove." — *Charlevoix*,  
 one and the Religion of the Savages of Canada. See  
 is of the American Orpheus in Laftau, tom. i.  
 tains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones,  
 in the sun, and were called by the Indians manctoe  
 -stones." — *Macbride's Journal*.  
 vens suggested by Carver's description of one of the  
 . "When it was calm," he says, "and the sun

Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,  
 Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,  
 Can scarcely dream of, — which his eye must see  
 To know how wonderful this world can be!

But lo, — the last tints of the west decline,  
 And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.  
 Among the reeds, in which our idle boat  
 Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note  
 Dies like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;  
 Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,  
 And I can trace him, like a watery star,<sup>2</sup>  
 Down the steep current, till he fades afar  
 Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,  
 Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night,  
 Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,  
 And the smooth glass-snake<sup>3</sup>, gliding o'er my way,  
 Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,  
 Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,  
 Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze  
 Some Indian Spirit warble words like these: —

From the land beyond the sea,  
 Whither happy spirits flee;  
 Where, transform'd to sacred doves,<sup>4</sup>  
 Many a blessed Indian roves  
 Through the air on wing, as white  
 As those wondrous stones of light,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which the eye of morning counts  
 On the Apalachian mounts, —  
 Hither oft my flight I take  
 Over Huron's lucid lake.  
 Where the wave, as clear as dew,  
 Sleeps beneath the light canoe,  
 Which, reflected, floating there,  
 Looks as if it hung in air.<sup>6</sup>

Then, when I have stray'd a while  
 Through the Manataulin isle,<sup>7</sup>  
 Breathing all its holy bloom,  
 Swift I mount me on the plume  
 Of my Wakon-Bird<sup>8</sup>, and fly  
 Where, beneath a burning sky,  
 O'er the bed of Erie's lake  
 Slumbers many a water-snake,

shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was up-  
 wards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the  
 bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had  
 been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as  
 air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element.  
 It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium  
 at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were  
 elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the  
 dazzling scene."

<sup>2</sup> Après avoir traversé plusieurs Isles peu considérables, nous en  
 trouvâmes le quatrième Jour une fameuse nommée l'Isle de Mani-  
 tauilin. — *Voyages du Baron de Laponie*, tom. i. let. 18. Mani-  
 tauilin signifie une Place of Spirite, and this island in Lake Huron is  
 held sacred by the Indians.

<sup>3</sup> "The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with  
 the Bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians  
 have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their  
 language, the Bird of the Great Spirit." — *Morse*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

he web of leaves,  
 er-lily weaves.<sup>1</sup>  
 e flow'ret-king  
 sy realm of spring,  
 hile diamond hues  
 nd wings suffuse,  
 alice sink,  
 s balny drink ;  
 n all on fire,  
 oks of ire,  
 infant stem,  
 y velvet gem,  
 y tyrant lip  
 enough to sip.  
 yful hand I steep  
 -thread<sup>2</sup> loves to creep,  
 e a tangled wreath,  
 e round it breathe,  
 chaplet spread  
 g fly-bird's head,<sup>3</sup>  
 as of honey blest,  
 downy nest,  
 s fairest spells,  
 fragrant bells,  
 oul embowers  
 heaven of flowers.  
 ar and silvery flakes  
 ruffled lakes,

Icy columns gleam below,  
 Feather'd round with falling snow,  
 And an arch of glory springs,  
 Sparkling as the chain of rings  
 Round the neck of virgins hung,—  
 Virgins<sup>4</sup>, who have wander'd young  
 O'er the waters of the west  
 To the land where spirits rest !

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,  
 The lonely moments of the night away ;  
 And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams  
 Once more embark'd upon the glitt'ring stream  
 Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,  
 Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar  
 Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark  
 The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,  
 Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,<sup>5</sup>  
 While on its deck a pilot angel stood,  
 And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,  
 Coasted the dim shores of another world !

Yet, oh ! believe me, mid this mingled maze  
 Of nature's beauties, where the fancy strays  
 From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's  
 Hath something strange, and every leaf is new  
 I never feel a joy so pure and still,  
 So inly felt, as when some brook or hill,  
 Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,

ests have met around the sparkling board,  
 come warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;  
 bright future star of England's throne,  
 ic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,  
 respect, nor claiming what he won,  
 ring greatness, like an evening sun  
 hat the eye can tranquilly admire,  
 out mild, all softness, yet all fire;—  
 hue my recollections take,  
 regret, the very pain they wake  
 with happiness;—but, ah! no more—  
 ieu—my heart has linger'd o'er  
 ish'd times, till all that round me lies,  
 anks and bowers have faded on my eyes!

—♦—  
 IMPROMPTU,

A VISIT TO MRS. —, OF MONTREAL.

t for a moment—and yet in that time  
 wded th' impressions of many an hour:  
 ad a glow, like the sun of her clime,  
 wak'd every feeling at once into flower.

l we have borrow'd from Time but a day,  
 ew such impressions again and again,  
 s we should look and imagine and say  
 be worth all the life we had wasted till  
 er.

had not the leisure or language to speak,  
 ould find some more spiritual mode of  
 ealing,  
 een us, should feel just as much in a  
 eek  
 ers would take a millennium in feeling.

—♦—  
 WRITTEN

PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND,<sup>1</sup>

IN THE  
 GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,

IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

u, beneath yon cloud so dark,  
 liding along a gloomy bark?  
 ils are full,—though the wind is still,  
 ere blows not a breath her sails to fill!

one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough,  
 ty of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested  
 ition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-  
 . "the flying Dutchman."  
 hirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax,  
 orn so spoiled by the truly splendid hospitality of my  
 e Phaeton and Boston, that I was but ill prepared for  
 of a Canadian vessel. The weather, however, was  
 d the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear?  
 The silent calm of the grave is there,  
 Save now and again a death-knell rung,  
 And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore  
 Of cold and pitiless Labrador;  
 Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,  
 Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,  
 And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,  
 Doth play on as pale and livid a crew  
 As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,  
 To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;  
 By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,  
 And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,  
 Thon terrible bark, ere the night be gone,  
 Nor let morning look on so foul a sight  
 As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

—♦—  
 TO

THE BOSTON FRIGATE,<sup>2</sup>

ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,

OCTOBER, 1804.

Νοστον προφασικ γλυκερον. PINDAR, *Pyth.* 4.

WITH triumph this morning, oh Boston! I hail  
 The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,  
 For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,  
 To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,  
 And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand<sup>3</sup>  
 Is the last I shall tread of American land.

Well—peace to the land! may her sons know, at  
 length,

That in high-minded honour lies liberty's strength,  
 That though man be as free as the fetterless wind,  
 As the wantonest air that the north can unbind,  
 Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten the blast,  
 If no harvest of mind ever sprung where it pass'd,  
 Then unblest is such freedom, and baleful its  
 might,—

Free only to ruin, and strong but to blight!

through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was  
 particularly striking and romantic.

<sup>2</sup> Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned  
 to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kind-  
 nesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend  
 Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of  
 gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova Scotia, very kindly  
 allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the College, which

MOORE'S WORKS.

the few I have left with regret ;  
 times recall, what I cannot forget,  
 those evenings,—too brief a delight !  
 erse and song we have stol'n on the

ask'd me the manners, the mind, or  
 had known or some chief I had seen,  
 hough distant, they long had ador'd,  
 ad oft hallow'd the wine-cup they

ith sympathy humble but true,  
 each bright son of fame all I knew,  
 en'd, and sigh'd that the powerful

mpire should pass, like a dream,  
 g one relic of genius, to say  
 as the tide which had vanish'd away !  
 few—though we never may meet  
 again, it is soothing and sweet  
 whenever my song or my name  
 their ear, they'll recall me the same  
 o them now, young, unthoughtful,  
 st,  
 lecciv'd me or sorrow deprest.

s ! while thus I recall to my mind  
 e land we shall soon leave behind,

I can read in the weather-wise glance of  
 As it follows the rack flitting over the s  
 That the faint coming breeze will be fa  
 flight,

And shall steal us away, ere the falling  
 Dear Douglas ! thou knowest, with thee t  
 With thy friendship to soothe me, thy c  
 guide,

There is not a bleak isle in those summe  
 Where the day comes in darkness, or shi  
 freeze,

Not a track of the line, not a barbarous  
 That I could not with patience, with ph  
 plore !

Oh think then how gladly I follow thee  
 When Hope smooths the billowy path of  
 And each prosperous sigh of the west  
 wind

Takes me nearer the home where my he  
 shrin'd ;

Where the smile of a father shall meet n  
 And the tears of a mother turn bliss into  
 Where the kind voice of sisters shall st  
 heart,

And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could

But see !—the bent top-sails are ready  
 To the boat — I am with thee — Columbia



THE SUMMER FÊTE.



## PREFACE.\*

d letter of my own to a friend in giving an account of this brilliant festival gala at Boyle Farm), I find some details which, besides their reference to the subject of the poem, contain some incidents connected with the first appearance of the public of one of the most successful writers, the story of the Epicurean. I give my extracts from this letter, in their original diary-like form, without alteration:—

30. 1827. — Day threatening for the evening. I was with Lord Essex † at three o'clock, and returned about half an hour after. The garden was swarming with carriages and four abreast to Boyle Farm, which Lady de Mervill lent, for the occasion, to Henry; — the principal givers of the Fête, being Lordes de Mervill, Castlereagh, Alvanley, Henry de Bunsford and Robert Grosvenor, subscribing four hundred pounds each towards it. The garden was decked with tents all in the very best taste. The principal quadrilles, on the bank of the river, were descending to the water, quite eastward of what one sees in Daniel's pictures. I saw five of the *élite* of the gay world was present — the women all looking their best, and I did not see a single ugly face to be found. At half-past five, sat down to dinner, 450 persons were seated on the lawn, and fifty to the table in the conservatory. The Tyrolese waltz was sung during dinner, and there were, in the evening, gondolas on the river, with

Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, &c., singing barcarolles and rowing off occasionally, so as to let their voices die away and again return. After these succeeded a party in dominos, Madame Vestris, Fanny Ayton, &c., who were rowed about in the same manner, and sung, among other things, my gondola song, "Oh come to me when daylight sets." The evening was delicious, and, as soon as it grew dark, the groves were all lighted up with coloured lamps, in different shapes and devices. A little lake near a grotto took my fancy particularly, the shrubs all round being illuminated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six-and-twenty of the prettiest girls of the world of fashion, the F \* \* \* \* t \* \* rs, Br \* d \* \* \* lls, De R \* \* \* s's Miss F \* \* \* ld \* \* \*, Miss F \* \* x, Miss R \* \* ss \* ll, Miss B \* \* ly, were dressed as Rosières, and opened the quadrilles in the pavilion . . . . . While talking with D—n (Lord P.'s brother), he said to me, "I never read anything so touching as the death of your heroine." "What!" said I, "have you got so far already?" "†" "Oh, I read it in the Literary Gazette." This anticipation of my catastrophe is abominable. Soon after, the Marquis P—lm—a, said to me, as he and I and B—m stood together, looking at the gay scene, "This is like one of your Fêtes." "Oh yes," said B—m, thinking he alluded to Lalla Rookh, "quite oriental." "Non, non," replied P—lm—a, "je veux dire cette Fête d'Athènes, dont j'ai lu la description dans la Gazette d'aujourd'hui."

\* In the preface to the fifth volume of the collected edition of the works of the author, I let pass the incidental mention here of this social and political nobleman, without expressing my strong sense of

his kindly qualities, and lamenting the loss which not only society, but the cause of sound and progressive Political Reform, has sustained by his death.  
† The Epicurean had been published but the day before.

## THE SUMMER FÊTE.

---

TO

HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

Handwork of the following Poem I am  
a memorable Fête, given some years  
Stytle Farm, the seat of the late Lord  
Gerald. In commemoration of that  
of which the lady to whom these pages  
was, I well recollect, one of the most  
of ornaments — I was induced at the  
of some verses, which were afterwards,  
laid aside unfinished, on my discover-  
ing the same task had been undertaken by a  
whose playful and happy *jeu-d'esprit*  
has since been published. It was  
that, on finding the fragments of my

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid

As, on the morning of that Fête  
Which bards unborn shall celebr  
She backward drew her curtain's sl  
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,  
Peep'd with the other at the sky —  
Th' important sky, whose light or g  
Was to decide, this day, the doom  
Of some few hundred Beauties, Wi  
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exqui

Faint were her hopes ; for June ha

Set in with all his usual rigour !  
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing  
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,

But Eurus in perpetual vigour ;  
And, such the biting summer air,  
That she, the nymph now nestling  
Sang as her own bright gems reclin

it be — if thus so fair  
 nok'd groves of Grosvenor Square —  
 it be where Thames is seen  
 tween his banks of green,  
 l villas, on each side,  
 their bowers to woo his tide,  
 a Turk between two rows  
 beauties, on he goes —  
 w'd for ev'n the grace  
 h he slides from their embrace.

hose enchanted domes,  
 most flow'ry, cool, and bright  
 which that river roams,  
 e is to be held to-night —  
 already link'd to fame,  
 cards, in many a fair one's sight  
 k'd for long, at last they came,  
 circled with a fairy light; —  
 to which the cull, the flower  
 d's beauty, rank and power,  
 young spinster just come out,  
 old Premier, too long in —  
 of far descended gout,  
 last new-mustachio'd chin —  
 onvoked by Fashion's spells  
 all circle where she dwells,  
 nightly, to allure us,  
 ms, which, together hurl'd,  
 mother Epicurus,  
 ceing thus, and calls "the World."

w busy in those bowers  
 -flies, in and out of flowers,)  
 less menials swarming run,  
 forth, ere set of sun,  
 et-table richly laid  
 on awning's lengthen'd shade,  
 its shall tempt, and wines entice,  
 xury's self, at Gunter's call,  
 om her summer-throne of ice  
 of coolness over all.

th' important hour drew nigh,  
 ath the flush of evening's sky,  
 end "world" for mirth let loose,  
 i, as he of Syracuse<sup>1</sup>  
 mt of moving worlds, by force  
 horse power, had all combin'd  
 Grosvenor Gate to speed their course,  
 that portion of mankind,  
 hey call "Nobody," behind; —  
 : London's feasts to-day,  
 of beauty, new this May,  
 a night her crescent ray; —

Nothing, in short, for ear or eye,  
 But veteran belles, and wits gone by,  
 The relics of a past beau-monde,  
 A world, like Cuvier's, long dethron'd !  
 Ev'n Parliament this evening nods  
 Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,  
 On half its usual opiate's share ;  
 The great dispensers of repose,  
 The first-rate furnishers of prose  
 Being all call'd to — prosè elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square<sup>2</sup> —  
 That last impregnable redoubt,  
 Where, guarded with Patrician care,  
 Primeval Error still holds out —  
 Where never gleam of gas must dare  
 'Gainst ancient Darkness to revolt,  
 Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare  
 The dowagers one single jolt ; —  
 Where, far too stately and sublime  
 To profit by the lights of time,  
 Let Intellect march how it will,  
 They stick to oil and watchmen still : —  
 Soon as through that illustrious square  
 The first epistolary bell,  
 Sounding by fits upon the air,  
 Of parting pennies rung the knell ;  
 Warn'd by that telltale of the hours,  
 And by the daylight's westering beam,  
 The young lánthe, who, with flowers  
 Half-crown'd, had saꝝ in idle dream  
 Before her glass, scarce knowing where  
 Her fingers rov'd through that bright hair,  
 While, all capriciously, she now  
 Dislodg'd some curl from her white brow,  
 And now again replac'd it there ; —  
 As though her task was meant to be  
 One endless change of ministry —  
 A routing-up of Loves and Graces,  
 But to plant others in their places.

Meanwhile — what strain is that which floats  
 Through the small boudoir near — like notes  
 Of some young bird, its task repeating  
 For the next linnet music-meeting ?  
 A voice it was, whose gentle sounds  
 Still kept a modest octave's bounds,  
 Nor yet had ventur'd to exalt  
 Its rash ambition to *B all*,  
 That point towards which when ladies rise,  
 The wise man takes his hat and — flies.  
 Tones of a harp, too, gently play'd,  
 Came with this youthful voice communing,  
 Tones true, for once, without the aid  
 Of that inflictive process, tuning —

<sup>1</sup> I am certain whether the Dowagers of this Square have yet  
 novations of Gas and Police, but, at the time when

the above lines were written, they still obstinately persevered in  
 their old *gypine*; and would not suffer themselves to be either well  
 guarded or well lighted.

MOORE'S WORKS.

which must oft have given  
 ton's ears a deadly wound ;  
 d, among the joys of Heav'n,  
 cifies " harps *ever* tun'd." 1  
 now sung this gentle strain  
 ar young nymph's still younger sister —  
 ady yet for Fashion's train  
 r light legions to enlist her,  
 ated on, as sure to bring  
 e into the field next spring.

z she thus, like Jubal's shell,  
 th " so sweetly and so well,"  
 in Morning Post much fam'd,  
*divine* collection, nam'd,  
 s of the toilet" — every Lay  
 or subject of its Muse,  
 branch of feminine array,  
 m, with full scope, to choose,  
 amonds down to dancing shoes ;  
 e last hat that Herbault's hands  
 ath'd to an admiring world,  
 the latest flounce that stands  
 ob's Ladder — or expands  
 rth, tempestuously unfurl'd.

c of one of these new Lays,  
 ning Post thus sweetly says : —  
 that breathes from Bishop's lyre,  
 Barrett designs, or Cooke conceives

Array thee, love, array thee, love,  
 In all's that's bright array thee ;  
 The sun's below — the moon's abo  
 And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,  
 The plumes, that, proudly danci  
 Proclaim to all, where'er they wav  
 Victorious eyes advancing.  
 Bring forth the robe, whose hue of  
 From thee derives such light,  
 That Iris would give all her seven  
 To boast but *one* so bright.  
 Array thee, love, array thee, love,  
 &c. &c. &c.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, !  
 Through Pleasure's circles hie t  
 And hearts, where'er thy footsteps  
 Will beat, when they come nigh  
 Thy every word shall be a spell,  
 Thy every look a ray,  
 And tracks of wond'ring eyes sha  
 The glory of thy way!  
 Now hie thee, love, now hie thee,  
 Through Pleasure's circles hie t  
 And hearts, where'er thy footsteps  
 Shall beat when they come nigh

le found to thrive  
 fog of England's skies,  
 thing we best contrive,  
 ders, to *disguise*,)  
 d—and well that hope  
 d by the young and gay—  
 toilet's task to-day,  
 ake her wildest scope;—  
 ailliner should be  
 gh fields of poesy,  
 inventive trance,  
 ights of Epic clamber  
 ions of Romance  
 by the *femme de chambre*.

ith gay Sultanas,  
 hos, Roxalanas—  
 es whom Love would pay  
 ernal realms to ransom;—  
 hose chief religion lay  
 oet profanely handsome;—  
 n—pastoral maids  
 i the *Arcade-ian* shades,  
 llers, rich, 'twas plain,  
 ters form'd their train.

l more such female groups,  
 less fantastic troops  
 ters—all willing  
 ore than usual, killing;—  
 mock-fac'd braggadocios,  
 charmingly ferocious;—  
 Furks, good Moslems then,  
 zht, voted for the Greeks;  
 unch No-Popery men,  
 ab with Whig Caciques.

ie—the nymph, whom late  
 re her glass delaying,  
 y by the lake she sate,  
 wave her charms surveying,  
 at first glassy mirror  
 ce that lur'd to error.  
 ," ask'st thou?—watch all looks  
 to one point they bear,  
 rs by the sides of brooks,  
 e sun—and she is there.  
 e, oh never doubt  
 ht you'd track her out:  
 oon, close shawl'd in fog,  
 hinks, through heaven *incog*,  
 rself, some sidelong ray,  
 detects her way.

k disguise to-night  
 g heroine veil'd her light;—  
 alks the earth, Love's own,  
 bride, by holiest vow  
 mpus, and made known

To mortals by the type which now  
 Hangs glitt'ring on her snowy brow,  
 That butterfly, mysterious trinket,  
 Which means the Soul (tho' few would think  
 it),  
 And sparkling thus on brow so white,  
 Tells us we've Psyche here to-night!

But hark! some song hath caught her ears—  
 And, lo, how pleas'd, as though she'd ne'er  
 Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,  
 Her goddess-ship approves the air;  
 And to a mere terrestrial strain,  
 Inspir'd by nought but pink champagne,  
 Her butterfly as gaily nods  
 As though she sat with all her train  
 At some great Concert of the Gods,  
 With Phoebus, leader—Jove director,  
 And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the carol came—  
 A few gay youths, whom round the board  
 The last-tried flask's superior fame  
 Had lur'd to taste the tide it pour'd;  
 And one, who, from his youth and lyre,  
 Seem'd grandson to the Teian sire,  
 Thus gaily sung, while, to his song,  
 Replied in chorus the gay throng:—



## SONG.

SOME mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,  
 As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;  
 But, as *I'm* not particular—wit, love, and wine,  
 Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.  
 Nay—humble and strange as my tastes may appear—  
 If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank  
 Heaven,  
 To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,  
 And such wine as we're sipping, six days out  
 of seven.  
 So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound  
 May be blest, if they will, on their own patent  
 plan:  
 But as we are *not* sages, why—send the cup  
 round—  
 We must only be happy the best way we can.  
 A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're  
 told,  
 To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for man-  
 kind;  
 But talk of *new* pleasures!—give me but the old,  
 And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they  
 find.

MOORE'S WORKS.

In quest of fresh realms of bliss,  
 The pinnacle of Fancy some day,  
 Rosy sea I embark on be this,  
 Eyes as we've here be the stars of my

...ntime, a bumper—your Angels, on  
 ... pleasures unknown to life's limited  
 ...re *not* Angels, why—let the flask fly—  
 ...only be happy *all* ways that we can.



ly fled was sunset's light,  
 g but so much of its beam  
 o objects, late so bright,  
 ouring of a shadowy dream;  
 e was still where Day had set  
 that spoke him loth to die—  
 k of his glory yet,  
 together earth and sky.  
 is it that twilight best  
 even brows the loveliest?  
 erness, with its soft'ning touch,  
 ng out grace, unfelt before,  
 ns we ne'er can see too much,  
 een but half enchant the more?

With knights and dames, who, cal  
 Lisp out love-sonnets as they gli  
 Astonishing old Thames to find  
 Such doings on his moral tide.

So bright was still that tranquil ris  
 With the last shaft from Daylight's  
 That many a group, in turn, were  
 Embarking on its wave serene;  
 And, 'mong the rest, in chorus gay  
 A band of mariners, from th' isl  
 Of sunny Greece, all song and st  
 As smooth they floated, to the play  
 Of their oar's cadence, sung this la



TRIO.

Our home is on the sea, boy,  
 Our home is on the sea;  
 When Nature gave  
 The ocean-wave,  
 She mark'd it for the Free.  
 Whatever storms befall, boy,  
 Whatever storms befall,  
 The island bark  
 Is Freedom's ark,  
 And floats her safe through



low faint upon the ear,  
 k floated far or near.  
 when, lost, the closing note  
 rn the waters died along,  
 another fairy boat,  
 d with music, came this song:—

## SONG.

flowing through verdant vales,  
 iver, thy current runs,  
 afe from winter gales,  
 cool from summer suns.  
 outh's sweet moments glide,  
 with flow'ry shelter round;  
 mpest wakes the tide,  
 ath is fairy ground.

ver, the day will come,  
 roo'd by whispering groves in vain,  
 ve those banks, thy shaded home,  
 gle with the stormy main.  
 sweet Youth, too soon wilt pass  
 world's unshelter'd sea,  
 ce thy wave hath mix'd, alas,  
 : of peace is lost for thee.

we to the gay saloon  
 it as a summer noon,  
 eath a pendent wreath of lights,  
 f flowers and tapers —  
 i Russian ball-rooms sheds  
 'er young dancers' heads) —  
 e performs her mazy rites,  
 i supreme o'er slides and capers; —  
 o death each opera strain,  
 a foot that ne'er reposes,  
 rough sacred and profane,  
 laid and Magpie" up to "Moses;"<sup>1</sup> —  
 ut tunes as fast as shoes,  
 'd Rossini scarce respire;  
 beer for mercy sues  
 ber at her feet expires.

he set hath ceas'd — the bows  
 taste a brief repose,  
 : along the painted floor,  
 hin arm, the couples stray,  
 eir stock of nothings o'er,  
 thing's left, at last, to say.

When, lo! — most opportunely sent —

Two Exquisites, a he and she,  
 Just brought from Dandyland, and meant  
 For Fashion's grand Menagerie,  
 Enter'd the room — and scarce were there  
 When all flock'd round them, glad to stare  
 At *any* monsters, *any* where.

Some thought them perfect, to their tastes;  
 While others hinted that the waists  
 (That in particular of the *he* thing)  
 Left far too ample room for breathing:  
 Whereas, to meet these critics' wishes,  
 The isthmus there should be so small,  
 That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,  
 Must manage not to breathe at all.  
 The female (these same critics said),  
 Though orthodox from toe to chin,  
 Yet lack'd that spacious width of head  
 To hat of toadstool much akin —  
 That build of bonnet, whose extent  
 Should, like a doctrine of dissent,  
 Puzzle church-doors to let it in.

However — sad as 'twas, no doubt,  
 That nymph so smart should go about,  
 With head unconscious of the place  
 It *ought* to fill in Infinite Space —  
 Yet all allow'd that, of *her kind*,  
 A prettier show 'twas hard to find;  
 While of that doubtful genus, "dressy men,"  
 The male was thought a first-rate specimen.  
 Such *Savans*, too, as wish'd to trace  
 The manners, habits, of this race —  
 To know what rank (if rank at all)  
 'Mong reas'ning things to them should fall —  
 What sort of notions heaven imparts  
 To high-built heads and tight-lac'd hearts,  
 And how far Soul, which, Plato says,  
 Abhors restraint, can act in stays —  
 Might now, if gifted with discerning,  
 Find opportunities of learning:  
 As these two creatures — from their pout  
 And frown, 'twas plain — had just fall'n out;  
 And all their little thoughts, of course,  
 Were stirring in full fret and force; —  
 Like mites; through microscope espied,  
 A world of nothings magnified.

But mild the vent such beings seek,  
 The tempest of their souls to speak  
 As Opera swains to fiddles sigh,  
 To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,  
 Even so this tender couple set  
 Their well-bred woes to a Duet.

<sup>1</sup> The partition of this opera of Rossini was translated of Peter the Hermit; by which means the inde-

corum of giving such names as "Moses," "Pharson," &c. to the dances selected from it (as was done in Paris) has been avoided.

MOORE'S WORKS.

WALTZ DUET.<sup>1</sup>

HE.

As long as I waltz'd with only thee,  
 Each blissful Wednesday that went by,  
 For stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee  
 Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.  
 Oh! ah! ah! oh!  
 Those happy days are gone — heigho!

SHE.

As long as with thee I skimmi'd the ground,  
 Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,  
 No blither nymph tetotum'd round  
 To Collinet's immortal strain.  
 Oh! ah! &c.  
 Those happy days are gone — heigho!

HE.

With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,  
 I know no bounds of time or breath;  
 And, should the charmer's head hold out,  
 My heart and heels are hers till death.  
 Oh! ah! &c.  
 Still round and round through life we'll go.

SHE.

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,  
 A youth renown'd for waistcoats smart,  
 Now have given (excuse the pun)

(That dancing doom, who  
 That they should live, o  
 A life of ups-and-downs, li  
 Of Broadwood's in a long  
 While thus the fiddle's spe  
 Calls up its realm of res  
*Without*, as if some Mand  
 Were holding there his  
 Lamps of all hues, from w  
 Broke on the eye, like kin  
 Till, budding into light, ea  
 Bore its full fruit of brillia  
 Here shone a garden — lar  
 As though the Spirits o  
 Had tak'n it in their head  
 A shower of summer m  
 While here a lighted shrub  
 To a small lake that sle  
 Cradled in foliage, but, o'  
 Open to heaven's sweet  
 While round its rim there  
 Lamps, with young flowe  
 That shrunk from such w  
 And, looking bashful in th  
 Blush'd to behold them;  
 Hither, to this embower'd  
 Fit but for nights so still;  
 Nights, such as Eden's cal

## SONG.

er, bring thy lute, while day is dying—  
 ll I lay me, and list to thy song;  
 es of other days mix with its sighing,  
 f a light heart, now banish'd so long,  
 n away—they bring but pain,  
 y theme be woe again.

hon mournful lute—day is fast going,  
 ill its light from thy chords die away;  
 gleam in the west is still glowing,  
 that hath vanish'd, farewell to thy lay.  
 r it fades!—see, it is fled!  
 et lute, be thou, too, dead.

group, that late, in garb of Greeks,  
 ung their light chorus o'er the tide —  
 us, such as up the wooded creeks  
 Helle's shore at noon-day glide,  
 ightly, on her glist'ning sea,  
 the bright waves with melody —  
 ink'd their triple league again  
 ces sweet, and sung a strain,  
 s, had Sappho's tuneful ear  
 caught it, on the fatal steep,  
 uld have paus'd, entranc'd, to hear,  
 for that day, deferr'd her leap.

## SONG AND TRIO.

of those sweet nights that oft  
 lustre o'er th' Ægean fling,  
 my casement, low and soft,  
 rd a Lesbian lover sing;  
 st'ning both with ear and thought,  
 ounds upon the night-breeze caught —  
 , happy as the gods is he,  
 bo gazes at this hour on thee!"

og was one by Sappho sung,  
 e first love-dreams of her lyre,  
 words of passion from her tongue  
 like a shower of living fire.  
 ill, at close of ev'ry strain,  
 these burning words again —  
 appy as the gods is he,  
 listens at this hour to thee!"

ore to Mona Lisa turn'd  
 asking eye—nor turn'd in vain;

Though the quick, transient blush that burn'd  
 Bright o'er her cheek, and died again,  
 Show'd with what inly shame and fear  
 Was utter'd what all lov'd to hear.  
 Yet not to sorrow's languid lay  
 Did she her lute-song now devote;  
 But thus, with voice that, like a ray  
 Of southern sunshine, seem'd to float —  
 So rich with climate was each note —  
 Call'd up in every heart a dream  
 Of Italy, with this soft theme:—

## SONG.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,  
 On land, or on sea?  
 In my lattice is gleaming  
 The watch-light for thee;  
 And this fond heart is glowing  
 To welcome thee home,  
 And the night is fast going,  
 But thou art not come:  
 No, thou com'st not!

'Tis the time when night-flowers  
 Should wake from their rest;  
 'Tis the hour of all hours,  
 When the lute singeth best.  
 But the flowers are half sleeping  
 Till *thy* glance they see!  
 And the hush'd lute is keeping  
 Its music for thee.

Yet, thou com'st not!

Scarce had the last word left her lip,  
 When a light, boyish form, with trip  
 Fantastic, up the green walk came,  
 Prank'd in gay vest, to which the flame  
 Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,  
 Or green, or crimson, lent its hue;  
 As though a liveameleon's skin  
 He had despoil'd to robe him in.  
 A zone he wore of clatt'ring shells,  
 And from his lofty cap, where shone  
 A peacock's plume, there dangled bells  
 That rung as he came dancing on.  
 Close after him, a page—in dress  
 And shape, his miniature express —  
 An ample basket, fill'd with store  
 Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore;  
 Till, having reach'd this verdant seat,  
 He laid it at his master's feet,  
 Who, half in speech and half in song,  
 Chaunted this invoice to the throng:—

MOORE'S WORKS.

SONG.

Folly's shop, who'll buy?—  
 At all ranks and ages;  
 Fools' supply,  
 For aught, too, for sages.  
 'Tis a juggler's cup,  
 'Tis when nothing's in it;  
 Like systems, up,  
 Down the following minute.  
 'Tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?  
 If foolscap make,  
 Or in dog-day weather;  
 None may take,  
 'Tis the cap and feather.  
 Patriots got,  
 Job with antics humble;  
 Fools' dizzy lot,  
 And then—a tumble.  
 Who'll buy, &c. &c.

rs to inter,  
 neat post-obit paper;  
 rs, we've quicksilver,  
 can wish, will caper.  
 dials true,  
 but that of dinner;  
 sermons new,

Since Dinner far into the night  
 Advanc'd the march of appetite;  
 Deploy'd his never-ending forces  
 Of various vintage and three courses,  
 And, like those Goths who play'd the die  
 With Rome and all her sacred chickens,  
 Put Supper and her fowls so white,  
 Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight.

Now wak'd once more by wine—whose t  
 Is the true Hippocrene, where glide  
 The Muse's swans with happiest wing,  
 Dipping their bills, before they sing—  
 The minstrels of the table greet  
 The list'ning ear with descant sweet:—

SONG AND TRIO.

THE LEVÉE AND COUCHÉE.

CALL the Loves around,  
 Let the whispering sound  
 Of their wings be heard alone,  
 'Till soft to rest  
 My Lady blest  
 At this bright hour hath gone.  
 Let Faner's beams

## SONG.

see thee be to love thee,  
to love thee be to prize  
ht of earth or heav'n above thee,  
r to live but for those eyes :  
ch love to mortal given,  
rong to earth, be wrong to heav'n,  
not for thee the fault to blame,  
rom those eyes the madness came.  
ive but thou the crime of loving,  
this heart more pride 'twill raise  
e thus wrong, with thee approving,  
an right, with all a world to praise !

7, while light these songs resound,  
means that buz of whisp'ring round,  
ip to lip—as if the Power  
stery, in this gay hour,  
rown some secret (as we fling  
mong children) to that ring  
, restless lips, to be  
crambled for so wantonly?  
ark ye, still as each reveals  
ystic news, her hearer steals  
tow'rds yon enchanted chair,  
re, like the Lady of the Masque,  
ph, as exquisitely fair  
Love himself for bride could ask,  
ushing deep, as if aware  
wing'd secret circling there.  
s this nymph? and what, oh Muse,  
at, in the name of all odd things  
roman's restless brain pursues,  
at mean these mystic whisperings?

uns the tale:—yon blushing maid,  
its in beauty's light array'd,  
o'er her leans a tall young Dervise,  
from her eyes, as all observe, is  
ng by heart the Marriage Service,  
bright heroine of our song,—  
ove-wed Psyche, whom so long  
miss'd among this mortal train,  
ought her wing'd to heaven again.

—earth still demands her smile;  
ends, the Gods, must wait awhile.

And if, for maid of heavenly birth,  
A young Duke's proffer'd heart and hand  
Be things worth waiting for on earth,  
Both are, this hour, at her command.  
To-night, in yonder half-lit shade,  
For love concerns expressly meant,  
The fond proposal first was made,  
And love and silence blush'd consent.  
Parents and friends (all here, as Jews,  
Enchanters, housemaids, Turks, Hindoos,  
Have heard, approv'd, and blest the tie ;  
And now, hadst thou a poet's eye,  
Thou might'st behold, in th' air, above  
That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,  
Holding, as if to drop it down  
Gently upon her curls, a crown  
Of Ducal shape—but, oh, such gems!  
Pilfer'd from Peri diadems,  
And set in gold like that which shines  
To deck the Fairy of the Mines:  
In short, a crown all glorious—such as  
Love orders when he makes a Duchess.

But see, 'tis morn in heaven; the Sun  
Up the bright orient hath begun  
To canter his immortal team;  
And, though not yet arriv'd in sight,  
His leader's nostrils send a steam  
Of radiance forth, so rosy bright  
As makes their onward path all light.  
What's to be done? If Sol will be  
So deuced early, so must we;  
And when the day thus shines outright,  
Ev'n dearest friends must bid good night.  
So, farewell, scene of mirth and masking,  
Now almost a by-gone tale;  
Beauties, late in lamp-light basking,  
Now, by daylight, dim and pale;  
Harpers, yawning o'er your harps,  
Scarcely knowing flats from sharps;  
Mothers who, while bor'd you keep  
Time by nodding, nod to sleep;  
Heads of hair, that stood last night  
*Crêpe*, crispy, and upright,  
But have now, alas, one sees, a  
Leaning like the tower of Pisa;  
Fare ye well—thus sinks away  
All that's mighty, all that's bright;  
Tyre and Sidon had their day,  
And ev'n a Ball—has but its night!





---

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

---





## PREFACE.\*

liance known to have existed  
y and music, during the infancy  
arts, has sometimes led to the  
t they are essentially kindred to  
l that the true poet ought to be,  
ly, at least in taste and ear, a mu-  
such was the case in the early  
nt Greece, and that her poets  
set their own verses to music,  
at public festivals, there is every  
all we know on the subject, to  
milar union between the two arts  
lawn of modern literature, in the  
y, and was, in a certain degree,  
n as far as the time of Petrarch,  
appears from his own memo-  
poet used to sing his verses, in  
m †; and when it was the cus-  
writers of sonnets and *canzoni* to  
poems a sort of key-note, by  
onation in reciting or chanting  
regulated.  
tice of uniting in one individual,  
d, Scald, or Troubadour, — the  
functions both of musician and  
to have been invariably the mark  
of society, so the gradual separ-  
two callings, in accordance with  
ciple of Political Economy, the  
our, has been found an equally  
improving civilisation. So far,  
deed, has this partition of work-  
carried, that, with the signal ex-  
ton, there is not to be found, I

believe, among all the eminent poets of Eng-  
land, a single musician. It is but fair, at the  
same time, to acknowledge, that out of the  
works of these very poets might be produced  
a select number of songs, surpassing, in fancy,  
grace, and tenderness, all that the language,  
perhaps, of any other country could furnish.

We witness, in our own times, — as far as the  
knowledge or practice of music is concerned,  
— a similar divorce between the two arts; and  
my friend and neighbour, Mr. Bowles, is the  
only distinguished poet of our day whom I can  
call to mind as being also a musician. † Not to  
dwell further, however, on living writers, the  
strong feeling, even to tears, with which I have  
seen Byron listen to some favourite melody,  
has been elsewhere described by me; and the  
musical taste of Sir Walter Scott I ought to be  
the last person to call in question, after the very  
cordial tribute he has left on record to my own  
untutored minstrelsy. § But I must say, that,  
pleased as my illustrious friend appeared really  
to be, when I first sung for him at Abbotsford,  
it was not till an evening or two after, at his  
own hospitable supper-table, that I saw him in  
his true sphere of musical enjoyment. No  
sooner had the *quagh* taken its round, after  
our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was  
called upon, with the general acclaim of the  
whole table, for the song of "Hey tuttie  
tattie," and gave it out to us with all the  
true national relish. But it was during the  
chorus that Scott's delight at this festive scene  
chiefly showed itself. At the end of every

\* to the fifth volume of the collected edition of  
a specimen of these memorandums, as given  
ut make these two verses over again, singing  
anspose them — 3 o'clock, A.M. 19th October."  
ts of that time such notices as the following  
festonatus per Francum" — "Scriptor dedit  
William Crowe, author of the noble poem of

"Lewluden Hill," was likewise a musician, and has left a Treatise  
on English versification, to which his knowledge of the sister-art  
lends a peculiar interest.

So little does even the origin of the word "lyrick," as applied to  
poetry, seem to be present to the minds of some writers, that the  
poet, Young, has left us an Essay on Lyric Poetry, in which there  
is not a single allusion to Music, from beginning to end.

§ *Life* by Lockhart, vol. vi. p. 198.

## PREFACE.

whole company rose from their  
ood round the table with arms  
to grasp the hand of the neigh-  
n side. Thus interlinked, we  
keep measure to the strain, by  
rms up and down, all chanting  
ously, "Hey tuttie tattie, Hey

Sir Walter's enjoyment of this  
chorus,—a little increased, doubt-  
g how I entered into the spirit  
to the whole scene, I confess, a  
n in my eyes such as the finest  
rformance could not have bestowed

n thus led to allude to this visit,  
to mention a few other circum-  
cted with it. From Abbotsford I  
Edinburgh, whither Sir Walter,  
after, followed; and during my  
that city an incident occurred,  
h already mentioned by Scott,  
, and owing its chief interest  
ction of his name with it, ought  
itted among these memoranda.  
essed a desire to visit the Edin-

another party quietly glided into a  
that filled by the Duchess. One  
female was with the three male come  
minute the cry ran round:—'Eh, ;  
Walter, wi' Lockhart an' his wife †, a  
the wee bit bodie wi' the pawkie cen  
but it's Tam Moore, just—Scott  
Moore, Moore!'—with shouts, cheer  
and applause. But Scott would no  
appropriate these tributes. One c  
that he urged Moore to do so; and h  
modestly reluctant, at last yielded, a  
hand on heart, with much animati  
cry for Scott was then redoubled. He  
himself up, and, with a benevolent  
knewledged this deserved welcome.  
chestra played alternately Scotch  
Melodies."

Among the choicest of my recoll  
that flying visit to Edinburgh, are the  
I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his  
retreat, Craig Crook. I had then  
written the words and music of a gle  
a hoy!" which there won its first hono  
ofan indeed, was I called upon to

a musician\*, is clear from the  
 he adapts his verse to the  
 aracter of each different strain.  
 ngly did he prove his fitness for  
 t, by the sort of instinct with  
 han one instance, he discerned  
 nate sentiment which an air  
 to convey, though previously  
 words expressing a totally dif-  
 eling. Thus the air of a lu-  
 ; "Fee him, father, fee him,"  
 he medium of one of Burns's  
 fusions; while, still more mar-  
 tuttie tattie" has been eleva-  
 ) that heroic strain, "Scots,  
 llace bled;"—a song which,  
 onal crisis, would be of more  
 eloquence of a Demosthenes.†  
 ble that the example of Burns,  
 gher inspirations, should not  
 ibute to elevate the character  
 -writing, and even to lead to  
 e gifts which it requires, if not,  
 same individual, yet in that  
 y between poet and musician  
 ounts to identity, and of which,  
 s, we have seen so interesting  
 he few songs which bear the  
 those two sister muses, Mrs.  
 he late Mrs. Hemans.  
 ; was the state of the song-de-  
 glish poesy at the period when  
 novice hand at the lyre. The  
 1 song and sense had then  
 ost range; and to all verses  
 music, from a Birth-day Ode  
 retto of the last new opera,  
 : applied the solution which  
 the quality of the words of  
 al,—*"Ce qui ne vaut pas la  
 on le chante."*  
 ve suggested that the convivial  
 Morris present an exception  
 haracter I have given of the

notwithstanding, that he was, in his youth,  
 usic. In speaking of him and his brother,  
 ceptor, says, "Robert's ear, in particular,  
 d his voice untunable. It was long before  
 nglish one tune from another."  
 r it has ever been before remarked, that the  
 e of Burns's most spirited songs,

songs of this period; and, assuredly, had  
 Morris written much that at all approached  
 the following verses of his "Reasons for  
 Drinking," (which I quote from recollection,)  
 few would have equalled him either in fancy,  
 or in that lighter kind of pathos, which comes,  
 as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes  
 in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and  
 passing shade over mirth:—

"My muse, too, when her wings are dry,  
 No frolic flights will take;  
 But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,  
 Like swallows round a lake.  
 If then the nymph must have her sham,  
 Before she'll bless her swain,  
 Why, *that* I think's a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again."

"Then, many a lad I liked is dead,  
 And many a lass grown old;  
 And, as the lesson strikes my head,  
 My weary heart grows cold.  
 But wine a while holds off despair,  
 Nay, bids a hope remain:—  
 And that I think's a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again."

How far my own labours in this field—if,  
 indeed, the gathering of such idle flowers may  
 be so designated—have helped to advance, or  
 even kept pace with the progressive improve-  
 ment I have here described, it is not for me to  
 presume to decide. I only know that in a  
 strong and inborn feeling for music lies the  
 source of whatever talent I may have shown  
 for poetical composition; and that it was the  
 effort to translate into language the emotions  
 and passions which music appeared to me to  
 express, that first led to my writing any poetry  
 at all deserving of the name. Dryden has  
 happily described music as being "inarticulate  
 poetry;" and I have always felt, in adapting  
 words to an expressive air, that I was but  
 bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and  
 thus enabling it to speak to others all that was  
 conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Accustomed as I have always been to consider  
 my songs as a sort of compound creations, in  
 which the music forms no less essential a part  
 than the verses, it is with a feeling which I

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gold for a' that,"

may possibly have been suggested by the following passage  
 in W. Sherry's play, the "Country Wife."—"I weigh the  
 man, not his coin; 'tis not the King's stamp can make the metal  
 better."

## PREFACE.

et my unlyrical readers to un-  
see such a swarm of songs  
pages all separated from the  
which have formed hitherto their  
and strength—their “decus et  
independently of this uneasy  
there is yet another incon-  
ence of the divorce of the words  
which will be more easily, per-  
ded, and which, in justice to  
e-monger, ought to be noticed.  
breaches of the laws of rhythm,  
of adapting words to airs de-  
et, though very frequently one  
results of his skill, become  
the verse is separated from the

melody, and require, to justify them, th  
sence of the music to whose wildness or  
ness the sacrifice had been made.

In a preceding page of this preface,  
mentioned a Treatise by the late Re  
Crowe, on English versification; and  
member his telling me, in reference to th  
I have just touched upon, that, should a  
edition of that work be called for, he m  
produce, as examples of new and ano  
forms of versification, the following song  
the Irish Melodies:—“Oh the days ar  
when Beauty bright” — “At the dead l  
night, when stars are weeping, I fly,”  
“Through grief and through danger th  
hath cheer'd my way.”\*

of this opportunity of noticing the charge  
against Sir John Stevenson, of having made  
the airs that formed our Irish Collection.  
his kind have been ventured upon (and they

are but few and slight), the responsibility for them rests  
me; as, leaving the Harmonist's department to my frien  
son, I reserved to myself entirely the selection and mass  
the airs.

# EVENINGS IN GREECE.

ng together a series of Songs by  
cal narrative, my chief object has  
Recitation with Music, so as to  
number of persons to join in the  
enlisting, as readers, those who  
ling or competent to take a part

Zea, where the scene is laid, was  
ients Ceos, and was the birthplace  
Bacchylides, and other eminent  
count of its present state may be  
ravels of Dr. Clarke, who says,  
d to him to be the best cultivated  
ecian Isles."— Vol. vi. p. 174.  
T. M.

## INGS IN GREECE.

### FIRST EVENING.

right—the breeze is fair,  
nainsail flowing, full and free —  
l word is woman's pray'r,  
hope before us—Liberty!  
well, farewell.  
e we give our shining blades,  
earts to you, young Zean Maids!

s in the heavens above,  
wind is on the foaming sea —  
the star of woman's love  
rious strife of Liberty!  
well, farewell.  
e we give our shining blades,  
earts to you, young Zean Maids!"

ey from the bark, that now  
sea its gallant prow,  
n it hearts as brave.  
t Freedom o'er the wave;

er. In Cyprus it retains its ancient name,  
he Cypriots adorn their churches with the

And leaving on that islet's shore,  
Where still the farewell beacons burn,  
Friends, that shall many a day look o'er  
The long, dim sea for their return.

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way —  
Oh, speed their way,—the chosen flow'r  
Of Zea's youth, the hope and stay  
Of parents in their wintry hour,  
The love of maidens, and the pride  
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,  
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died —  
All, all are in that precious bark,  
Which now, alas! no more is seen —  
Though every eye still turns to mark  
The moonlight spot where it had been.

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,  
And mothers, your belov'd are gone!—  
Now may you quench those signal fires,  
Whose light they long look'd back upon  
From their dark deck—watching the flame  
As fast it faded from their view,  
With thoughts, that, but for manly shame,  
Had made them droop and weep like you.  
Home to your chambers! home, and pray  
For the bright coming of that day,  
When, bless'd by heaven, the Cross shall sweep  
The Crescent from the Ægean deep,  
And your brave warriors, hast'ning back,  
Will bring such glories in their track,  
As shall, for many an age to come,  
Shed light around their name and home.

There is a Fount on Zea's isle,  
Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile  
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,  
On which the sun of Greece looks down,  
Pleas'd as a lover on the crown  
His mistress for her brow hath twin'd,  
When he beholds each flow'ret there,  
Himself had wish'd her most to wear;  
Here bloom'd the laurel-rose<sup>1</sup>, whose wreath  
Hangs radiant round the Cypriot shrines.  
And here those bramble-flowers, that breathe  
Their odour into Zante's wines:<sup>2</sup>—

flowers on feast-days."—*Journal of Dr. Sutherland, Walpole's Turkey.*

<sup>2</sup> Id.

MOORE'S WORKS.

d woodbine, that, at eve,  
 their floral diadems,  
 maids of Patmos weave: '—  
 fair plant, whose tangled stems  
 Nereid's hair<sup>2</sup>, when spread,  
 o'er her azure bed; —  
 eight children of the clime,  
 own most genial time,  
 r, or the year's sweet prime,)  
 ful earth-stars, adorn  
 where that Fount is born:  
 d, to grace its cradle green,  
 elani oaks are seen,  
 n every verdant height —  
 wy, in the evening light,  
 set to watch the birth  
 chanted child of earth —  
 hat over Zea's vales,  
 h their leafy pride unfurld;  
 merce, from her thousand sails,  
 their fruit throughout the world!\*

—as soon as prayer and sleep  
 st friends to all who weep)  
 'd every heart, and made  
 wear a softer shade —  
 in this secluded spot,  
 ose breathings calm and sweet  
 be sooth'd, if not forgot,  
 nymphs resolv'd to meet

The breath from her own blushing lip  
 That on the maiden's mirror rests,  
 Not swifter, lighter from the glass,  
 Than sadness from her brow doth pass  
 Soon did they now, as round the Well,  
 They sat, beneath the rising moon  
 And some, with voice of awe, would  
 Of midnight fays, and nymphs who'd  
 In holy founts — while some would  
 Their idle lutes, that now had lain,  
 For days, without a single strain; —  
 And others, from the rest apart,  
 With laugh that told the lighten'd heart  
 Sat, whisp'ring in each other's ear  
 Secrets, that all in turn would hear;  
 Soon did they find this thoughtless pair  
 So swiftly steal their griefs away,  
 That many a nymph, though pleas'd  
 Reproach'd her own forgetful smile  
 And sigh'd to think she *could* be gay

Among these maidens there was one,  
 Who to Leucadia<sup>4</sup> late had been —  
 Had stood, beneath the evening sun,  
 On its white tow'ring cliffs, and seen  
 The very spot where Sappho sung  
 Her swan-like music, ere she sprung  
 (Still holding, in that fearful leap,  
 By her lov'd lyre,) into the deep,  
 And dying quench'd the fatal fire.

A voice, whose thrilling tones  
 might deem the Lesbian's own,  
 whose fervid fragments gave,  
 which still,—like sparkles of Greek Fire,  
 hung, ev'n beneath the wave,—  
 on through Time, and ne'er expire.

## SONG.

O'er her loom the Lesbian Maid  
 In love sick languor hung her head,  
 unknowing where her fingers stray'd,  
 She weeping turn'd away, and said,  
 Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain —  
 "I cannot weave, as once I wove —  
 so wilder'd is my heart and brain  
 "With thinking of that youth I love!"

rain the web she tried to trace,  
 But tears fell o'er each tangled thread;  
 While, looking in her mother's face,  
 Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said,  
 Oh, my sweet Mother — 'tis in vain —  
 "I cannot weave, as once I wove —  
 so wilder'd is my heart and brain  
 "With thinking of that youth I love!"

once follow'd this sweet air,  
 each in tender musing stood,  
 singing, with lips that mov'd in pray'r,  
 Sappho and that fearful flood:  
 some, who ne'er till now had known  
 how much their hearts resembled hers,  
 as they made her griefs their own,  
 at *they*, too, were Love's worshippers.

ough a murmur, all but mute,  
 at it was, came from the lute  
 young melancholy maid,  
 e fingers, all uncertain play'd  
 chord to chord, as if in chase  
 some lost melody, some strain  
 er times, whose faded trace  
 sought among those chords again.  
 the half-forgotten theme  
 righ born in feelings ne'er forgot)  
 o her memory — as a beam  
 broken o'er some shaded spot; —  
 hile her lute's sad symphony  
 l up each sighing pause between;

ompared, in these four lines, to give some idea of that  
 ment of Sappho, beginning *Ἰσμεναι μετρησ*, which repre-

And Love himself might weep to see  
 What ruin comes where he hath been —  
 As wither'd still the grass is found  
 Where fays have danc'd their merry round —  
 Thus simply to the list'ning throng  
 She breath'd her melancholy song: —

## SONG.

WEEPING for thee, my love, through the long day,  
 Lonely and wearily life wears away.  
 Weeping for thee, my love, through the long  
 night —  
 No rest in darkness, no joy in light!  
 Nought left but Memory, whose dreary tread  
 Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where all lies  
 dead —  
 Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!

Of many a stanza, this alone  
 Had 'scaped oblivion — like the one  
 Stray fragment of a wreck, which thrown,  
 With the lost vessel's name, ashore,  
 Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein  
 Of tender thought, the simplest strain  
 Can touch it with peculiar power —  
 As when the air is warm, the scent  
 Of the most wild and rustic flower  
 Can fill the whole rich element —  
 And, in such moods, the homeliest tone  
 That's link'd with feelings, once our own —  
 With friends or joys gone by — will be  
 Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!

But some there were, among the group  
 Of damsels there, too light of heart  
 To let their spirits longer droop,  
 Ev'n under music's melting art;  
 And one upspringing, with a bound,  
 From a low bank of flowers, look'd round  
 With eyes that, though so full of light,  
 Had still a trembling tear within;  
 And, while her fingers, in swift flight,  
 Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,  
 Thus sung the song her lover late  
 Had sung to her — the eve before  
 That joyous night, when, as of yore,  
 All Zea met, to celebrate  
 The Feast of May, on the sea-shore.

sents so truly (as Warton remarks) "the languor and listlessness of  
 a person deeply in love."

MOORE'S WORKS.

SONG.

the Balaika <sup>1</sup>  
 ard o'er the sea,  
 ce the Romaika  
 oonlight with thee.  
 s then, advancing,  
 d steal on our play,  
 ite feet, in dancing,  
 chase them away.<sup>2</sup>  
 he Balaika  
 ard o'er the sea,  
 dance the Romaika,  
 wn love, with me.

t the closing  
 ch merry lay,  
 eet 'tis reposing,  
 th the night ray!  
 elining,  
 noon leave the skies,  
 lk by the shining  
 ch other's eyes.

, how featly  
 ance we'll renew,  
 g so fleetly  
 ght mazes through;<sup>3</sup>  
 s, looking o'er us

But say — *what* shall the measure be?  
 “ Shall we the old Romaika tread,  
 (Some eager ask'd) “ as anciently  
 “ ’Twas by the maids of Delos led,  
 “ When, slow at first, then circling fast,  
 “ As the gay spirits rose — at last,  
 “ With hand in hand, like links, enlock  
 “ Through the light air they seem'd to  
 “ In labyrinthine maze, that mock'd  
 “ The dazzled eye that follow'd it?”  
 Some call'd aloud “ the Fountain Dance  
 While one young, dark-ey'd Amazon  
 Whose step was air-like, and whose gla  
 Flash'd, like a sabre in the sun.  
 Sportively said, “ Shame on these soft  
 “ And languid strains we hear so oft.  
 “ Daughters of Freedom! have not we  
 “ Learn'd from our lovers and our sir  
 “ The Dance of Greece, while Greece wa  
 “ That dance, where neither flutes no  
 “ But sword and shield clash on the ear  
 “ A music tyrants quake to hear?<sup>4</sup>  
 “ Heroines of Zea, arm with me,  
 “ And dance the dance of Victory!”

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,  
 Loos'd the wide hat, that o'er her face  
 (From Anatolia<sup>5</sup> came the maid)  
 Hung, shadowing each sunny charm;  
 And, with a fair young armourer's aid,  
 Fixing it on her rounded crown,



They stepp'd, with measur'd tread,  
 O'er the shining field;  
 The mimic combat led  
 At each squadron's head,  
 From lance and sword to shield:  
 Through every varying feat,  
 As heard in contrast sweet  
 Of deep but soften'd sound,  
 Of aged sires around,  
 They watch'd their children's play —  
 The ancient Pyrrhic lay: —

## SONG.

The buckler — poise the lance —  
 — now there — retreat — advance !”  
 The sounds, to which the warrior boy  
 Those happy days, when Greece was  
 In youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,  
 Had their steps to war and victory.  
 The buckler — poise the lance —  
 — now there — retreat — advance !”  
 The Spartan warrior's dance.  
 The falchion — gird the shield —  
 defend — do all, but yield.”  
 O sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,  
 A moon like this, till o'er the sea  
 Dawn'd by whose immortal light  
 I died for thee and liberty !<sup>1</sup>  
 The buckler — poise the lance —  
 — now there — retreat — advance !”  
 Spartan heroes' dance.

They clos'd this martial lay  
 Giving their light spears away,  
 Stants, in broken ranks,  
 Helpless from the war-field fly;  
 Upon the velvet banks  
 Of every slopes, exhausted lie,  
 The mistresses of Thrace,  
 Sunset from the chase.

As !” an aged Zean said —  
 Himself, had fought and bled,  
 With feelings, half delight,  
 As, watch'd their mimic fight —  
 As, who thus with war can jest —  
 He, in Mars's helmet drest,

<sup>1</sup> Leonidas and his companions employed them-  
 of the battle, in music and the gymnastic exer-  
 cise.

“ When, in his childish innocence,  
 “ Pleas'd with the shade that helmet flings,  
 “ He thinks not of the blood, that thence  
 “ Is dropping o'er his snowy wings.  
 “ Ay — true it is, young patriot maids,  
 “ If Honour's arm still won the fray,  
 “ If luck but shone on righteous blades,  
 “ War were a game for gods to play !  
 “ But, no, alas ! — hear one, who well  
 “ Hath track'd the fortunes of the brave —  
 “ Hear me, in mournful ditty, tell  
 “ What glory waits the patriot's grave :” —

## SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,  
 A vanquish'd Chief expiring lay,  
 Upon the sands, with broken sword,  
 He trac'd his farewell to the Free;  
 And, there, the last unfinish'd word  
 He dying wrote was “ Liberty !”

At night a Sea-bird shriek'd the knell  
 Of him who thus for Freedom fell;  
 The words he wrote, ere evening came,  
 Were cover'd by the sounding sea ; —  
 So pass away the cause and name  
 Of him who dies for Liberty !

That tribute of subdued applause  
 A charm'd, but timid, audience pays,  
 That murmur, which a minstrel draws  
 From hearts, that feel, but fear to praise  
 Follow'd this song, and left a pause  
 Of silence after it, that hung  
 Like a fix'd spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound  
 Was heard from midst a group, that round  
 A bashful maiden stood, to hide  
 Her blushes, while the lute she tried —  
 Like roses, gath'ring round to veil  
 The song of some young nightingale,  
 Whose trembling notes steal out between  
 The cluster'd leaves, herself unseen.  
 And, while that voice, in tones that more  
 Through feeling than through weakness err'd,  
 Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er  
 Th' attentive ear, this strain was heard : —

MOORE'S WORKS.

SONG.

In yonder silent cave,<sup>1</sup>  
 As mountains running, side by side,  
 As Mem'ry's limpid wave,  
 Or cold Oblivion's tide.  
 "I" said I, in thoughtless mood,  
 I drank of Lethe's stream,  
 My sorrows in this flood  
 Had been like a vanish'd dream!"  
 Could bear that gloomy blank,  
 My joy was lost as well as pain?  
 Mem'ry's fount I drank,  
 I might the past all back again;  
 Oh Love! whate'er my lot,  
 Thy love this soul to thee be true —  
 I can have one bliss forgot,  
 My pains remember'd too!"

That stood around, to shade  
 The face of that bashful maid,  
 As green, as came the lay  
 They fly forth, retir'd away,  
 The shell, whose valves divide,  
 The fairer pearl inside:  
 She was — a creature, bright

Or, if some tints thou keepest,  
 That former days recall,  
 As o'er each line thou weepest,  
 Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly  
 Thou paintest grief that's past  
 Joy's colours are fleeting,  
 But those of Sorrow last.  
 And, while thou bring'st before  
 Dark pictures of past ill,  
 Life's evening, closing o'er us,  
 But makes them darker still.

So went the moonlight hours along,  
 In this sweet glade; and so, with soft  
 And witching sounds — not such as  
 The cymbalists of Ossa, play'd,  
 To chase the moon's eclipse away,<sup>2</sup>  
 But soft and holy — did each maid  
 Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,  
 And win back Sorrow to a smile.

Not far from this secluded place,  
 On the sea-shore a ruin stood; —

## EVENINGS IN GREECE.

Some would linger 'mid the scent  
 Of hanging foliage, that perfum'd  
 Ruin'd walls; while others went,  
 Calling whatever flow'ret bloom'd  
 In lone leafy space between,  
 Ere gilded chambers once had been;  
 Turning sadly to the sea,  
 Went o'er the wave a sigh unblest  
 Some brave champion of the Free—  
 Sinking, alas, how cold might be,  
 At that still hour, his place of rest!

Meanwhile there came a sound of song  
 From the dark ruins— a faint strain,  
 As if some echo, that among  
 The minstrel halls had slumber'd long,  
 Were murmur'ing into life again.

And, no—the nymphs knew well the tone—  
 A maiden of their train, who lov'd,  
 Like the night-bird, to sing alone,  
 Had deep into those ruins rov'd,  
 And there, all other thoughts forgot,  
 Was warbling o'er, in lone delight,  
 Lay that, on that very spot,  
 Her lover sung one moonlight night:—

### SONG.

Where are they, who heard, in former hours,  
 The voice of Song in these neglected bow'rs?  
 They are gone—all gone!

He, who told his pain in such sweet tone,  
 Who heard him, wish'd his pain their  
 Own—  
 He is gone!

She, while he sung, sat list'ning by,  
 And to strains like these 'twere sweet to  
 Listen—  
 She too is gone!

In future hours, some bard will say  
 Of these, and him, who sings this lay—  
 They are gone—they both are gone!

the Well," as they were called among the  
 Greece. *De Gays* tells us that he has seen  
 Prince's Island, assembled in the evening at  
 strike up a dance, while others sung in con-

of Syra, both ancient and modern, may be  
 piers of water. The old fountain, at which

The moon was now, from Heaven's steep,  
 Bending to dip her silv'ry urn  
 Into the bright and silent deep—

And the young nymphs, on their return  
 From those romantic ruins, found  
 Their other playmates, rang'd around  
 The sacred Spring, prepar'd to tune  
 Their parting hymn! ere sunk the moon,  
 To that fair Fountain, by whose stream  
 Their hearts had form'd so many a dream.

Who has not read the tales, that tell  
 Of old Eleusis' sacred Well,  
 Or heard what legend-songs recount  
 Of Syra, and its holy Fount,<sup>2</sup>  
 Gushing, at once, from the hard rock  
 Into the laps of living flowers—  
 Where village maidens lov'd to flock,  
 On summer-nights, and, like the hours,  
 Link'd in harmonious dance and song,  
 Charm'd the unconscious night along;  
 While holy pilgrims, on their way  
 To Delos' isle, stood looking on,  
 Enchanted with a scene so gay,  
 Nor sought their boats, till morning shone?

Such was the scene this lovely glade  
 And its fair inmates now display'd,  
 As round the Fount, in linked ring,  
 They went, in cadence slow and light,  
 And thus to that enchanted Spring  
 Warbled their Farewell for the night:—

### SONG.

HERE, while the moonlight dim  
 Falls on that mossy brim,  
 Sing we our Fountain Hymn,  
 Maidens of Zea!  
 Nothing but Music's strain,  
 When Lovers part in pain,  
 Soothes, till they meet again,  
 Oh, Maids of Zea!

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,  
 Round which the nymphs of old  
 Stood, with their locks of gold,  
 Fountain of Zea!

the nymphs of the Island assembled in the earliest ages, exists in its  
 original state: the same rendezvous as it was formerly, whether of  
 love and gallantry, or of gossiping and tale-telling. It is near to  
 the town, and the most limpid water gushes continually from the  
 solid rock. It is regarded by the inhabitants with a degree of reli-  
 gious veneration; and they preserve a tradition, that the pilgrims  
 of old time, in their way to Delos, resorted hither for purification."  
 —*Clarke*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

even Castaly,  
 'd though its streamlet be,  
 murmurs or shines like thee,  
 Oh, Fount of Zea!

Oh, while our hymn we sing,  
 thy silver voice shall bring,  
 thy wailing, answering,  
 sweet Fount of Zea!  
 Of all rills that run,  
 sparkling by moon or sun,  
 thou art the fairest one,  
 right Fount of Zea!

Oh, by those stars that glance  
 o'er heaven's still expanse,  
 have we our mirthful dance,  
 daughters of Zea!  
 Oh, as, in former days,  
 we'd they, by Dian's rays,  
 ere the Eurotas strays,  
 Oh, Maids of Zea!

Oh, when to merry feet  
 thy arts with no echo beat,  
 Oh, can the dance be sweet?  
 Oh, maidens of Zea!  
 Oh, nought but Music's strain,  
 when Lovers part in pain,  
 Oh, the, till they meet again,  
 Oh, Maids of Zea!

Oh thus may life, in closing  
 Its short tempestuous day,  
 Beneath heaven's smile repose  
 Shine all its storms away:  
 Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
 We pray, we pray, to thee!



On Helle's sea the light grew dim  
 As the last sounds of that sweet hymn  
 Floated along its azure tide —  
 Floated in light, as if the lay  
 Had mix'd with sunset's fading rays  
 And light and song together died  
 So soft through evening's air had  
 That choir of youthful voices, wre  
 In many-linked harmony,  
 That boats, then hurrying o'er the  
 Paus'd, when they reach'd this bay  
 And linger'd till the strain was o'er  
 Of those young maids who've met  
 In song and dance this evening  
 Far happier now the bosoms beat,  
 Than when they last adorn'd the  
 For tidings of glad sound had come  
 At break of day, from the far is  
 Tidings like breath of life to some  
 That Zea's sons would soon wing

lay the flood around, while fleet,  
 the blue shining element,  
 barks, as if with fairy feet  
 stir'd not the hush'd waters, went;  
 that, ere rosy eve fell o'er  
 blushing wave, with mainsail free,  
 it forth from the Attic shore,  
 he near Isle of Ebony;—  
 Hydriot barks, that deep in caves  
 ath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,  
 had lurk'd, and o'er the waves  
 shot their long and dart-like skiffs.  
 the craft, however fleet,  
 sea-hawks in their course shall meet,  
 with juice of Lesbian vines,  
 from Naxos' emery mines;  
 more sure, when owlets flee  
 the dark crags of Pendelee,  
 the night-falcon mark his prey,  
 none on it more fleet than they.

That a moon now lights the glade  
 ere these young island nymphs are met!  
 't is b'd, yet pure, as if no shade  
 touch'd its virgin lustre yet;  
 ashy bright, as if just made  
 ere its own hands, of new-born light  
 from his mother's star to-night.

old rock, that o'er the flood  
 from that soft glade, there stood  
 o'el, fronting tow'rd's the sea,—  
 some by-gone century,—  
 nightly, as the seaman's mark,  
 waves rose high or clouds were dark,  
 bequeath'd by some kind Saint,  
 'er the wave its glimmer faint,  
 in way-worn men a sigh  
 ay'r to heav'n, as they went by.  
 there, around that rock-built shrine,  
 group of maidens and their sires  
 used to watch the day's decline,  
 as the light fell o'er their lyres,  
 the Queen-Star of the Sea  
 and holy melody.

After thoughts and lighter song  
 to the coming hours along:  
 ark, where smooth the herbage lies,  
 gay pavilion, curtain'd deep  
 open folds, through which, bright eyes,  
 from time to time, are seen to peep;  
 twinkling lights that, to and fro,  
 like those veils, like meteors, go,  
 of some spells at work, and keep  
 fancies chain'd in mute suspense,  
 till what next may shine from thence.

<sup>1</sup> "Violet-crowned Athens."—Pindar.

Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen  
 That mystic curtain backward drew,  
 And all, that late but shone between,  
 In half-caught gleams, now burst to view.  
 A picture 'twas of the early days  
 Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays  
 Of rich, immortal Mind were hers  
 That made mankind her worshippers;  
 While, yet unsung, her landscape shone  
 With glory lent by Heaven alone;  
 Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,  
 Nor Muse immortalis'd her rills;  
 Nor aught but the mute poesy  
 Of sun, and stars, and shining sea  
 illum'd that land of bards to be.  
 While, prescient of the gifted race  
 That yet would realm so blest adorn,  
 Nature took pains to deck the place  
 Where glorious Art was to be born.

Such was the scene that mimic stage  
 Of Athens and her hills portray'd;  
 Athens, in her first, youthful age,  
 Ere yet the simple violet braid,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which then adorn'd her, had shone down  
 The glory of earth's loftiest crown.  
 While yet undream'd, her seeds of Art  
 Lay sleeping in the marble mine—  
 Sleeping till Genius bade them start  
 To all but life, in shapes divine;  
 Till deified the quarry shone  
 And all Olympus stood in stone!

There, in the foreground of that scene,  
 On a soft bank of living green,  
 Sat a young nymph, with her lap full  
 Of newly gather'd flowers, o'er which  
 She graceful lean'd, intent to cull  
 All that was there of hue most rich,  
 To form a wreath, such as the eye  
 Of her young lover, who stood by,  
 With pallet mingled fresh, might choose  
 To fix by Painting's rainbow hues.

The wreath was form'd; the maiden rais'd  
 Her speaking eyes to his, while he—  
 Oh not upon the flowers now gaz'd,  
 But on that bright look's witchery.  
 While, quick as if but then the thought,  
 Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught  
 His pencil up, and, warm and true  
 As life itself, that love-look drew:  
 And, as his raptur'd task went on,  
 And forth each kindling feature shone,  
 Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,  
 From lips as moonlight fresh and pure,  
 Thus hail'd the bright dream passing there,  
 And sung the Birth of Portraiture.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> The whole of this scene was suggested by Pliny's account of the artist Pausias and his mistress Glycera, lib. xxxv. c. 40.

MOORE'S WORKS.

SONG.

Once a Grecian maiden wove  
 A garland mid the summer bow'rs  
 Stood a youth, with eyes of love,  
 To watch her while she wreath'd the flow'rs.  
 The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,  
 He ne'er had studied woman's brow,  
 He knew what magic hues the heart  
 Had shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
 All that's fair and bright below.

And had pictur'd many a rose,  
 He sketch'd the rays that light the brook ;  
 What were these, or what were those,  
 That woman's blush, to woman's look?  
 If such magic pow'r there be,  
 Give this, this," he cried, " is all my prayer,  
 Paint that living light I see,  
 And fix the soul that sparkles there."

The painter, as soon as breath'd, was heard ;  
 The pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,  
 The painter saw her hues transferr'd  
 From lifeless flow'rs to woman's form.  
 From tint to tint he stole,  
 The fair design shone out the more,  
 There was now a life, a soul,  
 And only colours glow'd before.

And while some nymphs, in ha  
 The workers of that fairy spell  
 How crown'd with praise their  
 Stole in behind the curtain'd se  
 The rest, in happy converse str  
 Talking that ancient love-tal  
 Some, to the groves that skirt t  
 Some, to the chapel by the sl  
 To look what lights were on th  
 And think of th' absent silently

But soon that summons, know  
 Through bow'r and hall, in I  
 Whose sound, more sure than g  
 Lovers and slaves alike com  
 The clapping of young femal  
 Calls back the groups from rocl  
 To see some new-form'd scene  
 And fleet and eager, down the  
 Of the green glade, like antelop  
 When, in their thirst, they hear  
 Of distant rills, the light nympl

Far different now the scene —  
 Of Libyan sands, by moonlig  
 An ancient well, whereon were  
 The warning words, for such  
 Unarmed there, " Drink and  
 While, near it, from the night-r  
 And like his bells, in hush'd  
 A camel slept — young as if w

## SONG.

Up and march! the timbrel's sound  
Wakes the slumb'ring camp around;  
Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,  
Armed sleeper, up, and on!  
Long and weary is our way  
O'er the burning sands to-day;  
But to pilgrim's homeward feet  
Ev'n the desert's path is sweet.

When we lie at dead of night,  
Looking up to heaven's light,  
Hearing but the watchman's tone  
Faintly chanting "God is one,"<sup>1</sup>  
Oh what thoughts then o'er us come  
Of our distant village home,  
Where that chaunt, when ev'ning sets,  
Sounds from all the minarets.

Cheer thee!—soon shall signal lights,  
Kindling o'er the Red Sea heights,  
Kindling quick from man to man,  
Hail our coming caravan:<sup>2</sup>  
Think what bliss that hour will be!  
Looks of home again to see,  
And our names again to hear  
Murmur'd out by voices dear.

So pass'd the desert dream away,  
Fleeting as his who heard this lay.  
Nor long the pause between, nor mov'd  
The spell-bound audience from that spot;  
While still, as usual, Fancy rov'd  
On to the joy that yet was not;—  
Fancy, who hath no present home,  
But builds her bower in scenes to come,  
Walking for ever in a light  
That flows from regions out of sight.  
But see, by gradual dawn descried,  
A mountain realm—rugged as e'er  
Upprais'd to heav'n its summits bare,  
Or told to earth, with frown of pride,  
That Freedom's falcon nest was there,  
Too high for hand of lord or king  
To hood her brow, or chain her wing.  
Tis Maina's land—her ancient hills,  
The abode of nymphs<sup>3</sup>—her countless rills  
And torrents, in their downward dash,  
Shining, like silver, through the shade

<sup>1</sup> The watchmen, in the camp of the caravans, go their rounds, by one after another, "God is one," &c. &c.  
<sup>2</sup> It was customary," says Irwin, "to light up fires on the mountain, within view of Coesir, to give notice of the approach of the vase that came from the Nile."

Of the sea-pine and flow'ring ash—  
All with a truth so fresh portray'd  
As wants but touch of life to be  
A world of warm reality.

And now, light bounding forth, a band  
Of mountaineers, all smiles, advance—  
Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,  
Link'd in the Ariadne dance;<sup>4</sup>  
And while, apart from that gay throng,  
A minstrel youth, in varied song,  
Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills  
Of these wild children of the hills,  
The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,  
As war or sport inspires the lay,  
Follow each change that wakes the strings,  
And act what thus the lyrist sings:—

## SONG.

No life is like the mountaineer's,  
His home is near the sky,  
Where, thron'd above this world, he hears  
Its strife at distance die.  
Or, should the sound of hostile drum  
Proclaim below, "We come—we come,"  
Each crag that tow'rs in air  
Gives answer, "Come who dare!"  
While, like bees, from dell and dingle,  
Swift the swarming warriors mingle,  
And their cry "Hurra!" will be,  
"Hurra, to victory!"

Then, when battle's hour is over,  
See the happy mountain lover,  
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,  
Seated blushing by his side,—  
Every shadow of his lot  
In her sunny smile forgot.  
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,  
His home is near the sky,  
Where, thron'd above this world, he hears  
Its strife at distance die.  
Nor only thus through summer suns  
His blithe existence cheerly runs—  
Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,  
Brings jovous hours to him;  
When, his rifle behind him flinging,  
He watches the roc-buck springing,  
And away, o'er the hills away  
Re-echoes his glad "hurra."

<sup>3</sup> ——— virginibus bacchata Laconia  
Taygeta. Vinea.

<sup>4</sup> See, for an account of this dance, De Guy's Travels.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ow blest, when night is closing,  
 kindled hearth reposing,  
 rebeck's drowsy song,  
 smiles the hour along;  
 wok'd by merry glances,  
 isker movement dances,  
 ary at last, in slumber's chain,  
 ms o'er chase and dance again,  
 ns, dreams them o'er again.



that minstrel, at the close,  
 hile he sung, to feign'd repose,  
 id they, whose mimic art  
 w'd the changes of his lay,  
 the lull, the nod, the start,  
 igh which, as faintly died away  
 and voice, the minstrel pass'd,  
 e and lute lay hush'd at last.

y far other song came o'er  
 startled ears — song that, at first,  
 nly the night-wind bore  
 he wave its mournful burst,  
 to the fancy, like a dirge  
 me lone Spirit of the Sea,  
 o'er Helle's ancient surge  
 equiem of her Brave and Free.

And now were on their mournful  
 Wafting the news through He  
 News that would cloud ev'n Free  
 And sadden Vict'ry 'mid her

Their tale thus told, and heard, v  
 Out spread the galliot's wings ag  
 And, as she sped her swift career  
 Again that Hymn rose on the ea  
 "Thou art not dead — thou art n  
 As oft 'twas sung, in ages flow  
 Of him, the Atheuian, who, to sl  
 A tyrant's blood, pour'd out h



SONG.

THOU art not dead — thou art no  
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.  
 Thy soul, to realms above us fled  
 Though, like a star, it dwells o'er  
 Still lights this world below.  
 Thou art not dead — thou art not  
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where her  
 And flow'rs ethereal blow,  
 Thy god-like Spirit now is led,  
 Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,  
 Forgets all taste of woe.



'Mong those who linger'd list'ning there,—  
 List'ning, with ear and eye, as long  
 As breath of night could tow'rds them bear  
 A murmur of that mournful song,—  
 A few there were, in whom the lay  
 Had call'd up feelings far too sad  
 To pass with the brief strain away,  
 Or turn at once to theme more glad;  
 And who, in mood untun'd to meet  
 The light laugh of the happier train,  
 Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat  
 Where they might rest, in converse sweet,  
 Till vanish'd smiles should come again.

And seldom e'er hath noon of night  
 To sadness lent more soothing light.  
 On one side, in the dark blue sky,  
 Lonely and radiant, was the eye  
 Of Jove himself, while, on the other,  
 'Mong tiny stars that round her gleam'd,  
 The young moon, like the Roman mother  
 Among her living "jewels," beam'd.  
 Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,  
 A pensive maid—one who, though young,  
 Had known what 'twas to see unwound  
 The ties by which her heart had clung—  
 Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound,  
 And to its faint accords thus sung:—

## SONG.

CALM as, beneath its mother's eyes,  
 In sleep the smiling infant lies,  
 So, watch'd by all the stars of night,  
 Yon landscape sleeps in light.  
 And while the night-breeze dies away,  
 Like relics of some faded strain,  
 Lov'd voices, lost for many a day,  
 Seem whisp'ring round again.  
 Oh youth! oh Love! ye dreams, that shed  
 Such glory once—where are ye fled?

Pure ray of light that, down the sky,  
 Art pointing, like an angel's wand,  
 As if to guide to realms that lie  
 In that bright sea beyond:  
 Who knows but, in some brighter deep  
 Than ev'n that tranquil, moon-lit main,  
 Some land may lie, where those who weep  
 Shall wake to smile again!

With cheeks that had regain'd their power  
 And play of smiles,—and each bright eye,  
 Like violets after morning's shower,  
 The brighter for the tears gone by,  
 Back to the scene such smiles should grace  
 These wand'ring nymphs their path retrace,  
 And reach the spot, with rapture new,  
 Just as the veils asunder flew,  
 And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,  
 The blue-ey'd Queen of Wisdom stood;—  
 Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,  
 With brow unveil'd, divine, severe;  
 But soften'd, as on bards she beams,  
 When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,  
 A music, not her own, she brings,  
 And, through the veil which Fancy flings  
 O'er her stern features, gently sings.

But who is he—that urchin nigh,  
 With quiver on the rose-trees hung,  
 Who seems just dropp'd from yonder sky,  
 And stands to watch that maid, with eye  
 So full of thought, for one so young?—  
 That child—but, silence! lend thine ear,  
 And thus in song the tale thou'lt hear:—

## SONG.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,  
 Who should he see, at that soft hour,  
 But young Minerva, gravely playing  
 Her flute within an olive bow'r.  
 I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion  
 That, grave or merry, good or ill,  
 The sex all bow to his dominion,  
 As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath giv'n  
 To learned dames his smiles or sighs,  
 So handsome Pallas look'd, that ev'n,  
 Love quite forgot the maid was wise.  
 Besides, a youth of his discerning  
 Knew well that, by a shady rill,  
 At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,  
 A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he prais'd in terms extatic,—  
 Wishing it dumb, nor car'd how soon;—  
 For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,  
 To Love seem always out of tune.  
 But long as he found face to flatter,  
 The nymph found breath to shake and trill;  
 As, weak or wise—it doesn't matter—  
 Woman, at heart, is woman still.

G G

MOORE'S WORKS.

of his plan, with warmth exclaiming,  
 " 'Twas her lip's soft dye!"  
 That flute, the flatt'rer, blaming,  
 Singing lips so sweet awry.  
 He look'd down, beheld her features  
 In the passing rill,  
 Shock'd — for, ah, ye creatures!  
 " 'Twas divine, you're women still."

The lips it made so odious,  
 The silver flute the Goddess took,  
 Yet fill'd with breath melodious,  
 Into the glassy brook;  
 The vocal life was fleeting  
 The current, faint and shrill,  
 In plaintive tone repeating,  
 "Alas, vain woman still!"

— ♦ —  
 of dark repose —  
 The summer lightning knows,  
 Flash and flash, as still more bright  
 The revelation comes and goes,  
 Each time the veils of night,  
 Within, a world of light —  
 So brief, now pass'd between  
 The ray vision and the scene,  
 How its depth of light disclos'd.

So sung the shepherd-boy  
 By the stream's side,  
 Watching that fairy boat  
 Down the flood glide,  
 Like a bird winging,  
 Through the waves bringing  
 That Syren, singing  
 To the hush'd tide.

"Stay," said the shepherd-boy  
 "Fairy-boat, stay,  
 "Linger, sweet minstrelsy,  
 "Linger, a day."  
 But vain his pleading,  
 Past him, unheeding,  
 Song and boat, speeding,  
 Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes  
 Joy and hope shone;  
 So, while we gaz'd on them,  
 Fast they flew on; —  
 Like flow'rs, declining  
 Ev'n in the twining,  
 One moment shining,  
 And, the next, gone!

other ev'ning takes  
 l of the golden lakes,  
 other envoy fly,  
 ish'd answer, through the sky.

## SONG.

reet bird, through the sunny air wing-

thou come o'er the far-shining sea,  
 love, on thy snowy neck bringing  
 ten vows from my lover to me.  
 sence, what hours did I number ! —  
 "Idle bird, how could he rest ?"  
 come at last, take now thy slumber,  
 ee in dreams of all thou lov'st best.

1 droop — even now while I utter  
 py welcome, thy pulse dies away ;  
 y bird — were it life's ebbing flutter,  
 ng bosom should woo it to stay.  
 u't dying — thy last task is over —  
 weet martyr to Love and to me !  
 ou hast waken'd by news from my

ll be turn'd into weeping for thee.

1 the scene of song (their last  
 eet summer season) pass'd,  
 iding nymphs, whose care  
 over all, invisibly,  
 e guardian sprites of air,  
 ratch we feel, but cannot see,  
 he circle — scarcely miss'd,  
 were sparkling there again —  
 e fairies, to assist  
 ndmaids on the moonlight plain,  
 by intercepting shade  
 e stray glance of curious eyes,  
 fruits and wines was laid —  
 shine out, a glad surprise !

he moon, her ark of light  
 through Heav'n, as though she bore  
 rough that deep of night,  
 arth, the good, the bright,  
 remote immortal shore,  
 ay sped her glorious way,  
 und reclin'd on hillocks green,  
 beneath that tranquil ray,  
 is at their feast were scen.  
 e picture — ev'ry maid  
 the lighted scene display'd,  
 fancy garb array'd ; —

The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here  
 Beside the nymph of India's sky ;  
 While there the Mainiote mountaineer  
 Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear,  
 And urchin Love stood laughing by.

Meantime the elders round the board,  
 By mirth and wit themselves made young,  
 High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd,  
 And, while the flask went round, thus sung : —

## SONG.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,  
 Up to the crystal rim ;  
 Let not a moon-beam glimmer  
 'Twixt the flood and brim.  
 When hath the world set eyes on  
 Aught to match this light,  
 Which, o'er our cup's horizon,  
 Dawns in bumpers bright ?

Truth in a deep well lieth —  
 So the wise aver :  
 But Truth the fact denieth —  
 Water suits not her.  
 No, her abode's in brimmers,  
 Like this mighty cup —  
 Waiting till we, good swimmers,  
 Dive to bring her up.

Thus circled round the song of glee,  
 And all was tuneful mirth the while,  
 Save on the cheeks of some, whose smile,  
 As fix'd they gaze upon the sea,  
 Turns into paleness suddenly !  
 What see they there ? a bright blue light  
 That, like a meteor, gliding o'er  
 The distant wave, grows on the sight  
 As though 'twere wing'd to Zea's shore.

To some, 'mong those who came to gaze,  
 It seem'd the night-light, far away,  
 Of some lone fisher, by the blaze  
 Of pine torch, luring on his prey ;  
 While others, as, 'twixt awe and mirth,  
 They breath'd the bless'd Panaya's<sup>1</sup> name,  
 Vow'd that such light was not of earth,  
 But of that drear, ill-omen'd flame,  
 Which mariners see on sail or mast,  
 When Death is coming in the blast.

<sup>1</sup> The name which the Greeks give to the Virgin Mary.

MOORE'S WORKS.

sur'v'ling thus they stood, a maid,  
 at apart, with downcast eye,  
 sad, like the rest, survey'd  
 coming light which now was nigh,  
 at met her sight, with cry  
 o'-like joy, " 'Tis he! 'tis he!"  
 exclaim'd, and, hurrying by  
 assembled throng, rush'd tow'rds the sea.

so wild, alarm'd, amaz'd  
 like statues, mute, and gaz'd  
 other's eyes, to seek  
 want such mood, in maid so meek?

the tale was known to few,  
 from lip to lip it flew: —  
 the flower of all the band,  
 fate had left this sunny shore,  
 at he kiss'd that maiden's hand,  
 ing, to kiss it o'er and o'er,  
 and brow too plainly told  
 women'd thought which cross'd him then,  
 e those hands should loose their hold,  
 ne'er would meet on earth again!  
 his mistress, sad as he,  
 a heart from Self as free,  
 ous woman's only is,  
 r own fears to banish his: —  
 nk rebuke, but still more vain,  
 rough warrior, who stood by  
 is mind this martial strain

One deep sigh, to passion given,  
 One last glowing tear and then.  
 March! — nor rest thy sword, till I  
 Brings thee to those arms again



Even then, e'er loth their hands to  
 A promise the youth gave, whic  
 Some balm unto the maiden's hea  
 That, soon as the fierce fight wa  
 To home he'd speed, if safe and fr  
 Nay, ev'n if dying, still would c  
 So the blest word of "Victory!"  
 Might be the last he'd breathe s  
 "By day," he cried, "thou'lt kno  
 "But, should I come through mid  
 "A blue light on the prow shall t  
 "That Greece hath won, and all i

Fondly the maiden, every night,  
 Had stolen to seek that promis'd I  
 Nor long her eyes had now been t  
 From watching, when the signal b  
 Signal of joy — for her, for all —  
 Fleetly the boat now nears the l  
 While voices, from the shore-edge  
 For tidings of the long-wish'd t

erefore part? all, all agree  
 t them here, beneath this bower;  
 , while ev'n amidst their glee,  
 is turn'd to watch the sea,  
 ong they cheer the anxious hour.

— + —  
 SONG.

Vine! 'tis the Vine!" said the cup-  
 ing boy,  
 it spring bright from the earth  
 the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,  
 ss and hallow its birth.  
 as full grown, like a ruby it flam'd  
 un-beam that kiss'd it look'd pale:  
 Vine! 'tis the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit  
 sim'd,  
 ail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

s a bird, to the summons Wit flew,  
 ght on the vine-leaves there broke,  
 quick and so brilliant, all knew  
 light from his lips, as he spoke.

"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,  
 "And the fount of Wit never can fail:"  
 "'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valleys  
 reply,  
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire  
 Each tendril and cluster it wore,  
 From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of de-  
 sire,

As made the tree tremble all o'er.  
 Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or sky,  
 Such a soul-giving odour inhale:  
 "'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" all re-echo the  
 cry,  
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,  
 Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;  
 And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his  
 eye,

When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say; —  
 A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around  
 Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;  
 "'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" laughing myriads  
 resound,  
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"



---

•

**LEGENDARY BALLADS, SONGS,  
ETC.**

---





# LEGENDARY BALLADS.

TO  
THE MISS FEILDINGS,  
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,  
BY THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,  
THOMAS MOORE.

## THE VOICE.

O'er her sleep, like a voice of those days,  
The, only love, was the light of her ways;  
As in moments of bliss long ago,  
I'd her name from the garden below.

"Sigh'd the maiden, "how fancy can  
It! world once had lips that could whisper thus  
It; and now they slumber in yon fatal deep,  
Oh that beside them this heart too could  
Do!"

On her pillow—but no, 'twas in vain  
The illusion, that Voice came again!  
To the casement—but, hush'd as the grave,  
Light lay slumbering woodland and wave.

"Come, come and shield me," in anguish she said,  
That call of the buried, that cry of the dead!"  
The ep came around her—but, starting, she  
Saw, from the garden that spirit Voice spoke!

"She exclaim'd, "be thy home where it may,  
Thou or in heaven, that call I obey;"  
With through the moonlight, with heart  
Ting fast d as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.

And her the scene all in loneliness shone;  
I, in the distance, that Voice led her on;  
There she wander'd, by wave or by shore,  
Ere could tell, for she came back no more.

No, ne'er came she back,—but the watchman who  
stood,  
That night in the tow'r which o'ershadows the  
flood,  
Saw dimly, 'tis said, o'er the moon-lighted spray,  
A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.

## CUPID AND PSYCHE.

THEY told her that he, to whose vows she had  
listen'd  
Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit  
unblest;—  
Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten'd,  
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

"When next in thy chamber the bridegroom re-  
clineth,  
"Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber  
he lies;  
"And there, as the light o'er his dark features  
shineth,  
"Thou'lt see what a demon hath won all thy  
sighs!"

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,  
When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her  
light;  
And saw—such a vision!—no image, appearing  
To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth, but just passing from childhood's sweet  
morning,  
While round him still linger'd its innocent ray;

MOORE'S WORKS.

reams, from beneath his shut eyelids gave  
 ming  
 mer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

had a grace more than mortal around it,  
 glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,  
 hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd

fresh from the breeze of some garden  
 ine.

stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,  
 te was but love is idolatry now;  
 n her tremor the fatal lamp raising —  
 le flew from it and dropp'd on his brow.

—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,  
 rit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire;  
 y from the clasp of her snowy arms  
 aking,

id, in a voice more of sorrow than ire :

—what a dream thy suspicion hath  
 ken!

ever Affection's fond vision is crost;  
 l are her spells when a doubt is but  
 ken,

love, once distrusted, for ever is lost!"

THE LEAF AND THE FOLIAGE

" TELL me, kind Seer, I pray t

" So may the stars obey thee,

" So may each airy

" Moon elf and fairy

" Nightly their homage pay th

" Say, by what spell, above, be

" In stars that wink or flow'rs

" I may discover,

" Ere night is over,

" Whether my love loves me o

" Whether my love loves me."

" Maiden, the dark tree nigh t

" Hath charms no gold could l

" Its stem enchanted,

" By moon-elves planted,

" Will all thou seek'st supply t

" Climb to yon boughs that hig

" Bring thence their fairest lea

" And thou'lt discover,

" Ere night is over,

" Whether thy love loves thee

" Whether thy love loves thee."

" See, up the dark tree going,

" With blossoms round me blo

" From thence, oh Father,

" This leaf I gather

Shall I recover.  
My truant lover?  
Maintain seem'd to answer, "No;"  
Maintain answer'd, "No."

EPHALUS AND PROCRIUS.

Once in that grove reclin'd  
In the noon's bright eye,  
He woo'd the wandering wind,  
To lift his brow with its sigh.  
The late lay ev'n the wild bee's hum,  
The death could stir the aspen's hair,  
The air was still "Sweet air, oh come!"  
The Echo answer'd, "Come, sweet Air!"

What sounds from the thicket rise!  
Meaneth that rustling spray?  
The white-horn'd doe," the Hunter cries,  
I have sought since break of day."  
Where'er the sunny glade he springs,  
The arrow flies from his sounding bow,  
"O — hilliho!" he gaily sings,  
The Echo sighs forth "Hilliho!"

Was not the white-horn'd doe  
I saw in the rustling grove,  
The bridal veil, as pure as snow,  
The own young wedded love.  
I was too sure that arrow sped,  
The pale at his feet he sees her lie; —  
I die," was all she said,  
The Echo murmur'd, "I die, I die!"

YOUTH AND AGE.<sup>1</sup>

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth, one day,  
Opening Age, who cross'd his way. —  
A sunny hour of play,  
Which repentance dear doth pay;  
Repentance! Repentance!  
This is Love, as wise men say."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth once more,  
I yet fond, of Age's lore. —  
As a passing summer's wind:  
I'dst know the blight it leaves behind?  
Repentance! Repentance!  
This is Love — when love is o'er."

<sup>1</sup> which I have adapted these words, was composed by  
and put to some old verses, "Tell me what's love, kind

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth again,  
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.  
"Sweet as a May tree's scented air —  
"Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear,  
"Repentance! Repentance!  
"This, this is Love — sweet Youth, beware."

Just then, young Love himself came by,  
And cast on Youth a smiling eye;  
Who could resist that glance's ray?  
In vain did Age his warning say,  
"Repentance! Repentance!"  
Youth laughing went with Love away.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

A wounded Chieftain, lying  
By the Danube's leafy side,  
Thus faintly said, in dying,  
"Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,  
"This gift to my lady-bride."

'Twas then, in life's last quiver,  
He flung the scarf he wore  
Into the foaming river,  
Which, ah too quickly, bore  
That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,  
The Chieftain's lady stood,  
To watch her love returning  
In triumph down the flood,  
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated!  
The lady saw, instead  
Of the bark whose speed she waited,  
Her hero's scarf, all red  
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek — and all was over —  
Her life-pulse ceas'd to beat;  
The gloomy waves now cover  
That bridal-flower so sweet,  
And the scarf is her winding sheet!

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"Come, if thy magic Glass have pow'r  
"To call up forms we sigh to see;  
"Show me my love, in that rosy bow'r,  
"Where last she pledg'd her truth to me."

shepherd, pray?" and it has been my object to retain as much of the  
structure and phraseology of the original words as possible.

MOORE'S WORKS.

'd him his Lady bright,  
 pale in her bow'r she lay;  
 said," said the happy Knight,  
 of one, who is far away."

with looks of joy,  
 to the Lady's ear;  
 Knight, "the same bright boy,  
 guide me to my dear."

om her fav'rite tree,  
 pluck'd a rosy flow'r;  
 m'd, "was the gift that she  
 sent me from that bow'r!"

e the blooming rose,  
 say, "Like lightning, fly!"  
 the Knight, "she soothes her

still, her true-love nigh."

rn's, and — oh, what a sight,  
 ver's eyes to see! —  
 'r another Knight,  
 alas, as lov'd as he!

e Youth, "is Woman's love!"  
 orth, with furious bound,  
 ror his iron glove,  
 all in fragments round.

So went the Pilgrim still,  
 Down dale and over hill,  
 Day after day;  
 That glimpse of home, so cheering,  
 At twilight still appearing,  
 But still, with morning's ray,  
 Melting, like mist, away!

Where rests the Pilgrim now?  
 Here, by this cypress bough,  
 Clos'd his career;  
 That dream, of Fancy's weaving,  
 No more his steps deceiving,  
 Alike past hope and fear,  
 The Pilgrim's home is here.



THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

In vain all the Knights of the Underwalk  
 her,  
 Though brightest of maidens, the proud  
 she  
 Brave chieftains they sought, and young men  
 they sued her,  
 But worthy were none of the high-born  
 "Whomsoever I wed," said this maid, so ex

he maiden she smil'd, and in jewels array'd her,  
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she ;  
and proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her  
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

but whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me ?  
' Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree ;  
; *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me ?"  
With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

is the home," he replied, " of earth's loftiest creatures " —  
then lifted his helm for the fair one to see ;  
she sunk on the ground — 'twas a skeleton's features,  
and Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!

THE INDIAN BOAT.

'Twas midnight dark,  
The seaman's bark,  
Swift o'er the waters bore him,  
When, through the night,  
He spied a light  
Shoot o'er the wave before him.  
" A sail! a sail!" he cries ;  
" She comes from the Indian shore,  
" And to-night shall be our prize,  
" With her freight of golden ore.  
" Sail on! sail on!"  
When morning shone  
He saw the gold still clearer ;  
But, though so fast  
The waves he pass'd,  
That boat seem'd never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,  
And still the same  
Rich bark before him floated ;  
While on the prize  
His wishful eyes  
Like any young lover's doated :  
" More sail! more sail!" he cries,  
While the waves o'ertop the mast ;  
And his bounding galley flies,  
Like an arrow before the blast.  
Thus on, and on,  
Till day was gone,

And the moon through heav'n did hie her,  
He swept the main,  
But all in vain,  
That boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day  
To night gave way,  
And many a morn succeeded :  
While still his flight,  
Through day and night,  
That restless mariner speeded.  
Who knows — who knows what seas  
He is now careering o'er ?  
Behind, the eternal breeze,  
And that mocking bark, before !  
For, oh, till sky  
And earth shall die,  
And their death leave none to rue it,  
That boat must flee  
O'er the boundless sea,  
And that ship in vain pursue it.

THE STRANGER.

COME list, while I tell of the heart-wounded  
Stranger  
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted  
ground ;  
Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger  
Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.  
None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken  
lady,  
Her language, though sweet, none could e'er  
understand :  
But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so  
shady,  
Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.  
'Twas one summer night, when the village lay  
sleeping,  
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears ;  
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half  
weeping,  
Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.  
We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung  
us ; —  
But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on  
high,  
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among  
us,  
All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.  
Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,  
For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like  
hue,



•

**LEGENDARY BALLADS, SONGS,**

**ETC.**

MOORE'S WORKS.

SONGS FROM M.P.; OR, THE BLUE-STOCK

SONG.

SUSAN.

Love liv'd once in an humble shed,  
Where roses breathing,  
And woodbines wreathing  
The lattice their tendrils spread,  
And sweet as the life he led.  
The garden flourish'd,  
And young Hope nourish'd  
The infant buds with beams and showers;  
Though blooming, must still be fed,  
Not even Love can live on flowers.

At Poverty's evil eye  
Should e'er come hither,  
The sweets to wither!  
The flowers laid down their heads to die,  
And we fell sick as the witch drew nigh.  
I came one morning,

Spirit of Joy, thy altar lies

In youthful hearts that hope lie  
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes  
That leads us to thy fairy shrine  
There if we find the sigh, the tear  
They are not those to Sorrow  
But breath so soft, and drops so  
That Bliss may claim them for  
Then give me, give me, while I live  
The sanguine hope that brightens  
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep  
The tinge of pleasure as they

The child, who sees the dew of  
Upon the spangled hedge at night  
Attempts to catch the drops of light  
But wounds his finger with the  
Thus oft the brightest joys we see  
Are lost, when touch'd, and to  
The flush they kindled leaves the  
The tears they waken long re-



## BOAT GLEE.

THE song that lightens our languid way  
 When brows are glowing,  
 And faint with rowing,  
 Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,  
 To whose sound through life we stray.  
 The beams that flash on the oar awhile,  
 As we row along through waves so clear,  
 Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile  
 That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.  
 Nothing is lost on him who sees  
 With an eye that Feeling gave ; —  
 For him there's a story in every breeze,  
 And a picture in every wave.  
 Then sing to lighten the languid way ; —  
 When brows are glowing,  
 And faint with rowing :  
 'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,  
 To whose sound through life we stray.

On think, when a hero is sighing,  
 What danger in such an adorer !  
 What woman could dream of denying  
 The hand that lays laurels before her ?  
 No heart is so guarded around,  
 But the smile of a victor would take it ;  
 No bosom can slumber so sound,  
 But the trumpet of Glory will wake it.  
 Love sometimes is given to sleeping,  
 And woe to the heart that allows him ;  
 For soon neither smiling nor weeping  
 Will e'er from such slumber arouse him.  
 But though he were sleeping so fast,  
 That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,  
 Even then, one soul-thrilling blast  
 From the trumpet of Glory would wake him.

## CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A Lottery, a Lottery,  
 In Cupid's Court there us'd to be ;  
 Two roguish eyes  
 The highest prize  
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery ;  
 And kisses, too,  
 As good as now,  
 Which weren't very hard to win,

For he, who won  
 The eyes of fun,  
 Was sure to have the kisses in.  
 A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,  
 In Cupid's Court went merrily,  
 And Cupid play'd  
 A Jewish trade  
 In this his scheming Lottery ;  
 For hearts, we're told,  
 In *shares* he sold  
 To many a fond believing drone,  
 And cut the hearts  
 So well in parts,  
 That each believ'd the whole his own.

*Chor.* — A Lottery, a Lottery,  
 In Cupid's Court there us'd to be  
 Two roguish eyes  
 The highest prize  
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

SONG.<sup>1</sup>

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country entwineth,  
 And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,  
 Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,  
 And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.  
 Oh Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,  
 But dying of languor in luxury's dome,  
 Our vision, when absent — our glory, when present —  
 Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I  
 wander'd !  
 In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave ;  
 Unless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,  
 And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the  
 slave.  
 But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the com-  
 motion  
 Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam ;  
 With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the  
 ocean,  
 Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

<sup>1</sup> Sung in the character of a Frenchman.

MOORE'S WORKS.

SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

HERE AT THY TOMB.<sup>1</sup>

BY MELEAGER.

At thy tomb, these tears I shed,  
Which though vainly now they roll,  
I love hath to give the dead,  
Wept o'er thee with all love's soul;—

In remembrance of that light,  
Which nought on earth, without thee, gives,  
Of my heart! now quench'd in night,  
Dearer, dead, than aught that lives.

Is she? where the blooming bough  
Once my life's sole lustre made?  
Gone by death, 'tis with'ring now,  
All its flow'rs in dust are laid.

Oh! that to thy matron breast  
I might have taken all those angel charms,

And so savage is he, that his own  
Is scarce more safe in his hands than

In short, to sum up this darling's part  
He's a downright pest in all sorts of art  
And if any one wants such an imp  
He shall have a dead bargain of the  
But see, the boy wakes — his bright  
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him  
Sweet child, no, no — though so nigh  
You shall live evermore with my L

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR

BY PAUL, THE SILENT!

To weave a garland for the rose,

WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY ?<sup>1</sup>

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHY does she so long delay ?  
Night is waning fast away ;  
Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,  
Watching here in solitude.  
Where can she so long delay ?  
Where, so long delay ?

Vainly now have two lamps shone ;  
See the third is nearly gone :<sup>2</sup>  
Oh that Love would, like the ray  
Of that weary lamp, decay !  
But no, alas ! it burns still on,  
Still, still, burns on.

Gods, how oft the traitress dear  
Swore, by Venus, she'd be here !  
But to one so false as she  
What is man or deity ?  
Neither doth this proud one fear, —  
No, neither doth she fear.

TWINST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH  
THY BROW ?<sup>3</sup>

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

TWINST thou with lofty wreath thy brow ?  
Such glory then thy beauty sheds,  
I almost think, while aw'd I bow,  
'Tis Rhea's self before me treads.  
Be what thou wilt, — this heart  
Adores whate'er thou art !

Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,  
Like sunny waves to wander free ?  
Then, such a chain of charms they weave,  
As draws my inmost soul from me.  
Do what thou wilt, — I must  
Be charm'd by all thou dost !

Ev'n when, enwrapp'd in sil'ry veils,<sup>4</sup>  
Those sunny locks elude the sight, —  
Oh, not ev'n then their glory fails  
To haunt me with its unscen light.  
Change as thy beauty may,  
'Tis charms in every way.

Αἰθρία Κλειφαστις.  
ΑΡ. ΒΑΥΝΣΚ. XXVIII.

ὁ θεὸς τρεῖς ἀρχαὶ τῆς  
λαμπρῆς ἀνακαίβηται.

Καυροφθαλὸν ἀφῆγγον ἴσταν τροχὰς !  
ΑΡ. ΒΑΥΝΣΚ. XXXIV.

Αἰθριαὶς ἀθῆραι· ἀπὸ τῆς βουτροῦς ἀνέβη.

For, thee the Graces still attend,  
Presiding o'er each new attire,  
And lending ev'ry dart they send  
Some new, peculiar touch of fire.  
Be what thou wilt, — this heart  
Adores whate'er thou art !

WHEN THE SAD WORD.<sup>5</sup>

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHEN the sad word, "Adieu," from my lip is nigh  
falling,  
And with it, Hope passes away,  
Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my fond heart  
recalling  
That fatal farewell, bids me stay  
For oh ! 'tis a penance so weary  
One hour from thy presence to be,  
That death to this soul were less dreary,  
Less dark than long absence from thee.

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world breaking,  
Brings life to the heart it shines o'er.  
And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking  
Made light what was darkness before.  
But mute is the Day's sunny glory,  
While thine hath a voice<sup>6</sup>, on whose breath,  
More sweet than the Syren's sweet story,<sup>7</sup>  
My hopes hang, through life and through death !

MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.<sup>8</sup>

BY PHILODEMUS.

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,  
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,  
And, for blushing, no rose can come near her ;  
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,  
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part, —  
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,  
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,  
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her ;  
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,

5 Σωφρο σοὶ μὲλλον ἐκτετακ.  
ΑΡ. ΒΑΥΝΣΚ. XXXIX.

6 Ἡματι γὰρ σοὶ φέρρος ἔμοισεν· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν πῦν  
ἀφῆγγον.

7 Σὺ δ' ἔμοι καὶ τὸ λαλῆμα φέρεις  
ἐκείν, τὸ Σαίρωνος γλυκύνιστροτον.

8 Μίσηται καὶ μελαίνισσα φιλισσοῦ.  
ΑΡ. ΒΑΥΝΣΚ. X.

MOORE'S WORKS.

s, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall  
—  
upon lips that are sweeter.

er beauty that charms me alone,  
d, 'tis that language whose eloquent

depths of the grave could revive one :  
I swear, that if death were her doom,  
ntly join my dead love in the tomb—  
ould meet with a live one.

— + —  
LIKE DEW IN SILENCE  
FALLING.<sup>1</sup>

BY MELEAGER.

Like dew in silence falling,  
for thee the nightly tear  
t voice the past recalling,  
s, like echo, on my ear,  
Still, still!

l night the spell hangs o'er me,  
for ever fix'd thou art;

Didst thou not hear yon soaring sw  
Chirp, chirp, — in every note he see  
'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring.

Up, boy, away, —  
Who'd stay on land to-day?  
The very flowers  
Would from their bowers  
Delight to wing away!

Leave languid youths to pine  
On silken pillows,  
But be the billows  
Of the great deep thine.  
Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, "  
While soft the sail, replying to the l  
Says, with a yielding sigh,  
"Yes, where you please."  
Up, boy! the wind, the ray,  
The blue sky o'er thee,  
The deep before thee,  
All cry aloud, "Away!"

— + —  
IN MYRTLE WREATH:

BY ALCEUS

## BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

## TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.

To-day, dearest! is ours;  
 Why should Love carelessly lose it?  
 This life shines or lowers  
 Just as we, weak mortals, use it.  
 'Tis time enough, when its flow'rs decay,  
 To think of the thorns of Sorrow;  
 And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,  
 May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long  
 Let the sweet moments fly over?  
 Though now, blooming and young,  
 Thou hast me devoutly thy lover:  
 Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,  
 Some treasure may steal or borrow;  
 Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps  
 Or I less in love to-morrow.

## WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.

When on the lip the sigh delays,  
 As if 'twould linger there for ever;  
 When eyes would give the world to gaze,  
 Yet still look down, and venture never;  
 When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,  
 There's one we dream of more than any—  
 If all this is not real love,  
 'Tis something wond'rous like it, Fanny!

To think and ponder, when apart,  
 On all we've got to say at meeting;  
 And yet when near, with heart to heart,  
 Sit mute, and listen to their beating:  
 To see but one bright object move,  
 The only moon, where stars are many—  
 If all this is not downright love,  
 I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny!

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,  
 Though Reason on the darkest reckons;  
 When Passion drives us to the west,  
 Though Prudence to the eastward beckons;

When all turns round, below, above,  
 And our own heads the most of any—  
 If this is not stark, staring love,  
 Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

## HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

HERE, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keep-  
 ing,

While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea;  
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,  
 What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destin'd to run, love,  
 They who have light hearts the happiest be,  
 Then, happier still must be they who have none,  
 love,  
 And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee.

It matters not where I may now be a rover,  
 I care not how many bright eyes I may see;  
 Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,  
 I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—  
 For, even should Fortune turn truant to me,  
 Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,  
 As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee!

## OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

Oh, call it by some better name,  
 For Friendship sounds too cold,  
 While Love is now a worldly flame,  
 Whose shrine must be of gold;  
 And Passion, like the sun at noon,  
 That burns o'er all he sees,  
 Awhile as warm, will set as soon—  
 Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,  
 More free from stain of clay  
 Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,  
 Yet human still as they:

MOORE'S WORKS.

By lip, for love like this,  
 No mortal word can frame,  
 Of angels what it is,  
 Call it by that name!

THE WOUNDED HEART.

Wounded heart, farewell!  
 The hour of rest is come;  
 Thou soon wilt reach thy home,  
 Wounded heart, farewell!  
 When thou'lt feel in breaking  
 How bitter far will be,  
 That long, deadly aching,  
 Which life has been to thee.

Here—broken heart, farewell!  
 The pang is o'er—  
 The parting pang is o'er;  
 Thou now wilt bleed no more,  
 Poor broken heart, farewell!  
 Not for thee but dying—  
 The waves, whose strife is past,  
 Hath's cold shore thus lying,  
 Thou sleep'st in peace at last—  
 Poor broken heart, farewell!

Then now, sweet May! be sweet  
 Than e'er thou'st been before;  
 Let sighs from roses meet her  
 When she comes near our shore

POOR BROKEN FLOWER

Poor broken flow'r! what art canst thou  
 Do for thee?  
 Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy  
 In vain the sun-beams seek  
 To warm that faded cheek;  
 The dews of heav'n, that once like balms  
 Thee,  
 Now are but tears, to weep thy early  
 So droops the maid whose lover hath  
 Thrown from his arms, as lone and lo  
 In vain the smiles of all  
 Like sun-beams round her fall  
 The only smile that could from death  
 That smile, alas! is gone to others now

THE PRETTY ROSE TREE

## SHINE OUT, STARS!

Stars! let Heav'n assemble  
 us ev'ry festal ray,  
 move not, lights that tremble,  
 trace this Eve of May.  
 w'r-beds all lie waking,  
 odours shut up there,  
 r downy prisons breaking,  
 oad, through sea and air.

d Love, too, bring his sweetness,  
 or other joys to weave,  
 glory, what completeness,  
 could crown this bright May Eve!  
 Stars! let night assemble  
 us every festal ray,  
 move not, lights that tremble,  
 in this Eve of May.

## SINGING MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

joys of our ev'ning posada,  
 re, resting at close of day,  
 sing Muleteers of Grenada,  
 and sing the sunshine away;  
 ry, that even the slumbers,  
 round us hung, seem gone;  
 lute's soft drowsy numbers  
 beguile them on.  
 Oh the joys, &c.

each to his loved sultana  
 sep still breathes the sigh,  
 me of some black-eyed Tirana  
 pes our lips as we lie.  
 th morning's rosy twinkle,  
 n we are up and gone —  
 he mule-bell's drowsy tinkle  
 iles the rough way on.  
 joys of our merry posada,  
 re, resting at close of day,  
 sing Muleteers of Grenada,  
 sing the gay moments away.

## TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.

h, tell her, the lute she left lying  
 he green arbour, is still lying there;  
 t, like lovers, around it are sighing,  
 soft whisper replies to their pray'r.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going,  
 Beside the green arbour she playfully set,  
 As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,  
 And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,  
 The maiden is wandering, still let her be  
 As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,  
 And blooming for ever, unchang'd as the tree!

## NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

Nights of music, nights of loving,  
 Lost too soon, remember'd long,  
 When we went by moonlight roving,  
 Hearts all love and lips all song.  
 When this faithful lute recorded  
 All my spirit felt to thee;  
 And that smile the song rewarded —  
 Worth whole years of fame to me!

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,  
 Fill'd with joys too sweet to last —  
 Joys that, like the star-light, tender,  
 While they shone, no shadow cast.  
 Though all other happy hours  
 From my fading mem'ry fly,  
 Of that star-light, of those bowers,  
 Not a beam, a leaf shall die!

## OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

Our first young love resembles  
 That short but brilliant ray,  
 Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles  
 Through April's earliest day.  
 And not all life before us,  
 Howe'er its lights may play,  
 Can shed a lustre o'er us  
 Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander  
 A blaze serener, grander;  
 Our autumn beam  
 May, like a dream  
 Of heav'n, die calm away;  
 But, no — let life before us  
 Bring all the light it may,  
 'Twill ne'er shed lustre o'er us  
 Like that first youthful ray.

MOORE'S WORKS.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

The brilliant black eye  
 In triumph let fly  
 Without caring who feels 'em;  
 The soft eye of blue,  
 Though it scatter wounds too,  
 Ever pleas'd when it heals 'em—  
 Dear Fanny!

The soft eye of blue,  
 Though it scatter wounds too,  
 Ever pleas'd when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,  
 Come and worship my ray—  
 Perhaps, you may move me!"  
 The blue eye, half hid,  
 Speaks, from under its lid,  
 "I am yours, if you love me!"  
 Dear Fanny!

The blue eye, half hid,  
 Speaks, from under its lid,  
 "I am yours, if you love me!"

Do not tell me, then, why,  
 That lovely blue eye,  
 Of its tint I discover;  
 Why should you wear  
 Only blue pair

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, say, who would  
 For one day of freedom, oh! who would  
 Hark!—hark! 'tis the trumpet! the c  
 brave,

The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of  
 Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste  
 One arm that defends is worth hosts tha

In death's kindly bosom our last hope re  
 The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has  
 On, on to the combat; the heroes that b  
 For virtue and mankind are heroes inde  
 And oh, ev'n if Freedom from *this* world!  
 Despair not—at least we shall find her in

HERE'S THE BOWER.

Here's the bower she lov'd so much  
 And the tree she planted;  
 Here's the harp she used to touch—  
 Oh, how that touch enchanted!  
 Roses now unheeded sigh;  
 Where's the hand to wreath the



re gloom that winter cast  
 How soon the heart forgets,  
 When Summer brings, at last,  
 Her sun that never sets!  
 'Twas dawn'd my love for you;  
 So, fix'd through joy and pain,  
 'Twas summer sun more true,  
 'Twill never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

He found a Dial once, in a dark shade,  
 When ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam  
 'd;  
 "In darkness lie," whisper'd young  
 "e;  
 Those gay hours in sunshine should  
 e?"  
 "said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,  
 ay and midnight to me, Love, are one."

He took the Dial away from the shade,  
 And led her where Heav'n's beam warmly  
 'd.  
 "reclin'd, beneath Love's gazing eye,  
 't'k'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by."  
 "said the Dial, "can any fair maid,  
 'em to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

Now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,  
 She stops to gaze on the Dial no more.  
 Neglected, while bleak rain and winds  
 Ring around her, with sorrow she finds  
 Had but number'd a few sunny hours, —  
 The remainder to darkness and showers!

LOVE AND TIME.

He said — but whether true or not  
 The bards declare who've seen 'em —  
 Love and Time have only got  
 A pair of wings between 'em.  
 "Partnership's first delicious hour,  
 The boy full oft can spare 'em;  
 't'ring in his lady's bower,  
 Lets the grey-beard wear 'em.  
 "When is Time's hour of play;  
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

Short the moments, short as bright,  
 When he the wings can borrow;  
 "The to-day has had his flight,  
 He takes his turn to-morrow.

Ah! Time and Love, your change is then  
 The saddest and most trying,  
 When one begins to limp again,  
 And t'other takes to flying.  
 Then is Love's hour to stray;  
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,  
 And bless the silken fetter,  
 Who knows, the dear one, how to deal  
 With Love and Time much better.  
 So well she checks their wanderings,  
 So peacefully she pairs 'em,  
 That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,  
 And Time for ever wears 'em.  
 This is Time's Holiday;  
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us —  
 Youth may wither, but feeling will last;  
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,  
 Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast.  
 Oh, if to love thee more  
 Each hour I number o'er,  
 If this a passion be  
 Worthy of thee,  
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.  
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:  
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,  
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,  
 Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;  
 Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,  
 Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.  
 Oh, if there be a charm  
 In love, to banish harm —  
 If pleasure's truest spell  
 Be to love well,

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

LOVE WAND'RING THROUGH THE  
 GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze  
 Of my beloved's hair,  
 Trac'd every lock with fond delays,  
 And, doting, linger'd there.

to fly;

BOUNDETH.

LIBERTY.

oundeth,

dom soundeth,

arms

our ;

charms

er ;

rroundeth,

ly, oh!

a pineth,

oh!

slavery twineth,

oh!

or's dart

ness ;

en's heart

stness —

e declineth,

Wearily, oh!

om hill and valley,

ly, oh!

a fountains sally,

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle  
 Every hour a new passion can feel;  
 And that soon, in the light of some lovelier sm  
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.  
 But they know not how brave in the battle you a  
 Or they never could think you would rove;  
 For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war  
 That is fondest and truest in love.

OH, SOON RETURN.

Our white sail caught the ev'ning ray,  
 The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,  
 When all the weeping maid could say  
 Was, "Oh, soon return!"  
 Through many a clime our ship was driven,  
 O'er many a billow rudely thrown;  
 Now chill'd beneath a northerp heaven,  
 Now sunn'd in summer's zone:  
 And still, where'er we bent our way,  
 When evening bid the west wave burn,  
 I fancied still I heard her say,  
 "Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found  
 Its thoughts one moment turn'd from  
 'Twas when the combat rag'd around,  
 And brave men look'd to me.  
 But though the war-field's wild alarm  
 For gentle Love was all unmeet,  
 He lent to Glory's brow the charm,  
 Which made even danger sweet.  
 And still, when vict'ry's calm came o'er  
 The hearts where rage had ceas'd to burn,  
 These parting words I heard once more,  
 "Oh, soon return!"

at thy smile, the monarch's lot  
 ne were dark and lone,  
 with it, ev'n the humblest cot  
 e brighter than his throne.  
 worlds, for which the conqu'ror sighs,  
 me would have no charms;  
 thy world thy gentle eyes —  
 throne thy circling arms!  
 as, so well, so tenderly  
 ou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,  
 e realms of light and liberty  
 re worthless without thee.

---

#### ONE DEAR SMILE.

er thou look as dear as when  
 t I sigh'd for thee;  
 t thou make me feel again  
 wish I breath'd thee then,  
 how blissful life would be!  
 that now beguiling leave me,  
 , that lie in slumber cold —  
 uld wake, couldst thou but give me  
 dear smile like those of old.

here's nothing left us now,  
 to mourn the past;  
 as every ardent vow —  
 ret did heaven allow  
 so warm, so wild, to last.  
 n hope could now deceive me —  
 itself looks dark and cold:  
 u never more canst give me  
 dear smile like those of old.

---

#### 3, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

when the bloom of Love's boyhood is  
 r,  
 rn into friendship that feels no decay;  
 gh Time may take from him the wings  
 once wore,  
 as that remain will be bright as before,  
 'll lose but his young trick of flying  
 ay.

t console thee, if Love should not stay,  
 riendship our last happy moments will  
 wn:  
 hadows of morning, Love lessens away,  
 endship, like those at the closing of day,  
 ger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

#### THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning trembling  
 Stole o'er the mountain brook,  
 With timid ray resembling  
 Affection's early look.  
 Thus love begins — sweet morn of love!

The noon-tide ray ascended,  
 And o'er the valley's stream  
 Diffus'd a glow as splendid  
 As passion's riper dream.  
 Thus love expands — warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'ershading  
 The glories of the sky,  
 Like faith and fondness fading  
 From passion's alter'd eye.  
 Thus love declines — cold eve of love!

---

#### LUSITANIAN WAR-SONG.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,  
 Till not one hateful link remains  
 Of slavery's lingering chains;  
 Till not one tyrant tread our plains,  
 Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.  
 No! never till that glorious day  
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,  
 Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay  
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains.  
 Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,  
 "Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,  
 "And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,  
 "To gild your vines and light your fountains."  
 Oh, never till that glorious day  
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,  
 Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay  
 Resounding through her sunny mountains

---

#### THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,  
 Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of  
 night,  
 Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung,  
 And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

MOORE'S WORKS.

his young rose, and let her life be  
 e breath she will borrow from thee;  
 her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,  
 sweet night-bird is courting her still.



AMIDST THE GAY I MEET.

Amidst the gay I meet  
 A gentle smile of thine,  
 Till on me it turns most sweet,  
 I can call it mine:  
 To me alone  
 Thy secret tears you show,  
 I feel those tears my own,  
 I dim them while they flow.  
 With bright looks bless  
 Me, the cold, the free;  
 Give us to those who love you less,  
 Give up your tears for me.

On Jura's steep  
 Laid in many a beam,  
 The chains of coldness sleep,  
 Bright soe'er it seem.  
 Some deep-felt ray,  
 Which is fire, appears,  
 The smile is warm'd away

YOUNG JESSICA.

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

The child, who with a magnet plays,  
 Well knowing all its arts, so wily,  
 The tempter near a needle lays,  
 And laughing says, " We'll steal it  
 The needle, having nought to do,  
 Is pleas'd to let the magnet wheedle  
 Till closer, closer come the two,  
 And — off, at length, elopes the needle

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

## I LOVE BUT THEE.

Thou still wilt doubt and fear me,  
 This heart to other loves will stray;  
 Ah, then, lovely doubter, hear me;  
 Reason I have when thou'rt away,  
 But I feel when thou art near me,  
 Thee — I love but thee!

Thy eyes, where light is ever playing,  
 In depth of shadow, holds his  
 ;  
 His lips, which give whate'er thou'rt  
 ;  
 Thy gay, a music of its own,  
 Beyond all minstrel's playing,  
 Thee — I love but thee!

Thy brow, where Innocence reposes,  
 In moonlight sleeping upon snow,  
 Thy cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses  
 Bright to bless this world below,  
 To dwell on Eden's roses,  
 Thee — I love but thee!

## ALONE BE REMEMBER'D NOW.

Alone be remember'd now,  
 Thy brows go sleep awhile;  
 Thy dark cloud come o'er thy brow,  
 Light it up with his smile.  
 Meet, and thus to find,  
 Thy whose touch can chill  
 Thy form, each grace of mind,  
 Thee blooming still, —  
 Thou should be thought of now,  
 Thy brows go sleep awhile;  
 Thy night's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,  
 Light it up with his smile.

Waters of life's sweet garden fade,  
 Thy bright leaf remain,  
 That once its glory made,  
 Thy r us to complain.  
 Meet and thus to wake  
 Thy's early bliss;  
 Thy other gifts may take,  
 Thy leaves us this!  
 Alone be remember'd now,  
 Thy brows go sleep awhile;  
 Thy's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,  
 Light it up with his smile!

## LOVE THEE, DEAREST? LOVE THEE?

Love thee, dearest? love thee?  
 Yes, by yonder star I swear,  
 Which through tears above thee  
 Shines so sadly fair;  
 Though often dim,  
 With tears, like him,  
 Like him my truth will shine,  
 And — love thee, dearest? love thee?  
 Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?  
 No, that star is not more true;  
 When my vows deceive thee,  
 He will wander too.  
 A cloud of night  
 May veil his light,  
 And death shall darken mine —  
 But — leave thee, dearest? leave thee?  
 No, till death I'm thine.

## MY HEART AND LUTE.

I give thee all — I can no more —  
 Though poor the offering be;  
 My heart and lute are all the store  
 That I can bring to thee.  
 A lute whose gentle song reveals  
 The soul of love full well;  
 And, better far, a heart that feels  
 Much more than lute could tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas!  
 To keep life's clouds away,  
 At least 'twill make them lighter pass  
 Or gild them if they stay.  
 And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings  
 A discord o'er life's happy strain,  
 Let love but gently touch the strings,  
 'Twill all be sweet again!

## PEACE, PEACE, TO HIM THAT'S GONE!

When I am dead  
 Then lay my head  
 In some lone, distant dale,  
 Where voices ne'er  
 Shall stir the air,  
 Or break its silent spell.

MOORE'S WORKS.

If any sound  
Be heard around,  
At the sweet bird alone,  
That weeps in song  
Sing all night long,  
Peace, peace, to him that's gone!"

Yet, oh, were mine  
One sigh of thine,  
One pitying word from thee,  
Like gleams of heav'n,  
To sinners giv'n,  
Could be that word to me.

Howe'er unblest,  
My shade would rest  
While list'ning to that tone;—  
Enough 'twould be  
To hear from thee,  
Peace, peace, to him that's gone!"

ROSE OF THE DESERT.

The desert! thou, whose blushing ray,  
And lovely, fleets unseen away;  
To cull thee, none to woo thy sigh,—  
Silence left to live and die.

Like plants that sleep, till sunny  
Calls forth their life, my spirit liv'd  
Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning  
It liv'd for thee, it liv'd for

When Fame would call me to her  
She speaks by thee;  
And dim would shine her proud  
Unshar'd by thee, unshar'd  
Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine  
Where Bards have hung their wreath  
And wish those wreaths of glory  
'Tis all for thee, for only th

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THERE'S a song of the olden time,  
Falling sad o'er the ear,  
Like the dream of some village  
Which in youth we lov'd to hear,  
And ev'n amidst the grand and  
When Music tries her gentlest  
I never hear so sweet a lay,  
Or one that hangs so round  
As that song of the olden time,  
Falling sad o'er the ear,  
Like the dream of some village  
Which in youth we lov'd to hear.

Which to oblivious slumber  
 Gladly the wretch would spare.  
 But now—who'd think of dreaming  
 When Love his watch should keep?  
 While such a moon is beaming,  
 'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.  
 If e'er the Fates should sever  
 My life and hopes from thee, love,  
 The sleep that lasts for ever  
 Would then be sweet to me, love;  
 But now,—away with dreaming!  
 Till darker hours 'twill keep;  
 While such a moon is beaming,  
 'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

---

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,  
 Tread the mountains over;  
 Rude is the path thou'st yet to go;  
 Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,  
 Fields of ice before thee,  
 While the hid torrent moans below.  
 Hark, the deep thunder,  
 Through the vales yonder!  
 'Tis the huge av'lanche downward cast;  
 From rock to rock  
 Rebounds the shock.  
 But courage, boy! the danger's past.  
 Onward, youthful rover,  
 Tread the glacier over,  
 Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.  
 On, ere light forsake thee,  
 Soon will dusk o'ertake thee:  
 O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way!  
 Now, for the risk prepare thee;  
 Safe it yet may bear thee,  
 Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.  
 Hark, that dread howling!  
 'Tis the wolf prowling,—  
 Scent of thy track the foe hath got;  
 And cliff and shore  
 Resound his roar.  
 But courage, boy,—the danger's past!  
 Watching eyes have found thee,  
 Loving arms are round thee,  
 Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.

---

FOR THEE ALONE.

For thee alone I brave the boundless deep,  
 Those eyes my light through ev'ry distant sea;

My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds my sleep,  
 The noon-tide rev'rie, all are giv'n to thee,  
 To thee alone, to thee alone.

Though future scenes present to Fancy's eye  
 Fair forms of light that crowd the distant air,  
 When nearer view'd, the fairy phantoms fly,  
 The crowds dissolve, and thou alone art there,  
 Thou, thou alone.

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to shore,  
 While Hope's sweet voice is heard in every blast,  
 Still whisp'ring on, that when some years are o'er,  
 One bright reward shall crown my toil at last,  
 Thy smile alone, thy smile alone.

Oh place beside the transport of that hour  
 All earth can boast of fair, of rich, and bright,  
 Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones of  
 power,—  
 Then ask where first thy lover's choice would  
 light?  
 On thee alone, on thee alone.

---

HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING.

HER last words, at parting, how *can* I forget?  
 Deep treasur'd through life, in my heart they  
 shall stay;  
 Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,  
 When its sounds from the ear have long melted  
 away.  
 Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain;  
 Those still-breathing words shall my talisman  
 be,—  
 "Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,  
 "There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but  
 for thee."

From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must  
 hie,  
 Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to  
 taste,  
 He hath still of its bright drops a treasur'd supply,  
 Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through  
 the waste.  
 So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,  
 These words shall my well in the wilderness  
 be,—  
 "Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,  
 "There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but  
 for thee."

MOORE'S WORKS.

TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME  
WIDE SCENE.

Take this world as some wide scene,  
Which, in frail, but buoyant boat,  
Now dark and now serene,  
For thou and I must float;  
Soft, on either shore,  
The spots where we should love to stay;  
The plies swift his flying oar,  
To say we speed, away, away.

When billowing winds and rains come on,  
To raise our awning 'gainst the show'r;  
When still the storm is gone,  
To bide, and wait a sunnier hour.  
That sunnier hour should shine,  
When now its brightness cannot stay,  
While 'tis thine and mine,  
And not when it fades away.

When we reach at last that Fall  
Which life's currents all must go,—  
The brilliant, destin'd all  
Into the void below.  
That hour shall want its charms,  
By my side, still fond we keep,  
Or, in each other's arms  
Or link'd, go down the steep.

Flowers spring beneath his feet;  
Angel forms beside him run;  
While unnumber'd lips repeat  
"Love's victory is won!"  
Hail to Love, to mighty Love!



SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER

"I've been, oh, sweet daughter  
"To fountain and sea,  
"To seek in their water  
"Some bright gem for thee.  
"Where diamonds were sleeping  
"Their sparkle I sought,  
"Where crystal was weeping,  
"Its tears I have caught.

"The sea-nymph I've courted  
"In rich coral halls;  
"With Naiads have sported  
"By bright waterfalls.  
"But sportive or tender,  
"Still sought I, around,  
"That gem, with whose splendour  
"Thou yet shalt be crown'd.

"And see, while I'm speaking,



ore soft may o'er us fall,  
 er shores our bark may come;  
 re bright, more dear than all,  
 am of home, that dream of home.

sailor youth when far  
 : bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,  
 ms him most, when ev'ning's star  
 'er the wave? to dream of home.  
 ghts of absent friends and loves  
 sweet hour around him come;  
 best joy where'er he roves,  
 am of home, that dream of home.

—◆—  
**TELL ME THOU'RT THE  
 FAVOUR'D GUEST.'**

me thou'rt the favour'd guest  
 fair and brilliant throng;  
 e thine to wake the jest,  
 e like thine to breathe the song;  
 could guess, so gay thou art,  
 and I are far apart.

! how diff'rent flows  
 ee and me the time away!  
 wish thee sad — heav'n knows —  
 hou can'st, be light and gay;  
 w, that without thee  
 imself is dark to me.

haste to hall and bower,  
 the proud and gay to shine?  
 y hair with gem and flower,  
 r other eyes than thine?  
 th me love's smiles are past,  
 t the first, thou hadst the last.

—◆—  
**YOUNG INDIAN MAID.**

ERE came a nymph dancing  
 iracefully, gracefully,  
 eye a light glancing  
 ike the blue sea;  
 I while all this gladness  
 round her steps hung,  
 h sweet notes of sadness  
 er gentle lips sung,  
 hile I live from my mem'ry shall fade  
 the look, of that young Indian maid.

relaxation of some Latin verses, supposed to have  
 Hippolyta Taurilla to her husband, during his

Her zone of bells ringing  
 Cheerily, cheerily,  
 Chimed to her singing  
 Light echoes of glee;  
 But in vain did she borrow  
 Of mirth the gay tone,  
 Her voice spoke of sorrow,  
 And sorrow alone.

Nor e'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade  
 The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

—◆—  
**THE HOMEWARD MARCH.**

Be still, my heart: I hear them come:  
 Those sounds announce my lover near:  
 The march that brings our warriors home  
 Proclaims he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread,  
 O'er the mountain's head,  
 While hills and dales repeat the sound;  
 And the forest deer  
 Stand still to hear,  
 As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still, my heart, I hear them come,  
 Those sounds that speak my soldier near;  
 Those joyous steps seem wing'd for home, —  
 Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,  
 And now they wind to distant glades;  
 Not here their home, — alas, they go  
 To gladden happier maids!

Like sounds in a dream,  
 The footsteps seem,  
 As down the hills they die away;  
 And the march, whose song  
 So peal'd along,  
 Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er, — hush, heart, thy pain!  
 And though not here, alas, they come,  
 Rejoice for those, to whom that strain  
 Brings sons and lovers home.

—◆—  
**WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.**

WAKE up, sweet melody!  
 Now is the hour

absence at the gay court of Leo the Tenth. The verses may be  
 found in the Appendix to Roscoe's Work.

MOORE'S WORKS.

young and loving hearts  
l most thy pow'r.  
music, by moonlight's soft ray —  
h thousands heard coldly by day.  
wake up, sweet melody!  
w is the hour  
young and loving hearts  
l most thy pow'r.

he fond nightingale,  
en his sweet flow'r  
most to hear his song,  
her green bow'r?  
ell thee, through summer-nights long,  
lends her whole soul to his song.  
wake up, sweet melody!  
w is the hour  
young and loving hearts  
l most thy pow'r.

ALM BE THY SLEEP.

hy sleep as infants' slumbers!  
angel thoughts thy dreams!  
joy this bright world numbers  
er thee their mingled beams!  
re Pleasure's wing hath glided,

But of the lost one think and speak,  
When summer suns sink calm to  
So, as I wander, Fancy's dream  
Shall bring me o'er the sunset sea  
Thy look, in ev'ry melting beam,  
Thy whisper, in each dying breeze

THE FANCY FAIR.

COME, maids and youths, for here w  
All wondrous things of earth and  
Whatever wild romancers tell,  
Or poets sing, or lovers swear,  
You'll find at this our Fancy Fair

Here eyes are made like stars to shi  
And kept, for years, in such repai  
That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nin  
They'll hardly look the worse for  
If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We've lots of tears for bards to show  
And hearts that such ill usage be  
That, though they're broken ev'ry h  
They'll still in rhyme fresh breaki  
If purchas'd at our Fancy Fair.

his hand they slumber mute,  
 k but dreamy words.  
 eek the soul that dwelt  
 that once sweet shell,  
 l so warmly what it felt,  
 ; what nought could tell.

et then for passion's lay,  
 re so coldly strung ;  
 l ne'er can sing or play,  
 I play'd and sung.  
 hat long-lov'd lute again, —  
 chill'd by years it be,  
 call the slumb'ring strain,  
 ake again for thee.

ne have froz'n the tuneful stream  
 hts that gush'd along,  
 rom thee, like summer's beam,  
 w them into song.  
 oh give, that wak'ning ray,  
 e more blithe and young,  
 gain will sing and play,  
 he play'd and sung.

ALL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

1 daylight o'er the wave  
 soft its farewell gave,  
 ar, while light was falling,  
 ve a sweet voice calling,  
 fully at distance calling.

ow blest that maid would come,  
 r sea-boy hast'ning home ;  
 gh the night those sounds repeating,  
 rk with joyous greeting,  
 ly his light bark greeting.

nd night, when winds were high,  
 nor heaven, could hear her cry,  
 ; boat come tossing over  
 wave, — but not her lover !  
 ver more her lover.

at sad dream loth to leave,  
 with wand'ring mind at eve,  
 : hear, when night is falling,  
 oice through twilight calling,  
 fully at twilight calling.

THE SUMMER WEBS.

THE summer webs that float and shine,  
 The summer dewes that fall,  
 Though light they be, this heart of mine  
 Is lighter still than all.  
 It tells me every cloud is past  
 Which lately seem'd to lour ;  
 That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,  
 And now's their nuptial hour !

With light thus round, within, above,  
 With nought to wake one sigh,  
 Except the wish, that all we love  
 Were at this moment nigh, —  
 It seems as if life's brilliant sun  
 Had stopp'd in full career,  
 To make this hour its brightest one,  
 And rest in radiance here.

MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.

MIND not though daylight around us is breaking, —  
 Who'd think now of sleeping when morn's but  
 just waking ?  
 Sound the merry viol, and daylight or not,  
 Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot.

See young Aurora, up heaven's hill advancing,  
 Though fresh from her pillow, ev'n she too is  
 dancing:  
 While thus all creation, earth, heaven, and sea,  
 Are dancing around us, oh, why should not we ?

Who'll say that moments we use thus are wasted ?  
 Such sweet drops of time only flow to be tasted ;  
 While hearts are high beating, and harps full in  
 tune,  
 The fault is all morning's for coming so soon.

THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,  
 And never since that day  
 Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r  
 To chase that dream away.  
 They've seen the suns of other skies,  
 On other shores have sought delight ;  
 But never more, to bless their eyes,  
 Can come a dream so bright !  
 They met but once, — a day was all  
 Of Love's young hopes they knew ;

MOORE'S WORKS.

air hearts that day recall,  
as then it flew.

of youth! oh, ne'er again  
meet the brow  
smooth and smiling then,  
at it is now.  
the spell was only thine;  
e alone th' enchantment flows,  
the world around thee shine  
at thyself bestows.  
ut once,— oh, ne'er again  
meet the brow  
smooth and smiling then,  
at it is now.

MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

oonlight beaming  
er the deep,  
nger dreaming  
sleep?  
less souls to live by day,—  
egins with yonder ray;  
e thus brightly  
ments flee,

And you shall feed him from your hand  
Though he may start with fear at  
And I will lead you where he lies  
For shelter in the noontide heat;  
And you may touch his sleeping eye  
And feel his little silv'ry feet

THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER

The halcyon hangs o'er ocean,  
The sea-lark skims the brine;  
This bright world's all in motion  
No heart seems sad but mine.

To walk through sun-bright places  
With heart all cold the while;  
To look in smiling faces,  
When we no more can smile;

To feel, while earth and heaven  
Around thee shine with bliss,  
To thee no light is given,—  
Oh, what a doom is this!

THE TWO LOVES.

Two Loves, the poet sings,  
Of Beauty at a birth:  
One to heaven, hath wings,  
The other, walks on earth.  
Through bowers below we play,  
Through clouds above we soar;  
For chance, may lose our way:—  
Then, tell me which,  
Which shall we adore?

One tempted down from air,  
The other's fount to lave his lip,  
The one, nor oft will dare  
Within the wave to dip.  
Sinking deep and long beneath,  
The other bathes him o'er and o'er  
In current, ev'n to death:—  
Then, tell me which,  
Which shall we adore?

One heav'n, even while he lies  
In the other's lap, recalls his home;  
The other, most happy, only sighs  
For a happier still to come.  
The one, earth, too fully blest  
For a brighter world to dream of more,  
The other, heav'n on Beauty's breast:—  
Then, tell me which,  
Which shall we adore?

One who heard the poet sing  
Of his desires of earth and sky,  
The other, while one inspir'd his string,  
Glisten'd in his eye,—  
The one, earthlier boy asham'd,  
The other fondly loath,  
The one, blushing, she exclaim'd,—  
Ask not which,  
Ask not which—we'll worship both.

One of each thus taught to shun,  
The arts and souls between them given,  
The one, of this earth with one,  
The other wing to heaven."  
The one, the maid her vow of bliss;  
The other, Love wrote down the oath,  
The one, al'd it with a kiss;  
The other, Heav'n look'd on,  
The one, ask'd on, and hallow'd both.

THE END OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

For what tricks, by the pale moonlight,  
I see, the merry little Sprite,

Who wing through air from the camp to the court,  
From king to clown, and of all make sport;  
Singing, I am the Sprite  
Of the merry midnight,  
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moon-  
light.

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

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,  
She was waiting her love at that starlight hour:  
"Hist—hist!" quoth I, with an amorous sigh,  
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,  
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

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

BEAUTY AND SONG.

Down in yon summer vale,  
Where the rill flows,  
Thus said a Nightingale  
To his lov'd Rose:—  
"Though rich the pleasures  
Of Song's sweet measures,  
"Vain were its melody,  
"Rose, without thee."

Then from the green recess  
Of her night-bow'r,  
Beaming with bashfulness,  
Spoke the bright flow'r:—  
"Though morn should lend her  
"Its sunniest splendour,  
"What would the Rose be,  
"Unsung by thee?"

Thus still let Song attend  
Woman's bright way;  
Thus still let woman lend  
Light to the lay.  
Like stars, through heaven's sea,  
Floating in harmony,  
Beauty shall glide along,  
Circled by Song.

MOORE'S WORKS.

WHEN THOU ART NIGH.

When thou art nigh, it seems  
 A new creation round;  
 Thy sun hath fairer beams,  
 Thy lute a softer sound.  
 With thee alone I see,  
 I hear alone thy sigh,  
 'Tis thou 't'is song to me,  
 'Tis all — when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought  
 Of grief comes o'er my heart;  
 I think — could aught  
 Of joy be where thou art?  
 'Tis all seems a waste of breath,  
 When far from thee I sigh;  
 'Tis all — ay, even death  
 Is sweet, if thou wert nigh.

OF A HYPERBOREAN.

A land in the sun-bright deep,  
 Where the gardens grow;

And our wild bees lend their rainbow  
 To glitter on Delphi's shrine.<sup>5</sup>  
 Then, haste to that holy Isle with  
 Haste — haste!

THOU BIDST ME SING

Thou bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee  
 In other days, ere joy had left this breast;  
 But think, though still unchang'd the  
 Heart be,  
 How different feels the heart that breathes  
 Now!  
 The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same  
 We saw this morning on its stem so  
 But, ah! that dew of dawn, that breath  
 Came  
 Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd

Since first that music touch'd thy heart  
 How many a joy and pain o'er both has  
 The joy, a light too precious long to shun  
 The pain, a cloud whose shadows always  
 And though that lay would like the voice  
 Breathe o'er our ear, 'twould waken no  
 Ahd not as then, for fancy's wings to

Place the helm on thy brow;  
 In thy hand take the spear,—  
 Thou art arm'd Cupid, now,  
 And thy battle-hour is near.

ROUND THE WORLD GOES.

ROUND the world goes, by day and night,  
 While with it also round go we;  
 And in the flight of one day's light  
 An image of all life's course we see.  
 Round, round, while thus we go round,  
 The best thing a man can do,  
 Is to make it, at least, a merry-go-round,  
 By—sending the wine round too.

Our first gay stage of life is when  
 Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye —  
 Season of bliss! Oh, who wouldn't then  
 Wish to cry, "Stop!" to earth and sky?  
 But, round, round, both boy and girl  
 Are whisk'd through that sky of blue;  
 And much would their hearts enjoy the whirl,  
 If—their heads didn't whirl round too.

Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,  
 Thinking all life a life of light;  
 But shadows come on, 'tis evening soon,  
 And, ere we can say, "How short!"—'tis night.  
 Round, round, still all goes round,  
 E'en while I'm thus singing to you;  
 And the best way to make it a merry-go-round,  
 Is to—chorus my song round too.

OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST.

OH, do not look so bright and blest,  
 For still there comes a fear,  
 When brow like thine looks happiest,  
 That grief is then most near.  
 There lurks a dread in all delight,  
 A shadow near each ray,  
 That warns us then to fear their flight,  
 When most we wish their stay.  
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,  
 For ah! there comes a fear,  
 When brow like thine looks happiest,  
 That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things  
 The soonest fleet and die?—

That when most light is on their wings,  
 They're then but spread to fly!  
 And, sadder still, the pain will stay —  
 The bliss no more appears;  
 As rainbows take their light away,  
 And leave us but the tears!  
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,  
 For ah! there comes a fear,  
 When brow like thine looks happiest,  
 That grief is then most near.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

"Look here," said Rose, with laughing eyes,  
 "Within this box, by magic hid,  
 "A tuneful Sprite imprison'd lies,  
 "Who sings to me whene'er he's bid.  
 "Though roving once his voice and wing,  
 "He'll now lie still the whole day long;  
 "Till thus I touch the magic spring —  
 "Then hark, how sweet and blithe his song!"  
 (*A symphony.*)

"Ah, Rose," I cried, "the poet's lay  
 "Must ne'er ev'n Beauty's slave become;  
 "Through earth and air his song may stray,  
 "If all the while his heart's at home.  
 "And though in Freedom's air he dwell,  
 "Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,  
 "Touch but the spring thou know'st so well,  
 "And — hark, how sweet the love-song flows!"  
 (*A symphony.*)

Thus pleaded I for Freedom's right;  
 But when young Beauty takes the field,  
 And wise men seek defence in flight,  
 The doom of poets is to yield.  
 No more my heart th' enchantress braves,  
 I'm now in Beauty's prison hid;  
 The Sprite and I are fellow-slaves,  
 And I, too, sing whene'er I'm bid.

WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN.

WHEN to sad Music silent you listen,  
 And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,  
 Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as they glisten  
 A sweet holy charm that mirth never knew.  
 But when some lively strain resounding  
 Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,  
 Then the young rein-deer o'er the hills bounding  
 Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as thou.

MOORE'S WORKS.

skies at midnight thou gazest,  
pure thy features then wear,  
to some star that bright eye thou

thy home thou'rt looking for there.  
word for the gay dance is given,  
thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,  
claim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,  
still here, to make heaven of earth."

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

thy light gazelle,  
who now lies waking,  
the silver bell  
thy light silence breaking.  
thou com'st, with gladsome feet,  
thy lattice springing,  
we'll know how sweet  
the joys of love thou'rt bringing.

Not words, for they  
cannot tell love's feeling;  
words alone can say  
in vision fears revealing.  
The light rose's wither'd leaf,  
the fading lily broken, —  
they may paint a grief

But see, while we're deciding,  
What morning sport to play,  
The dial's hand is gliding,  
And morn hath pass'd away!  
Ah, who'd have thought that noon  
Would o'er us steal so soon, —  
That morn's sweet hour of prime  
Would last so short a time?  
But come, we've day before us,  
Still heaven looks bright and blue,  
Quick, quick, ere eve comes o'er us  
What sport shall we pursue?

Alas! why thus delaying?  
We're now at evening's hour;  
Its farewell beam is playing  
O'er hill and wave and bower.  
That light we thought would last,  
Behold, ev'n now, 'tis past;  
And all our morning dreams  
Have vanish'd with its beams!  
But come! 'twere vain to borrow  
Sad lessons from this lay,  
For man will be to-morrow —  
Just what he's been to-day.

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE



as thou wilt to me,  
 e thy charm must be;  
 as may come to weave  
 witch'ry o'er thee,  
 though false, believe  
 I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.  
 : thou that aught but death could end  
 t falsehood's self can rend?  
 n alone, far off I die,  
 ore to see, no more caress thee,  
 n, my life's last sigh  
 be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.

UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

nd thee, love, unbind thee, love,  
 om those dark ties unbind thee;  
 gh fairest hand the chain hath wove,  
 o long its links have twin'd thee.  
 y from earth! — thy wings were made  
 yon mid-sky to hover,  
 earth beneath their dove-like shade,  
 id heav'n all radiant over.

se thee, boy, awake thee, boy,  
 o long thy soul is sleeping;  
 hou may'st from this minute's joy  
 ke to eternal weeping.  
 ink, this world is not for thee;  
 ough hard its links to sever;  
 h sweet and bright and dear they be,  
 ak, or thou'rt lost for ever.

RE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)

s something strange, I know not what,  
 Come o'er me,  
 antom I've for ever got  
 before me.  
 n high, and in the sky  
 'tis shining;  
 t, its light with all things bright  
 eems twining.  
 I try this goblin's spells  
 o sever;  
 e I will, it round me dwells  
 or ever.

n what tricks by day and night  
 t plays me;  
 shape the wicked sprite  
 Vaylays me.

Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue  
 'Tis glancing;  
 Sometimes like feet, or whence neat,  
 Comes dancing.  
 By whispers round of every sort  
 I'm taunted.  
 Never was mortal man, in short,  
 So haunted.

NOT FROM THEE.

Not from thee the wound should come,  
 No, not from thee.  
 I care not what, or whence, my doom,  
 So not from thee!  
 Cold triumph! first to make  
 This heart thy own;  
 And then the mirror break  
 Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.  
 Not from thee the wound should com  
 Oh, not from thee.  
 I care not what, or whence, my doom,  
 So not from thee.

Yet no — my lips that wish recall;  
 From thee, from thee —  
 If ruin o'er this head must fall,  
 'Twill welcome be.  
 Here to the blade I bare  
 This faithful heart;  
 Wound deep — thou'lt find that there,  
 In ev'ry pulse thou art.  
 Yes, from thee I'll bear it all:  
 If ruin be  
 The doom that o'er this heart must fall,  
 'Twere sweet from thee.

GUESS, GUESS.

I LOVE a maid, a mystic maid,  
 Whose form no eyes but mine can see;  
 She comes in light, she comes in shade,  
 And beautiful in both is she.  
 Her shape in dreams I oft behold,  
 And oft she whispers in my ear  
 Such words as when to others told,  
 Awake the sigh, or wring the tear; —  
 Then guess, guess, who she,  
 The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow,  
 Come o'er me in my darkest ways;  
 And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,  
 Were echoing far off my lays.

MOORE'S WORKS.

o scene of joy or woe  
doth gild with influence bright;  
o'er all so rich a glow,  
es ev'n tears seem full of light:  
ss, guess, who she,  
of my love, may be.

WHEN LOVE, WHO RUL'D.

ve, who rul'd as Admiral o'er  
y mother's isles of light,  
ing off the Paphian shore,  
at sunset hove in sight.  
a chase! my Cupids all,"  
the little Admiral.

winged sailors sprung,  
warming up the mast like bees,  
-white sails expanding flung,  
oad magnolias to the breeze.  
ro ho, my Cupids all!"  
the little Admiral.

was o'er — the bark was caught,  
nged crew her freight explor'd;  
d 'twas just as Love had thought,  
was contraband aboard.  
a prize, my Cupids all!"  
the little Admiral.

And hoisted oft his flag, to make  
Rich wards and heiresses *bring-t*  
"A foe, a foe, my Cupids all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

"This must not be," the boy exclai  
"In vain I rule the Paphian seas  
"If Love's and Beauty's sovereign  
"Are lent to cover frauds like th  
"Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted mat  
A broadside struck the smugglin  
And swept the whole unhallow'd b  
Of falsehood to the depths below.  
"Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

STILL THOU FLIEST

STILL thou fliest, and still I woo thee,  
Lovely phantom,—all in vain;  
Restless ever, my thoughts pursue the  
Flecting ever, thou mock'st their pa  
Such doom, of old, that youth betided  
Who woo'd, he thought, some ange  
But found a cloud that from him shid

the lip, the blushes shone,  
 could dare to paint those eyes?  
 in vain the painter strove;  
 ing to that boy divine,  
 e," he said, "the pencil, Love,  
 and should paint such eyes, but thine."

---

### HUSH, SWEET LUTE.

weet Lute, thy songs remind me  
 st joys, now turn'd to pain;  
 hat long have ceas'd to bind me,  
 hose burning marks remain.  
 tone, some echo falleth  
 y ear of joys gone by;  
 ote some dream recalleth  
 ight hopes but born to die.

weet Lute, though pain it bring me,  
 more let thy numbers thrill;  
 death were in the strain they sing me,  
 o woo its anguish still.  
 o time can e'er recover  
 's sweet light when once 'tis set,—  
 o weep such pleasures over,  
 smile o'er any left us yet.

---

### BRIGHT MOON.

oon, that high in heav'n art shining,  
 es, as if within thy bower to-night  
 ndymion lay reclining,  
 u would'st wake him with a kiss of  
 t!—  
 bliss thy beam discovers,  
 ose visions far too bright for day,  
 aming bards and waking lovers  
 his night, beneath thy ling'ring ray,—

, queen of that bright heaven,  
 ot to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,  
 in this bow'r, hath given  
 thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss to me.  
 r, guide her steps benighted,  
 , sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;  
 at in this bow'r be lighted,  
 oud in darkness all the world beside.

### LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

LONG years have pass'd, old friend, since we  
 First met in life's young day;  
 And friends long lov'd by thee and me,  
 Since then have dropp'd away;—  
 But enough remain to cheer us on,  
 And sweeten, when thus we're met,  
 The glass we fill to the many gone,  
 And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,  
 And some hang white and chill;  
 While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's snow,  
 Retain youth's colour still.  
 And so, in our hearts, though one by one,  
 Youth's sunny hopes have set,  
 Thank heav'n, not all their light is gone,—  
 We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long  
 May thou and I thus meet,  
 To brighten still with wine and song  
 This short life, ere it fleet.  
 And still as death comes stealing on,  
 Let's never, old friend, forget,  
 Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,  
 How many are left us yet.

---

### DREAMING FOR EVER.

DREAMING for ever, vainly dreaming,  
 Life to the last pursues its flight;  
 Day hath its visions fairly beaming,  
 But false as those of night.  
 The one illusion, the other real,  
 But both the same brief dreams at last;  
 And when we grasp the bliss ideal,  
 Soon as it shines, 'tis past.

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,  
 Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom  
 Flit o'er its face till night is closing—  
 Emblem of life's short doom!  
 But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,  
 'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,  
 Whose light returns not, once declining,  
 Whose cloud, once come, will stay.

MOORE'S WORKS.

LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG  
I SING.

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

Lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,  
The lark's its soaring music be,  
E'en here some mournful note that tells  
Each April joy to weeping dwells.  
The gayest scenes that oft'nest steal  
Singing thoughts we fear, yet love to feel;  
Never half so sweet appears,  
Mirth forgets itself in tears.

As thou this Alpine song is gay —  
In hearts that, like their mountain-lay,  
A pain, and oft when pleasure's breath  
The surface, feel most sad beneath.  
The sun in which the snow-wreath wears  
While is that which wins its tears, —  
Its pow'r can never lend the glow  
Of bliss, without some touch of woe.

THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

Y o'er the moonlight snows

AT NIGHT.

At night, when all is still around,  
How sweet to hear the distant sound  
Of footstep, coming soft and light  
What pleasure in the anxious beat,  
With which the bosom flies to meet  
That foot that comes so soft at n

And then, at night, how sweet to see  
" 'Tis late, my love!" and chide del  
Though still the western clouds see  
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,  
The eloquence of mute caress,  
With those we love exchange'd at

FANNY, DEAREST.

Yes! had I leisure to sigh and moan  
Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh;  
And every smile on my cheek shewn  
To tears when thou art nigh.  
But, between love, and wine, and sleep  
So busy a life I live,  
That even the time it would take to  
Is more than my heart can give.

ve-lights glittering o'er;  
 Nile cups that shine  
 With freight divine  
 Lying round its shore.

Be dupe of future hours,  
 Whose lives in those gone by;  
 Do not see the moment's flowers  
 Laying up fresh beneath the eye.  
 Amidst thou, or thou,  
 I know what's now,  
 That Hope may say?  
 — Joy's reply,  
 In every eye,  
 Be we while we may."

#### THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Hand curat Hippocides.

ERASM. Adag.

we love we've drank to-night;  
 Do attend, and stare not,  
 The sampler list recite  
 For whom WE CARE NOT.

men, howe'er they frown,  
 Their fronts they bear not  
 The best gem that decks a crown,  
 People's Love — WE CARE NOT.

Thin men, who bend beneath  
 The yoke, yet dare not  
 To the will, whose very breath  
 Breaks its links — WE CARE NOT

Thinly men, who covet sway  
 Although, though they declare not;  
 Like finger-posts, the way  
 Never go — WE CARE NOT.

Thin men, who on their sword,  
 Whom it conquers, wear not  
 The es of a soldier's word,  
 'd and pure — WE CARE NOT.

Thin men, who plead for wrong,  
 Though to lies they swear not,  
 'Tis better than the throng  
 Who do — WE CARE NOT.

Thin men, who feed upon  
 Like grubs, and spare not  
 The best leaf, where they can sun  
 Their awling limbs — WE CARE NOT.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines  
 In darkness hid, and share not  
 The paltry ore with him who pines  
 In honest want — WE CARE NOT.

For prudent men, who hold the power  
 Of Love aloof, and bare not  
 Their hearts in any guardless hour  
 To Beauty's shaft — WE CARE NOT.

For all, in short, on land or sea,  
 In camp or court, who are not,  
 Who never were, or e'er will be  
 Good men and true — WE CARE NOT.

#### SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

A BALLAD.

The dance was o'er, yet still in dreams  
 That fairy scene went on;  
 Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams,  
 Though day itself is gone.  
 And gracefully, to music's sound,  
 The same bright nymphs went gliding round;  
 While thou, the Queen of all, wert there —  
 The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then chang'd — in halls of state,  
 I saw thee high enthron'd;  
 While, rang'd around, the wise, the great  
 In thee their mistress own'd:  
 And still the same, thy gentle sway  
 O'er willing subjects won its way —  
 'Till all confess'd the Right Divine  
 To rule o'er man was only thine!

But, lo, the scene now chang'd again —  
 And borne on plumed steed,  
 I saw thee o'er the battle-plain  
 Our land's defenders lead;  
 And stronger in thy beauty's charms,  
 Than man, with countless hosts in arms,  
 Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,  
 Thy very smile was victory!

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone —  
 In cot and court the same,  
 Wherever woman's smile is known,  
 Victoria's still her name.  
 For though she almost blush to reign,  
 Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,  
 Disguise our bondage as we will,  
 'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.

MOORE'S WORKS.

PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR  
AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

Play me that simple air again,  
So to love, in life's young day,  
Sing, if thou canst, the dreams that then  
Waken'd by that sweet lay.  
The tender gloom its strain  
Shed o'er the heart and brow,  
Grief's shadow, without its pain —  
Say where, where is it now?  
Play me the well-known air once more,  
Thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,  
Dreams of some far, fairy shore  
I never shall see again.

Air, how every note brings back  
Sunny hope, some day-dream bright  
Singing o'er life's early track,  
E'en its tears with light.

The new-found life that came  
With love's first echo'd vow; —  
The fear, the bliss, the shame —  
Ah — where, where are they now?  
All the same lov'd notes prolong,  
Sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,  
Dreams of youth and love and song,  
To breathe life's hour away.

When thou and I, and one like  
In life and beauty, to the sot  
Of our own breathless minstrel  
Danc'd till the sunlight fade  
Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,  
Lights, music, company, and all  
Oh, 'tis not in the languid strai  
Of lute like mine, whose day  
To call up even a dream again  
Of the fresh light those mom

GAZEL.

HASTE, Maami, the spring is nigh  
Already, in th' unopen'd flowe  
That sleep around us, Fancy's ey  
Can see the blush of future boy  
And joy it brings to thee and me  
My own beloved Maami!

The streamlet frozen on its way,  
To feed the marble Founts of  
Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,  
Upon its path exulting springs  
As doth this bounding heart to t  
My ever blissful Maami!

Such bright hours were not mad

When sails are back'd, we nearer come,  
 When words are said of friends and home;  
 Soon, too soon, we part with pain,  
 And all o'er silent seas again.

—♦—  
**HIP, HIP, HURRA!**

Fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,  
 As shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to  
 Drink;—  
 'Tis the girl that each loves, be her eye of what  
 I see,  
 'Tis true, it may, so her heart is but true."  
 Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Charge high again, boys, nor let the full wine  
 A space in the brimmer, where daylight may  
 Shine;  
 'Tis the friends of our youth—though of some  
 We're bereft,  
 The links that are lost but endear what are  
 Left!"  
 Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

More fill a bumper—ne'er talk of the hour;  
 As thus united old Time has no pow'r.  
 Our lives, tho', alas! like the wine of to-night,  
 Must soon have an end, to the last flow as  
 Bright."  
 Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass  
 Will run  
 Faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;  
 'Tis the poet who sings—here's the warrior  
 Who fights—  
 'Tis the statesman who speaks, in the cause of  
 Men's rights!"  
 Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Once more, a bumper!—then drink as you  
 Please,  
 So could fill half-way to toast such as these?  
 'Tis our next joyous meeting—and oh when  
 We meet,  
 Our wine be as bright and our union as  
 Sweet!"  
 Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

—♦—  
**HUSH, HUSH!**

"Hush, hush!"—how well  
 That sweet word sounds,

When Love, the little sentinel,  
 Walks his night-rounds;  
 Then, if a foot but dare  
 One rose-leaf crush,  
 Myriads of voices in the air  
 Whisper, "Hush, hush!"

"Hark, hark, 'tis he!"  
 The night-elves cry,  
 And hush their fairy harmony,  
 While he steals by;  
 But if his silv'ry feet  
 One dew-drop brush,  
 Voices are heard in chorus sweet,  
 Whispering, "Hush, hush!"

—♦—  
**THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.**

HE.

On to the field, our doom is seal'd,  
 To conquer or be slaves:  
 This sun shall see our nation free,  
 Or set upon our graves.

SHE.

Farewell, oh farewell, my love,  
 May Heav'n thy guardian be,  
 And send bright angels from above  
 To bring thee back to me.

HE.

On to the field, the battle-field,  
 Where Freedom's standard waves,  
 This sun shall see our tyrant yield,  
 Or shine upon our graves.

—♦—  
**THE WATCHMAN.**

A TRIO.

WATCHMAN.

Past twelve o'clock—past twelve.

Good night, good night, my dearest—  
 How fast the moments fly!  
 'Tis time to part, thou hearest  
 That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock—past one.

Yet stay a moment longer—  
 Alas! why is it so,  
 The wish to stay grows stronger,  
 The more 'tis time to go?

MOORE'S WORKS.

WATCHMAN.

ock—past two.

cloak about thee —  
must sure go wrong,  
're pass'd without thee,  
ten times as long.

WATCHMAN.

ock — past three.

eadful warning!  
me such flight?  
y, 'tis morning —  
eed, good night.

WATCHMAN.

ock — past three.

ood night.

SHALL WE DANCE ?

shall we dance?

Strike the gay chords,  
Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore  
That music haunts, or young feet wander o'  
Hark! 'tis the light march, to whose measure  
The Polish lady, by her lover led,  
Delights through gay saloons with step unti  
tread,  
Or sweeter still, through moonlight walks,  
Whose shadows serve to hide  
The blush that's rais'd by him who talks  
Of love the while by her side;  
Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose fi  
sound  
Like dreams we go gliding around,  
Say, which shall we dance? which shs  
dance?

THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMB'REST thou that setting sun,  
The last I saw with thee,  
When loud we heard the ev'ning gun  
Peal o'er the twilight sea?  
Boom! — the sounds appear'd to sweep  
Far o'er the verge of day,  
Till, into realms beyond the deep,  
They seem'd to die away.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

BY MR. CORY, IN THE CHARACTER OF  
AFTER THE PLAY OF THE DRAMATIST,  
THE KILKENNY THEATRE.

(*Entering as if to announce the Play.*)

and Gentlemen, on Monday night,  
ninth time — oh accents of delight  
your author's ear, when three times three  
all bumper crowns his Comedy!  
bought by money, and the muse, forsak'n,  
at length his jokes and boxes tak'n,  
his play-bill circulate — alas,  
the bill on which his name will pass!  
rapid, thus shall Thespian scrolls of fame  
in box and gall'ry waft your well-known  
name,  
and his eyes the happy cast shall con,  
and ladies spell your *Dram. Person.*

our worthy Manager intends  
my night, and he, you know, has friends.

As for Private Theatrical Performances prevailed during  
if of the last century among the higher ranks in Ire-  
land continued for nearly twenty years to survive the  
Union, and in the performances of the Private Theatre  
gave forth its last, as well as, perhaps, brightest, flashes.  
The soul of this institution was our manager, the late Mr.  
Corry, a gentleman who could boast a larger circle of ac-  
tress, and through a life more free from shadow or alloy,  
individual it has ever been my lot to know. No livelier  
I could be required of the sort of feeling entertained  
than was once shown in the reception given to the two  
melancholy lines which occurred in a Prologue I wrote to be  
recited by Mr. Corry in the character of Yaspid.

Our worthy manager intends  
to slip my night, and he, you know, has friends.

Simple words I wrote with the assured conviction that  
would produce more effect, from the homely truism they con-  
tained, than could be effected by the most laboured burst of elo-  
quence — the result was just what I had anticipated, for the  
audience spent a considerable time, with the heartiest plaudits,  
in listening to the comic, or rather farcical, force of the company lay in  
the character of Mr. Corry, and, "longo intervallo," myself; and though,  
in the hands of low comedians, we were much looked down upon by  
the aristocracy of the buskin, many was the sly joke we used to in-  
sert, at the expense of our heroic brethren. Some waggish  
audience is said to have declared that of all the personages of  
the drama the most admired the prompter, — "because he was least  
heard." But this joke was, of course, a mere good-  
natured. There were two, at least, of our dramatic corps,  
the actor and Mr. Rothe, whose powers, as tragic actors,  
I have ever equalled; and Mr. Corry — perhaps alone of  
any — would have been sure of winning laurels on the

Friends, did I say? for fixing friends, or *parts*,  
Engaging actors, or engaging hearts,  
There's nothing like him! wits, at his request,  
Are turn'd to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;  
Soldiers, for him, good "trembling cowards" make,  
And beans, turn'd clowns, look ugly for his sake;  
For him ev'n lawyers talk without a fee,  
For him (oh friendship!) I act tragedy!  
In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive tricks  
Make *boars* amusing, and put life in *sticks*.

With such a manager we can't but please,  
Though London sent us all her loud O. P.'s.<sup>2</sup>  
Let them come on, like snakes, all hiss and rattle,  
Arm'd with a thousand fans, we'd give them battle;  
You, on our side, R. P.<sup>3</sup> upon our banners,  
Soon should we teach the saucy O. P.'s manners:  
And show that, here — howe'er John Bull may  
doubt —

In all our plays, the Riot-Act's cut out;  
And, while we skim the cream of many a jest,  
Your well-tim'd thunder never sours its zest.

As to my own share in these representations, the following list of  
my most successful characters will show how remote from the line  
of the Heroic was the small orbit through which I ranged; my chief  
parts having been Sam, in "Raising the Wind," Robin Roughhead,  
Mungo, Sadi, in the "Mountaineers," Spado, and Peeping Tom.  
In the part of Spado there occur several allusions to that gay rogue's  
shortness of stature, which never failed to be welcomed by my au-  
ditors with laughter and cheers; and the words, "Even Sanguino  
allows I am a clever little fellow" was always a signal for this sort  
of friendly explosion. One of the songs, indeed, written by O'Keefe  
for the character of Spado so much abounds with points thus per-  
sonally applicable, that many supposed, with no great compliment  
either to my poetry or my modesty, that the song had been written,  
expressly for the occasion, by myself. The following is the verse to  
which I allude, and for the poetry of which I was thus made respon-  
sible:—

"Though born to be little's my fate,  
Yet so was the great Alexander;  
And, when I walk under a gate,  
I've no need to stoop like a gander.  
I'm no lanky, long hoddy-doddy,  
Whose paper-kite sails in the sky;  
Though wanting two feet, in my body,  
In soul, I am thirty feet high."

Some further account of the Kilkenny Theatre, as well as of the  
history of Private Theatricals in general, will be found in an article  
I wrote on the subject for the Edinburgh Review, vol. xlv. No. 22,  
p. 368. [From the preface to the seventh volume of the collected  
edition of 1841, 1842.]

<sup>2</sup> The brief appellation by which those persons were distinguished  
who, at the opening of the new theatre of Covent Garden, clamoured  
for the continuance of the old prices of admission.

<sup>3</sup> The initials of our manager's name.

MOORE'S WORKS.

tly thus, when three short weeks are past,  
 Shakespeare's altar<sup>1</sup>, shall we breathe our last ;  
 ere this long-lov'd dome to ruin nods,  
 die nobly, die like demigods !



EXTRACT

A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE  
 AUTHOR, AT THE OPENING OF THE KILKENNY  
 THEATRE, OCTOBER, 1809.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even here, though Fiction rules the hour,  
 shine some genuine smiles, beyond her  
 power ;  
 here are tears, too—tears that Memory sheds  
 'er the feast that mimic fancy spreads,  
 her heart misses *one* lamented guest,<sup>2</sup>  
 whose eye so long threw light o'er all the rest ;  
 there, indeed, the Muse forgets her task,  
 drooping weeps behind Thalia's mask.

Let this gloom — forgive this joyless strain,  
 and to welcome pleasure's smiling train.  
 Meeting thus, our hearts will part the lighter,  
 that at dawn but makes the setting brighter ;  
 the Epilogue will shine where Prologue fails —

The annals of the oldest witch  
 A pair so sorted could not split  
 But how refuse ?—the Gnome  
 The Rothschild of the world

And Sylphs, like other pretty  
 Are told, betimes, they must  
 Love as an auctioneer of feats  
 Who knocks them down to dust

Home she was taken to his Majesty  
 A Palace, pav'd with diamonds  
 And, proud as Lady Gnome to  
 Sent out her tickets for a Ball

The *lower* world, of course, was  
 And all the best ; but of the  
 The sprinkling was but shy as  
 A few old Sylphids, who love

As none yet knew the wondrous  
 Of DAVY, that renown'd Alchemist  
 And the Gnome's Halls exhal'd  
 Which accidents from fire were

The chambers were supplied with  
 By many strange but safe devices  
 Large fire-flies, such as shine  
 Among the Orient's flowers

rs disapprov'd this plan,  
by his flame though somewhat frighted,  
Love too much a gentleman,  
h a dangerous place to light it.

there he was — and dancing  
the fair Sylph, light as a feather;  
ok'd like two fresh sunbeams, glancing,  
ybreak, down to earth together.

had gone off safe and well,  
that plaguy torch, whose light,  
not yet kindled — who could tell  
soon, how devilishly, it might?

it chanced — which, in those dark  
ireless halls, was quite amazing;  
not know how small a spark  
et the torch of Love a-blazing.

it came (when close entangled  
gay waltz) from her bright eyes,  
the *luciole*, that spangled  
ocks of jet—is all surmise;

tain 'tis the' ethereal girl  
drop a spark, at some odd turning,  
by the waltz's windy whirl,  
fann'd up into actual burning.

hat Lamp's metallic gauze,  
curtain of protecting wire,  
DAVEY delicately draws  
nd illicit, dangerous fire! —

he sets 'twixt Flame and Air,  
'that, which barr'd young Thisbe's bliss,  
' whose small holes this dangerous pair  
see each other, but not kiss.<sup>1</sup>

the torch look'd rather blueely,  
a, they say, that no good boded—  
tick the gas became unruly,  
crack! the ball-room all exploded.

gnomes, and fiddlers mix'd together,  
all their aunts, sons, cousins, nieces,  
terflies in stormy weather,  
blown — legs, wings, and tails — to  
ieces!

mid these victims of the torch,  
ylph, alas, too bore her part —  
ing with a livid scorch,  
rom lightning, o'er her heart!

—— Partique ded're  
a quiqueq; sua, non pervenientia contrit.  
Orna.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well done" — a laughing Goblin said —  
Escaping from this gaseous strife —  
"Tis not the *first* time Love has made  
"A *blow-up* in connubial life!"

#### REMONSTRANCE.

*After a Conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some Idea of giving up all political Pursuits.*

WHAT! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy  
name —

Thou, born of a Russell — whose instinct to run  
The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same  
As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,  
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;  
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the weal  
Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,  
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,  
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,  
"Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to  
command?

Oh no, never dream it—while good men despair  
Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,  
Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare  
Such a light from her darkening horizon as  
thou.

With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of those  
Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd and  
warm;

Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose  
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her  
storm;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,  
It first kindles the bard and gives life to his  
lyre;  
Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness of truth,  
Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire;

With an eloquence—not like those rills from a  
height,  
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;  
But a current, that works out its way into light  
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of  
lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;  
If the stirrings of Genius, the music of fame,

MOORE'S WORKS.

ms of thy cause have not power to  
de,  
now to Freedom thou'rt pledg'd by  
me.

hs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree  
er the Fane and its service divine,  
es, that spring from the old Russell  
erty *claim'd* for the use of her Shrine.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

day" — what a diff'rent sound'  
I had in my youthful ears !  
Each time the day comes round,  
less white its mark appears !

our scanty years are told,  
e pastime to grow old ;  
ath counts the shining links,  
e around him binds so fast,  
the task, he little thinks  
that chain will press at last.  
a man, and false as vain,  
! — "were he ordain'd to run  
of life's course

FANCY.

THE more I've view'd this world, the  
found,

That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and crea  
Fancy commands, within her own brig  
A world of scenes and creatures far  
Nor is it that her power can call up the  
A single charm, that's not from natur  
No more than rainbows, in their pride,  
A single tint unborrow'd from the sun  
But 'tis the mental medium it shines thro  
That lends to Beauty all its charm and  
As the same light, that o'er the level lak  
One dull monotony of lustre flings,  
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop,  
Colours as gay as those on angels' wings

TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLI

*Carm.* 70.

*Dicebas quondam, &c.*

TO LESBLA.

I to fool to run,  
 ain caprice may call ;  
 not loving one,  
 d madd'ning all.

what now is past —  
 love, whose ruin lies  
 , the meadow's last,  
 ; ploughshare's edge, and dies!

*Carm. 29.*

*Insulam Strada, insularumque*

I thou, the very eye  
 rulas and isles,  
 kes of silver lie,  
 wreath'd by Neptune's smiles —

ck to thee I fly!  
 g, asking — can it be  
 ft Bithynia's sky,  
 safety upon thee ?

ppier than to find  
 t ease, our perils past ;  
 : long, the lighten d mind  
 ts load of care at last :

th toil o'er land and deep,  
 ead the welcome floor  
 me, and sink to sleep  
 -wish'd-for bed once more.<sup>1</sup>

that pays alone  
 ll life's former track. —  
 beautiful, my own  
 o ! greet thy master back.

Lake, whose water quaffs  
 heav'n like Lydia's sea,  
 — let all that laughs  
 come, laugh out for me!

LUS TO SULPICIA.

*his subducet famina lectum, &c. &c.  
 Lib. iv. Carm. 13.*

oman's smile have pow'r  
 ; from those gentle charms ! ” —  
 in that happy hour,  
 first gave thee to my arms.

*lute est beatus curis,  
 s omis reponit, ac peregrino  
 ad vendimas larem ad nostrum,  
 que acquiescimus lecto.*

And still alone thou charm'st my sight —  
 Still, though our city proudly shine  
 With forms and faces, fair and bright,  
 I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me,  
 And couldst no heart but mine allure ! —  
 To all men else unpleasing be,  
 So shall I feel my prize secure.<sup>2</sup>

Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest  
 Of others' envy, others' praise;  
 But, in its silence safely blest,  
 Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life ! by whose sweet pow'r  
 All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued —  
 My light, in ev'n the darkest hour,  
 My crowd, in deepest solitude!<sup>3</sup>

No, not though heav'n itself sent down  
 Some maid, of more than heav'nly charms,  
 With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,  
 Would he for her forsake those arms !

IMITATION,

FROM THE FRENCH.

With women and apples both Paris and Adam  
 Made mischief enough in their day : —  
 God be prais'd that the fate of mankind, my dear  
 Madam,

Depends not on us, the same way.  
 For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,  
 The world would have doubly to rue thee ;  
 Like Adam, I'd gladly take from thee the apple,  
 Like Paris, at once give it to thee.

INVITATION TO DINNER,

ADDRESSED TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

September, 1818.

SOME think we bards have nothing real;  
 That poets live among the stars so,  
 Their very dinners are ideal, —  
 (And, heaven knows, too oft they are so.) —  
 For instance, that we have instead  
 Of vulgar chops, and stews, and hashes,

<sup>2</sup> *Displacetas alia, sic ego tutus ero.*

<sup>3</sup> *Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atri  
 Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba look.*

MOORE'S WORKS.

— a Phoenix, at the head,  
 s own celestial ashes ;  
 gnet, which kept singing  
 its neck was wringing.  
 thus — Minerva's owl,  
 like learned fowl :  
 as heav'n's poulterer gets,  
 shoots his mother's pets.  
 d in Morning's roscate breath,  
 by a sunbeam's splendour ;  
 gales, berhymed to death —  
 g pigs whip'd to make them tender.

ay suit those bards who're able  
 at Duke Humphrey's table ;  
 e, who've long been taught  
 l drink like other people ;  
 up with mutton, bought  
 omham' rears its ancient steeple —  
 e will consent to share  
 east, though rude the fare,  
 by that salt he brings  
 s salinest springs,  
 o dainties ; — while the cup  
 influence bright'ning up,  
 Bancis, touch'd by Jove,  
 fit for gods above!

Who does not feel, while thus his eye  
 Rest on the enchanter's broken wi  
 Each earth-born spell it work'd arise  
 Before him in succession grand ? -

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o  
 The unshrinking Truth, that lets  
 Through Life's low, dark, interior fa  
 Opening the whole, severely brig

Yet softening, as she frowns along,  
 O'er scenes which angels weep to  
 Where Truth herself half veils the W  
 In pity of the Misery.

True bard ! — and simple, as the rac  
 Of true-born poets ever are,  
 When, stooping from their starry pla  
 They're children. near, though god

How freshly doth my mind recall,  
 'Mong the few days I've known wi  
 One that, most buoyantly of all,  
 Floats in the wake of memory<sup>2</sup>;

When he, the poet, doubly grac'd,  
 In life, as in his perfect strain,  
 With that pure, mellowing power of  
 Without which Fancy shines in vs



in this short life, afford  
 Each mists a moment stay,  
 One frank, atoning word,  
 Shine, melts them all away?

Our board that day — though one  
 My brother there had place;  
 The horses of the Sun,  
 They say, of earthly race.

O Genius is the power  
 Whence true Genius lies;  
 Was light around that hour  
 In memory, never dies;

It comes o'er me, as I gaze,  
 Theelic of the Dead, on thee,  
 Each dream of vanish'd days,  
 Indeed — but mournfully!

TO

VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT.

WRITTEN AT LACQUE ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832.

Could sing thy beauty's light,  
 Whose forms, and all so bright,  
 Came, from thy childhood, wear,  
 That which to call most fair,  
 ; the countless charms that spring  
 Around thee, which to sing.

Who would paint thee, as thou art,  
 How wert comes o'er my heart —  
 A full child, in beauty's dawn,  
 From the nursery's shade withdrawn,  
 Going out — like a young moon  
 Whose orb 'twill brighten soon.  
 ; in girlhood's blushing hour,  
 By own lov'd Abbey-tow'r  
 Thine look, all radiant, down,  
 As that to the hoary frown  
 Lies round thee lent a ray,  
 Even Age's gloom away; —  
 The world's resplendent throng,  
 Mark'd thee glide along,  
 As crowds of fair and great  
 Pure and separate,  
 Even Admiration's eye  
 Would not to approach too nigh; —  
 As, circled by a spell  
 Which nothing wrong could dwell;  
 As clear as from the source,  
 Through long life her limpid course,  
 Flows huss through the sea,  
 A fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light!  
 As noble bride, still meekly bright,  
 Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above  
 All earthly price, pure woman's love;  
 And show'st what lustre Rank receives,  
 When with his proud Corinthian leaves  
 Her rose thus high-bred Beauty weaves.

Wonder not if, where all's so fair  
 To choose were more than hard can dare;  
 Wonder not if, while every scene  
 I've watch'd thee through so bright hath been,  
 The' enamour'd Muse should, in her quest  
 Of beauty, know not where to rest,  
 But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,  
 Hailing thee beautiful in all!

A SPECULATION.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,  
 The best that I know for a lover of pelf,  
 Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,  
 And then sell him at that which he sets on  
 himself.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK, 1822.

They tell us of an Indian tree,  
 Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky  
 May tempt its boughs to wander free,  
 And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,

Far better loves to bend its arms  
 Downwards again to that dear earth,  
 From which the life, that fills and warms  
 Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,  
 And fed with fame (*if* fame it be),  
 This heart, my own dear mother, bends,  
 With love's true instinct, back to thee!

LOVE AND HYMEN.

Love had a fever — ne'er could close  
 His little eyes till day was breaking;  
 And wild and strange enough, Heav'n knows,  
 The things he rav'd about while waking.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ine so were a sin ; —  
 hom all the world's a debtor—  
 Hymen was call'd in,  
 that night slept rather better.

the case gave further hope yet,  
 still some ugly fever latent ; —  
 before "—a gentle opiate.  
 old Hymen has a patent.

th of daily call,  
 the dose went on restoring,  
 who first ne'er slept at all,  
 the rogue ! to downright snoring.



LINES

ON THE

THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES, 1821.

*Carbone notati.*

to the dust with them, slaves as they  
 our, let the blood in their dastardly

When the world stood in hope — when  
 that breath'd  
 The fresh air of the olden time, whisper  
 And the swords of all Italy, half-way un  
 But waiting one conquering cry, to fla

When around you the shades of your l  
 fame,  
 FELICAJAS and PETRARCHS, seem'd by  
 view,  
 And their words, and their warnings, lik  
 of bright flame  
 Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling

Oh shame ! that, in such a proud momen  
 Worth the hist'ry of ages, when, had  
 hurl'd

One bolt at your tyrant invader, that str  
 Between freemen and tyrants had sprea  
 the world —

That then — oh ! disgrace upon manho  
 then,

You should falter, should cling to yo  
 breath ;

Cow'r down into beasts, when you mi  
 stood men,

And prefer the slave's life of prostration.

## EPILOGUE.

## LADY DACRE'S TRAGEDY OF INA.

lonely o'er my fire I sat,  
 es, starts, exits, and — all that,  
 ; much what little knavish sprite  
 in women's heads to write :  
 — as in some witching dream —  
 plory round my book case beam,  
 ick-opening folds of azure light  
 form, as small and bright  
 airy, when he pops his head,  
 rning, from a violet bed.  
 I starting cried, "what imp are  
 —  
 vil, Ma'am—my name BAS BLEU—  
 ite, much giv'n to routs and read-  
 —  
 ch your spinsters of good breeding,  
 taste in chemistry and caps,  
 bounds of tuckers and of maps,  
 he waltz has twirl'd her giddy  
 —  
 ratics twirl it back again !"

he spoke — his hose was blue,  
 e covers of the last Review —  
 r'd with a jaundice hue,  
 ily o'er for evening wear,  
 arter brings a new fleg'd pair.  
 :—(pursued this waggish Fairy)—  
 rives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,  
 of Crispin and the Muse,  
 n splay-foot epigrams and shoes,  
 es of young Camilla shine,  
 ove's blue brilliances with mine ;  
 s apart, from coxcombs shrinking,  
 the pretty soul!—and *thinks* she's

Miss Indigo attends  
 memory, and assures her friends,  
 !—(*mimics*)—nothing can surpass

essor—(*trying to recollect*)—psha !  
 ory-man —  
 l's his name ? — him I attended  
 —  
 he improv'd my memory greatly."

low, I ask'd the blue-legg'd sprite,  
 had in this our play to-night.  
 (he cried) — there I am guiltless

s a heroine from that Gothic time,  
 waltz'd, and none but monks could

" When lovely woman all unschool'd and wild,  
 " Blush'd without art, and without culture smil'd—  
 " Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they shone,  
 " Ere Science call'd their brilliant world her own,  
 " Rang'd the wild, rosy things in learned orders,  
 " And fill'd with Greek the garden's blushing  
 borders !  
 " No, no — your gentle Inas will not do —  
 " To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,  
 " I'll come — (*pointing downwards*) — you under-  
 stand — till then adieu !"

And *has* the sprite been here? No—jests apart—  
 Howe'er man rules in science and in art,  
 The sphere of woman's glories is the heart.  
 And, if our Muse have sketched with pencil true  
 The wife — the mother — firm, yet gentle too —  
 Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath spun,  
 Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one ;  
 Who loves — yet dares even Love himself disown,  
 When Honour's broken shaft supports his throne,  
 If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,  
 Dire as they are, of Critics and — Blue Devils.

THE DAY-DREAM.<sup>1</sup>

THEY both were hush'd, the voice, the chords,—  
 I heard but once that witching lay ;  
 And few the notes, and few the words,  
 My spell-bound memory brought away ;

Traces remember'd here and there,  
 Like echoes of some broken strain ; —  
 Links of a sweetness lost in air,  
 That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled ;  
 And, though the charm still linger'd on,  
 That o'er each sense her song had shed,  
 The song itself was faded, gone ; —

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,  
 On summer days, ere youth had set ;  
 Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,  
 Though *what* they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,  
 I woo'd this truant air to come —  
 As birds are taught, on eastern plains,  
 To lure their wilder kindred home.

<sup>1</sup> In these stanzas I have done little more than relate a fact in verse; and the lady, whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.

MOORE'S WORKS.

— the song that Sappho gave,  
g, to the mournful sea,  
r slept beneath the wave,  
his within my memory.

, one morning, as I lay  
half-waking mood, when dreams  
ly at last give way  
full truth of daylight's beams,

the very face, methought,  
which had breath'd, as from a shrine  
nd soul, the notes I sought —  
with its music close to mine ;

the long-lost measure o'er, —  
ote and word, with every tone  
that lent it life before, —  
fect, all again my own !

ed souls, when, 'mid the Blest  
eet again, each widow'd sound  
memory's realm had wing'd in quest,  
weet mate, till all were found.

in waking did the clue,  
rangely caught, escape again ;  
lark its matins knew  
as now I knew this strain.

THE DREAM OF THE TWO S

FROM DANTE.

Nell ora, credo, che dell' oriente  
Prima raggio nel monte Citeres,  
Che di fuoco d' amor par sempre ardente  
Giovane e bella in sogno mi pareo  
Donna vedere andar per una landa  
Cogliendo fiori ; e cantando dicea : —

Sappia qualunque 'l mio nome dimanda,  
Ch' io mi son Lis, e vo movendo 'ntorno  
Le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda —  
Per piacermi allo specchio qui m' adorno ;  
Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga  
Dal suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto il giorno

El' è de' suoi begli occhi veder vaga,  
Com' io dell' adornarmi con le mani ;  
Lei lo vedere e me l'ottare appaga.

DANTE, *Po*

'Twas eve's soft hour, and bright, a  
The star of Beauty beam'd,  
While lull'd by light so full of love,  
In slumber thus I dream'd —  
Methought, at that sweet hour,  
A nymph came o'er the lea,  
Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,  
Thus said and sung to me : —  
“ Should any ask what Leila loves,  
“ Say thou, To wreathe her hair  
“ With flow'rets cull'd from glens a  
“ Is Leila's only care.

ry arms of Love,  
ne o'er her heart — a fear  
might, even yet, remove  
from that happy sphere.

ry ringlets," she exclaim'd,  
hem round her snowy fingers;  
ead, where a light, unnam'd,  
n on earth, for ever lingers;

through which I feel the breath  
en itself, whene'er they sever —  
ey mine, beyond all death,  
, hereafter, and for ever?

— I know that starry brow,  
nglets, and bright lips of thine,  
's shine, as they do now —  
I / live to see them shine?"

Love say, " Turn thine eyes  
nat sparkles round thee here —  
w in heaven, where nothing dies,  
these arms — what canst thou fear?"

ie fatal drop, that stole  
cup's immortal treasure,  
its bitter near her soul,  
a tinge to every pleasure.

There ne'er was transport given  
he's with that radiant boy,  
only face in heaven,  
as a cloud amid its joy.

#### JOKE VERSIFIED.

," said Tom's father, " at your time  
o longer excuse for thus playing the  
should think, boy, of taking a wife" —  
ia, father — whose wife shall I take?"

#### THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

nantle, which, o'er him who stood  
i's stream, descended from the sky,  
ibrance, which the wise and good  
he hearts that love them, when they

recious shall the memory be,  
n dying, to our souls by thee —  
ove we bore thee, cherish'd warm  
r souls through grief, and pain, and

HA's cruse, a holy charm,  
to " heal the waters " of this life!

#### TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE STRAINER.

Brighton, June, 1825.

This life, dear Corry, who can doubt? —  
Resembles much friend Ewart's ' wine ;  
When *first* the rosy drops come out,  
How beautiful, how clear they shine!

And thus awhile they keep their tint,  
So free from even a shade with some,  
That they would smile, did you but hint,  
That darker drops would *ever* come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,  
Each minute makes the sad truth plainer,  
Till life, like old and crusty port,  
When near its close, requires a strainer.

This friendship can alone confer,  
Alone can teach the drops to pass,  
If not as bright as *once* they were,  
At least unclouded, through the glass.

Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,  
Of which this heart were fonder, vainer,  
Than thus, if life grow like old wine,  
To have *thy* friendship for its strainer.

#### FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

HERE lies Factotum Ned at last;  
Long as he breath'd the vital air,  
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,  
In which Ned hadn't some small share.

Whoe'er was in, whoe'er was out,  
Whatever statesmen did or said,  
If not exactly brought about,  
'Twas all, at least, contriv'd by Ned.

With NAP, if Russia went to war,  
'Twas owing, under Providence,  
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar —  
(Vide his pamphlet — price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo —  
As all but Frenchmen think she was —  
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,  
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news — no envoy's bag  
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it;  
Scarcely a telegraph could wag  
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

1 A wine-merchant.

MOORE'S WORKS.

es he had of foreign plots,  
foreign names, one's ear to buzz in!  
ussia, *chefs* and *efs* in lots,  
Poland, *owshis* by the dozen.

George, alarm'd for England's creed,  
d out the last Whig ministry,  
n ask'd — who advis'd the deed?  
modestly confess'd 'twas he.

ugh, by some unlucky miss,  
d not downright *seen* the King,  
such hints through Viscount *This*,  
arquis *That*, as clench'd the thing.

he it was in science, arts,  
Drama, Books, MS. and printed —  
urn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,  
Scott's last work by him was hinted.

Harold in the proofs he read,  
here and there, infus'd some soul in't—  
vy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,  
—odd enough — an awkward hole in't.

us, all-doing and all-knowing,  
statesman, boxer, chymist, singer,  
er was the best pie going,  
t Ned — trust him — had his finger.

\* \* \* \* \*



'Twas thus she said, as 'mid the din  
Of footmen, and the town sedan,  
She lighted at the King's Head Inn,  
And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The Squires and their Squireesses all  
With young Squirinas, just *come o*  
And my Lord's daughters from the  
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no d

All these, as light she tripp'd up stai  
Were in the cloak-room seen asse  
When, hark! some new, outlandish  
From the First Fiddle, set her tre

She stops — she listens — *can* it be?  
Alas, in vain her ears would 'scap  
It is "Di tanti palpiti"  
As plain as English bow can scraj

"Courage!" however — in she goes  
With her best, sweeping country g  
When, ah too true, her worst of foes,  
QUADRILLE, there meets her, face!

Oh for the lyre, or violin,  
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsich  
To sing the rage these nymphs were  
Their looks and language, airs an

There stood QUADRILLE, with cat-lil  
(The beau-ideal of French beauty)  
A band-box thing, all art and lace

did she of Albion wear ;  
but run that two-beat race  
Set, not Dian e'er  
sister from the woodland chase.

the nymph, whose soul had in't  
ger now—whose eyes of blue  
hat bright, victorious tint,  
English maids call " *Waterloo* ")—

ner lightnings, in the dusk  
rm evening, flashing broke,  
o the tune of " *Money Musk*,"<sup>1</sup>  
truck up now—she proudly spoke:—

u that strain—that joyous strain?  
such as England lov'd to hear,  
, and all thy frippery train,  
sted both her foot and ear—

tz, that rake from foreign lands,  
m'd, in sight of all beholders,  
is rude, licentious hands  
tuous English backs and shoulders—

as and morals both grew bad,  
yet unfleec'd by funding blockheads,  
John Bull not only *had*,  
anc'd to, ' *Money* in both pockets.'

e change!—Oh, L—d—y,  
e is the land could 'escape disasters,  
ch a Foreign Secretary,  
l by Foreign Dancing Masters?

ye, men of ships and shops!  
s of day-books and of waves!  
'd, on one-side, into fops,  
irill'd, on t'other, into slaves!

ye lovely victims, seen,  
pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,  
ows, à la *crapaudine*,  
feet in—God knows what position;

l in by watchful chaperons,  
ctors of your airs and graces,  
ercept all whisper'd tones,  
read your telegraphic faces;

with the youth ador'd,  
at grim *cordons* of *Mammas*,  
rchange one tender word,  
gh whisper'd but in *queue de chats*.

you know how blest we rang'd,  
ile Quadrille usurp'd the fiddle—  
oks in *setting* were exchange'd,  
tender words in *down the middle*;

any a couple, like the wind,  
h nothing in its course controls,  
e and chaperons far behind,  
gave a loose to legs and souls;

<sup>1</sup> An old English Country Dance.

"How matrimony throve—ere stopp'd  
"By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting—  
"How charmingly one's partner popp'd  
"The' important question in *poussetting*.

"While now, alas—no sly advances—  
"No marriage hints—all goes on badly—  
"Twixt Parson Malthus and French Dances,  
"We, girls, are at a discount sadly.

"Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)  
"Declares not half so much is made  
"By Licences—and he must know well—  
"Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade."

She ceas'd—tears fell from every Miss—  
She now had touch'd the true pathetic:—  
One such authentic fact as this  
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was "Country dance!"  
And the maid saw, with brightening face,  
The Steward of the night advance,  
And lead her to her birthright place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceas'd,  
Now tun'd again their summons sweet,  
And, for one happy night, at least,  
Old England's triumph was complete.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ., OF DUBLIN.

If ever life was prosperously cast,  
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow  
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,  
'Twas his who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,  
The simple heart above all worldly wiles;  
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,  
And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,  
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,  
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,  
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;

The happy grateful spirit, that improves  
And brightens every gift by fortune given;  
That, wander where it will with those it loves,  
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven.

All these were his.—Oh, thou who read'st this  
stone,

When for thyself, thy children, to the sky  
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,  
That ye like him may live, like him may die!

MOORE'S WORKS.

GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

*Scriptis quidem factis, sed sequitur.*

SENeca.

the Sultan Genius reign'd,  
 Nature meant, supreme, alone ;  
 and uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd,  
 laws, his conquests were his own.

er like his, that digs its grave  
 its own sceptre, could not last ;  
 us' self became the slave  
 s that Genius' self had pass'd.

, who forg'd the chain of Fate,  
 ever after, doom'd to wear it ;  
 s, his struggles, all too late —  
*semel jussit, semper parat.*"

k young Genius' proud career,  
 slaves, who now his throne invaded,  
 criticism his prime Vizir,  
 from that hour his glories faded.

wn in Legislation's school,  
 d of even his own ambition,  
 r victories were by rule,  
 he was great but by permission.

At length, their last and worst to  
 They round him plac'd a guard  
 Reviewers, knaves, in brown, or b  
 Turn'd up with yellow,—chiefly

To dog his footsteps all about,  
 Like those in Longwood's priso  
 Who at Napoleon's heels rode out  
 For fear the Conqueror should !

Oh for some Champion of his pow  
 Some *Ultra* spirit, to set free,  
 As erst in Shakspeare's sovereign  
 The thunders of his Royalty !—

To vindicate his ancient line,  
 The first, the true, the only one  
 Of Right eternal and divine,  
 That rules beneath the blessed !

TO LADY J \* R \* \* Y

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING IN I

Writs

On albums, albums, how I dread,  
 Your everlasting scrap and scri  
 How often wish that from the dea  
 Old Omar would pop forth his hea  
 And he would be the first to see



THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible due to blurring and low contrast. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, but no specific content can be discerned.]

## PREFACE.\*

the true holiday mood, when a dear friend whose name is associated with some of the most pleasant hours of my past life offered me a seat in his carriage for my visit to Paris. This proposal I, of course, gladly accepted; and, in the year 1817, found myself, for the first time, in that gay capital.

The restoration of the Bourbon dynasty is so recent a date for any amalgamation yet taken place between the new order of things, all the most prominent features of both régimes were just then in their fullest relief, into juxtaposition. Accordingly, the result was such as to render an unconcerned spectator quite a matter for ridicule as for grave consideration. It would be difficult to convey to those who had not themselves seen the Paris of that period, any clear idea of the anomalous aspect, both social and political, which it then presented. It was on the days succeeding the deluge, the heroic age of antediluvians had been washed from out of the deep to take the place of a new and freshly starting

generation, the abundant amusement and interest which such a scene could not but afford was heightened by my having, in my youth, been made acquainted with some personages who were now most interesting characters in the future success of the Legitimate King, the Comte D'Artois, or Monsieur, I remember the seat of the Earl of Moira, under the very roof I used often and long to find a most hospitable home. The society of distinguished French emi-

grants were already staying on a visit in the house when Monsieur and his suite arrived; and among those were the present King of France and his two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte de Beaujolais.

Some doubt and uneasiness had, I remember, been felt by the two latter brothers, as to the reception they were likely to encounter from the new guest; and as, in those times, a cropped and unpowdered head was regarded generally as a symbol of Jacobinism, the Comte Beaujolais, who, like many other young men, wore his hair in this fashion, thought it, on the present occasion, most prudent, in order to avoid all risk of offence, not only to put powder in his hair, but also to provide himself with an artificial queue. This measure of precaution, however, led to a slight incident after dinner, which, though not very royal or dignified, was at least creditable to the social good-humour of the future Charles X. On the departure of the ladies from the dining-room, we had hardly seated ourselves in the old-fashioned style, round the fire, when Monsieur, who had happened to place himself next to Beaujolais, caught a glimpse of the ascitic tail, — which, having been rather carelessly put on, had a good deal straggled out of its place. With a sort of scream of jocular pleasure, as if delighted at the discovery, Monsieur seized the stray appendage, and, bringing it round into full view, to the great amusement of the whole company, popped it into poor grinning Beaujolais' mouth.

On one of the evenings of this short visit of Monsieur, I remember Curran arriving unexpectedly, on his way to London; and, having come too late for dinner, he joined our party in the evening. As the foreign portion of the company was then quite new to him, I was able to be useful, by informing him of the names, rank, and other particulars of the party

Preface to the seventh volume of the collected works, 1842.]

MOORE'S WORKS.

abled, from Monsieur himself, Duc de Lorge and the Baron when I had gone through the, poor fellows!" he exclaimed, of fun and pathos in his look, Poor fellows, *all* dismantled

evening of Monsieur's stay, I ng for him, among other songs, y!" one of my earliest attempts position. As soon as I had d me the compliment of reading ds as written under the music; havoc did he make, as to this ember, of whatever little sense could boast.

earlier poetic writings, more ful memorial may be found of ys I passed in this hospitable

many morns and moonlight nights  
on's green lawns and breezy heights.

verse nor prose could do any ort of impression I still retain of ished days. The library at

Lady Adelaide Forbes †; for it was th this truly noble lady, then in the first her beauty, used to sit for that picture in another part of the library, the I Orleans,—engaged generally at that ti a volume of Clarendon,—was by such unconsciously preparing himself for t and arduous destiny, which not only th Genius of France, but his own sagacit intrepid spirit, had early marked out f

I need hardly say how totally differe all the circumstances under which M himself and some of his followers wer seen by me in the year 1817;—th actors, indeed, but with an entirely new of scenery and decorations. Among riety of aspects presented by this char ridiculous certainly predominated; nor satirist who, like Philoctetes, was smitt a fancy for shooting at geese §, ask any supply of such game than the high pl France, at that period, both lay and ec tical, afforded. Not being versed, h sufficiently in French politics to ven meddle with them, even in sport, I

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

mer the following Epistles came into it is not necessary for the public to will be seen by Mr. FUDGE's Second he is one of those gentlemen whose ces in Ireland, under the mild ministry C——GH, have been so amply and remunerated Like his friend and as- MAS REYNOLDS, Esq., he had retired ward of his honest industry; but has induced to appear again in active life, stend the training of that *Delatorian* ch Lord S—DM—TH, in his wisdom ence, has organised.

Mr. FUDGE, himself, has yet made ries, does not appear from the follow- But much may be expected from a his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to —DM—TH, and the Greenland-bound res of all lovers of *discoveries* are now usly directed.

nuch that I have been obliged to omit edge's Third Letter, concluding the of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, but in consequence of some remarks nette's thin drapery, which, it was ght give offence to certain well-means, the manuscript was sent back to is revision, and had not returned when et was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. KING wrote a treatise to prove that BENTLEY "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of me, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Two-penny Post-Bag — such as it is — having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγώ δ' ὁ ΜΟΡΟΣ ἀπὸς  
Εὐθρασύη μετροῦμι.

I can only add, that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propria personâ*, that I am — his, or her,

Very obedient

And very humble Servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

## THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS

ella Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la  
o travestimento.—CASTIGLIONE.

### LETTER I.

BODY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —  
CLONKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

while the tails of our horses are

ying on, and Papa, at the door,  
French is, as usual, translating  
resolve not to give a *sou* more,  
rite you a line — only think! —  
rance, with French pens and French

though, would you believe it, my

hing yet *very* wonderful here;  
no sentiment, far as we've come,  
ds and trees quite as dull as at home;  
post-boy, his boots and his queue,  
well be at Clonkilty with you!  
SEIN'S, did I take from my trunk

There's the pillar, too — Lord! I had n  
got —

What a charming idea! — rais'd close to  
The mode being now, (as you've heard, I  
To build tombs over legs<sup>2</sup>, and raise pillar

This is all that's occur'd sentimental as  
Except, indeed, some little flow'r-nymp  
met,

Who disturb one's romance with pecunia  
Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then—  
for *sous*!

And some picturesque beggars, whose m  
seem

To recall the good days of the *ancien rég*  
All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy  
And as thin as they were in the time

STERNE.

Our party consists (in a neat Calais job)  
Of Papa and myself, Mr. CONNOR and B  
You remember how the Irish People

What d'ye think?—mind, it's all *entre nous*, love, I never keep secrets from — writing a book — what! a tale? a romance? would it were! — but his *Travels in France*; his *Confessions* (he let out t'other day) his friend and patron, my Lord C-ST-L-R-GH, "My dear FUDGE" — I forget the words, strange, no one ever remembers my name; something to say that, as all must allow, orthodox work is much wanting just now, I to the world the new—thingummie—piece, by the— what's-its-name — Holy Alliance, to mankind that their rights are but a joke, (which it is, you know, L.Y.) one," said his Lordship, "if I may be allowed, or this great undertaking as FUDGE!"

was soon settled — Pa flies to the *Row* (age your tourists now usually go), for his quarto—advertisements, praises—from the door, with his tablets—French pieces — "visit," of course — in short, ev'ry thing is as you can want, except words and ideas: the first thing, in the spring of the year, FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my dear!

Now, my paper's near out, so I'd better say a close:— this exceeding long letter a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, BY would have, and is hard at it yet. — I? oh, the tutor, the last of the party, FOR:—they say he's so like BONA-PART, and his chin — which Papa rather likes, reasons, you know, are suppressing all the noble old NAP's, and who knows but honours them in their fright, of suppressing poor TOR's?

! mantua-maker in Paris.

at imitation of the noble Lord's style shows how the poor must have studied his great original. Irish

*Au reste* (as we say), the young lad's well enough, Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;

A third cousin of ours, by the way — poor as Job (Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma), And for charity made private tutor to BOB; — *Entre nous*, too, a Papist — how lib'ral of Pa!

This is all, dear, — forgive me for breaking off thus, But BOB's *déjeuner*'s done, and Papa's in a fuss. B.F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop; And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it, Must now, DOLL, be made in a hideous low bonnet. But Paris, dear Paris! — oh, *there* will be joy, And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame Le Roi!

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST—R—GH.

Paris.

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss To date to you a line from this "Demoraliz'd" metropolis; Where, by plebeians low and scurvy, The throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy, And Kingship, tumbled from its seat, "Stood prostrate" at the people's feet; Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes) The level of obedience slopes Upward and downward, as the stream Of *hydra* faction kicks the beam! Where the poor Palace changes masters Quicker than a snake its skin, And LOUIS is roll'd out on castors, While BONER's borne on shoulders in:— But where, in every change, no doubt, One special good your Lordship traces, — That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out, The *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C — GH, I've thought of thee upon the way, As in my *job* (what place could be More apt to wake a thought of thee?) — Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting Upon my dicky, (as is fitting) For him who writes a *Tour*, that he May more of men and manners see.)

oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B——, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said, "He put his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and," &c. &c.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ee and of thy glories,  
 ngs, and King of Tories!  
 y fame has grown  
 yond man's usual share,  
 till thou art known,  
 MPLE, every where!  
 ith what powers of breath,  
 aving speech'd to death  
 f your fellow-men,  
 Sov'reign's ears,—and when  
 e were doz'd, at last  
 e Sov'reign<sup>1</sup> of Belfast.  
 ses and the trophies  
 Morosophs and Sophis;  
 es to thy fame.  
 should'st be chiefly pleas'd at—  
 s her snuff thy name,  
 n's the thing now sneez'd at!

a truce to praising —  
 Lordship will allow  
 ions are amazing;  
 run short, and now,  
 y, my guide and teacher  
 phoric fringes,  
 he *feature*  
 er chiefly *hinges*;)—<sup>2</sup>  
 that is to prove —  
 e Sprites above,  
 e Sprites on Judges

That Poland, left for Russia's lunch  
 Upon the side-board, snug reposes:  
 While Saxony's as pleas'd as Punch,  
 And Norway "on a bed of roses!"  
 That, as for some few million souls,  
 Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!  
 If half were strangl'd—Spaniards, Poles,  
 And Frenchmen—'twouldn't make much od  
 So Europe's goodly Royal ones,  
 Sit easy on their sacred thrones;  
 So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,<sup>4</sup>  
 And Louis eats his *salmi*<sup>3</sup>, daily;  
 So time is left to Emperor SANDY  
 To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy;  
 And G—GE the R—G—T (who'd forget  
 That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)  
 Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,  
 For Dragons after Chinese models,  
 And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo,  
 Might come and nine times knock th  
 noddles!—  
 All this my Quarto 'll prove—much more  
 Than Quarto ever prov'd before:  
 In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,  
 My facts the *Courier* shall supply,  
 My jokes V—NS—T, P—LE my sense,  
 And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!  
 My journal penn'd by fits and starts,  
 On BIDDY's back or BOBBY's shoulder,  
 My son, my Land, a youth of part



mpious hand its pow'r would fix,  
ig'd and wigg'd<sup>1</sup> at fifty-six !<sup>2</sup>

ment's quite new, you see,  
es exactly, Q. E. D.  
with duty to the R—G—T,  
r Lord,

Your most obedient,

P. F.

*stencil, Rue Rivoli.*

gings—rather dear for me ;  
DY said she thought 'twould look  
thus to date my Book ;  
DY's right—besides, it carries  
our with our friends at MURRAY'S,  
n what any man can say,  
as from Rue St.-Honoré !<sup>3</sup>

### LETTER III.

BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

! you may talk of your writing and  
ading,  
gic and Greek, but there's nothing like  
eding ;  
is the place for it, DICKY, you dog,  
ices on earth—the head-quarters of Prog!  
England—her fam'd Magna Charta, I  
rear, is  
ig, a flam, to the Carte<sup>4</sup> at old VÉRY'S ;  
for your juries—who would not set o'er  
m  
of Tasters,<sup>5</sup> with woodcocks before 'em ?  
RTWRIGHT his Parliaments, fresh every  
ar ;  
e friends of *short Commons* would never  
here ;  
ROMILLY speak as he will on the question,  
st of Law's like the laws of digestion !

y, DICK, I fatten—but n'importe for that,  
mode—your Legitimates always get fat.

<sup>1</sup> A fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty, adds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great "bonne longé lateque Principem ostentant !" Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse of having written his book "in a back street of the tal."

<sup>2</sup> of Fare.—Véry, a well-known restaurateur. alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury, which used to assemble at the Hôtel of M. Grimod re, and of which this modern Arcestratus has given in his Almanach des Gourmands, cinquième année

ry-land of cookery and gourmandise: "Pays, où le viandes toutes cultes, et où, comme on parle, les abent toutes roties. Du Latin, coquere."—Duchat.

There's the R—G—T, there's LOUIS — and BONEY tried too,

But, though somewhat imperial in paunch,  
'twouldn't do:—

He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when he wed,

But he ne'er grew right royally fat in the head.

DICK, DICK, what a place is this Paris !— but stay—

As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,

As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,  
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Co-  
caigne,<sup>6</sup>

That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,  
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,

And the skaters in winter show off on *cream-ice* ;  
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,

*Macaroni au parmesan* grows in the fields ;  
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,

And the geese are all born with a liver complaint !<sup>7</sup>  
I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—

For a lad who goes into the world, DICK, like me,  
Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—

Almost as tight as some lads who go out of it.

With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold up

"The mirror to nature" so bright you could sup  
Off the leather like china; with a coat, too, that draws

On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause !

With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,  
And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,

I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet  
Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

There, DICK, what a breakfast ! oh, not like your ghost

Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast ;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *ptétes* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique* :—"On déplume l'estomac des oies ; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie népatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie." &c. p. 206.

<sup>7</sup> Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for tea renders him liable to a charge of *atheism* ? Such, at least, is the opinion cited in *Christian Palster. Amseliat. Philog.*—"Atheum interpretabatur hominem ad herbâ theaversum."—He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read *Peter Pettit's* Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned *Huet*—or the Epigram which *Peckhams* wrote for an altar he meant to

MOORE'S WORKS.

d, you dog, where one's eye roves  
 n the Haram, and thence singles out  
 ks, just to tune up the throat,  
 bs of chickens, done *en papillote*,  
 outlets, drest all ways but plain,  
 ys — imagine, DICK — done with  
 gne!  
 sses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or, may-  
 hich you know's the pet tippie of  
 l, by the by, that legitimate stickler,  
 to taste, but *I'm* not so partic'lar.—  
 nes next, by prescription: and then,  
 'er-failing and glorious appendix,  
 at such, my old Grecian, depend on't,  
 n W—TK—ns', for sake of the end  
*parfait-amour*, which one sips  
 ed velvet<sup>2</sup> tipp'd over one's lips.  
 ng ended, and *paid for*—(how odd!  
 us'd to paying, there's something  
 in't!)—  
 ell out, and the girls all abroad,  
 rld enough air'd for us, Nobs, to  
 in't,  
 the Boulevards, where — oh, DICK,  
 zcs.

Such hats!—fit for monkeys—I'd back N  
 PER  
 To cut neater weather-boards out of brov  
 And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't dis  
 They'd club for old BR—MM—L, from (L  
 dress 'em!  
 The collar sticks out from the neck such  
 That you'd swear 'twas the plan of th  
 lopping nation,  
 To leave there behind them a snug little  
 For the head to drop into, on decapita  
 In short, what with mountebanks, count  
 seurs,  
 Some mummers by trade, and the rest an  
 What with captains in new jockey-boots  
 breeches,  
 Old dustmen with swinging great oper  
 And shoeblacks reclining by statues in n  
 There never was seen such a race  
 Sprats!  
 From the Boulevards—but hearken!—  
 I'm a sinner,  
 The clock is just striking the half-hour to  
 So *no* more at present—short time for ad  
 My Day must be finish'd some other fin  
 ing.  
 Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS' larder,  
 And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty  
 Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear

re, home, parents, friends, I trace  
 ful mark of bondage and disgrace!  
 hem stay, who in their country's pangs  
 : but food for factions and harangues;  
 y kneel before their masters' doors,  
 their wrongs, as beggars do their sores:  
 ar \* \* \* \* \*

and suffer, all who can!—but I,  
 not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

r?— everywhere the scourge pursues —  
 he will, the wretched wand'rer views,  
 ht, broken hopes of all his race,  
 ections of the' Oppressor's face.  
 re gallant hearts, and spirits true,  
 up victims to the vile and few;  
 gl—d, everywhere—the general foe  
 nd Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—  
 en tyrants strike, to aid the blow.

—d! could such poor revenge atone  
 , that well might claim the deadliest one;  
 'engeance, sweet enough to sate  
 : who flies from thy intolerant hate,  
 : curses on such barb'rous sway  
 here'er he bends his cheerless way;—  
 content him, every lip he meets  
 his vengeance with such poisonous  
 its;

his lux'ry, never is thy name  
 , but he doth banquet on thy shame;  
 : dictions ring from every side  
 grasping power, that selfish pride,  
 nts its own, and scorns all rights beside;  
 nd desp'rate envy, which to blast  
 r's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—  
 ter, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,  
 r lurks behind thy proffer'd shield;—  
 ess craft, which, in thy hour of need,  
 the slave, can swear he shall be freed,  
 spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,  
 : masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd!  
 ociate of that band of Kings,  
 , rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings  
 ng Europe treacherously brood,  
 r into dreams of promis'd good,  
 : freedom—but to drain her blood!  
 ear thee branded be a bliss  
 eance loves, there's yet more sweet than

an Irish head, an Irish heart,  
 the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art;

ords—“The memory of the desolation.”—*Leo of*

ought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim  
 . He is evidently an intemperate young man, and  
 with his cousins the Fudges to very little purpose.

That, as the centaur<sup>2</sup> gave the' infected vest  
 In which he died, to rack his conqu'ror's breast,  
 We sent thee C——OH:—as heaps of dead  
 Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,  
 So hath our land breath'd out, thy fame to dim,  
 Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb,  
 Her worst infections all condens'd in him!  
 \* \* \* \* \*

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh,  
 when

Will that redeeming day shine out on men,  
 That shall behold them rise, erect and free  
 As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!  
 When Reason shall no longer blindly bow  
 To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,  
 Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;  
 Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;  
 Nor drunken Vict'ry, with a NERO's mirth,  
 Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—  
 But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones  
 Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—  
 Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be?—or, oh! is it, in truth,  
 But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,  
 In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,  
 'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!  
 And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,  
 Be all resign'd?—and are *they* only right,  
 Who say this world of thinking souls was made  
 To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd  
 In scales that, ever since the world begun,  
 Have counted millions but as dust to one?  
 Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn  
 The rights, the freedom to which man was born?  
 Who \* \* \* \* \*

Who, proud to kiss each sep'rate rod of pow'r,  
 Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;  
 Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,  
 And take the thund'ring of his brass for Jove's!  
 If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,  
 Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,  
 Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,  
 Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there!—  
 Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,  
 Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight  
 For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,  
 Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,  
 The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,  
 Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's land,  
 Against whole millions panting to be free,  
 Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny.

2                    Membra et Hercules toros  
 Urit Inca Nomen.  
 Ille, ille victor vincitur.

*Sansc. Hercol. Cf.*

MOORE'S WORKS.

the' Athenian bard, whose blade  
 enset which his pen portray'd,

\* \* \* \* \*

ARISTIDES—woe the day  
 should mingle!—welcome C——GH!

off, at this unhallow'd name,<sup>1</sup>  
 old, when words ill-omen'd came.  
 Tell thee, bitterly shall tell,

\* \* \* \* \*

—could patience hold—'twere

and burning where they are.



LETTER V.

BY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —.

once I wrote!—I'm a sad, naughty

like a tee-totum, I'm all in a whirl;—  
 (in wittily say) a tee-totum

With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high  
 poking,

Like things that are put to keep chimneys  
 smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delirium  
 Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and  
 This dear busy place, where there's nothing  
 acting

But dressing and dinnering, dancing and  
 Imprimitis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!

Brother BOBBY's remark, t'other night  
 true one;—

“This *must* be the music,” said he, “of the  
 “For I'm curst if each note of it does  
 through one!”

Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's  
 out

'Twas the Jacobins brought ev'ry mischief  
 That this passion for roaring has come in  
 Since the rabble all tried for a *voix* in the  
 What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'er

What a chorus, dear DOLLY, would so  
 loose of it,

If, when of age, every man in the realm  
 Had a voice like old LAIS<sup>2</sup>, and chose  
 use of it!

No—never was known in this riotous splendor  
 Such a breach of the peace as their sin  
 dear.

ben, the music—so softly its cadences die,  
 & divinely—oh DOLLY! between you and I,  
 & as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh  
 & make love to me then—you're a soul, and can  
 judge  
 hat a crisis 'twould be for your friend BIDDY  
 FUDGE!

ne next place (which BOBBY has near lost his  
 heart in)

wey call it the Play-House—I think—of St.  
 Martin;<sup>1</sup>

site charming—and very religious—what folly  
 & say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY,  
 hen here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,  
 he Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly;<sup>2</sup>  
 nd, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,  
 hey will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.  
 ere DANIEL, in pantomime,<sup>3</sup> bids bold defiance  
 & NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd lions,  
 hile pretty young Israelites dance round the  
 Prophet,

very thin clothing, and but little of it;—  
 ere BÉGRAND,<sup>4</sup> who shines in this scriptural path,  
 As the lovely SUZANNA, without ev'n a relic  
 f drapery round her, comes out of the bath

In a manner that, BOB says, is quite *Eve-angelic!*  
 at in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite  
 ll the exquisite places we're at day and night;  
 nd, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad  
 ust to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

ast night, at the Beaujon,<sup>5</sup> a place where—I  
 doubt

f its charms I can paint—there are cars, that set out  
 rom a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,  
 and rattle you down, DOLL — you hardly know  
 where.

These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through  
 This delightfully dangerous journey hold two.

Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether  
 You'll venture down *with* him—you smile—'tis  
 a match;

han instant you're seated, and down both together  
 Go thund'ring, as if you went post to Old Scratch!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Théâtre de la Porte St.-Martin, which was built when the  
 King's House in the Palais Royal was burnt down, in 1781. — A few  
 years after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and  
 which several persons perished, the Parisian *déjeuners* displayed  
 blue-coloured dresses, "couleur de feu d'Opéra!" — *Dulaure,*  
*Écrivain de Paris.*

<sup>2</sup> "The Old Testament," says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette  
 France, "is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-  
 houses. A multitude crowd round the Théâtre de la Gaîté every  
 night to see the Passage of the Red Sea."  
 in the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-dramas at Vienna we  
 find "The Voice of G—d," by M. Schwartz."

<sup>3</sup> A piece very popular last year, called "Daniel, ou La Fosse aux  
 lions." The following scene will give an idea of the daring sub-  
 tlety of these Scriptural pantomimes. "Scène 20. — La fournaise  
 dans un horizon de nuages assés, au fond duquel est un groupe

Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd  
 On the looks and odd ways of the girls who em-  
 bark'd,

The impatience of some for the perilous flight,  
 The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and  
 fright,—

That there came up — imagine, dear DOLL, if you  
 can

A fine fallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,  
 With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)  
 The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half  
 soft,

As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or  
 A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!  
 Up he came, DOLL, to me, and, uncov'ring his  
 head,

(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,  
 "Ah! my dear — if Ma'mselle vil be so very  
 good —

Just for von littel course" — though I scarce un-  
 derstood

What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I  
 would.

Off we set — and though faith, dear, I hardly  
 knew whether

My head or my heels were the uppermost then,  
 For 'twas like heav'n and earth, DOLLY, coming  
 together, —

Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again.  
 And oh! as I gaz'd on the features and air

Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,  
 I could fancy almost he and I were a pair

Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,  
 Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a  
 Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara!

This achiev'd, through the gardens' we saunter'd  
 about,

Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique!"  
 at each cracker,

And when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out  
 With the air, I will say, of a Prince, to our  
*fiacre.*

Now, hear me — this stranger — it may be mere  
 folly —

But *who* do you think we all think it is, DOLLY?

de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu ' Jehovah ' au centre d'un  
 cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'Éternel."

<sup>4</sup> Madame Bégrand, a finely-formed woman, who acts in "Susanna  
 and the Elders," — "L'Amour et la Folie," &c. &c.

<sup>5</sup> The Promenades Adriennes, or French Mountains. — See a de-  
 scription of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a  
 pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by "F. F. Cottetel, Médecin, Docteur  
 de la Faculté de Paris," &c. &c.

<sup>6</sup> According to Dr. Cottetel, the cars go at the rate of forty-eight  
 miles an hour.

<sup>7</sup> In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Doctor  
 Cottetel informs us) "deux nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront  
 par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles.  
 Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une main bien noire, fera davan-  
 tage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci." — p. 22.

MOORE'S WORKS.

no less than the great King of  
 mcog.' — he, who made such a  
 andon, with BLUCHER and PLA-  
 ear kissing old BLUCHER's cra-  
 here to look after his money,  
 s now as he us'd under BONEY,)  
 our friend, for BOB saw him, he  
 the silver receiv'd at the door.  
 say that his grief for his Queen  
 in this sweet fellow's face to be  
 stimulant dose as this car is,  
 a day with young ladies in  
 sed, has declar'd that such grief  
 a 'twould to utter despairing its  
 —  
 n, and there seek relief  
 BOB says, "like shot through a  
 "  
 eu; — only think, DOLLY, think  
 he King — I have scarce slept a  
 ow it will sound in the papers

'Tis truly pleasing to see how  
 We, FIDGES, stand by one another.  
 But never fear — I know my chap,  
 And he knows *me too* — *verbum sap.*  
 My Lord and I are kindred spirits;  
 Like in our ways as two young ferrets;  
 Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,  
 To twist into all sorts of places; —  
 Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,  
 Fond of blood and *burrow*-mongering.  
 As to my Book in 91,  
 Call'd "Down with Kings, or, Who'd  
 thought it?"  
 Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone,  
 Not ev'n the' Attorney-General bought it  
 And, though some few seditious tricks  
 I play'd in 95 and 6,  
 As you remind me in your letter,  
 His Lordship likes me all the better —  
 We proselytes, that come with news full,  
 Are, as he says, so vastly useful!  
 REYNOLDS and I — (you know TOM REYNO  
 Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise —  
 Lucky the dog that first unkennels  
 Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;  
 Or who can help to *bag* a few,  
 When S—D—TH wants a death or two;) REYNOLDS and I, and some few more,  
 All men, like us, of *information*,

was thought extremely good,  
 (him) was understood —  
 rank "The R—o—r's Ears,"  
 times three illustrious cheers,  
 the room resound like thunder —  
 —r's Ears, and may he ne'er  
 ish shame, like MIDAS, wear  
 ry wigs to keep them under!"<sup>1</sup>  
 ut our old friends, the Whigs  
 merry all as grigs.  
 I thank you not to mention  
 ings again), we get on gaily;  
 to pension and Suspension,  
 club increases daily.  
 d OLIVER, and such,  
 us yet full salary touch,  
 air chaise and pair, nor buy  
 lands, like TOM and I,  
 on't rank with us, *salvators*,<sup>2</sup>  
 serve the Club as waiters.  
 s, too, we've our *collar days*,  
 an, an awkward phrase,)  
 ir new costume adorn'd, —  
 -r's buff and blue coats *turn'd* —  
 e honour to give dinners  
 ief Rats in upper stations;<sup>3</sup>  
 -rs, V—ns, — half-fledg'd sinners,  
 ne us by their imitations;  
 tis true — but what of that?  
 : useful *peaching* Rat;  
 us mute as Punch, when bought,  
 ten heads are all they've brought;  
 ough to shirk their friends,  
 unt-hearted to betray,  
 ll their twists and bends,  
 in Limbo, damn'd half way.  
 obbler vermin are —  
 ful as we're rare;  
 e things miraculous  
 your natural histories brag,  
 must be Rats like us,  
*he cat out of the bag*.  
 se Tyros in the cause  
 own, no small applause;  
 : by us receiv'd and treated  
 e honours — only seated

nder wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured  
 appendages :  
 ora purpureis tentat velare tiaras.—Ovyn.  
 of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual  
 ended King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P—  
 r.  
 and his friends ought to go by this name — as the  
 years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose  
 was ever after called *Salvator Rosa*.  
 cy between the Rats and Informers is just as it  
 re dulce sodalium."  
 p, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial  
 one three times a week from a celebrated music-  
 singing.  
 these two propensities of the Noble Lord would  
 led among that ancient people of Etruria, who, as

In the' inverse scale of their reward,  
 The merely *promis'd* next my Lord;  
 Small pensions then, and so on, down,  
 Rat after rat, they graduate  
 Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,  
 To Chanc'lorship and Marquisate.  
 This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;  
 The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure;  
 My Lord, you know, 's an amateur<sup>4</sup> —  
 Takes every part with perfect ease,  
 Though to the Base by nature suited;  
 And, form'd for all, as best may please,  
 For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,  
 Turns from his victims to his glees,  
 And has them both well *executed*.<sup>5</sup>  
 H—r—d, who, though no Rat himself,  
 Delights in all such liberal arts,  
 Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,  
 And superintends the *Corni* parts,  
 While C—nn—o<sup>6</sup>, who'd be *first* by choice,  
 Consents to take an *under* voice;  
 And GR—v—s<sup>7</sup>, who well that signal knows,  
 Watches the *Volti subitio*.<sup>8</sup>

In short, as I've already hinted,  
 We take, of late, prodigiously;  
 But as our Club is somewhat stinted  
 For *Gentlemen*, like TOM and me,  
 We'll take it kind if you'll provide  
 A few *Squireens*<sup>9</sup> from t'other side;—  
 Some of those loyal, cunning elves  
 (We often tell the tale with laughter),  
 Who us'd to hide the pikes themselves,  
 Then hang the fools who found them after.  
 I doubt not you could find us, too,  
 Some Orange Parsons that might do;  
 Among the rest, we've heard of one,  
 The Reverend — something — HAMILTON,  
 Who stuff'd a figure of himself  
 (Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,  
 To bring some Papists to the shelf,  
 That couldn't otherwise be got at—  
 If *he'll* but join the Association,  
 We'll vote him in by acclamation.

Aristotle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound  
 of flutes!

<sup>1</sup> This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present al-  
 lance with Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is  
 inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of  
 Fashion:—

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,  
 It is time we should part, my dear Sue;  
 For your character's totally lost,  
 And I have not sufficient for two!"

<sup>2</sup> The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same  
 instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the  
 Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

<sup>3</sup> Turn *instantly* — a frequent direction in music-books.

<sup>4</sup> The Irish diminutive of *Squire*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

y brother, guide, and friend,  
 at tedious scrawl must end.  
 o this long detail,  
 saw your nerves were shaken  
 s fears lest I should fail  
 r, *loyal*, course I've taken.  
 ur heart! you need not doubt—  
 , know what we're about.  
 and say if you can see  
 e thriving family.  
 t, the Doctor—night and day  
 of patients so besiege him,  
 that all the rich and gay  
 n purpose to oblige him.  
 ey think, the precious ninnies,  
 ing o'er their pulse so steady,  
 ut counts how many guineas  
 il, for that day's work, already.  
 get the' old maid's alarm,  
 ing thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he  
 ropp'd her shrivell'd arm,  
 bad this morning—only thirty!"

ers, too, every one,  
 s are, when they call *him* in.  
 ut now retire upon  
 matisms of three old women.  
 e'er your ailments are,  
 learnedly explain ye 'em—  
 course is a *catarrh*.

Which, though conspicuous in thy you  
 Improves so with a wig and band of  
 That all thy pride's to waylay Truth,  
 And leave her not a leg to stand on  
 Thy patent, prime morality,—  
 Thy cases, cited from the Bible—  
 Thy candour, when it falls to thee  
 To help in troncing for a libel;—  
 "God knows, I, from my soul, profess  
 "To hate all bigots and benighters!  
 "God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,  
 "The sacred Freedom of the Press,  
 "My only aim's to—crush the writ  
 These are the virtues, TIM, that draw  
 The briefs into thy bag so fast;  
 And these, oh TIM—if Law be Law—  
 Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length—  
 But 'twas my wish to prove to thee  
 How full of hope, and wealth, and stre  
 Are all our precious family.  
 And, should affairs go on as pleasant  
 As, thank the Fates, they do at presen  
 Should we but still enjoy the sway  
 Of S—DM—H and of C———GH,  
 I hope, ere long, to see the day  
 When England's wisest statesmen, jud  
 Lawyers, peers, will all be—FUDGES!



't hope, in that triumphant time,  
 arches, after years of spoil and crime,  
 the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd  
 -  
 't hope the lust of spoil was gone;  
 apacious spirit, which had play'd  
 of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid;  
 e's Rulers, conscious of the past,  
 h, and deviate into right at last?  
 e hearts, that nurs'd a hope so fair,  
 learn what men on thrones can dare;  
 know, of all earth's rav'ning things,  
 'tite untameable are Kings!  
 they met when, to its nature true,  
 : of their race broke out anew;  
 eatices, charters, all were vain,  
 ne! rapine!" was the cry again.  
 they carv'd their victims, and how well,  
 , let injur'd Genoa tell;—  
 t human stock that, day by day,  
 t Royal slave-mart, truck'd away,—  
 souls that, in the face of heaven,  
 o fractions', barter'd, sold, or given  
 me despot Power, too huge before,  
 town Europe with one Mammoth more.  
 e faith of Kings let France decide;—  
 broken, ere its ink had dried;—  
 nthrall'd—her Reason mock'd again  
 : monkery it had spurn'd in vain;  
 disgrac'd by one, who dar'd to own  
 not France but England for his throne;  
 as cast into the shade by those,  
 own old among her bitterest foes,  
 turn'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,  
 slaves! to claim her heroes' fields;  
 wn ev'ry trophy of her fame,  
 hat glory which to them was shame!—  
 let all the damning deeds, that then  
 through Europe, cry aloud to men,  
 like that of crashing ice that rings  
 ne huts, the perfidy of Kings;  
 world, when hawks shall harmless bear  
 ig dove, when wolves shall learn to spare  
 : victim for whose blood they lusted,  
 hen only, monarchs may be trusted.

last—these horrors *could* not last—  
 ld herself have ris'n, in might, to cast  
 rs off—and oh! that then, as now  
 ome distant islet's rocky brow,  
 e'er had come to force, to blight,  
 tur'd, a cause so proudly bright;—  
 triot arts with doubt and shame,  
 n Freedom's flag a despot's name;—

a Congress was reconstructing Europe—not ac-  
 a, natural affinities, language, habits, or laws; but  
 mee, which divided and subdivided her population  
 souls, and even *fractions*, according to a scale of the  
 axes which could be levied by the acquiring state,"

To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,  
 And make the stake of *all* the game of *one*!  
 Then would the world have seen again what pow'r  
 A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;  
 Then would the fire of France once more have  
 blaz'd;—  
 For every single sword, reluctant rais'd  
 In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,  
 Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;  
 And never, never had the' unholy stain  
 Of Bourbon feet disgrac'd her shores again.

But fate decreed not so—the' Imperial Bird,  
 That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,  
 Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,  
 Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring;—  
 Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that  
 made

His own transgressions whiten in their shade;  
 Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er  
 By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more:—  
 Forth from his cage the eagle burst to light,  
 From steeple on to steeple<sup>2</sup> wing'd his flight,  
 With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne  
 From which a Royal craven just had flown;  
 And resting there, as in his ærie, furl'd  
 Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,  
 Whose feast of spoil, whose plund'ring holiday  
 Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,  
 By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic earth!  
 Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban,—  
 "Assassinate, who will—enchain, who can,  
 "The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!"  
 "Faithless!"—and this from *you*—from *you*, for-  
 sooth,

Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,  
 Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried;  
 Whose true Swiss zeal had serv'd on every side;  
 Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,  
 Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,  
 And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see  
 Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy!  
 Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong—  
 To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong.—  
 The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate  
 Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state;  
 But let some upstart dare to soar so high  
 In Kingly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry!  
 What, though long years of mutual treachery  
 Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves  
 With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong your-  
 selves;

&c.—Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia. The  
 words on the protocol are *imes, demi-imes, &c.*

2 "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de  
 Notre-Dame."—Napoleon's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

M M

MOORE'S WORKS.

ch by turns was knave and dupe —  
 t then?  
 ague would set all straight again;  
 's virtue, which a dip or two  
 ess'd fountain made as good as new!<sup>1</sup>  
 ul Russia—faithful to whoe'er  
 der best, and give him amplest share;  
 when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,  
 of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*,<sup>2</sup>  
 oning still by amiable gradations,  
 were stript of all, then fleec'd relations!<sup>3</sup>  
 and saintly Prussia—steep'd to the' ears  
 ed Poland's blood and tears,  
 with all her harpy wings outspread  
 d Saxony's devoted head!  
 ria too—whose hist'ry nought repeats  
 a leagues and subsidiz'd defeats;  
 h, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,  
 h, as man, a widow'd daughter knows!  
 oh England—who, though once as  
 d maids, of shame or perfidy,  
 roke in, and, thanks to C——GH,  
 s worst and falsest lead'st the way!

he pure divan, whose pens and wits  
 e from Elba frighten'd into fits;—  
 the saints, who doom'd NAPOLEON'S

Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds!  
 Deserve a lash—oh! weightier far t

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON'S  
 stays,—  
 Which I *knew* would go smash with  
 these days,  
 And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full  
 We lads had begun our dessert with  
 Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning  
 Just to order another, by Jove I wew  
 Or, as honest TOM said, in his nautic  
 "D—n my eyes, BOB, in *doubling the*  
*miss'd stays*."<sup>4</sup>  
 So, of course, as no gentleman's see  
 them,  
 They're now at the Schneider's?—an  
 about them,  
 Here goes for a letter, post-haste, ne  
 Let us see—in my last I was—where  
 Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as me  
 Man ever would wish a day's loun  
 With its cafés and gardens, hotels a  
 Its founts, and old Counts sippin

wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,  
ed currant-juice<sup>1</sup> round them are

in arm as we chattering stray,  
civil "God-dems" by the way,—  
hese mounseers, — though we've  
wealth  
ighth, till we've thrown ourselves  
thisic,

hair throats an old King for their  
ttle children to make them take

ood-natur'd money and slaughter,  
Beelzebub hates holy-water!  
ice cares, DICK, as long as they

nd good cookery flourishes—  
'nets protected, we, Natties,  
ll fling at their *salmis* and *pâtés*?  
vays declar'd 'twould be pity  
round such a choice-feeding city.  
s way, he'd have long ago blown  
to old Nick—and the *people*, I

use than their curst monkey looks,  
low-up—but then, damn it, their

nd Statesmen, and all their whole

I care, you may knock them to

their Cooks—what a loss to man-

the world would their art leave

ster spits — their intense sala-

hair pots, that can soften old

ever — their miracles o'er,

e *Perpétuelle*<sup>2</sup> bubbling no more!  
it, ye Holy Allies!

r ye fancy — take statues, take

oh leave them, their Perigueux

goose-livers, and high pickled

<sup>1</sup> fountains, from which the gossille water is  
ng the most characteristic ornaments of the

see Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis  
donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons." —  
1, Quatrième Année, p. 152.

one of the most favourite and indigestible  
fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon.  
la ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées  
1 *Gastronomique*, p. 202.

Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought  
us,

Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,  
Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us  
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?<sup>4</sup>

You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"  
"Coquin Anglais," et cæ't'ra — how gen'rous I  
am!

And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"  
Which will take us all night to get through in this  
way,)

From the Boulevards we saunter through many a  
street,

Crack jokes on the natives — mine, all very neat —  
Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,  
And find *twice* as much fun in the Signs of the  
Shops;—

*Here*, a Louis Dix-huit — *there*, a Martinmas goose,  
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of  
use) —

Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great  
many,

But Saints are the most on hard duty of any:—  
St. TOMX, who us'd all temptations to spurn,  
*Here* hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his  
turn;

While *there* St. VENECLA<sup>5</sup> sits hemming and frilling  
her

Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner;—  
Saint AUSTIN's the "outward and visible sign  
"Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small  
wine;

While St. DENYS hangs out o'er some hatter of  
*ton*,

And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,<sup>6</sup>  
Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who've got — next to  
none!

Then we stare into shops — read the evening's  
*affiches* —

Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should  
wish

Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,  
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, DICK),  
To the *Passage des* — what d'ye call't — *des Pano-*  
*ramas*<sup>7</sup>

We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as  
Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen  
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.

<sup>4</sup> The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière — "On  
connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs;  
sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

<sup>5</sup> Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under  
the name of Venesla or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

<sup>6</sup> St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The  
sot of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known:—"Je le  
crois bien; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

<sup>7</sup> Off the Boulevards Italiens.

MOORE'S WORKS.

curse—*petits pâtés* do one day,  
 our lunch with the Gaufrier Hol-

artist, who brings out, like Sc—rt,  
 productions so quick, hot and hot;  
 for the exquisite comment that fol-

*ino*, which—Lord, how one swal-

n, we saunter forth after our snack,

frances for the price of a *fiacre*,  
 away to the old Montagnes Russes,  
 a few twirls in the car of much use  
 the hunger and thirst of us sinners,  
 into snacks—the perdition of dinners.

—in answer to one of your queries,  
 n we, Gourmands, have had much  
 on—

ese mountains, Swiss, French, and  
 i's,

for *digestion*?, there's none like the

otion—so gentle, though fleet—  
 such a light and salubrious scamper

om you please—take old L—s  
 —T,

n—ay, up to the neck—with stew'd

That epoch—but woa! my lad—here  
 Schneider,

And, curse him, has made the stays thr  
 wider—

Too wide by an inch and a half—what

But, no matter—'twill all be set right b

As we've MASSIXOR'S<sup>2</sup> eloquent *carte* to e

An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill u

So—not to lose time, DICK—here go

task;

*Au revoir*, my old boy—of the Gods I b

That my life, like "the Leap of the G

may be,  
 "Du lit à la table, de la table au lit!"

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD  
 C—ST—GH.

My Lord, the' Instructions, brought to—

"I shall in all my best obey."

Your Lordship talks and writes so sensi

And—whatsoe'er some wags may say—

Oh! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

I feel the' inquiries in your letter

About my health and French most fl

Thank ye, my French, though somewh

y Lord—there's none can do  
 i-*English* things like you;  
 ne schemes that fill thy breast  
 but a vent congenial seek,  
 the tongue that suits them best,  
 charming Turkish wouldst thou speak!  
 r me, a Frenchless grub,  
 agress never born to stammer,  
 i like thee, my Lord, to snub  
 Monarchs, out of CHAMBAUD's grammar—  
 i, you do not, cannot know  
 a little French will go;  
 ne's stock, one need but draw  
 ne half-dozen words like these—  
 a—*par-là—là-bas—ah ha!*  
 I take you all through France with ease.

rdship's praises of the scraps  
 you from my Journal lately,  
 ing a few lac'd caps  
 dy C.) delight me greatly.  
 ring speech—"what pretty things  
 finds in Mr. FUDGE's pages!"  
 which (as some poet sings)  
 . pay one for the toils of ages.

ter'd, I presume to send  
 ore extracts to a friend;  
 ould hope they'll be no less  
 l of than my last MS.—  
 er ones, I fear, were creas'd,  
 ody round the caps *would* pin them!  
 : will come to hand, at least  
 pled, for there's nothing in them.

from *Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to*  
*Lord C.*

Aug. 10.

the Mad-house—saw the man,<sup>1</sup>  
 hinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend  
 rd here full riot ran,  
 e the rest, was guillotined;—  
 when, under BONEY's reign,  
 re discreet, though quite as strong one,)  
 is were all restor'd again,  
 the scramble, got a *wrong* one.  
 ightly, he still cries out  
 trange head fits him most unpleasantly;  
 ays runs, poor devil, about,  
 ; for his own incessantly.

his case a tear I dropt,  
 aunter'd home, thought I—ye Gods!

brave extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He  
 really as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of  
 ad been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got  
 person's instead of his own.  
 i compile.—HOMER.

How many heads might thus be swopp'd,  
 And, after all, not make much odds!  
 For instance, there's V—S—TT—r's head—  
 ("Tam *carum*"<sup>2</sup> it may well be said)  
 If by some curious chance it came  
 To settle on BILL SOAMES's<sup>3</sup> shoulders,  
 The' effect would turn out much the same  
 On all respectable cash-holders:  
 Except that while, in its *new* socket,  
 The head was planning schemes to win  
 A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,  
 The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—DM—H, too, instead  
 Of his own grave, respected head,  
 Might wear (for aught I see that bars)  
 Old Lady WILHELMINA FRUMP's—  
 So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,  
 The head might lisp out, "What is trumps?"—  
 The R—G—r's brains could we transfer  
 To some robust man-milliner,  
 The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon  
 Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;  
 And, *vice versa*, take the pains  
 To give the P—CÆ the shopman's brains,  
 One only change from thence would flow,  
*Ribbons* would not be wasted so.

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;  
 And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,  
 I found myself, before I snor'd,  
 Thus chopping, swopping head for head,  
 At length I thought, fantastic elf!  
 How such a change would suit *myself*.  
 'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,  
 With various pericraniums saddled,  
 At last I tried your Lordship's on,  
 And then I grew completely addled—  
 Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em!  
 And slept, and dreamt that I was—BOTTOM.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter BRD—was shown  
 The house of Commons, and the Throne,  
 Whose velvet cushion's just the same<sup>4</sup>  
 NAPOLEON sat on—what a shame!  
 Oh, can we wonder, best of speakers,  
 When LOUIS seated thus we see,  
 That France's "fundamental features"  
 Are much the same they us'd to be?  
 However,—God preserve the Throne,  
 And *cushion* too—and keep them free

<sup>2</sup> A celebrated pick-pocket.

<sup>4</sup> The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of  
 lilies for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal;  
 "exitium mietre apibus," like the angry nymphs in *Virgil*:—  
 but may not *new occurrences* arise out of the victims of Legitimacy yet?

MOORE'S WORKS.

which have been known  
to Royalty!'

Aug. 28.

For oft one pops  
These stalls and shops,  
and gives one's Book  
a frowning look.—  
in Latin, lately,  
improves me greatly) —  
that, in the East,  
's a serious matter ;  
year, at least,  
to see if he gets fatter :<sup>2</sup>  
For two he be  
quite a jubilee !<sup>3</sup>  
— and far from me  
gets with levity —  
the R—G—T's weight  
an affair of state ;  
, at the close, —  
th, which, all can see, is  
ough, God knows —  
how heavy *he* is.  
All hearts to hear  
Nation's Revenue  
ends a year,  
and bless him! *gains* a few.  
in, chintzes, spices,  
s weigh their Kings :—

To whisper Bishops — and so nigh  
Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,  
That you may always know him by  
A patch of powder on his nose ! —  
If this won't do, we in must cram  
The " Reasons " of Lord B—CK—GH—X ;  
(A Book his Lordship means to write,  
Entitled " Reasons for my Ratting : ")  
Or, should these prove too small and light,  
His r—p's a host — we'll bundle *that* in !  
And, *still* should all these masses fail  
To turn the R—G—T's ponderous scale,  
Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,  
Pitch in, without reserve or stint,  
The whole of R—GL—Y's beauteous Dame—  
If *that* won't raise him, devil's in't.

Aug. 29

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS

About those famous spies at Rome,<sup>1</sup>  
Whom certain Whigs — to make a fuss —  
Describe as much resembling us,<sup>2</sup>  
Informing gentlemen, at home.  
But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,  
To say Lord S—DM—TH's like TIBERIUS!  
What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,  
Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman! —  
'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to  
All sorts of spies — so doth the Peer, too.  
'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,

an, cut up, or broke  
 he wheel—a devilish fair one!  
 upon fractures, wounds, and fits,  
 ing to such wholesale wits;  
 he sufferer gasp for life,  
 ce is then worth any money;  
 e writhe beneath a knife,—  
 r, that's something *quite* too funny.  
 spect, my Lord, you see  
 an wag and ours agree:  
 y *your* resemblance—mum—  
 urallel we need not follow;<sup>1</sup>  
 tia, in Ireland, said by some  
 ordship beats TIBERIUS hollow;  
 rains—but these are things too serious,  
 to mention or discuss;  
 your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,  
 FUDGE's part is *Tacitus!*

Sept. 2.

king, had Lord S—DM—TH got  
 l decent sort of Plot  
 he winter-time—if not,  
 y our ruin's fated;  
 up, and *spificated!*  
 and all their vassals,  
 m C—TL—GH to CASTLES,—  
 : can kick up a riot,  
 hope for peace or quiet!  
 be done?—Spa-Fields was clever;  
 m *that* brought gibes and mockings  
 heads—so, *mem.*—must never  
 mmunition in old stockings;  
 some wag should in his curst head  
 y say our force was *worsted*.  
 —when SID an army raises,  
 ot be “incog,” like *Bayes*'s:  
 the General be a hobbling  
 of the art of cobbling;  
 who perpetrate such puns,  
 say, with Jacobinic grin,  
 om *soleing Wellingtons*,<sup>2</sup>  
 'ington's great *soul* within!  
 an old Apothecary  
 : the Tower, for lack of pence,  
 at these wags would call, so merry,)  
 I force and *phial*-ence!  
 —our Plot, my Lord, must be  
 y contriv'd more skilfully.  
 l, I grieve to say, is growing  
 somely sharp and knowing,  
 -in short, so Jacobin—  
 trous hard to *take him in*.

some point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C.  
 'edges might have mentioned.—“*suspensa semper est*  
 “*et*,” so called.  
 countenance, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.  
 : is a little mistaken here. It was not Grimaldi, but

Sept. 3.  
 Heard of the fate of our Ambassador  
 In China, and was sorely nettled;  
 But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er  
 Till all this matter's fairly settled;  
 And here's the mode occurs to me:—  
 As none of our Nobility,  
 Though for their *own* most gracious King  
 (They would kiss hands, or—anything),  
 Can be persuaded to go through  
 This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou*;  
 And as these Mandarins *won't* bend,  
 Without some mumming exhibition,  
 Suppose, my Lord, you were to send  
 GRIMALDI to them on a mission:  
 As *Legate*, JOE could play his part,  
 And if, in diplomatic art,  
 The “*volto sciolto*”<sup>3</sup>'s meritorious,  
 Let JOE but grin, he has it, glorious!  
 A *title* for him's easily made;

And, by-the-by, one Christmas time,  
 If I remember right, he play'd  
 Lord MORLEY in some pantomime;<sup>4</sup>—  
 As Earl of M—RL—Y then gazette him,  
 If *'t'other* Earl of M—RL—Y 'll let him.  
 (And why should not the world be blest  
 With *two* such stars, for East and West?)  
 Then, when before the Yellow Screen  
 He's brought—and, sure, the very essence  
 Of etiquette would be that scene  
 Of JOE in the Celestial Presence!—  
 He thus should say:—“Duke Ho and Soo,  
 “I'll play what tricks you please for you,  
 “If you'll, in turn, but do for me  
 “A few small tricks you now shall see.  
 “If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,  
 “At least you'll do the same for *my* King.”  
 He then should give them nine such grins,  
 As would astound ev'n Mandarins;  
 And throw such somersets before  
 The picture of King GEORGE (God bless him!)  
 As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,  
 Would, by CONFUCIUS, *much* distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,  
 But think you'll find some wisdom in't;  
 And, should you follow up the job,  
 My son, my Lord (you *know* poor BOB),  
 Would in the suite be glad to go  
 And help his Excellency, JOE;—  
 At least, like noble AMH—EST's son,  
 The lad will do to *practise* on.<sup>5</sup>

some very inferior performer, who played this part of “Lord  
 Morley” in the pantomime.—so much to the horror of the dis-  
 tinguished Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the  
 Noble Earl to Mr. H—R—S, upon this vulgar profanation of his  
 spick-and-span new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given  
 to the world.

<sup>3</sup> See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.

MOORE'S WORKS.

LETTER X.

MY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY—.

he King, after all, my dear crea-

go laugh, now—there's nothing

air and for grimness of feature,

King, DOLL, though, hang him,

art, for I wish'd it, I own,

ause but to vex Miss MALONE,—

ress, you know, of Shandangan,

h *such* airs, and a real Cashmere,!

t a paltry old rabbit-skin, dear !)

deeply consid'ring the thing,

well pleas'd it should *not* be the

my BIDDY, so *gentille* and *jolie*,

ms may their price in an *honest*

enburgh"—(what *is* a Branden-

OLLY?)—

fter all, no such very great catch.

-T indeed"—added he, looking

You shall hear all that's happen'd, just bi  
over,

Since that happy night, when we  
through the air !

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes,

yes—

From that evening I date the first dawn  
bliss,

When we both rattled off' in that dear li

riage,

Whose journey, BOB says, is so like L  
Marriage,

"Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down

"And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly

Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the

through;

And, next day, having scribbled my letter

With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow!

I set out with Papa, to see LOUIS DIX-HU

Make his bow to some half dozen women a

Who get up a small concert of shrill *Fire le*

And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even

Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses

The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we

o'er 'em,

'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bre

rum,

And daphnes, and vases, and many a stat

There staring with not ev'n a stitch on



in, if I could, but a glance at that curl, —  
 see of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,  
 look that, Pa says,<sup>1</sup> is to Mussulmen giv'n,  
 angel to hold by that "hugs them to heav'n!"  
 ere went by me full many a quiz,  
 astachios in plenty, but nothing like his!  
 ointed, I found myself sighing out "well-a-  
 day," —

it of the words of T—M—R—R's Irish  
 Melody,  
 ing about the "green spot of delight"<sup>2</sup>  
 ich, you know, Captain MACKINTOSH sung  
 to us one day):  
 LLY, my "spot" was that Saturday night,  
 its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by  
 Sunday!

ed at a tavern — La, what do I say?  
 as was to know! — a *Restaurateur's*, dear;  
 your *properest* ladies go dine every day,  
 drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like  
 beer.

OB (for he's really grown *super-fine*)  
 descended, for once, to make one of the party;  
 se, though but three, we had dinner for nine,  
 in spite of my grief, love, I own I ate hearty.

DOLL, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief,  
 always found eating a wondrous relief;  
 OB, who's in love, said he felt the same,  
*quite* —

"sighs," said he, "ceas'd with the first glass  
 I drank you;  
 amb made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me  
 light,  
 — now that all's o'er — why, I'm — pretty  
 well, thank you!"

great annoyance, we sat rather late;  
 BBY and Pa had a furious debate  
 singing and cookery — BOBBY, of course,  
 ig up for the latter Fine Art in full force;<sup>3</sup>  
 a saying, "God only knows which is worst,  
 e French Singers or Cooks, but I wish us  
 well over it —

with old LAÏS and VÉRY, I'm curst  
 my head or my stomach will ever recover it!"

lark when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,  
 in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,

is scrap of knowledge "Pa" was, I suspect, indebted to  
 m Volney's *Ruins*; a book which usually forms part of a  
 library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well  
 d at the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings,"  
 note in Volney is as follows:—"It is by this tuft of  
 he crown of the head, worn by the majority of Musul-  
 the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry  
 radices."

sung lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude,  
 the following lines:—

Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot,  
 Which First Love trac'd;  
 Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot  
 On Memory's waste!

When, sudden it struck me — last hope of my soul —  
 That some angel might take the dear man to  
 TORTONI'S!<sup>4</sup>

We enter'd — and, scarcely had BOB, with an air,  
 For a *grappe à la jardinière* called to the waiters,  
 When, oh DOLL! I saw him — my hero was there  
 (For I knew his white small-clothes and brown  
 leather gaiters),

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er  
 him,<sup>5</sup>

And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!  
 Oh DOLLY, these heroes — what creatures they are;  
 In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of  
 slaughter!

As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,  
 As when safe at TORTONI'S, o'er ic'd currant  
 water!

He join'd us — imagine, dear creature, my ecstasy —  
 Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!  
 BOB wished to treat him with Punch *à la glace*,  
 But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,  
 And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he  
 twirl'd)

Were, to him, "on de top of all Ponch in de  
 world." —

How pretty! — though oft (as of course it must be)  
 Both his French and his English are Greek, DOLL,  
 to me.

But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did:  
 And happier still, when 'twas fixed, ere we parted,  
 That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,  
 We all would set off, in French buggies, together,  
 To see *Montmorency* — that place, which, you know,  
 Is so famous for cherries and JEAN JACQUES  
 ROUSSEAU.

His card then he gave us — the *name*, rather  
 creas'd —

But 'twas CALICOT — something — a Colonel at  
 least!

After which — sure there never was hero so civil  
 — he

Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,  
 Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw  
 A soft look o'er his shoulders, were — "How do  
 you do!"<sup>6</sup>

[next —  
 But, lord, — there's Papa for the post — I'm so  
*Montmorency* must now, love, be kept for my next.

<sup>3</sup> Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a Bacon; (see his *Natural History, Receipts, &c.*) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of Mr. *Dugald Stewart*:—"Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create." — *Philosophical Essays*.

<sup>4</sup> A fashionable *café glacé* on the Italian Boulevards.

<sup>5</sup> "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr. Scott, "under a Grecian group."

<sup>6</sup> Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.

MOORE'S WORKS.

!—I was charmingly drest,  
!— was looking my best ;  
own, with a flounce — and

rich — (though Pa has by

ou seen, where we sat rather

g the cambric, my dear.

ay bonnet — but, la, it's in

DOLL — I shall soon write  
B. F.

to all neighbours about —

r — how is his gout?

d my letter to say,

ot tell me, (now *do*, DOLLY,

he's so ready to quiz,)

dear, a *Brandenburgh* is.

TER XI.

CONNOR TO —.

noble and as great

No, 'twas not *then* the time to weave a net  
Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fret  
Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,  
When every hope was in his speed and might —  
To waste the hour of action in dispute,  
And coolly plan how freedom's *boughs* should shoot  
When your Invader's axe was at the *root*!  
No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws  
Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows  
How well I love thee, and how deeply hate  
*All* tyrants, upstart and Legitimate —  
Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,  
I would have follow'd with quick heart and hand  
NAPOLEON, NERO — ay, no matter whom —  
To snatch my country from that damning doom,  
That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits —  
A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates!

True, he was false — despotic — all you please —  
Had trampled down man's holiest liberties —  
Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things  
Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,  
But rais'd the hopes of men — as eaglets fly  
With tortoises aloft into the sky —  
To dash them down again more shatt'ringly!  
All this I own — but still ?

\* \* \* \* \*

morning was lovely—the trees in full  
 blossom on every happy occasion—the sunshine *express*—  
 I order'd it, dear, of the best poet going,  
 and could be furnish'd more golden and  
 glowing.  
 Late when we started, the scent of the air  
 was GATTIE'S rose-water, — and, bright, here  
 and there,  
 a mass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,  
 and aunt's diamond pin on her green tabinet!  
 The birds seem'd to warble as blest on the  
 bushes,  
 As a plum'd Calicot had for her spouse;  
 The grapes were all blushing and kissing in  
 rows,  
 I short, need I tell you, wherever one goes  
 to creature one loves, 'tis all *couleur de rose*;  
 I shall ne'er, liv'd I ever so long, see  
 such as that at divine Montmorency!

as but *one* drawback—at first when we  
 started,  
 Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;  
 I el—young hearts of such moments to rob!  
 I in Pa's buggy, and I went with BOB;  
 I own, I felt spitefully happy to know  
 Pa and his comrade agreed but *so-so*.  
 Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of BONEY'S—  
 I with him, of course—nay, I'm sure they  
 were cronies.  
 As for his features! dear DOLL, you can trace  
 the sterlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face  
 as on that pillar of glory and brass,<sup>1</sup>  
 the poor Duc DE B—RI must hate so to  
 pass!  
 Pa, too, he made—as most foreigners do—  
 an English affair an odd blunder or two.  
 I'm simple—misled by the names, I dare say—  
 I named JACK CASTLES with Lord C—GH;  
 I'm sure such a blunder no mortal hit ever  
 on—  
 the *present* Lord C—MD—N the *clever* one!

tics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade!  
 I for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.  
 I had you heard, as together we walk'd  
 in that beautiful forest, how sweetly he  
 talk'd;

1. Column in the Place Vendôme.

2. "C'est pour cela le plus beau papier doré, s'échant l'écrite  
 la poudre d'azur et d'argent, et coussant mes cahiers  
 n'importe quelle bléne."—*Les Confessions*, part II. liv. 9.  
 3. "Exquisite," is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's;  
 instead she was not a little angry when her brother Bob  
 pun on the last two syllables of it in the following

4. "I can praise your Poem—but tell me, how is it  
 when I cry out "Exquisite," Echo cries "quis it?"

And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know  
 All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES  
 ROUSSEAU!—

"'Twas there," said he—not that his *words* I can  
 state—

"'Twas a gibb'rish that Cupid alone could trans-  
 late;—

But "there," said he, (pointing where, small and  
 remote,

The dear Hermitage rose,) "there his JULIE he  
 wrote,—

"Upon paper gilt-edg'd,<sup>2</sup> without blot or erasure;  
 "Then sanded it over with silver and azure,

"And—oh, what will genius and fancy not do?—  
 "Tied the leaves up together with *nompaille*  
 blue!"

What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emo-  
 tions

From sand and blue ribbons are conjur'd up here!  
 Alas, that a man of such exquisite<sup>3</sup> notions

Should send his poor brats to the Foundling,  
 my dear!

"'Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel CALICOT  
 said—

As down the small garden he pensively led—  
 (Though once I could see his sublime forehead  
 wrinkle

With rage not to find there the lov'd periwinkle)<sup>4</sup>  
 "'Twas here he receiv'd from the fair D'EPINAY

"(Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*<sup>5</sup>, every  
 day,)

"That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form  
 "A waistcoat to keep the enthusiast warm!"<sup>6</sup>

Such, DOLL, were the sweet recollections we pon-  
 der'd,

As, full of romance, through that valley we wan-  
 der'd.

The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is!)  
 Led us to talk about other commodities,

Cambric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall forget,  
 For the sun was then hast'ning in pomp to its set,

And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone  
 down,

When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—who made  
 my gown?

The question confused me—for, DOLL, you must  
 know,

And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,

<sup>4</sup> The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among  
 the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, "Ah, voilà de la pervenche!"

<sup>5</sup> "Mon ours, voilà votre asyle—et vous, mon ours, ne viendrez  
 vous pas aussi?"—&c. &c.

<sup>6</sup> "Un jour, qu'il geloit très-fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle  
 m'envoyoit, je trouvois un petit jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre,  
 qu'elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je me fiasse  
 faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut si tendre, comme  
 si elle se fût dépouillée pour me vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je  
 baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et le jupon."

MOORE'S WORKS.

and, I no longer employ!  
 re, Madame LE ROI;  
 have VICTORINE, who—  
 the King's mantua-maker—  
 though much the smartest,  
 a rank Bonapartist.<sup>2</sup>  
 unded I look'd—so well  
 —my cheeks were quite  
 g—nay, even half nam'd  
 when, loud, he exclaim'd,  
 g 'tis plain to be seen  
 urbonite b——h, VIC—  
 —but heroes *will* err,  
 I tell you things *just* as  
 d on good manners in—  
 so shocking in French.  
 nbarassing, soon pass'd  
 the dreams of that day,  
 when such dear fellows  
 ve, are *everything* to us—  
 ce of glances and sighs.  
 "Two penny-post of the

Four o'clock.

Oh, DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruin'd for ever—  
 I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never!  
 To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!  
 'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—  
 My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—  
 I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!  
 Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,  
 My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,  
 This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—  
 This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!  
 'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bon so,  
 (You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so.)  
 For some little gift on my birth-day—September  
 The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—  
 That Bon to a shop kindly order'd the coach,  
 (Ah, little I thought who the shopman would  
 prove,)  
 To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,  
 Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my  
 love—  
 (The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the  
 price—  
 And one's name in the corner embroider'd so  
 nice!)  
 Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop  
 But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I  
 should drop—  
 There he stood, my dear DOLLY—no room for a  
 doubt—

think, my dear creature, if this should be  
 known  
 That saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!  
 That a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!  
 That laughs and what quizzing she'll have with  
 the men!  
 It spread through the country—and never,  
 oh, never  
 In BIDDY be seen at Kilrandy again!  
 Well—I shall do something desperate, I fear—  
 ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,

One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge  
 To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend,  
 BIDDY FUDGE.

*Nota bene*—I am sure you will hear, with delight,  
 That we're going, all three, to see BRUNET to-  
 night,  
 A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. COX  
 (Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's  
 box.



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible due to blurring and low contrast. It appears to be a multi-paragraph document.]



---

**THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.**

**BEING A SEQUEL TO**

**“THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.”**

---





# THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

BEING A SEQUEL TO

“THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.”

## PREFACE.

Some of the country town, in England—known fashionable watering-place—in the events that gave rise to the following incident occurred, is, for obvious reasons, sed. The interest attached, however, to the persons and personages of the story, render it of all time and place; and when it is noted that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has during the short period which has now since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, it will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor with rapidity with which he has brought the before the Public; while, at the same time, for that may have been the result of such ill, he trusts, with equal consideration, be d.

## THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

### LETTER I.

LETTRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD  
——, CURATE OF ——, IN IRELAND.

“Do you think we’ve got here?”—quite reform’d from the giddy, stic young thing, that once made such a noise—the famous Miss Fudge—that delectable Biddy, in you and I saw once at Paris, when boys, all blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs—a thing as no rainbow hath colours to saint; she had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers, the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.

Poor “Pa” hath popp’d off—gone, as charity judges, To some choice Elysium reserv’d for the Fudges; And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations From some much rever’d and much-palsied relations,

Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet,— Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature six feet, And warranted godly—to make all complete. *Nota Bene*—a Churchman would suit, if he’s high, But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

What say you, Dick? doesn’t this tempt your ambition?

The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown’d man of pith, All brought to the hammer, for Church competition,— [with.

Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken there— Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch! While, instead of the thousands of souls you now watch,

To save Biddy Fudge’s is all you need do; And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of you.

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf, Wanting substance even more than your spiritual self, [shelf,

Should thus generously lay my own claims on the When, God knows! there ne’er was young gentleman yet

So much lack’d an old spinster to rid him from debt,

Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her With tender love-suit—at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend, Which thus to your reverend breast I commend: Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature!—with eyes

Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-night skies

At astronomers-royal, and laugh with delight To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.

N N

MOORE'S WORKS.

—oh, bring all the gracefullest  
 [wings,  
 through the light air by feet or by  
 grace to that form could they teach,  
 in itself the perfection of each;  
 slow, as her fairy feet fall,  
 of symmetry modulates all.

was there creature more form'd to  
 like me, who of castles ærial  
 (h) am, God help me! a builder;  
 each mansion with lodgers ethereal,  
 s nymph of the seraph-like eye,  
 s you see, my first floor next the

ng's perfect on earth — even she,  
 ttle gipsy, does odd things some-

—looks wise (rather painful to see),  
 in two County papers her rhymes;  
 sweet, charming, absurd little dear!  
 Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,  
 ch plainly bad symptoms portends  
*blue* fit, so distressing to friends;  
 ough lasting but one short edition,  
 ut long after in sad inanition.

one for the best — and meanwhile

"Tis rumour'd our Manager means to besp  
 The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall :  
 week;

And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rum  
 Throw, for the' amusement of Christians,  
 merset.

"Tis fear'd their chief "Merriman," C—ke  
 come,

Being called off, at present, to play Puncha  
 And the loss of so practis'd a wag in divi  
 Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on t  
 nity; —

His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately  
 Having pleas'd Robert Taylor, the R  
 greatly.<sup>3</sup>

"Twill prove a sad drawback, if absent he  
 As a wag Presbyterian's a thing quite to s  
 And, 'mong the Five Points of the Ca  
 none of 'em

Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of 'em  
 But even though depriv'd of this comical e  
 We've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh himsel  
 Who of all the whole troop is chief mumm  
 mime,

As C—ke takes the *Ground* Tumbling,  
*Sublime*;<sup>4</sup>

And of him we're quite certain, so, pray, c  
 time.

u can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace, he *mentonnères*, look on this poor sinful face; mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right, or one at Mrs. Fitz-wigram's to-night. Looks are quite heavenly:—I'm glad, too, to say, herself grows more godly and good every day; and sweet experience—yea, even doth begin from the Gentiles, and put away sin—I since her last stock of goods was laid in, blessing one's milliner, careless of self, thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

h for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit d since we met, and they're more than I merit!—

inful, weak creature in every respect; I ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of the' Elect.

w for the picture's reverse.—You remember ooman and cook-maid I hir'd last December; Baptist Particular—*she*, of some sect ular, I fancy, in any respect; icious, poor thing, to be fed with the Word, o wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the Lord."

y dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist ching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest; ng as he staid, do him justice, more rich in avours of doctrine, there never was kitchen. ch'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall, ch'd in the chambermaids, scullions, and all.

card with delight his reproving of sin, ve all, the cook-maid;—oh, ne'er would she tire—

, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire, would oft let the soles she was frying fall in. rgive me for punning on points thus of piety!—

rick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen society.)

there remains still the worst of my tale; asterisks, and help me the sad truth to veil— us stars, that at even your own secret turn ale!

ing Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the ad chiefly intended to assist the members of the British ocation, whose design is we are told, "to induce the s of Great Britain and Ireland to commit one and the of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is rural thousand persons in Scotland, besides tens of thou- America and Africa, are every morning learning the same

magical Magazine.—A few specimens taken at random rapper of this highly esteemed periodical will fully jus- tracter which Miss Fudge has here given of it. "Wanted, sawbroker's family, an active lad as an apprentice." as housemaid, a young female who has been brought to knowledge of the truth." "Wanted, immediately, a man plety, to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman stands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into part-

\* \* \* \* \*

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,

Chosen "vessels of mercy," as I thought they were, Have together this last week elop'd; making bold To whip off as much goods as both vessels could hold— [shelves,

Not forgetting some scores of sweet tracts from my Two Family Bibles as large as themselves, And besides, from the drawer,—I neglecting to lock it—

My neat "Morning Manna, done up for the pocket." [Liz?

Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear It has made me quite ill:—and the worst of it is, When rogues are all pious, 'tis hard to detect Which rogues are the reprobate, which the elect. This man "had a call," he said—impudent mockery! What call had he to my linen and crockery?

I'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase Of some godly young couple this pair to replace. The inclos'd two announcements have just met my eyes,

In that venerable Monthly where Saints advertise For such temporal comforts as this world supplies;<sup>3</sup> And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made An essential in every craft, calling and trade.

Where the' attorney requires for his 'prentice some youth [truth;"]

Who has "learn'd to fear God, and to walk in the Where the sempstress, in search of employment, declares,

That pay is no object, so she can have prayers; And the' Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives out,

That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London, one feels, as one reads o'er the pages, Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages;

Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf, As each Cit can cite chapter, and verse for himself, And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock All lay in religion as part of their stock.<sup>3</sup>

nerahp, &c. &c. He is not desirous of being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of God, and seeks connection only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter."

<sup>3</sup> According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology got up expressly for the money market. "I know how far wide," he says, "of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let these preachers," he adds "(for I will not call them theologians), cry up, broker-like, their article."—*Morning Watch*.—No. iii. 443, 443.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite

MOORE'S WORKS.

at lengths we may go on im-  
 all London the Spirit keeps  
 rogue, that each shop adver-  
 for the earth as the skies meant?  
 ro paragraphs — can't stop to  
 harming — both Footman and  
 us" — with pathos deplores  
 ench cookery and sin on our  
 for further accounts she refers  
 preacher, a cousin of hers,)  
 e make their Sabbaths mere  
 a days,  
 and the Gospel, on Sundays."  
 full of the true saving know-  
 ambridge—to Trinity College;  
 gentleman, studying divinity,  
 owing the morals of Trinity.  
 ding to promise, some scraps  
 that Day-book I keep of my

Two

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan —  
 A remarkably handsome, nice young man;  
 And, all Hibernian though he be,  
 As civilis'd, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man's spiritual state  
 Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late;  
 And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,  
 To have some talk with him thereupon.  
 At present, I nought can do or say,  
 But that troublesome child is in the way:  
 Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he  
 Would also her absence much prefer,  
 As oft, while list'ning intent to me,  
 He's forc'd, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho! — what a blessing should Mr. Magan  
 Turn out, after all, a "renewed" young man  
 And to me should fall the task, on earth,  
 To assist at the dear youth's second birth.  
 Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie,  
 Were it heaven's high will, that he and I —  
 But I blush to write the nuptial word —  
 Should wed, as St. Paul says, "in the Lord;  
 Not *this* world's wedlock — gross, gallant,  
 But pure — as when Amram married his aunt

Our eyes differ — but who would consent

rms any sensible man can see  
so foolishly young as she—  
eighteen, come next May-day,  
, like herself, full of nought but play—  
an exceeding puzzle to me.

## LETTER III.

S FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS  
KITTY ———.

## STANZAS (INCLOSED)

LADOW ; OR, WHY ? — WHAT ? — HOW ?

made of my path! while earth and sky  
ed their charms, in bridal light array'd,  
is bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,  
ing my footsteps with thy length of  
ade—

Dark comrade, WHY?

nic Shape that, 'mid these flowery scenes,  
beside me o'er each sunny spot,  
; them as thou goest—say, what means  
t an adjunct to so bright a lot—

Grim goblin, WHAT?

o pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,  
endest, too—then risest when I rise;—  
e mysterious Thing! how is't that thou  
om'st between me and those blessed  
ies—

Dim shadow, How?

TIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

l I to that Shape, far less in grudge  
loom of soul; while, as I eager cried,  
? What? How?—a Voice, that one  
ight judge

some Irish echo's, faint replied,

Oh fudge, fudge, fudge!

here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion;  
with it, that odious "additional stanza,"  
unt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,  
which, you'll *at once* see, is Mr. Ma-  
m's;—a  
ruel and dark-design'd extravaganza,  
of that plot in which he and my Aunt are  
the flights of my genius by banter.

was with Byron's young eagle-eyed strain,  
d they taunt him;—but vain, critics, vain,  
efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!  
ut the splendour of Fancy's young stream,  
in its cradle, her newly-fledg'd beam!!!

Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, even while these lines  
I indite, [or right,  
Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong  
And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and  
regards  
Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of all bards—  
That *she* should make light of my works I can't  
blame;

But that nice, handsome, odious Magan—what a  
shame!

Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I  
rate him,

I'm really afraid—after all, I—*must* hate him.  
He is *so* provoking—nought's safe from his tongue;  
He spares no one authoress, ancient or young.

Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou  
Once shown as contributor, Lord how he'd quiz you!  
He laughs at *all* Monthlies—I've actually seen  
A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine!—  
While of Weeklies, poor things, there's but one he  
peruses,

And buys every book which that Weekly abuses.  
But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,  
*One* spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer;  
And though tried by the fire, my young genius  
shall burn as

Uninjur'd as crucified gold in the furnace!  
(I suspect the word "crucified" must be made  
"crucible,"

Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear—to tell you a secret which, pray  
Only trust to such friends as with safety you may—  
You know, and indeed the whole county suspects  
(Though the Editor often my best things rejects,  
That the verses signed *so*, ~~so~~, which you now  
and then see

In our County Gazette (vide *last*), are by me.  
But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes  
The vile country Press in one's prosody makes.  
For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—  
Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must  
print;

And you can't think what havoc these demons  
sometimes  
Choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse,  
of one's rhymes.

But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,  
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful  
thing,

Where I talk'd of the "dewdrops from freshly-  
blown roses,"

The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown  
noses!" [tried

And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had  
To commemorate some saint of her *clique*, who'd  
just died,

MOORE'S WORKS.

tak'n up in heav'n his po-  
 ken up to heaven his physi-  
 ning; — but brighter days  
 both for me and the Nine;  
 nk? — so delightful! next  
 e girl, for the grand news  
 Keepsake — yes, Kitty, my  
 epsake, as sure as you're  
 'twas my fortunate chance  
 ly Dandy to dance,  
 n some hints which I now  
 "something — one couldn't tell  
 er left no room to doubt  
 Colburn had lately brought  
 ettres through all the quad-  
 prose, standing still;  
 arch — whether right 'twas

Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his words rig  
 What a mint of half-guineas this small he  
 contains;  
 If for nothing to write is itself a delight,  
 Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strain  
 Having dropp'd the dear fellow a court'sy pt  
 found,  
 Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran;  
 And from what I could learn, do you know, des  
 I've found  
 That he's quite a new species of literary man;  
 One, whose task is — to what will not fashion a  
 custom us?  
 To *edite* live authors, as if they were posthumous  
 For instance — the plan, to be sure, is the oddest! —  
 If any young he or she author feels modest  
 In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usber  
 Lends promptly a hand to the interesting blusher;  
 Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit to light,  
 Which else might, by accident, shrink out of  
 sight,  
 And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.  
 My Aunt says — though scarce on such points one  
 can credit her —  
 He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's  
 editor.  
 'Tis certain the fashion's but newly invented;  
 And, quick as the change of all things and all  
 names is,

an Hundred and Forty's the year that some  
state  
time for that accident—some Forty-Eight: 't  
own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,  
n I shall be an old maid, and 'twon't matter.  
ore, love, good-bye—I've to make a new cap;  
now so dead tir'd with this horrid mishap  
end of the world, that I *must* take a nap.

## LETTER IV.

MR PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ. TO THE REV.  
RICHARD

mes from Erin's speechful shore  
ervid kettle, bubbling o'er  
h hot effusions—hot and weak;  
, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,  
mes, of Erin's martyrdoms  
Britain's well-fed Church to speak.  
im, ye Journals of the Lord,<sup>2</sup>  
prosera, Watchman and Record!  
als reserv'd for realms of bliss,  
much too good to sell in this.  
re, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,  
Spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets;  
rou, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,  
w all your little penny trumpets.  
mes, the reverend man, to tell  
all who still the Church's part take,  
of parsonic woe, that well  
ght make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache:—  
i whole Bishops snatch'd away  
rer from the light of day;  
i God knows, too, how many more,  
'hom that doom is yet in store)—  
ctors cruelly compell'd  
m Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,  
use the tithes, by Pat withheld,  
ll *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come;  
rill the flocks consent to pay  
parsons thus to stay away;—  
gh, with *such* parsons, one may doubt  
n't money well laid out;—  
, in short, and each degree  
at once happy Hierarchy,  
ich us'd to roll in wealth so pleasantly;  
ow, alas, is doom'd to see  
surplus brought to nonplus presently!

are the themes this man of pathos,  
of prose and Lord of bathos,

<sup>1</sup> In regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be  
noe only of about two or three years among the respective  
ora. M. Alphonse Nicols, Docteur en Droit, et Avocat,  
doubts whether it is to be in 1846 or 1847. "A cette époque,"

Will preach and preach t'ye, till your dull  
again;  
Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim,  
Shout to the stars his tuneful name,  
Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,  
But now is *Mortimer* O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you're alive—  
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.  
Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant—  
And Tuesday, in the market-place,  
Intends, to every saint and sinner in't,  
To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case;  
Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop,—  
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,  
And all those other grades seraphic,  
That make men's souls their special traffic,  
Though caring not a pin *which* way  
The' erratic souls go, so they *pay*.—  
Just as some roguish country nurse,

Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,  
First pops the payment in her purse,  
Then leaves poor dear to—suck its knuckle:  
Even so these reverend rigmaroles  
Pocket the money—starve the souls.  
Murtagh, however, in his glory,  
Will tell, next week, a different story;  
Will make out all these men of barter,  
As each a saint, a downright martyr,  
Brought to the *stake*—i. e. a *beef* one,  
Of all their martyrdoms the chief one;  
Though try them even at this, they'll bear it,  
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,  
Your saintly, *next* to great and high 'uns—  
(A Viscount be he what he may,  
Would cut a Saint out, any day.)  
Hast just announc'd a godly rout,  
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,  
And shown in his tame, *week-day* state:—  
"Prayers, half-past seven, tea at eight."  
Even so the circular missive orders—  
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick—you're lost, if you lose time;  
Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,  
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,  
Will surely carry off old Biddy,  
Unless some spark at once propose,  
And distance him by downright prose.  
That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and lands  
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,  
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories!)  
Is dying of *angina pectoris*;—

<sup>2</sup> he says, "les fidèles peuvent espérer de voir s'effectuer la purification  
du Sanctuaire."  
<sup>3</sup> "Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord."—  
*Record Newspaper*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

erring soon,  
of puff and pelf,  
y-moon,  
himself!

him, 'tis folly,  
sorbs me wholly.  
e verse-maker—  
are, if you'd let her;—  
ague take her,  
r all the better.  
n sadly  
rhyming badly,  
ll ranks and classes,  
e, "the masses;"  
ste combines—  
'er Parnassus,  
tuneful grooves,  
on moves,  
runs mad *in lines*.

even still worse,  
still a curse,  
ing purse—  
y charmer got,  
a groat;  
and Venus,  
e' amount between us.

t prove better:—

And *there* were the childher, six innocent sows,  
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls;  
While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin's a  
folly),

Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy—  
Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,  
"Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sow'd you, my  
honey?"

But God's will be done!—and then, faith, sure  
enough,

As the pig was desaiiced, 'twas high time to be off.  
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,  
Lock'd the owld cabin door, put the kay in the  
thatch,

Then tuk laave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,  
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the  
Ark;

The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone!  
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er  
lands,

And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my hands,  
Is, at this present writin', too tadians to speak,  
So I'll minton it all in a postscript, next week:—  
Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a lath,  
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,  
Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's  
meat,



cautiful Larry, the very first day,  
day it was, shinin' out mighty gay,) rogues to this city of luck found their

y, God help me, and happenin to stop,  
on the smell of a pasthry-cook's shop,  
window, a large printed paper,  
ere a name, och! that made my heart

—  
ited it was in some quare A B C,  
bother a schoolmaster, let alone me.  
I'd have laugh'd, Judy, could you've  
isten'd,

'I cried, "why it *is*! — no, it *isn't*:"  
after all — for, by spellin' quite slow,  
out "Rev. Mortimer" — then a great

"  
by hard readin' and rackin' my skull  
ate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

d, like a sky-lark, my jewel, at that  
—  
on my mind, but it *must* be the same.  
furthag, himself," says I, "all the  
I over!

her-brother — by jinks, I'm in clover.  
e, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,  
se it was brought us *both* up by hand,  
let me shtarve in the inemy's land!"

ke a long hishtory short, niver doubt  
g'd, in no time, to find the lad out;  
of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,  
of owld cumrogues — was charmin' to

hagh less plas'd with the' evint than  
hen was wanting a Valley-de-sham;  
arin' a gintleman, one way or t'other,  
rish lad is beyant every other.

udy, comes the quare part of the case;  
th, it's the only drawback on my place,  
hagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you  
ward mishfortune some short time ago;  
y, he turn'd Protestant — *why*, I can't

e, he knew best, an' it's not *my* consarn.  
s, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,  
am so still — nayther betther nor worse.  
rgain was all right and tight in a jiffey,  
re contint never yet left the Liffey,  
hagh — or Morthimer, as he's *now*  
ren'd,  
ing converted, at laist, if *he* isn't —  
at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see)  
you're a Protestant, Larry," says he.

Upon which says myself, wid a wink just as shly,  
"Is't a Protestant? — oh yes, *I am*, sir," says I; —  
And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word  
Controversial between us has since then occur'd.

What Murthag could mane, and, in throth, Judy  
dear,

What *I myself* meant, doesn't seem mighty clear;  
But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a  
stickler,

I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar: —  
And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair  
Of twin Protestants couldn't be seen *anywhere*.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I min-  
tion'd,

Address'd to the loyal and godly intintion'd,)  
His rivrence, my master, comes forward to  
preach, —

Myself doesn't know whether sarmon or speech,  
But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at each;  
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations  
Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.

But, whisht! — there's his Rivrence, shoutin' out  
"Larry,"

And sorra a word more will this shmall paper  
carry;

So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letter,  
Which, faix, I'd have made a much bigger and  
betther,

But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town  
Fit to swallow a dacent siz'd billy-dux down.  
So good luck to the childer! — tell Molly, I love  
her;

Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all  
over —

Not forgettin' the mark of the red currant whiskey  
She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.  
The heavens be your bed! — I will write, when I  
can again,

Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

#### LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS.  
ELIZABETH ———.

How I grieve you're not with us! — pray, come, if  
you can,

Ere we're robb'd of this dear oratorical man,  
Who combines in himself all the multiple glory  
Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist and Tory; —

MOORE'S WORKS.

hat from which, duly con-  
 was, in old times, com-  
 the worldly and godly,  
 ne so deliciously oddly!  
 and *such* audiences draws,  
 ter and shouts of applause,  
 the Protestant cause.  
 a! — he to-day sketch'd a  
 pects, to *me* at least new,  
 (as it ought) must arouse  
 ld her just rights to espouse.  
 now, dear, that's now of no  
 cts and dry *figures* produce,  
 of a Protestant flock were  
 "according to Cocker!"  
 en rude radicals hector  
 nds a year to a Rector,  
 ants *never yet were*,)  
 g Protestants *may* be born  
 dent, think, what a shame,  
 or and Clerk when they  
 such a staff on full pay,  
 oryos *must* go astray;  
 counting what Parsons

Produce, from the depths of his knowledge a  
 reading,  
 A view of that marvellous Church, far exceedin  
 In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought,  
 All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught  
 Looking through the whole history, present an  
 past,  
 Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the las  
 Considering how strange its original birth —  
 Such a thing having *never* before been on earth—  
 How oppos'd to the instinct, the law, and th  
 force  
 Of nature and reason has been its whole course;  
 Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, re  
 sistance,  
 Scorn, hate, execration — yet still in existence!  
 Considering all this, the conclusion he draws  
 Is that Nature exempts this one Church from ha  
 laws —  
 That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dis  
 pute,  
 And before the portentous anomaly stands mute;—  
 That, in short, 'tis a Miracle! — and, *once* begun,  
 And transmitted through ages, from father to son  
 For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on*.  
 Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,  
 Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.  
 For observe, the more low all her merits the

find quite enough (till I'm somewhat busy)  
tracts inclosed, my dear news-loving  
ry.

## TRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Thursday.

, having nought more holy to do,  
tter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,  
"Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"  
wish by some shorter name to dub :—  
of more vowels and consonants  
ristian, on Sunday, *really* wants,  
nce that ought to be done away,  
lphabet left to rest, that day.

Sunday.

r's answer! — but, shocking to say,  
ked unthinkingly yesterday,  
ror of Agnews yet unborn,  
on this blessed Sunday morn! ! —  
ing! — the postman's self cried "shame  
,"  
"immaculate Andrew's name on't! !  
the Club do? — meet, no doubt.  
er that touches the Class Devout,  
iends of the Sabbath *must* speak out.

Tuesday.

r, at the raffle — and saw it with pain —  
stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.  
ittle Sophy smart trimmings renounces —  
long has stood by me through all sorts  
ounces,  
d, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,  
irls, may be Christians, without being  
hts,  
n, much alarms me; for though one's  
gious, [hideous ;  
and — all that, there's no need to be  
nice bonnet should stand in the way  
ing to heaven, 'tisan't easy to say.

's Gimp, the poor thing — if her custom  
drop,  
's to become of her soul and her shop?  
like ourselves no more orders are given,  
all the interest she now takes in heaven;  
ce little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the  
ing,"  
again at the very next turning.

iven by the natives to such of their countrymen as  
is.

esses we find innumerable instances in the accounts  
ries.

riahna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu.  
; the Bhagavata) Krishna's play-fellows complained  
he had pilfered and ate their curds."

ants shaving; but the barber here will not do it. He

Wednesday.

Mem.— To write to the India-Mission Society;  
And send £20 — heavy tax upon piety!

Of all Indian luxuries we now-a-days boast,  
Making "Company's Christians!" perhaps costs  
the most.

And the worst of it is, that these converts full  
grown.

Having liv'd in *our* faith, mostly die in their *own*,<sup>2</sup>  
Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they  
say,

When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and  
why.<sup>3</sup>

Think, how horrid, my dear! — so that all's thrown  
away;

And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice  
They consum'd, while believers, we saints pay the  
price.

Still 'tis cheering to find that we *do* save a few —  
The Report gives six Christians for Cunnang-  
cadoo;

Doorkotchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,  
While but one and a half's left at Cooropadum.

In this last-mention'd place, 'tis the barbers enslave  
'em,

For, once they turn Christians, no barber will  
shave 'em.<sup>4</sup>

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,  
Some Papists, turn'd Christians<sup>5</sup>, are tack'd to the<sup>6</sup>  
account.

And though, to catch Papists, one needn't go so far,  
Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are;

And *now*, when so great of such converts the lack is,  
*One* Papist well caught is worth millions of  
Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and funny,

I cannot resist recording it here.—

Methought that the Genius of Matrimony

Before me stood, with a joyous leer,

Leading a husband in each hand,

And both for *me*, which look'd rather queer; —

*One* I could perfectly understand,

But why there were *two* wasn't quite so clear.

'Twas meant, however, I soon could see,

To afford me a *choice* — a most excellent plan;

And — who should this brace of candidates be,

But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan: —

is run away lest he should be compelled. He says he will not shave  
Yesoo Krees's people."—*Bapt. Mission Society*, vol. II. p. 493.

<sup>5</sup> In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are  
almost always classed along with the Heathen. "I have extended  
my labours (says James Venning, in a Report for 1831.) to the Hea-  
then, Mahomedans, and Roman Catholics." "The Heathen and  
Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood (says another missionary  
for the year 1831) are not indifferent, but withstand, rather than  
yield to, the force of truth."

MOORE'S WORKS.

ose, unheard of till then,  
 ce, of *two* Irishmen! —  
 Magan, too, with wings on his  
 s  
 pass'd in the realms of the Blest,)  
 ature to dazzle beholders ;  
 O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest  
 cherub, was looking his best.  
 no know me, scarce can doubt  
 the two I singled out.  
 tell — when, all in dread  
 oright a vision's charms,  
 gan, his image fled,  
 ay, and I found but the head  
 n, wings and all, in my arms!  
 flown to some nest divine,  
 Cherub alone was mine!  
 certain that foolish Magan  
 won't see that he *might* be the man;  
 dear — who knows? — if nought  
 fall  
 an *may* be the man, after all.

n to have my first scriptural rout,  
 discussion of matters devout; —  
 es at Powerscourt<sup>1</sup>, so justly re-  
 h which doctrine and negus went

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER C  
MISS KITTIE ———.

IRREGULAR ODE.

BRING me the slumbering souls of flow  
 While yet, beneath some northern sl  
 Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showe  
 They wait the breath of summer hours  
 To wake to light each diamond eye,  
 And let loose every florid sigh!

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,  
 From out those deep primeval caves,  
 Where from the dawn of Time they've  
 THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN!—  
 Untaught as yet, young things, to spea  
 The language of their PARENT SEA  
 (Polyphlysbæan<sup>2</sup> named in Greek),  
 Though soon, too soon, in bay and cre  
 Round startled isle and wondering pea  
 They'll thunder loud and long as H

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,  
 Young fires ———

I had got, dear, thus far in 1  
 Intending to fill the whole page to the bo

"I'll find "This day publish'd by Simpkins and Co.

ant, in twelve Cantos, entitled 'Woe Woe!' Fanny F——, known more commonly

"Fanny F——," that my friends mayn't be left in the dark, guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.

manag'd, at last, this great deed to achieve, a "Romaunt" which you'd scarce, dear, believe;

I just now, being all in a whirl, out for the Magnet<sup>1</sup>, explain it, dear girl, to say, that one half the expense

household of fame for long centuries hence— "God knows," as aunt says, my humble

ambition not beyond a small Second Edition,)— of the whole cost of the paper and printing, I've had to scrape up this year past, by stinting little wants in gloves, ribands, and shoes, frauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!

o, my dear Kitty, would not do the same? *cau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame? of riband soon end—but the measures of hymn, in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time.

anguish and fade away, pair after pair, couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear, dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone, ght-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

aining expense, trouble, risk—and, alas! of copyright too—into other hands pass; friend, the Head Dev'l of the "County Gazette"

ly Mæcænas I've ever had yet), set up in type my first juvenile lays, set up by them for the rest of his days; ile Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)

nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how much weeter lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre!

uffing—that first of all lit'rary boons, ential alike both to bards and balloons— ss well supplied with inflation, 'tis found bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground;—

spect, nought could more prosp'rous befall; riend (for no less this kind imp can I call) the whole world of critics—the *hypers* and all.

he himself, indeed, dabbles in rhyme, or imps diabolic, is not the first time;

<sup>1</sup> A day-coach of that name.

As I've heard uncle Bob say, 'twas known among Gnostics, That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics.

But hark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from Town—

How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down.

That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum, All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em. And then the great point—whether Simpkins and Co.

Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no!—

*Five o'clock.*

All's delightful—such praises!—I really fear That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear; I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps— All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'Tis known that a certain distinguish'd physician Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;

And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition

(Ere critics have injured their powers of nutrition), Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.

Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific; But smooth, female sonnets he deems a specific, And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.

Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,

Is a volume just publish'd by Simpkins and Co., Where all such ingredients—the flowery, the sweet, And the gently narcotic—are mix'd *per* receipt, With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitation To say that—'bove all, for the young generation— 'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.

*Nota bene*—for readers, whose object's to sleep, And who read, in their nightcaps, the publishers keep

Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE — FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of \* \* \* 's rout, An amusing event was much whisper'd about, It was said that Lord ——, at the Council, that day,

Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,

And flown to a corner, where—heedless, they say, How the country's resources were squander'd away—

He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his pocket.

MOORE'S WORKS.

t them despatches from Spain or the  
 re they brought word we had lost the  
 tius;  
 out 'twas only Miss Fudge's new work,  
 Lordship devour'd with such zeal  
 tious—  
 kins and Co., to avoid all delay,  
 t in sheets, that his Lordship might  
 [day!  
 he'd the whole reading world by a

LETTER VIII.

JUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER  
 O'MULLIGAN.

*Tuesday evening.*

ret, dear Reverend Sir,  
 ot come to \* \* \* to meet you;  
 rst gout won't let me stir—  
 I but by proxy greet you,  
 scrawl, whate'er its sense is,  
 an amanuensis.  
 scourges of disease  
 n to *extremities*—  
 on't leave one even *these*.

And whereas, till the Catholic bill,  
 I never wanted draught or pill,  
 The settling of that cursed question  
 Has quite *unsettled* my digestion.

Look what has happen'd since—the  
 Of all the bores of every sect,  
 The chosen triers of men's patience,  
 From all the Three Denominations,  
 Let loose upon us;—even Quakers  
 Turn'd into speakers and law-make  
 Who'll move no question, stiff-rump  
 Till first the Spirit moves themselves  
 And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in  
 Conquering our Ays and Nos sonore  
 Will soon to death's own slumber sm  
 Then, too, those Jews!—I really sicl  
 To think of such abomination;  
 Fellows, who won't eat ham with chi  
 To legislate for this great nation!-  
 Depend upon't, when once they've sw  
 With rich old Goldsmid at the hea  
 The' Excise laws will be done away,  
 And *Circumcise* ones pass'd instead

In short, dear sir, look where one wil  
 Things all go on so devilish ill,  
 That 'pon my soul, I rather fear  
 Our reverend Rector may be right,

n spite of Grote and Gout,  
 Il shine triumphant out!

It again shall come, egad,  
 for sport, my reverend lad.  
 O'Mulligan — oh then,  
 unted on our nags again,  
 our high-flown Rosinante,  
 out, like Show Gallantee  
 reat from substance scanty); —  
 Job Fudge, Esquire, shall ride  
 uful Sancho, by your side;  
 alk of tilts and tournaments!  
 we'll —

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents  
 and Sir his compliments;  
 to say an accident  
 occurred which will prevent  
 me — though now a little better —  
 writing this present letter.  
 I he'd got to "Dam'me, we'll —"  
 ur, full of martial zeal,  
 t his crutch, but not being able  
 o his balance or his hold,  
 d, both self and crutch, and roll'd  
 and bat, beneath the table.

—the table, chair, and crutch; —  
 thank God, is broken much,  
 quire's head, which, in the fall,  
 'd consid'rably — that's all;  
 o great alarm we feel,  
 quire's head can bear a deal.

*Wednesday morning.*

Each the same — head rather light —  
 out "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

keeper, old Mrs. Griggs,  
 that he meant "barbarous Whigs."

#### LETTER IX.

RY O'BRANIGAN, TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

ut last week that I sint you a letter,  
 ndher, dear Judy, what this is about;  
 , it's a letter myself would like better,  
 nange to lave the contints of it out;  
 it makes even me onaisy,  
 things quiet, 'twill dhrive you crazy.

our Patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your ante-  
 rs — follows that the Flood could not wash away." —  
 ; for Love.  
 ; to abuse — Mr. Lover makes it ballyrag, and he is

Oh, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scran to  
 him!  
 That e'er I should come to've been sarvant-man  
 to him,  
 Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,  
 And my Aunts, the Diluvian (whom not ev'n the  
 Flood  
 Was able to wash away clane from the earth)<sup>1</sup>  
 As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's  
 birth,  
 Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,  
 Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end*.

But that's now all over — last night I gev warnin',  
 And, mash'r as he is, will discharge him this  
 mornin'.

The thief of the world! — but it's no use balrag-  
 gin';<sup>2</sup> —

All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be draggin'  
 Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days,  
 Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise, at my  
 aise,

And be fore'd to discind thro' the same dirty ways.  
 Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last show'd his  
 phiz,

I'd have know what a quare sort of monsther  
 he is;

For, by gor, 'twas at Exether Change, sure enough,  
 That himself and his other wild Irish shqw'd off;  
 And it's pity, so 'tis, that they had'nt got no man  
 Who knew the wild craythurs to act as their  
 show-man —

Sayin', "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take no-  
 tice,

"How shlim and how shleek this black animal's  
 coat is;

"All by raison, we're towld, that the nathur o' the  
 baste

"Is to change its coat *once* in its lifetime, at  
*laste*;

"And such objiks, in our country, not bein' com-  
 mon ones,

"Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine  
 Nomenons.

"In regard of its *name* — why, in throth, I'm con-  
 sarn'd

"To differ on this point so much with the Larn'd,  
 "Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' whereas the cray-  
 thur

"Is plainly a '*Murthagh*,' by name and by nathur."

This is how I'd have towld them the rights of it  
 all,

Had I been their showman at Exether Hall —

high authority; but if I remember rightly, Curran in his national  
 stories used to employ the word as above. — See Lover's most  
 amusing and genuinely Irish work, the "Legends and Stories of  
 Ireland."

MOORE'S WORKS.

n' that other great wondher of Airin  
 bitther breed which they call Prosb-  
 ),  
 Daddy C—ke—who, by gor, I'd have  
 n 'em  
 w such bastes may be tam'd, when  
 e thrown 'em  
 ily sop of of the rale *Raigin Donem*.<sup>1</sup>

I've no laisure just now, Judy dear,  
 g, barrin' our own doings here,  
 sin' and dammin' and thund'rin, like

God help us, from Murthagh have had.  
 re all murtherers—div'l a bit less—  
 en our priests, when we go to confess,  
 ns in murth'ring and wish us success!

ow he daar'd, by tongue or by pen,  
 this way, seven millions of men,  
 did 'twas all towld him by Docthor  
 s  
 the div'l's *he?*" was the question that  
 knew.

ntian to Chrishtian—but not a sowl  
 nt Murthagh, in iligant style,  
 us Cath'lics all the while,  
 desaivers, parjurers, villians,  
 e kit of th' aforesaid millions,<sup>2</sup>—  
 ar Judy, as well as the rest.

That Papists are only "*Humanity's* c  
 "*Ris'n*"—but, by dad, I'm afear'd I  
 ye—

"*Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivi*  
 "*And, like owld corpses, dug up from a*  
 "*Wandrin' about in all sorts of inikity*  
 Even you, Judy, true as you are t  
 Light,

Would have laugh'd, out and out, at  
 Of that figure of speech call'd the Bla  
 As for me, though a funny thought n  
 came to me,

Rage got the bether at last—and  
 to me!

So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powe  
 Says I bowldly, "I'll make a noratio  
 And with that up I jumps—but, my  
 minit

I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse ren  
 Though, *saited*, I could have got beau  
 When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab wa  
 Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, wh  
 a hand in,  
 At laste in our *legs* show a sthrong un

Howsumdever, detarmin'd the chaps sho  
 What I thought of their doin's, before  
 "In regard of all that," says I—the  
 short—

Not a word more would come, though



d, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,  
 'Private' upon it, that no one may  
 d it,)   
 a how *Mortimer* (as the Saints christen  
 1) [him.  
 big shame of his sarvant's dismissin'

## (Private outside.)

from his riv'rence—the job is all done—  
 rers, I've discharg'd him as sure as a gun!  
 Judy dear, what on earth I'm to do  
 lf and my appetite—both good as new—  
 v'n a single tranee in my pocket,  
 good, dacent pound-starlin', to stock it—  
 'ry I lave to the One that's above,  
 care of us, dissolute sows, when hard  
 ove!

## LETTER X.

REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO THE  
 REV. ———.

few brief lines, my reverend friend,  
 fe, private hand I send,  
 g lest some low Catholic wag  
 pry into the Letter-bag,)   
 you, far as pen can dare,  
 y, poor errant martyrs, fare; —  
 y, not quite to fire and rack,  
 its were, some few ages back,  
 arce less trying in its way —  
 hter, wheresoe'er we stray;  
 s, which Providence mysterious  
 on men and things so serious,  
 ing the Church still more each minute,  
 injuring our preferment in it.  
 nk, how worrying 'tis, my friend,  
 , where'er our footsteps bend,  
 l jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing;  
 ar the eternal torturing play  
 great engine of our day,  
 own to the' Inquisition — quizzing!

en of thumb-screws and of racks  
 ut the *body* their attacks;  
 dern torturers, more refin'd,  
 heir machinery on the *mind*.  
 Sebastian had the luck  
 me to be a godly rover,  
 of arrowa, he'd be stuck  
 stings of ridicule all over;

And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd  
 By being on a gridir'n grill'd,  
 Had he but shar'd *my* errant lot,  
 Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,  
 A *moral* roasting would have got.  
 Nor should I (trying as all this is)

Much heed the suffering or the shame —  
 As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,  
 I long have known no other fame,  
 But that (as I may own to *you*,  
 Though to the *world* it would not do,)  
 No hope appears of fortune's beams  
 Shining on *any* of my schemes;  
 No chance of something more *per ann.*  
 As supplement to K—llym—n;  
 No prospect that, by fierce abuse  
 Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce  
 The rulers of this thinking nation  
 To rid us of Emancipation;  
 To forge anew the sever'd chain,  
 And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah, happy time! when wolves and priests  
 Alike were hunted, as wild beasts;  
 And five pounds was the price, *per head*,  
 For bagging *either*, live or dead;¹ —  
 Though oft, we're told, *one* outlaw'd brother  
 Sav'd cost, by eating up *the other*.

Finding thus all those schemes and hopes  
 I built upon my flowers and tropes  
 All scatter'd, one by one, away,  
 As flashy and unsound as they,  
 The question comes — what's to be done?  
 And there's but one course left me — *one*.  
 Heroes, when tired of war's alarms,  
 Seek sweet repose in beauty's arms.  
 The weary Day-God's last retreat is  
 The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis;  
 And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,  
 Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend, — the tender scheme,  
 Wild and romantic though it seem,  
 Beyond a parson's fondest dream,  
 Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes  
 So pleasing to a parson's eyes —  
 That only *gilding* which the muse  
 Cannot around *her* sons diffuse; —  
 Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,  
 From wealthy Miss or benefice,  
 To Mortimer indiff'rent is,  
 So he can make it only *his*.  
 There is but one slight damp I see  
 Upon this scheme's felicity,

other amiable enactments against the Catholics at  
 1801, the price of five pounds was set on the head of a

Romish priest — being exactly the same sum offered by the same  
 legislators for the head of a wolf."

*Memoirs of Captain Rock*, book I. chap. 16.

MOORE'S WORKS.

e fair heroine's claim  
 like *her* family name.  
 gh it may look henpeck'd),  
 ecently object,  
 f long chos'n to shine  
 n the *alias*'s line ;  
 orth, by wife's decree,  
 from this point won't budge)  
 d's new address must be  
*Mortimer O'Fudge* —  
 ng kept, that all may see  
 ancient family.

nor need the fact amaze you,  
 's calm Euthanasia.  
 ng farewell to all  
 Exeter's old Hall —  
 mace, its apes exceeding,  
 its bears in breeding.  
 platform fill'd with preachers —  
 'n out, as grace<sup>s</sup>, by speakers  
 p their fellow-creatures :—  
 ead old Dens's volumes,  
 ss dead, old Standard's columns :—  
 d all I now retire,  
 eforth, as spouse and sire,  
 ittle filial Fudges,  
 and Peers, and Judges —  
 ld too, if alas !  
 re hope the Church could pass

[Extract from the "County Gazette

This place is getting gay and full again

Last week was married, "in the Lord  
 The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,  
 Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,  
 (He, who the Lord's force lately led on  
 Exeter Hall his *Armagh-geddon*.)<sup>s</sup>  
 To Miss B. Fudge of Pisgah Place,  
 One of the chos'n, as "heir of grace,"  
 And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,  
 Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge.

Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 'tis hint  
 Niece of the above, (whose "Sylvan  
 In our Gazette, last week, we printed,  
 Elop'd with Pat. Magan, Esquire.  
 The fugitives were track'd, some time,  
 After they'd left the Aunt's abode,  
 By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme  
 Found strew'd along the Western road  
 Some of them, *ci-devant* curl-papers,  
 Others, half burnt in lighting tapers.  
 This clue, however, to their flight,  
 After some miles was seen no more ;  
 And, from inquiries made last night,  
 We find they've reach'd the Irish shore

Every word of it true, Dick — th' esc:

-I'm call'd off abruptly — *another* Express!  
the deuce can it mean?—I'm alarm'd, I  
confess.

'S.

h, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thousand hur-  
rahs!

happy, rich dog to the end of my days.

— read the good news — and while glad, for  
*my* sake,


Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining  
wake,

'e also the *moral* — that he, the sly elf,  
was fudg'd all the world, should be now fudg'd  
*himself*!

## EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

With pain the mournful news I write,  
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;  
And much to mine and friends' surprise,  
By will doth all his wealth devise —  
Lands, dwellings — rectories likewise —  
To his "belov'd grand-niece," Miss Fanny,  
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many  
Long years hath waited — not a penny!  
Have notified the same to latter,  
And wait instructions in the matter.  
For self and partners, &c. &c

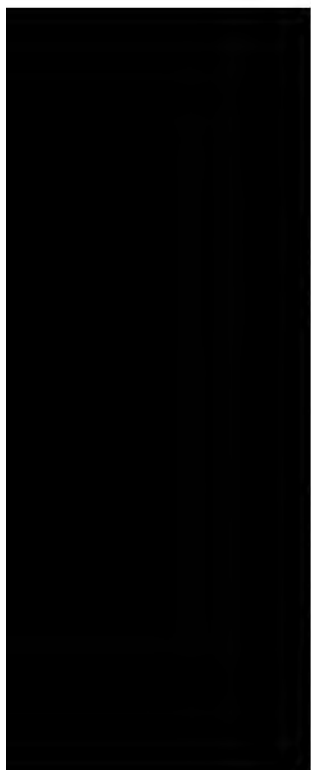




---

**FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.**

---



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible due to blurring. It appears to be a list or table of contents with several lines of text.]

# FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Tu Regibus alas  
Eripe. ——— Clip the wings  
Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings.

VIRGIL, *Georg.* lib. iv.  
DAYDEN'S Translation.

TO  
LORD BYRON.

DEAR LORD BYRON

THOUGH this Volume should possess no other merit in your eyes, than that of reminding you of the short time we passed together at Venice,

when some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am,

My dear Lord,  
Ever faithfully yours,

T. B.

## PREFACE.

THOUGH it was the wish of the Members of the POCO-CURANTE Society (who have lately done me the honour of electing me their Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in the "painful pre-eminence" of being employed to transcribe their lucubrations, my claim to such a distinction in the title-page is not greater than that of any other gentleman, who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume.

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and objects of our Institution, the names and characters of the different members, &c. &c. — but, as I am at present preparing for the press the First Volume of the "Transactions of the POCO-CURANTE Society," I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject; and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our

tenets, to a Song which will be found at the end of this work, and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician,) either "Nancy Dawson" or "He stole away the Bacon."

It may be as well also to state, for the information of those critics, who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being, thereby, brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in three words "Non curat Hippoclidides," (meaning, in English, "Hippoclidides does not care a fig,") which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of POCO-CURANTISM, and have ever since been adopted as the leading *dictum* of the sect.

THOMAS BROWN.

## FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

### FABLE I.

#### DEFINITION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

##### A DREAM.

ream that bodes no good  
ly Brotherhood.  
ong, but I confess —  
it is right or lawful  
conjurer, to guess —  
o me extremely awful.

upon the Neva's flood  
Ice Palace stood,  
rost-work, on the plan  
built by Empress Anno,<sup>1</sup>  
e by moonlight — as the tale is —  
ora Borealis.

Palace, furnish'd all  
ed as the best on land are,  
ere was a splendid Ball,

Just fancy how a bard like me,  
Who reverence monarchs, must have t  
To see that goodly company,  
At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded  
My loyal soul, at all unfounded —  
For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy  
Were seiz'd with an ill-omen'd dripping  
And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,  
Their Holinesses took to slipping.  
The Czar, half through a Polonaise,  
Could scarce get on for downright stur  
And Prussia, though to slippery ways  
Well used, was cursedly near tumbling

Yet still 'twas, *who* could stamp the floor  
Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost -  
And now, to an Italian air,  
This precious brace would, hand in hat  
Now — while old Louis, from his chair,  
Intreated them his toes to spare —

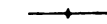


double bird of prey  
 ch cock, slunk away;  
 ce France herself, when she  
 w great her naval skill is —  
 wning fleur-de-lys  
 mselves *water-lilies*.

rooms, ceilings, shelves,  
 ore fatal execution —  
 itimates themselves  
 state of dissolution.  
 Czar — when just about  
 blime Ukase,  
 ight must be kept out" —  
 othing in its blaze.  
 ok his turn to melt,  
 lips illustrious felt  
 f this southern air,  
 ike "Constitution" — long  
 sty silence there —  
 thawing from his tongue.  
 psing by degrees,  
 out a faint adieu  
 is, toasted cheese  
 : *fondus*, quickly grew,  
 a *fondus* too; —  
 dly King they make  
 Twelfth-night cake,  
 urchin's mouth, alas,  
 shapeless mass!

ce could count a minute,  
 lome, and all within it,  
 Emperors, all were gone —  
 now was seen or heard  
 iver, rushing on,  
 enfranchis'd bird,  
 that natural ray,  
 s chainless way —  
 appy thus to glide  
 ndeur to the sea,  
 sparkling fetters tied,  
 ll that kingly pride  
 o light its slavery!

m — and, I confess,  
 awfulness.  
 nce — that southern beam —  
 g — there's my dream —  
 rudener, the she-prophet,  
 what she pleases of it.



\* to choose always a short, thick man for  
*Zosmog. lib. iii. p. 164.*

FABLE II.

THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

PROEM.

WHERE Kings have been by mob-elections  
 Rais'd to the Throne, 'tis strange to see  
 What different and what odd perfections  
 Men have requir'd in Royalty.  
 Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,  
 Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the weight; —  
 Some wish'd them tall, some thought your dumpy,  
 Dutch-built, the true Legitimate.<sup>1</sup>  
 The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,  
 Prefer what's call'd a jolter-head:<sup>2</sup>  
 The' Egyptians wer'n't at all particular,  
 So that their Kings had *not* red hair —  
 This fault not even the greatest stickler  
 For the blood royal well could bear.  
 A thousand more such illustrations  
 Might be adduc'd from various nations.  
 But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,  
 Touching the' acquir'd or natural right  
 Which some men have to rule their fellows,  
 There's one, which I shall here recite: —

FABLE.

There was a land — to *name* the place  
 Is neither now my wish nor duty —  
 Where reign'd a certain Royal race,  
 By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate  
 Of these great persons' chins and noses,  
 By right of which they rul'd the state,  
 No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was — a settled case —  
 Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,  
 Had voted *them* a beauteous race,  
 And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,  
 Some change it made in visual organs;  
 Your Peers were decent — Knights, so so —  
 But all your *common* people, gorgons!

Of course, if any knave had hinted  
 That the King's nose was turned awry,  
 Or that the Queen (God bless her!) squinted —  
 The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occurred,  
 The people to their King were duteous,  
 And took it, on his Royal word,  
 That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

<sup>2</sup> " In a Prince a jolter-head is invaluable."

*Oriental Field Sports.*

MOORE'S WORKS.

whereof, among all classes,  
 imply this — these island elves  
 or yet seen looking-glasses,  
 therefore, did not *know themselves*.

es, indeed, their neighbours' faces  
 strike them as more full of reason,  
 h than those in certain places —  
 ord, the very thought was treason!

howe'er we love our neighbour,  
 like his face's part, 'tis known  
 so much in earnest labour,  
 en the face attack'd's our own.

ey went—the crowd believing —  
 ows well-govern'd always do)  
 ers, too, themselves deceiving —  
 the joke, they thought 'twas true.

s, we know, if they too far go,  
 ave an end — and so, one day,  
 at coast there was a cargo  
 king-glasses cast away.

id, some Radicals, somewhere,  
 id their wicked heads together,  
 'd that ship to founder there,—  
 some believe it was the weather.

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,  
 How little Nature holds it true,  
 That what is call'd an ancient line  
 Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Duke's they pass'd to regal  
 Compar'd them proudly with the  
 And cried "How *could* such monst  
 " In Beauty's name usurp the th

They then wrote essays, pamphlets  
 Upon Cosmetical Economy,  
 Which made the King try various  
 But none improved his physiogn

And satires at the Court were leve  
 And small lampoons, so full of s  
 That soon, in short, they quite be-  
 Their Majesties and Royal High

At length — but here I drop the v  
 To spare some loyal folks' sensa  
 Besides, what follow'd is the tale  
 Of all such late enlighten'd nati

Of all to whom old Time discloses  
 A truth they should have sooner  
 That Kings have neither rights nor  
 A whit diviner than their own.

ALBION first, whose ancient shrine  
urnish'd with the fire already,  
Hæc caught the boon divine,  
is a flame, like Albion's, steady.

And did gift then GALLIA took,  
like a wild Bacchante, raising  
and aloft, its sparkles shook,  
and would set the world a-blazing!

Andling wild, so fierce and high  
star blas'd into the air,  
and snow, to that fire too nigh,  
k back, and shudder'd at its glare!

And AX, so new was light to her,  
and at the torch — but, ere the spark  
and upon her shrine could stir,  
and quench'd — and all again was dark.

— not quench'd — a treasure, worth  
and to mortals, rarely dies:  
and er living light look'd forth,  
and hone, a beacon, in all eyes.

and et receiv'd the flame? alas,  
and rthy NAPLES — shame of shames,  
and r through such hands should pass  
and rrightest of all earthly flames!

and ad her fingers touch'd the torch,  
and , frighted by the sparks it shed,  
and ing even to feel the scorch,  
and ropp'd it to the earth — and fled.

and 'n it might have long remain'd!  
and REECE, who saw her moment now,  
and up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,  
and sav'd it round her beauteous brow.

and icy bade me mark where, o'er  
and star, as its flame ascended,  
and fell'd spirits seem'd to soar,  
and thus in song their voices blended :

and shine for ever, glorious Flame,  
and nest gift of Gods to men!  
and REECE thy earliest splendour came,  
and REECE thy ray returns again,

and Freedom, take thy radiant round,  
and n dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,  
and t a shrine through earth be found,  
and which thy glories shall not burn! "

FABLE IV.

THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

PROEM.

OF all that, to the sage's survey,  
This world presents of topsy-turvy,  
There's nought so much disturbs one's patience,  
As little minds in lofty stations,  
'Tis like that sort of painful wonder,  
Which slender columns, labouring under  
Enormous arches, give beholders; —  
Or those poor Caryatides,  
Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,  
With a whole house upon their shoulders.

If, as in some few royal cases,  
Small minds are born into such places —  
If they are there, by Right Divine,  
Or any such sufficient reason.  
Why — Heav'n forbid we should repine! —  
To wish it otherwise were treason;  
Nay, ev'n to see it in a vision,  
Would be what lawyers call *misprision*.

Sir ROBERT FILMER saith — and he,  
Of course, knew all about the matter —  
"Both men and beasts love Monarchy;"  
Which proves how rational — the *latter*.  
SIDNEY, we know, or wrong or right,  
Entirely differ'd from the Knight!  
Nay, hints a King may lose his head,  
By slipping awkwardly his bridle: —  
But this is treasonous, ill-bred,  
And (now-a-days, when Kings are led  
In patent snaffles) downright idle.

No, no — it isn't right-line Kings,  
(Those sovereign lords in leading-strings)  
Who, from their birth, are Faith-Defenders,  
That move my wrath — 'tis your pretenders,  
Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,  
Who — not, like t' others, bores by birth,  
Establish'd *gratia Dei* blockheads,  
Born with three Kingdoms in their pockets —  
Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,  
Push up into the loftiest stations,  
And, though too dull to manage shops,  
Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is, that moves my gall,  
And stirs up bile, and spleen, and all.  
While other senseless things appear  
To know the limits of their sphere —  
While not a cow on earth romances  
So much as to conceit she dances —  
While the most jumping frog we know of,  
Would scarce at Astley's hope to show off —

MOORE'S WORKS.

's, your \* \* \*s dare,  
'd as are their minds, to set them  
business, *any* where,  
time that fools will let them.

we here these upstart things —  
ess is, just now, with Kings;  
and to their right-line glory,  
the following story.

FABLE.

en of Egypt were secret as dummies;  
when they most condescended to teach,  
d up their meaning, as they did their  
mies,  
y wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.

lso, good people much given to Kings —  
craft and of crocodiles, monkeys and  
ery;  
ttle flies were their best belov'd things —  
partly appear in this very short history.

philosopher (nephew, they say,  
ther great traveller, young Anacharsis),  
a temple at Memphis one day,  
a short peep at their mystical farces.

FABLE V.

CHURCH AND STATE.

PROEM.

"The moment any religion becomes national, its  
purity must certainly be lost, because it is then in  
it unconnected with men's interests; and, if con-  
sequently inevitably be perverted by them."—SOAME JENYNS

THUS did SOAME JENYNS—though a  
A Lord of Trade and the Plantatic  
Feel how Religion's simple glory  
Is stain'd by State associations.

When CATHERINE, ere she crush'd th  
Appeal'd to the benign Divinity;  
Then cut them up in protocols,  
Made fractions of their very souls<sup>2</sup>—

All in the name of the bless'd Trin  
Or when her grandson, ALEXANDER,  
That mighty Northern salamander,<sup>3</sup>  
Whose icy touch, felt all about,  
Puts every fire of Freedom out—  
When he, too, winds up his Ukaes  
With God and the Panagia's praises.

When he, of royal Saints the type,  
In holy water dips the sponge,  
With which, at one imperial wipe,  
He would all human rights expung  
When LOUIS (whom as King, and ea  
Some name *Dir-huit* and some *Des-*

have *these* a claim  
 Religion's name?  
 I seek, go see a bevy  
 of parsons at a levee—  
 Four time, when straw's before  
 the istic bishop's door,  
 you canst, with life, escape  
 the lawn, that press of grape,  
 their rev'rences and graces,  
 each smirking suitor frisks,  
 those round shining faces  
 on earth most turn their disks?

It is—Religion, made,  
 Church and State, a truck, a trade—  
 ill-match'd, unholy Co.,  
 since the ills we witness flow;  
 many creeds with one—  
 ones of too much faith, and none—  
 not ancient trash and new,  
 not Blasphemy—the two  
 with which this age is curst—  
 more tell *which* is worst,  
 could Egypt, when so rich  
 plagues, determine which  
 it most pestilent and vile,  
 like Benbow and Carlisle,  
 their native mud-notes loud  
 locusts, like a cloud  
 ta, obesely low'ring,  
 smighting and devouring!

It is it is—and here I pray  
 my wits of the Reviews,  
 us poor, dull authors say,  
 it we mean, but what they choose;  
 for most abundant shares  
 we add still more of theirs,  
 poets just such evils  
 pillars find those flies,<sup>1</sup>  
 content to sting like devils,  
 upon their backs likewise—  
 against such foul deposits  
 's meaning in my rhymes,  
 more needful here, because it's  
 st, ticklish in these times)—  
 all such wits make known,  
 and Weekly, Whig and Tory,  
 religion—this alone  
 in the following story:—

FABLE.

Royalty was young and bold,  
 ch'd by Time, he had become  
 wil to say *old*,  
 , a *ci-devant jeune homme*;

<sup>1</sup> number of the Ichneumon tribe are seen settling  
 the caterpillar, and darting at different intervals

One evening, on some wild pursuit  
 Driving along, he chanc'd to see  
 Religion, passing by on foot,  
 And took him in his vis-à-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,  
 The humblest and the best of men,  
 Who ne'er had notion or desire  
 Of riding in a coach till then.

"I say"—quoth Royalty, who rather  
 Enjoy'd a masquerading joke—  
 "I say, suppose, my good old father,  
 "You lend me, for a while, your cloak."

The Friar consented—little knew  
 What tricks the youth had in his head;  
 Besides, was rather tempted too  
 By a lac'd coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash  
 Scamp'ring like mad about the town;  
 Broke windows, shiver'd lamps to smash,  
 And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they, whose heads were broke,  
 Learn of the "why" or the "wherefore,"  
 Except that 'twas Religion's cloak,  
 The gentleman who crack'd them, wore.

Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was turn'd  
 By the lac'd coat, grew frisky too;  
 Look'd big—his former habits spurn'd—  
 And storm'd about, as great men do:

Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses—  
 Said "d—mn you" often, or as bad—  
 Laid claim to other people's purses—  
 In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbecoming,  
 And flesh and blood no longer bore it,  
 The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,  
 Summon'd the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent  
 (As Courts must wrangle to decide well),  
 Religion to St. Luke's was sent,  
 And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell.

With this proviso—should they be  
 Restor'd, in due time, to their senses,  
 They both must give security,  
 In future, against such offences—

their stings into its body—at every dart they depose an egg.—  
 GOLDSMITH.

MOORE'S WORKS.

to lend his cloak,  
 dreadful work it leads to;  
 to crack his joke, —  
 to crack poor people's heads too.

FABLE VI.

LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

PROEM.

young Bolognese,  
 water of a learn'd Law Doctor<sup>1</sup>,  
 with all the subtleties  
 of modern jurists stock'd her,  
 looking fair, 'tis said,  
 hearts held such dominion,  
 her father, sick in bed,  
 put her, in his stead,  
 on the Code Justinian,  
 certain drawn before her,  
 charms were seen, the students  
 their young eyes wander o'er her,  
 forget their jurisprudence.<sup>2</sup>  
 with truth, when *seen*,  
 long far, — 'tis from behind  
 allegoric screen,  
 can safest teach mankind.

Oh! had there been a Hume or Benn  
 Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,  
 Ye Gods, what room for long debates  
 Upon the Nursery Estimates!  
 What cutting down of swaddling-cloth  
 And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!  
 What calls for papers to expose  
 The waste of sugar-plums and rattle  
 But no — if Thibet had M. P.'s,  
 They were far better bred than these;  
 Nor gave the slightest opposition,  
 During the Monarch's whole dentition  
 But short this calm; — for, just when  
 Had reach'd the ' alarming age of three  
 When Royal natures, and, no doubt,  
 Those of *all* noble beasts break out —  
 The Lama, who till then was quiet,  
 Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot;  
 And, ripe for mischief, early, late,  
 Without regard for Church or State,  
 Made free with whosoe'er came nigh;  
 Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the  
 Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry,  
 And trod on the old Generals' toes:  
 Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,  
 Rode cockhorse on the City maces,  
 And shot from little devilish guns,  
 Hard peas into his subjects' faces.  
 In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,  
 And grew so mischievous, God blest

thinking him consumptive,  
 the Heir Presumptive! —  
 though much admiring Kings  
 those in leading-strings),  
 with shame and grief of soul,  
 no longer now the wise  
 tional control  
 fore their ruler's eyes;  
 late, such pranks, and tricks,  
 occur'd the whole day long,  
 men with bishopricks,  
 ev'n a King, were wrong.  
 was they humbly pray'd  
 urable Nursery,  
 forms be henceforth made,  
 d men desir'd to see; —  
 ds (lest they might seem  
 , as the gentlest scheme  
 all such pranks to rest,  
 bud the mischief nipping —  
 'd humbly to suggest  
 y should have a whipping!

as read, no Congreve rocket,  
 l into the Gallic trenches,  
 the tremendous shock it  
 upon the Nursery benches.  
 , who of course had votes,  
 age and petticoats,  
 id foremost in the fuss —  
 hip a Lama! suffer birch  
 is sacred — infamously!  
 — assailing thus  
 mental of the Church! —  
 - such patriot plans as these,  
 rem Heaven — and their Sees!)  
 to be rank blasphemies."

thus given, by these and other  
 ies of the Nursery side,  
 igh the land, till, such a pothor,  
 y squabbles, far and wide,  
 tory's page had been  
 were then between  
 rs and Non-whippers seen.  
 arriving at a state,  
 ve some fears of revolution,  
 lords' advice, though late,  
 at last in execution,  
 ment of Thibet met —  
 Lama, call'd before it,  
 id there, his whipping get,  
 Nursery Gazette  
 s) like a hero bore it.

, 'mong Thibet Tories, some  
 : Royal Martyrdom  
 bserve, the letter D  
 word 's pronounc'd like B),

Yet to the' example of that Prince  
 So much is Thibet's land a debtor,  
 That her long line of Lamas, since,  
 Have all behav'd themselves *much* better.

FABLE VII.

THE EXTINGUISHERS.

PROEM.

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports,  
 The natural allies of Courts,  
 Woe to the Monarch, who depends  
 Too *much* on his red-coated friends;  
 For even soldiers sometimes *think* —  
 Nay, Colonels have been known to *reason*, —  
 And reasoners, whether clad in pink,  
 Or red, or blue, are on the brink  
 (Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are  
 As fond of liberty as Mina;  
 Else — woe to kings, when Freedom's fever  
 Once turns into a *Scarletina*!  
 For then — but hold 'tis best to veil  
 My meaning in the following tale: —

FABLE.

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,  
 Just come into a large estate,  
 Was shock'd to find he had, for neighbours,  
 Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,  
 Whose fires, beneath his very nose,  
 In heretic combustion rose.  
 But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,  
 Do what they will — so, one fine morning,  
 He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,  
 First giving a few kicks for warning.  
 Then, thanking Heaven most piously,  
 He knock'd their Temple to the ground,  
 Blessing himself for joy to see  
 Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.  
 But much it vex'd my Lord to find,  
 That, while all else obey'd his will,  
 The fire these Ghebers left behind,  
 Do what he would, kept burning still.  
 Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown  
 Could scare the bright insurgent down;  
 But, no — such fires are headstrong things,  
 And care not much for Lords or Kings.  
 Scarce could his Lordship well contrive  
 The flashes in *one* place to smother  
 Before — hey presto! — all alive,  
 They sprung up freshly in another.

MOORE'S WORKS.

n, spite of prayers and damns,  
 the sturdy flame defied him,  
 came, with low *salams*,  
*contract*, to provide him  
 Extinguishers, (a plan,  
 he said, at Ispahan,  
 Edinburgh—in short,  
 that's forbid at court,  
 Lord should be without,  
 at once, put promptly out  
 res,—from staring, stark  
 the tiniest spark;  
 slept as dull and dark,  
 Lord's neighbourhood,  
 and fitting all things should.

some large supplies  
 Extinguishers were furnish'd  
 (the Imperial size),  
 in rows, stood black and burnish'd,  
 but for a gleam but shone  
 and to be clapp'd on.

ordly wisdom errs,  
 Extinguishers!  
 when he had left all sure,  
 thought he) dark, secure—  
 all its exits, entries,  
 to his heart's content,  
 Extinguishers, like sentries,  
 every dangerous vent—

Yet well could they, who lov'd the flam  
 Its wand'ring, its excess reclaim;  
 And soon another, fairer Dome  
 Arose to be its sacred home,  
 Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confin'd  
 The living glory dwelt inshrin'd,  
 And, shedding lustre strong, but even,  
 Though born of earth, grew worthy hea

MORAL.

The moral hence my Muse infers  
 Is, that such Lords are simple elves,  
 In trusting to Extinguishers,  
 That are combustible themselves.

FABLE VIII.

LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG.

THE money rais'd—the army ready—  
 Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy  
 Valiantly braying in the van,  
 To the old tune "*Eh, eh, Sire Ane!*"—  
 Nought wanting, but some *coup dramat*  
 To make French *sentiment* explode,  
 Prince in at once, the great function



the Duke (who, bless his Highness!  
his *Ault* acquir'd such fame,  
p'd that he as little shyness  
show, when to the point he came,)  
or his deeds so lion-hearted,  
n'd *Hero*, ere he started;  
er, by Royal Ordonnance,  
hat name—at least in Franc.  
—the Viscount Châteaubriand—  
the' affair with more *esprit* on)  
for this baptismal rite,  
of his own fam'd Jordan water—<sup>1</sup>  
oise not having quite  
ll that, for young Nap, he brought her,)  
ism, in *this* case, to be  
o that extremity,  
ourbon heroes most expose;  
h (as well all Europe knows)  
to be, in this Defender  
ie Faith, extremely tender.<sup>2</sup>

Viscount said) this scheme  
and premature should seem—  
scouting heroes, on tick—  
lory, by anticipation,  
much in the *genre romantique*  
ch a highly classic nation,  
d to say, the Abyssinians  
e had in their dominions,  
at Paris got up well,  
*stern*, was sure to tell.  
eat epochs, good or ill,  
e, says BRUCE (and BRUCE nc'er budges  
strict truth), a grand Quadrille  
danc'd by the Twelve Judges—<sup>3</sup>  
assures us, the grimaces,  
*-chats*, the airs and graces  
ra, so profound and stately,  
e Abyssinians greatly.

aid the Viscount), there's but few  
Empires, where this plan would do:  
tance, England;—let them take  
t pains they would—'twere vain to strive—  
elve stiff Judges there would make  
worst Quadrille-set now alive.  
ist have seen them, ere one could  
e properly JUDGE WOOD,  
ning, in his wig, so gaily,  
*e-de-chat* with JUSTICE BAILEY!

<sup>1</sup> from the river Jordan by M. Châteaubriand, and pre-  
French Empress for the christening of young Napoleon.  
Duke's celebrated letter to Madame, written during his  
1818, in which he says, "J'ai le postérieur légèrement  
"

<sup>2</sup> tain great occasions, the twelve Judges (who are gene-  
sixty and seventy years of age) sing the song and  
gare-dance." &c.—Book v.

<sup>3</sup> XIV. Et présent à la Vierge de son cordon bleu, que  
se soigneusement, et lui envoya ensuite, son Contrat

"French Judges, though, are, by no means,  
"This sort of stiff, be-wigg'd machines!  
"And we, who've seen them at *Saumur*,  
"And *Poitiers* lately, may be sure  
"They'd dance quadrilles, or anything,  
"That would be pleasing to the King—  
"Nay, stand upon their heads, and more do,  
"To please the little Duke de Bordeaux!"

After these several schemes there came  
Some others—needless now to name,  
Since that, which Monsieur plann'd, himself,  
Soon doom'd all others to the shelf,  
And was receiv'd *par acclamation*,  
As truly worthy the *Grande Nation*.

It seems (as Monsieur told the story)  
That Louis the Fourteenth,—that glory,  
That *Coryphée* of all crown'd pates,—  
That pink of the Legitimates—  
Had, when, with many a pious pray'r, he  
Bequeath'd unto the Virgin Mary  
His marriage deeds, and *cordon bleu*,<sup>4</sup>  
Bequeath'd to her his State Wig too—  
(An offering which, at Court, 'tis thought,  
The Virgin values as she ought)—  
That Wig, the wonder of all eyes,  
The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,  
To watch and tend whose curls ador'd,  
Re-build its tow'ring roof, when flat,  
And round its ramped base, a Board  
Of sixty Barbers daily sat,<sup>5</sup>  
With Subs, on State-Days, to assist,  
Well pension'd from the Civil List:—  
That wond'rous Wig, array'd in which  
And form'd alike to awe or witch,  
He beat all other heirs of crowns,  
In taking mistresses and towns,  
Requiring but a shot at one,  
A smile at *l'other*, and t'was done!—

"That Wig" (said Monsieur, while his brow  
Rose proudly,) "is existing now;—  
"That Grand Perruque, amid the fall  
"Of ev'ry other Royal glory,  
"With curls erect survives them all,  
"And tells in ev'ry hair their story.  
"Think, think, how welcome at this time  
"A relic, so belov'd, sublime!

de Mariage et le *Traité des Pyrénées*, magnifiquement relié." —  
*Mémoires. Anecdotes pour servir*, &c.

<sup>5</sup> The learned author of *Recherches Historiques sur les Perruques*  
says that the Board consisted but of Forty—the same number as the  
Academy. "Le plus beau tems des perruques fut celui où Louis  
XIV. commença à porter, lui-même, perruque; . . . . .  
On ignore l'époque où se fit cette révolution; mais on sait qu'elle  
enrages Louis le Grand à y donner ses soins paternels, en créant, en  
1656, quarante charges de perruquiers, suivant la cour; et en 1672, il  
forma un corps de deux cents perruquiers pour la Ville de Paris."  
—P. 111.

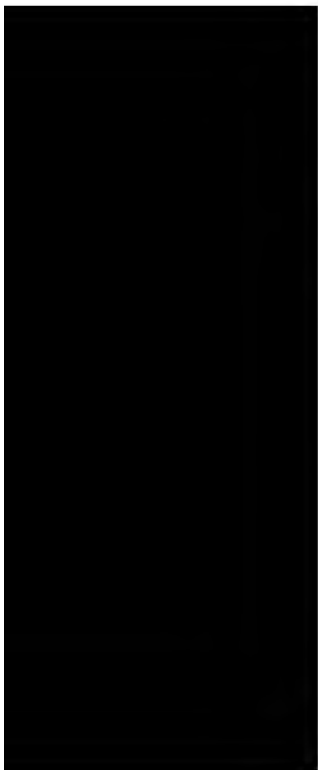
MOORE'S WORKS.

er standard of the Cause  
 Right can France demand?  
 ng our ranks can pause  
 it, while a curl shall stand?  
 friends" — (while thus he cried,  
 ich conceal'd this pride  
 igs was drawn aside)  
 grand Perruque — how big  
 llections for the world —  
 — for us — Great Louis' Wig  
 LYRE<sup>1</sup> new frizz'd and curl'd —  
 alas, 'tis but too true,  
 ou start at that word *new* —  
 e sacrifice, my friends,  
 al Cossack recommends;  
 ch small concessions sage,  
 spirit of the age,  
 at best that spirit flatters,  
 if not in weightier matters.

ated *Coiffeur* of the present day.

" Wherefore, to please the Czar, and sh  
 " That *we* too, much-wrong'd Bourbons  
 " What liberalism in Monarchs is,  
 " We have conceded the New Friz!  
 " Thus arm'd, ye gallant Ultras, say,  
 " Can men, can Frenchmen, fear the fra  
 " With this proud relic in our van,  
 " And D' ANGOULÈME our worthy le  
 " Let rebel Spain do all she can,  
 " Let recreant England arm and feed  
 " Urg'd by that pupil of HUNT's school  
 " That Radical, Lord LIVERPOOL —  
 " France can have nought to fear — fi  
 it —  
 " When once astounded Europe sees  
 " The wig of LOUIS, like a Comet,  
 " Streaming above the Pyrenees,  
 " All's o'er with Spain — then on, my s  
 " On, my incomparable Duke,  
 " And, shouting for the Holy Ones,  
 " Cry *Vive la guerre — et la Perruque*

RHYMES ON THE ROAD.



## PREFACE.\*

A series of trifles entitled "Rhymes on Road," were written partly as their title implies, and partly at a subsequent period in memorandums made on the spot. This I account for so many of those pieces being the better, I fear, than "prose fringed with rhyme." The journey to a part of which these rhymes owed their existence was commenced in company with Lord John Russell in the autumn of the year 1819. After a week or two passed at Paris, to enable Lord John to refer to Barillon's Letters for a new edition of his Life of Lord Russell then preparing, we set out together for the Simplon. At Milan, an agreeable society of the late Lord Kinnaird detained us for a few days; and then my companion took the route to Genoa, while I proceeded on a visit to Lord Byron at Venice. It was during the journey, thus briefly detailed, I addressed the well-known Remonstrance to my noble friend †, which has of late been frequently coupled with my prophetic verses on the Duke of Wellington ‡, from the scientific spirit with which it so confidently looked forward to all that Lord John has since come in the eyes of the world. Of my visit to Lord Byron,—an event so memorable,—I have already detailed the most interesting particulars in my published Life of the poet; and shall here only refer, from that work, one passage, as having the reference to a picture mentioned in the following pages. "As we were conversing at dinner about the various collections of paintings I had seen that morning, on my going that, fearful as I was of ever praising a picture, lest I should draw on myself the

connoisseur's sneer, for my pains, I would yet, to him, venture to own that I had seen a picture at Milan, which——'The Hagar!'§ he exclaimed, eagerly interrupting me; and it was in fact, that very picture I was about to mention to him as having awakened in me, by the truth of its expression, more real emotion than any I had yet seen among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Venice."

In the society I chiefly lived with, while at Rome, I considered myself singularly fortunate; though but a blind and uninitiated worshipper of those powers of Art of which my companions were all high priests. Canova himself, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, Eastlake,—such were the men of whose presence and guidance I enjoyed the advantage in visiting all that unrivalled Rome can boast of beautiful and grand. That I derived from this course of tuition any thing more than a very humbling consciousness of my own ignorance and want of taste, in matters of art, I will not be so dishonest as to pretend. But, to the stranger in Rome every step forms an epoch; and, in addition to all its own countless appeals to memory and imagination, the agreeable auspices under which I first visited all its memorable places could not but render every impression I received more vivid and permanent. Thus, with my recollection of the Sepulchre of St. Peter, and its ever-burning lamps, for which splendid spot Canova was then meditating a statue||, there is always connected in my mind the exclamation which I heard break from Chantrey after gazing, for a few moments, in silence, upon that glorious site,— "What a place to work for!"

From the Preface to the Seventh Volume of the collected edition of 1841, 1842.]  
see Miscellaneous Poems.

† See p. 115. of this edition.  
§ Abraham dismantling Hagar, by Guercino.  
|| A statue, I believe, of Pius VI.

## PREFACE.

allusion is made to, an  
written, when Chantrey  
en by Canova to the  
the purpose of showing  
taper — his favourite  
at work — his beautiful  
Borghese, called the  
Chantrey's eagerness  
ce or effect that pecu-  
atched the light out of  
this circumstance the  
poem referred to was

art and fame,  
e with delight,  
ing hand would steal  
e taper's rays,  
he gen'rous zeal  
only feel,  
a rival's praise.

still linger most plea-  
and which, I trust,  
or Mr. Eastlake have  
at of our visit together  
when, as we sauntered  
e spot, enjoying the  
which it commands,

left Rome, he kindly presented to me a set of engravings from some of his finest statues, together with a copy of the beautifully printed collection of Poems, which a Roman poet, named Missirini, had written in praise of his different "Marmi."

When Lord John Russell and myself parted, at Milan, it was agreed between us, that after a short visit to Rome, and (if practicable within the allowed time) to Naples, I was to rejoin him at Genoa, and from thence accompany him to England. But the early period for which Parliament was summoned, that year, owing to the violent proceedings at Manchester, rendered it necessary for Lord John to hasten his return to England. I was, therefore, most fortunate under such circumstances, in being permitted by my friends Chantrey and Jackson to join in their journey homeward; through which lucky arrangement, the same precious privilege I had enjoyed, at Rome, of hearing the opinions of such practised judges, on all the great works of art I saw in their company, was continued afterwards to me through the various collections we visited together, at Florence, Bologna,

# RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING MEMBER OF  
THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY, 1819.

greater-part of the following Rhymes were or composed in an old *calèche*, for the of beguiling the *ennui* of solitary travel-nd as verses, made by a gentleman in his ave been lately called "a *psychological* r," it is to be hoped that verses, composed nleman to keep himself awake, may be d with some appellation equally Greek.

## RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

### INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

*Attitudes in which Authors compose.*—*Bayes, Henry*, Herodotus, &c.—*Writing in Bed*—*in the Fields.*—*id Sir Richard Blackmore.*—*Fiddling with Gloves and*—*Madame de Staël.*—*Rhyming on the Road, in an old*

r various attitudes, and ways,  
d tricks, we authors have in writing!  
e some write sitting, some, like BAYES,  
ually stand, while they're inditing.  
there are, who wear the floor out,  
asuring a line at every stride;  
e some, like HENRY STEPHENS, pour out  
ymes by the dozen, while they ride.<sup>1</sup>  
DOTUS wrote most in bed;  
d RICHERAND, a French physician,  
res the clock-work of the head  
es best in that reclin'd position.  
i consult MONTAIGNE<sup>2</sup> and PLINY on  
ubject, 'tis their joint opinion  
Thought its richest harvest yields  
ad, among the woods and fields;  
bards, who deal in small retail,  
home may, at their counters, stop;

ue sua carmina equitans composuit. — PARAVICIN. *Sin-*  
*pensées dormant, si je les assis.* — MONTAIGNE. *Animus*  
*in aperto aere ambulans, attollitur.* — PLINY.  
ly authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato

But that the grove, the hill, the vale,  
Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.  
And, verily, I think they're right —  
For, many a time, on summer eves,  
Just at that closing hour of light,  
When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves  
For distant war his Haram bow'rs,  
The Sun bids farewell to the flow'rs,  
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing  
Mid all the glory of his going! —  
Ev'n I have felt, beneath those beams,  
When wand'ring through the fields alone,  
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,  
Which, far too bright to be my own,  
Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Pow'r,  
That was abroad at that still hour.

If thus I've felt, how must they feel,  
The few, whom genuine Genius warms;  
Upon whose souls he stamps his seal,  
Graven with Beauty's countless forms; —  
The few upon this earth, who seem  
Born to give truth to PLATO's dream,  
Since in their thoughts, as in a glass,  
Shadows of heavenly things appear,  
Reflections of bright shapes that pass  
Through other worlds, above our sphere!

But this reminds me I digress; —  
For PLATO, too, produc'd, 'tis said,  
(As one, indeed, might almost guess,  
His glorious visions all in bed.<sup>3</sup>  
'Twas in his carriage the sublime  
SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE used to rhyme;  
And (if the wits don't do him wrong)  
'Twixt death<sup>4</sup> and epics pass'd his time,  
Scribbling and killing all day long —  
Like Phœbus in his car, at ease,  
Now warbling forth a lofty song,  
Now murd'ring the young Niobes.

and Herodotus, is a Latin Poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says:—

Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,  
Desedit totos heic Plato aspe dies.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Richard Blackmore was a physician, as well as a bed post.

MOORE'S WORKS.

hero 'mong the Danes,  
 we're told, 'mid all the pains  
 of exenteration,  
 ng odes, which, if you'll look,  
 l preserv'd, with a translation,  
 LIXUS in his book.<sup>1</sup>  
 ere endless to recite  
 modes in which men write.  
 re only in the mind,  
 as and belles are round them prating;  
 they dress for dinner, find  
 e and valet both in waiting;  
 e, at the self-same time,  
 neckcloth and a rhyme.

there are who cannot scribble  
 love to tear or nibble;  
 wig to whisk about —  
 hidden founts of Fancy,  
 f old, were thus found out  
 tricks of rhabdomancy.  
 e little feathery wand,<sup>2</sup>  
 or ever in the hand  
 won and wore the crown  
 genius in this age,  
 onductor, that drew down  
 rds of lightning to her page.  
 lf — to come, at last,  
 d way in which / write —  
 loy'd these few months past

'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,  
 Full often was my wistful gaze  
 Turn'd to the sun, who now began  
 To call in all his out-post rays,  
 And form a denser march of light,  
 Such as beseems a hero's fight.  
 Oh, how I wished for JOSHUA'S pow'r,  
 To stay the brightness of that hour!  
 But no — the sun still less became,  
 Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid  
 And small as were those tongues of fla  
 That on the' Apostles' heads descen

'Twas at this instant — while there glo  
 This last, intensest gleam of light —  
 Suddenly, through the opening road,  
 The valley burst upon my sight!  
 That glorious valley, with its Lake,  
 And Alps on Alps in clusters swell  
 Mighty, and pure, and fit to make  
 The ramparts of a Godhead's dwell

I stood entranc'd — as Rabbins say  
 This whole assembled, gazing world  
 Will stand, upon that awful day,  
 When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd  
 Among the opening clouds shall shine,  
 Divinity's own radiant sign!

Mighty Moxe B... the...



ever, man might grow,  
 n earth a thing divine,  
 e more, the creature made  
 stain'd the' Elysian shade!

hall I lose the trace  
 e felt in this bright place.  
 l my spirit's hope grow weak,  
 oh God, e'er doubt thy pow'r,  
 r scene again I'll seek,  
 me calm and glowing hour,  
 t the sublimest shrine  
 ere ever rear'd to Thee,  
 l that hope divine,  
 my immortality!

EXTRACT II.

Geneva.

OF GENEVA IN THE YEAR 1793.

A FRAGMENT.

re yet live some of those,  
 this small Republic rose,  
 startled hive of bees,  
 leaguering enemies—<sup>1</sup>  
 e Royal Satrap shook  
 known fetters at her gates,  
 and mothers arm'd, and took  
 ions by their sons and mates;  
 se walls there stood—yet, no,  
 the traitors—*would* have stood  
 and as e'er let flow  
 om's base their sacred blood;  
 live, who on that night,  
 ere watching, girt for fight,  
 re creeping of a pest,  
 to rank, from breast to breast,  
 weak, the old with fears,  
 heroine's zeal to tears,—  
 honour to that brink,  
 step more, and he must sink—  
 ing hopes, which, though the last,  
 s on a drowning mast,  
 ave led to death more bright,  
 r look'd, in all its light!  
 o soon, distrust, alarms  
 ut the' embattled thousands ran,  
 h spirit, late in arms,  
 at might have work'd such charms,  
 a broken talisman—

<sup>1</sup>22. when the forces of Berne, Sardinia, and Geneva, and when, after a demonstration of evotion, which promised to rival the feats of 808 against Savoy, the Genevans, either panic to the surprise of all Europe, opened their gates d submitted without a struggle to the extinction

Their gates, that they had sworn should be  
 The gates of Death, that very dawn,  
 Gave passage widely, bloodlessly,  
 To the proud foe—nor sword was drawn,  
 Nor ev'n one martyr'd body cast  
 To stain their footsteps, as they pass'd;  
 But, of the many sworn at night  
 To do or die, some fled the sight,  
 Some stood to look, with sullen frown,  
 While some, in impotent despair,  
 Broke their bright armour and lay down,  
 Weeping, upon the fragments there!—  
 If those, I say, who brought that shame,  
 That blast upon GENEVA's name,  
 Be living still—though crime so dark  
 Shall hang up, fix'd and unforgiv'n,  
 In History's page, the' eternal mark  
 For Scorn to pierce—so help me, Heav'n,  
 I wish the traitorous slaves no worse,  
 No deeper, deadlier disaster,  
 From all earth's ills no fouler curse  
 Than to have \*\*\*\*\* their master!

EXTRACT III.

Geneva.

Fancy and Truth. — Hippomenes and Atalanta. — Mont Blanc. — Clouds.

EVEN here, in this region of wonders, I find  
 That light-footed Fancy leaves truth far behind;  
 Or, at least, like Hippomenes, turns her astray  
 By the golden illusions he flings in her way.<sup>2</sup>

What a glory it seem'd the first ev'ning I gaz'd!  
 MONT BLANC, like a vision, then suddenly rais'd  
 On the wreck of the sunset—and all his array  
 Of high-towering Alps, touch'd still with a light  
 Far holier, purer than that of the Day,  
 As if nearness to Heaven had made them so  
 bright!

Then the dying, at last, of these splendours away  
 From peak after peak, till they left but a ray,  
 One roseate ray, that, too precious to fly,  
 O'er the Mighty of Mountains still glowingly  
 hung,  
 Like the last sunny step of ASTREA, when nigh  
 From the summit of earth to Elysium she sprung!  
 And those infinite Alps, stretching out from the  
 sight  
 Till they mingled with Heaven, now shorn of their  
 light,

of their liberties. — See an account of this Revolution in Coxe's Switzerland.

2

nitidique cupidine pomi  
 Declinat curvas, aurumque volabile tollit.  
 Ovid.

MOORE'S WORKS.

and pale in the sky,  
 at Creation gone by !  
 'd it this evening again,  
 t that hung over it then—  
 heir tenderest charms—  
 wfullest pomp—and the  
 ty, reclin'd in the arms  
 om elect of her soul !  
 tains, that round me at  
 miracles, burst ?  
 , without end swelling on  
 y— where are *they* gone ?  
 vere nothing but clouds,  
 BLANCS, which my fancy  
 ht on this earth can recall,  
 he evening, and now are  
 s young illusions ! Oh,  
 e, and hide *all* from my

Well might the Loves rejoice—and well did they  
 Who wove these fables, picture, in their weaving  
 That blessed truth, (which, in a darker day,  
 ORIGEN lost his saintship for believing.)—  
 That Love, eternal Love, whose fadeless ray  
 Nor time, nor death, nor sin can overcast,  
 Ev'n to the depths of hell will find his way,  
 And soothe, and heal, and triumph there at last

GUERCINO'S Agar—where the bond-maid bears  
 From Abram's lips that he and she must part;  
 And looks at him with eyes all full of tears,  
 That seem the very last drops from her heart.  
 Exquisite picture !—let me not be told  
 Of minor faults, of colouring tame and cold—  
 If thus to conjure up a face so fair,<sup>3</sup>  
 So full of sorrow; with the story there  
 Of all that woman suffers, when the stay  
 Her trusting heart hath lean'd on falls away—  
 If thus to touch the bosom's tend'rest spring,  
 By calling into life such eyes, as bring  
 Back to our sad remembrance some of those  
 We've smil'd and wept with, in their joys and woes  
 Thus filling them with tears, like tears we've known  
 Till all the pictur'd grief becomes our own—  
 If *this* be deem'd the victory of Art—  
 If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare  
 The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart  
 Before all eyes, be Genius—it is *there* !

same light, that o'er the level lake  
dull monotony of lustre flings,  
stering in the rounded rain-drop, make  
us as gay as those on Peris' wings;

Oh, I deem, the difference between real,  
g Beauty and that form ideal,  
she assumes, when seen by poets' eyes,  
nshine in the drop—with all those dyes,  
Fancy's variegating prism supplies.

a story of two lovers, fill'd  
all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,  
e sad, doubtful bliss, that ever thrill'd  
young and longing hearts in that sweet  
madness.

ere to choose the region of my vision  
is wide vulgar world—what real spot  
found out sufficiently Elysian  
wo such perfect lovers, I know not.  
some fair FORMOSA, such as he  
ang Jew fabled of, in the' Indian Sea,  
ing, but its name of Beauty, known,  
ich Queen Fancy might make all her own,  
ry kingdom—take its people, lands,  
ements into her own bright hands,  
ake, at least, one earthly corner fit  
e to live in, pure and exquisite!

EXTRACT VI.

Venice.

of Venice not to be lamented.—Former Glory.—Expedi-  
ment Constantinople.—Giustinianis.—Republic.—Char-  
acters of the old Government.—Golden Book.—Brasses  
.—Spies.—Dungeons.—Present Desolation.

REN not for VENICE—let her rest  
ain, 'mong those States unblest,  
each whose gilded hoofs of pride,  
ere'er they trampled, Freedom died.

of the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.

sa famille entière des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de  
vaut marcher toute entière dans cette expédition; elle  
est combattans; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre  
s Rome; le même malheur les attendait."—*Histoire de*  
*de DARRU.*

celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of maxims which  
monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government,  
sides of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious  
as rather an over-charged satire upon despotism, than a  
f policy, seriously inculcated, and but too readily and  
by pursued.

lrit, in which these maxims of Father Paul are conceived,  
sided from the instructions which he gives for the manage-  
the Venetian colonies and provinces. Of the former he  
'Il faut les traiter comme des animaux brutes, les rognier

No—let us keep our tears for them.  
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been  
Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,  
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,  
But from high daring in the cause  
Of human Rights—the only good  
And blessed strife, in which man draws  
His mighty sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for VENICE; though her fall  
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave  
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,  
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.  
Thus perish ev'ry King and State,  
That run the guilty race she ran,  
Strong but in ill, and only great  
By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest  
And all those days of glory gone,  
When the world's waters, east and west,  
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;  
When, with her countless barks she went  
To meet the Orient Empire's might,<sup>1</sup>  
And her Giustinianis sent  
Their hundred heroes to that fight.<sup>2</sup>

Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true,  
But mourn them not—for vanish'd, too,  
(Thanks to that Pow'r, who, soon or late,  
Hurls to the dust the guilty Great.)  
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,  
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,  
That fill'd each spot at home, abroad,  
Where the Republic's standard stood.  
Desolate VENICE! when I track  
Thy haughty course through cent'ries back;  
Thy ruthless pow'r, obey'd but curst—  
The stern machinery of thy State,  
Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,  
Had stronger fear not chill'd even hate;—  
Thy perfidy, still worse than aught  
Thy own unblushing SARPIS<sup>3</sup> taught;—  
Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath  
Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death;—<sup>4</sup>

les dents, et les griffes, les humilier souvent, surtout leur ôter les  
occasions de s'aguerrir. Du pain et le bâton, voilà ce qu'il leur  
faut; gardons l'humanité pour une meilleure occasion."

For the treatment of the provinces he advises thus:—"Tendre  
à dépouiller les villes de leurs privilèges, faire que les habitans  
s'appauvrissent, et que leurs biens soient achetés par les Vénitiens.  
Ceux qui, dans les conseils municipaux, se montreront ou plus  
audacieux ou plus dévoués aux intérêts de la population, il faut les  
perdre ou les gagner à quelque prix que ce soit; enfin, s'il se trouve  
dans les provinces quelques chefs de parti, il faut les exterminer sous  
un prétexte quelconque, mais en évitant de recourir à la justice  
ordinaire. Que le poison fasse l'office de bourreau, cela est moins  
odieux et beaucoup plus profitable."

<sup>4</sup> Conduct of Venice towards her allies and dependencies, par-  
ticularly to unfortunate Padua.—Fate of Francesco Carrara, for  
which see DARRU, vol. II. p. 141.

MOORE'S WORKS.

thy's Book of Gold,  
 against humble Virtue's name,<sup>1</sup>  
 wide for slaves who sold  
 live land to thee and shame; —<sup>2</sup>  
 rading host of spies,  
 o'er ev'ry glance and breath,  
 look'd in each others' eyes,  
 their chance of life or death; —  
 hat made a mart of blood,  
 liz'd the' assassin's knife: —<sup>3</sup>  
 cells beneath the flood,  
 s, and Leads,<sup>4</sup> that burnt out life; —

iew all this, and see  
 hat now hath fall'n on thee;  
 tow'ring once so proud,  
 beneath the yoke now bow'd, —  
 no one grace redeem'd,  
 old, around thee beam'd,  
 nd base as e'er yet gall'd,  
 nts, when, themselves, enthrall'd, —  
 oral vengeance sweet,  
 g o'er the wreck, repeat,  
 sh ev'ry King and State,  
 ead the steps which VENICE trod,  
 t in ill, and only great,  
 age against man and God!"

EXTRACT VII.

*Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself. — Reflects  
 to read them.*

LET me, a moment, — ere with fear and  
 Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves  
 As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key  
 Of some enchanter's secret halls is gi  
 Doubts, while he enters, slowly, trembli  
 If he shall meet with shapes from hell o  
 Let me, a moment, think what thousan  
 O'er the wide earth this instant, who w  
 Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend t  
 Over these precious leaves, as I do now  
 How all who know — and where is he t  
 To what far region have his songs not t  
 Like PΣΑΡΗΘΝ's birds,<sup>5</sup> speaking thei  
 name,  
 In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame?  
 How all, who've felt the various spells c  
 Within the circle of that master-mind, -  
 Like spells, deriv'd from many a star, a  
 Together in some wond'rous amulet, —  
 Would burn to know when first the Lig  
 In his young soul, — and if the gleams  
 From that Aurora of his genius, rais'd  
 Most pain or bliss in those on whom the  
 Would love to trace the' unfolding of th  
 Which had

who, mid the scornful thoughts that  
 I fancy, tinging all its streams, —  
 star of Bitterness, which fell  
 of old,<sup>1</sup> had touch'd them with its  
 light, —  
 spirit, which, though driven to hate,  
 e's hands came kind, affectionate;  
 ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,  
 at times, in love's own native light; —  
 all, who've watch'd these struggling rays  
 ruin'd spirit through his lays,  
 inquire, as from his own frank lips,  
 relating grief, what wrongs had driven  
 nature into cold eclipse;  
 e fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,  
 not only to surprise, but cheer  
 th and lustre all within its sphere,  
 unench'd, that of its grandeur lasts  
 : the wide, cold shadow which it casts!

lume! whatsoe'er the change  
 id clime — the' adventures, bold and  
 age —  
 — the frailties, but too frankly told —  
 he feuds thy pages may unfold,  
 th half so prompt a hand unlocks  
 es as his failings, we shall find  
 there of friendships, held like rocks,  
 ities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd;  
 berish'd without change or chill,  
 o serv'd him, young, and serve him still;  
 aid, giv'n with that noiseless art  
 es not pride, to many a wounded heart;  
 ut, no — not from himself must sought  
 it features of his life be sought.  
 , who court the world, like MILTON's  
 i,<sup>2</sup>  
 i their silver lining" on the crowd,  
 Being wraps himself in night;  
 ping all that softens, and adorns,  
 his social nature hid from sight,  
 : its darkness on a world he scorns.

name of the star is called wormwood, and the third  
 as became wormwood." — Rev. viii.

"'Tid a sable cloud  
 n forth her silver lining on the night?"  
 Comus.

me at Florence.  
 no Pisa!

ticularly to the portrait of her in the Sciarra col-  
 , where the look of mournful reproach in those full,

EXTRACT VIII.

Venice.

*Female Beauty at Venice. — No longer what it was in the Time of Titian. — His Mistress. — Various Forms in which he has painted her. — Venus. — Divine and profane Love. — La Fragilità d'Amore. — Paul Veronese. — His Women. — Marriage of Cana. — Character of Italian Beauty. — Raphael Fornarina. — Modesty.*

THEY brave, thy learn'd, have pass'd away:  
 Thy beautiful! — ah, where are they?  
 The forms, the faces, that once shone,  
 Models of grace, in Titian's eye,  
 Where are they now? while flowers live on  
 In ruin'd places, why, oh why  
 Must Beauty thus with Glory die?  
 That maid, whose lips would still have mov'd,  
 Could art have breath'd a spirit through them;  
 Whose varying charms her artist lov'd  
 More fondly ev'ry time he drew them,  
 (So oft beneath his touch they pass'd,  
 Each semblance fairer than the last);  
 Wearing each shape that Fancy's range  
 Offers to Love — yet still the one  
 Fair idol, seen through every change,  
 Like facets of some orient stone, —  
 In each the same bright image shown.  
 Sometimes a Venus, unarray'd  
 But in her beauty<sup>3</sup> — sometimes deck'd  
 In costly raiment, as a maid  
 That kings might for a throne select.<sup>4</sup>  
 Now high and proud, like one who thought  
 The world should at her feet be brought;  
 Now, with a look reproachful, sad —<sup>5</sup>  
 Unwonted look from brow so glad; —  
 And telling of a pain too deep  
 For tongue to speak or eyes to weep.  
 Sometimes, through allegory's veil,  
 In double semblance seen to shine,  
 Telling a strange and mystic tale  
 Of Love Profane and Love Divine<sup>6</sup> —  
 Akin in features, but in heart  
 As far as earth and heav'n apart.  
 Or else (by quaint device to prove  
 The frailty of all worldly love)  
 Holding a globe of glass, as thin  
 As air-blown bubbles, in her hand,  
 With a young Love confin'd therein,  
 Whose wings seem waiting to expand —  
 And telling, by her anxious eyes,  
 That, if that frail orb breaks, he flies!<sup>7</sup>

shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly accused of something  
 wrong, is exquisite.

<sup>6</sup> The fine picture in the Palazzo Borghese, called (it is not easy  
 to say why) " Sacred and Profane Love," in which the two figures,  
 sitting on the edge of the fountain, are evidently portraits of the  
 same person.

<sup>7</sup> This fanciful allegory is the subject of a picture by Titian in  
 the possession of the Marquis Cambian at Turin, whose collection,  
 though small, contains some beautiful specimens of all the great  
 masters.

MOORE'S WORKS.

, with touch magnificent,  
of VERONA!—where are they,  
tal forms,<sup>1</sup> that lent  
nvas such a bright array?  
d gorgeous dames, whose dress  
t of their own loveliness;  
un's drapery, which, at eve,  
ng clouds around him weave  
ey from himself receive!  
there now the living face  
ose that, in thy nuptial throng,<sup>2</sup>  
uperb, voluptuous grace,  
orget the time, the place,  
y guests they smile among,—  
at feast of heaven-sent wine,  
o miracles but thine.

cept in Painting's dream,  
loom'd such beauty here, 'tis gone,—  
the face that in the stream  
n for an instant shone,  
us at that mirror gave  
k, ere she left the wave.  
gh, among the crowded ways,  
e startled by the blaze  
at pass, with fitful light,  
ies on the wing at night,<sup>3</sup>  
at nobler beauty, giv'n  
ow angels look in heav'n.  
shape most pure and fair,

EXTRACT IX.

*The English to be met with every where.—Alps a  
Street.—The Simplon and the Stocks.—Rage  
Blue Stockings among the Wahobees.—Parasols  
Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of China.*

AND is there then no earthly place,  
Where we can rest, in dream Ely  
Without some curst, round English  
Popping up near, to break the vi  
'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern  
Unholy cits we're doom'd to meet  
Nor highest Alps nor Apennines  
Are sacred from Threadneedle St

If up the Simplon's path we wind,  
Fancying we leave this world behind  
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear  
As—"Baddish news from 'Change,  
"The Funds—(pew, curse this ugl  
"Are low'ring fast—(what, higher s  
"And—(zooks, we're mounting u  
ven!)—  
"Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we w  
Eternal London haunts us still.  
The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch  
And scarce a pin's head difference w

EXTRACT X.

Mantua.

of Hippolyta to her Husband.

Thou'rt the favour'd guest  
 Air and brilliant throng;  
 Thine, to wake the jest,  
 Like thine, to breathe the song.  
 Would guess, so gay thou art,  
 And I are far apart.  
 How different flows,  
 And me the time away.  
 Wish thee sad, heaven knows —  
 Thou canst, be light and gay;  
 That without thee  
 Myself is dark for me.

the jewels rare  
 My lov'd to see me wear?  
 The locks that thou  
 Raided o'er my brow,  
 Through festive crowds to run,  
 In the assembled world to see,—  
 One, the absent one,  
 More than present worlds to me!  
 Cheers this widow'd heart —  
 From thee apart,  
 Myself, is sitting hours  
 Before thy pictur'd form —  
 Of thee, which Raphael's pow'rs  
 Can give with all but life-breath warm!  
 Able to it, and say  
 I speak to thee in play,  
 In their silent frame,  
 And lips give back the same;  
 Gaze, and still they keep  
 Eyes on me—till I weep!  
 My, too, knows it well,  
 I lead him every day,  
 His lisp'ing lips to tell  
 Of one that's far away.  
 My love, but thus alone  
 Cheer'd, while thou art gone.

Intus convivis læta  
 Lentis otia mista jocis;  
 Stivum attentas cantuque calorem.  
 Nam dispar nunc mea vita tuae!  
 Illiceant que sunt tibi grata; sed ipsa est.  
 Oculis pene inimica meis.  
 Gemmâ caput exornare nitenti  
 Ut Arabo spargere odore comas:  
 Ludos fastidè spectare diebus.

EXTRACT XI

Florence.

No—'tis not the region where Love's to be found—  
 They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances  
 that rove,  
 They have language a Sappho's own lip might  
 resound,  
 When she warbled her best—but they've nothing  
 like Love.

Nor is't that pure *sentiment* only they want,  
 Which Heav'n for the mild and the tranquil  
 hath made—  
 Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,  
 Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the  
 shade;

That feeling, which, after long years have gone by,  
 Remains, like a portrait we've sat for in youth,  
 Where, ev'n though the flush of the colours may fly,  
 The features still live, in their first smiling truth;

That union, where all that in Woman is kind,  
 With all that in Man most ennoblingly tow'rs,  
 Grow wreath'd into one—like the column, combin'd  
 Of the *strength* of the shaft and the capital's  
*flow'rs*.

Of this—bear ye witness, ye wives, ev'ry where,  
 By the ARNO, the PO, by all ITALY's streams—  
 Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,  
 Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his  
 dreams.

But it is not this, only; — born full of the light  
 Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant festoons  
 Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so bright,  
 That, beside him, our suns of the north are but  
 moons, —

We might fancy, at least, like their climate they  
 burn'd;  
 And that Love, though unus'd, in this region  
 of spring,  
 To be thus to a tame Household Deity turn'd,  
 Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing

Sola tuos vultus referens Raphaella imago  
 Pieta manu, curas allevat usque meas.  
 Hunc ego delicias facio arrideoque Jocoque,  
 Alloquor et tanquam reddere verba queat.  
 Assensu nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur  
 Dicere velle aliquid et tua verba loqui.  
 Agnoscit balboque patrem puer ore salutat.  
 Hoc solor longas decipioque dies.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ay be, there *are*, those explosions of  
 est, when the senses have first caught  
 me;  
 he blood as those climates impart,  
 ve is a sun-stroke, that maddens the

ssion, which springs in the depth of  
 ul;  
 innings are virginly pure as the source  
 ll mountain rivulet, destin'd to roll  
 t, ere long, losing peace in its course —

which Modesty's struggle but lends  
 eadlong descent, without chance of

odesty ev'n to the last edge attends,  
 throws a halo of tears round its fall!

e Passion — ay, exquisite, even  
 in its madness too often hath made,  
 ven then, a bright trace of the heaven,  
 n of Virtue from which it has stray'd —

ss of love, which can only be found,  
 oman, like something that's holy,  
 d over,  
 om her childhood, with purity round,

But the truths which, alone, we w  
 conceal

From the maiden's young heart, i  
 ones taught,

No, no, 'tis not here, howsoever we sig  
 Whether purely to Hymen's *one* plai  
 Or adore, like Sabæans, each light of  
 Here is not the region, to fix or to s

For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry g  
 Without honour to guard, or reserve  
 What have they, a husband can mourn  
 What have they, a lover can prize as

EXTRACT XII.

*Music in Italy. — Disappointed by it. — Recollections  
 and Friends. — Dalton. — Sir John Stevenson. — By  
 Musical Evenings together.*

IF it be true that Music reigns,  
 Supreme, in ITALY's soft shades,  
 'Tis like that Harmony, so famous,  
 Among the spheres, which, He of S  
 Declar'd, had such transcendent merit



'd young Sibyl, <sup>1</sup> glowing  
 wn bright imaginings!  
 st worthy to be tied  
 her, as in love,  
 t language by her side,  
 nguage far above,  
 g — whose tones and words  
 find answering chords!

nce the hours we past,  
 list'ning all day long,  
 lf seem'd chang'd, at last,  
 and we liv'd in song!  
 eaves of HAYDN o'er,  
 eneath her master hand,  
 all their brilliant store,  
 xers, touch'd by fairy wand;  
 ege of MOZART bending,  
 airy warblings cheer'd,  
 ournful *Requiem* blending  
 ough which the heart was heard.

ead our ev'ning choir,  
 'd, thy lov'd-one's Sire <sup>2</sup>—  
 ight of grace there be  
 notes I write or sing,  
 d their links of harmony,  
 em charms they did not bring;—  
 ttlest, simplest heart,  
 employ'd in his sweet art,  
 ich gives this world of ours  
 ow they speak in heav'n,  
 ore bright and charmed hours  
 rth's wisdom could have giv'n.  
 's, oh early friends,  
 since then, hath lost its flow'rs!  
 ough Time *some* foliage rends,  
 he Friendship, still is ours;  
 y it endure, as green,  
 t hath always been!

rander'd from my theme!  
 is he, that could return  
 subjects from a dream,  
 hich these best of feelings burn?—  
 orks of Science, Art,  
 in this world are worth  
 igh, that from the heart  
 or Love draws freshly forth,

omenichino in the Palazzo Borghese at the

n.  
 e de Nicolas Gabrini, dit de Rienzi." by the  
 chiefly taken from the much more authentic  
 the same subject. Rienzi was the son of a

discover what church is meant by Du Cerceau  
 ans les rues de Rome, à son de trompe, que  
 ver, sans armes, la nuit du lendemain, dix-  
 se du château de Saint-Ange, au son de la  
 fr au Bon E'tat."

ses conjurés portaient devant lui trois étén-

EXTRACT XIII.

Rome.

*Reflections on reading Du Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347.<sup>3</sup>—The Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May.—Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol.—Rienzi's Speech.*

"TWAS a proud moment — ev'n to hear the words  
 Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples  
 breath'd,  
 And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,  
 In the Republic's sacred name unsheath'd —  
 That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day,  
 For his dear **ROME**, must to a Roman be,  
 Short as it was, worth ages pass'd away  
 In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

"Twas on a night of May, beneath that moon,  
 Which had, through many an age, seen Time untune  
 The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell  
 From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell —  
 The sound of the church clock,<sup>4</sup> near **ADRIAN'S**  
 Tomb,

Summon'd the warriors, who had risen for **ROME**,  
 To meet unarm'd, — with none to watch them  
 there,

But God's own eye, — and pass the night in pray'r.  
 Holy beginning of a holy cause,  
 When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause  
 Before high Heav'n, and, humble in their might,  
 Call down its blessing on that coming fight.  
 At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band;  
 And, as the breeze, fresh from the **TIBER**, fann'd  
 Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see  
 The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of  
 Heav'n<sup>5</sup>—

Types of the Justice, peace, and liberty,  
 That were to bless them, when their chains were  
 riv'n.

On to the Capitol the pageant mov'd,  
 While many a Shade of other times, that still  
 Around that grave of grandeur sighing rov'd,  
 Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,  
 And heard its mournful echoes, as the last  
 High-minded heirs of the Republic pass'd.

"Twas then that thou, their Tribune,<sup>6</sup> (name,  
 which brought  
 Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)

darts. Nicolas Guallato, surnommé le bon dieux, portait le premier, qui était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les autres. On y voyait des caractères d'or avec une femme assise sur deux lions, tenant d'une main le globe du monde, et de l'autre une *Paimé* pour représenter la ville de Rome. C'était le Gonfalon de la *Liberté*. Le second, à fonds blanc, avec un St. Paul tenant de la droite une *Épée nue* et de la gauche la couronne de *Justice*, était porté par Etienne Magnacaccia, notaire apostolique. Dans le troisième, St. Pierre avait en main *les clefs* de la Concorde et de la Paix. Tout cela insinuait le dessein de Rienzi, qui était de rétablir la liberté, la justice, et la paix." — *Du CERCAU*, liv. II.

<sup>3</sup> Rienzi.

MOORE'S WORKS.

spirit Rome in vain shall seek  
 In her sons again, thus speak:—  
 Look round you — on this sacred place  
 The stood shrines, and gods, and god-  
 den.  
 You now? what solitary trace  
 All, that made ROME's glory then?  
 Are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft  
 Its name — and nothing now remains  
 To mem'ry of that glory, left  
 Our pangs and aggravate our chains!  
 Is he? — our sun and sky the same, —  
 The very soil our fathers trode, —  
 The ring curse hath fall'n on soul and

station hath there come from God,  
 The strength, and rot us into slaves,  
 For great forefathers' glorious graves?  
 — rise up, ye Mighty Dead, —  
 The living, are too weak to crush  
 The priests, that o'er your empire tread,  
 But Romans at Rome's tameness

MYRA, in thy desert domes,  
 The date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;  
 Whose pillars are but silent homes  
 Of the dark brood, superb PERSEPOLIS!  
 O'er both, that your extinguish'd race  
 Remembers — no half-living trace —

“ But this is past: — too long have lon  
 “ And priestly lords led us, with all  
 “ With'ring about us — like devoted be  
 “ Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded ga  
 “ 'Tis o'er — the dawn of our deliv'ran  
 “ Up from his sleep of centuries awakes  
 “ The Genius of the Old Republic, free  
 “ As first he stood, in chainless majesty  
 “ And sends his voice through ages yet  
 “ Proclaiming ROME, ROME, ROME, Etern

EXTRACT XIV.

*Fragment of a Dream.—The great Painters supported  
 —The Beginnings of the Art.—Gildings on the  
 Draperies.—Improvements under Giotto, &c.—The  
 of the true Style in Masaccio.—Studied by all the  
 who followed him.—Leonardo da Vinci, with whom  
 the Golden Age of Painting.—His Knowledge of Man  
 of Music.—His female Heads all like each other.  
 Faces.—Portraits of Mona Lisa, &c.—Picture of  
 Modesty.—His chef-d'œuvre, the Last Supper.—Faint  
 effaced.*

FILL'D with the wonders I had seen,  
 In Rome's stupendous shrines and  
 I felt the veil of sleep, serene,

ories deck'd, and streaks  
g their garments' dyes;<sup>1</sup>  
blance ting'd their cheeks,  
f life was in their eyes;—  
ainted Dead one meets,  
g Rome's mournful streets.

figures pass'd away;  
ceeded to their place,  
l, in their array,  
ith more natural grace,  
e the charming wands  
more gifted hands.<sup>2</sup>

sions there was one,<sup>3</sup>  
on which the sun,  
n, a beam let fall,  
h the dusky twilight trembled,  
length, the spot where all  
agicians stood assembled.  
n'd their heads, to view  
stre, I could trace  
ities it threw  
ed studying face;<sup>4</sup>  
oice with loud acclaim,  
fascacio " as the name  
hanter, who had rais'd  
which all gaz'd.

row — the sun had ris'n,  
dungeon of old Night,—  
s, from his prison  
ngel's hand of light;  
tters, when that ray  
them, dropp'd away,<sup>5</sup>  
ls at touch of day!  
ded sage<sup>6</sup> came forth,  
oughtful dream would stand,  
e dusky earth  
ed figures with his wand;<sup>7</sup>  
the silver lute<sup>8</sup>  
: behind him bore,  
music as, when mute,  
il a thirst for more!

otent spells went on,  
d faces, that from out

90, who was a pupil and imitator of the  
vented this art of gilding the ornaments of  
, though it gave way to a purer taste at the  
tury, was still occasionally used by many  
y Raphael in the ornaments of the For-  
x untrequently in glories and flames.

10. — For the character of this powerful  
Sir Joshua Reynolds's twelfth discourse.  
re in the church of St. Pietro del Carmine,

tudied, and many of them borrowed from  
es in the Cartoons of Raphael are taken,  
, from his frescoes.  
in the prison . . . and his chains fell  
ce.

A depth of shadow mildly shone,  
Were in the soft air seen about.  
Though thick as midnight stars they beam'd,  
Yet all like living sisters seem'd,  
So close, in every point, resembling  
Each other's beauties— from the eyes  
Lucid as if through crystal trembling,  
Yet soft as if suffus'd with sighs,  
To the long, fawn-like mouth, and chin,  
Lovely tapering, less and less,  
Till, by this very charm's excess,  
Like virtue on the verge of sin,  
It touch'd the bounds of ugliness.  
Here look'd as when they liv'd the shades  
Of some of Arno's dark-ey'd maids—  
Such maids as should alone live on,  
In dreams thus, when their charms are gone :  
Some Mona Lisa, on whose eyes  
A painter for whole years might gaze,<sup>9</sup>  
Nor find in all his pallet's dyes,  
One that could even approach their blaze!

Here float two spirit shapes,<sup>10</sup> the one,  
With her white fingers to the sun  
Outspread, as if to ask his ray  
Whether it e'er had chanc'd to play  
On lilies half so fair as they!  
This self-pleas'd nymph, was Vanity—  
And by her side another smil'd,  
In form as beautiful as she,  
But with that air, subdu'd and mild.  
That still reserve of purity,  
Which is to beauty like the haze,  
Of ev'ning to some sunny view,  
Soft'ning such charms as it displays,  
And veiling others in that hue,  
Which fancy only can see through !  
This phantom nymph, who could she be,  
But the bright Spirit, Modesty ?

Long did the learn'd enchanter stay  
To weave his spells, and still there pass'd,  
As in the lantern's shifting play,  
Group after group in close array,  
Each fairer, grander, than the last.

<sup>1</sup> Leonardo da Vinci.

<sup>2</sup> His treatise on Mechanics, Optics, &c., preserved in the Am-  
brozian library at Milan.

<sup>3</sup> On dit que Léonard parut pour la première fois à la cour de  
Milan, dans un espèce de concours ouvert entre les meilleurs  
Joueurs de lyre d'Italie. Il se présenta avec une lyre de sa façon,  
construit en argent. — *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie.*

<sup>4</sup> He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait  
of this fair Florentine, without being able, after all, to come up to  
his idea of her beauty.

<sup>10</sup> Vanity and Modesty in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at  
Rome. The composition of the four hands here is rather awkward,  
but the picture, altogether, is very delightful. There is a repetition  
of the subject in the possession of Lucien Bonaparte.

MOORE'S WORKS.

at triumph of his pow'r  
 to come : — gradual and slow,  
 is ordain'd to tow'r  
 the works of man must grow,)  
 vision stole to view,  
 half light, half shadow shown,  
 s to ev'n the gayest hue,  
 d, melancholy tone.  
 ion of that last,<sup>1</sup>  
 ight which Jesus pass'd  
 sciples, when he said  
 ly to them — " I shall be  
 by one, who here hath fed  
 ght at the same board with me."  
 n the Saviour, in the dream  
 these words, we saw them beam  
 his eyes (so well  
 nagician work'd his spell),  
 n every thoughtful line  
 on that brow divine,  
 the tender nature, griev'd,  
 d, to be thus deceiv'd —  
 ve requited ill  
 care, yet loving still —  
 regret that there should fall  
 an's deceit so foul a blight  
 parting hour — and all  
 it must have felt that night,  
 to die for human-kind,  
 only 'mid his mortal pain

EXTRACT XV.

*Mary Magdalen. — Her Story. — Numerous Pictures  
 Correggio. — Guido. — Raphael, &c. — Canova's  
 Statues. — The Samaritan Magdalen. — Chantrey's  
 Canova's Works.*

No wonder, MARY, that thy story  
 Touches all hearts — for there we see  
 The soul's corruption, and its glory,  
 Its death and life combin'd in thee.

From the first moment, when we find  
 Thy spirit haunted by a swarm  
 Of dark desires, — like demons shrin'  
 Unholily in that fair form, —  
 Till when, by touch of Heav'n set fire  
 Thou cam'st, with those bright locks  
 (So oft the gaze of BETHANY),

And, cov'ring in their precious fold  
 Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears  
 As paid, each drop, the sins of years!  
 Thence on, through all thy course of

To Him, thy Heavenly Master, —  
 Whose bitter death-cup from above

Had yet this cordial round the brim  
 That woman's faith and love stood fast  
 And fearless by Him to the last : —  
 Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine

Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,  
 Before whose eyes that Face Divine

the ideal, grand,  
 in hand,  
 all, enamelling touch  
 ELINO—should delight  
 who "lov'd so much,"  
 pite of sin, so bright !

ig these bold essays  
 f Art to raise  
 hose weeping eyes—  
 hy of the sphere  
 rn'd thee in the skies,  
 arts of all men here,—  
 natch'd, in grief or grace,  
 eam of thy face,  
 culptur'd forms, more bright  
 sion's breathing light,  
 eneath the stroke  
 'e awoke.

ying what thou wert  
 ef, — while yet the flow'r  
 eauties was unhurt  
 ow, consuming pow'r;  
 uth's seductive grace  
 subliming thoughts so well,  
 gazing, in *which* place  
 'as most form'd to dwell!  
 ou look'dst, when years  
 nce, and tears  
 ame; — and ne'er did Art  
 i speaking pow'r express  
 a breaking heart  
 grees, o'er loveliness.  
 ms, that keep the trace,  
 heir youthful grace,  
 ir, of which thy brow  
 ud, — neglected now! —  
 v'n in fading worth  
 loom to others giv'n,  
 yes, now lost to earth,  
 t, still full of heav'n!

! praise, like mine —  
 ing from a soul, that feels  
 those works divine,  
 all his light reveals —  
 the words that came  
 peer in art and fame,<sup>2</sup>  
 own, by day, by night,  
 urble with delight;  
 ng'ring hand would steal  
 e the taper's rays,<sup>3</sup>  
 ll the gen'rous zeal  
 ts only feel  
 me, a rival's praise !

<sup>1</sup> The last works of Canova, and was not yet  
 me. The other, which seems to prove, in  
 authority, that expression, of the in-  
 n the sphere of sculpture, was executed

EXTRACT XVI.

Les Charmettes.

*A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens. — Their Ménage. — Its Grossness. — Claude Anet. — Reverence with which the Spot is now visited. — Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame. — Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene. — Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History. — Impostures of Men of Genius. — Their power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, &c.*

STRANGE power of Genius, that can throw  
 Round all that's vicious, weak, and low,  
 Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes  
 As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis worse than weak—'tis wrong, 'tis shame,  
 This mean prostration before Fame;  
 This casting down, beneath the car  
 Of Idols, whatsoever they are,  
 Life's purest, holiest decencies,  
 To be career'd o'er, as they please.  
 No— give triumphant Genius all  
 For which his loftiest wish can call:  
 If he be worshipp'd, let it be  
 For attributes, his noblest, first;  
 Not with that base idolatry,  
 Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold;— may want that glow  
 Of high romance, which bards should know;  
 That holy homage, which is felt  
 In treading where the great have dwelt;  
 This rev'rence, whatsoever it be,  
 I fear, I feel, I have it *not* :—  
 For here, at this still hour, to me  
 The charms of this delightful spot;  
 Its calm seclusion from the throng,  
 From all the heart would fain forget,  
 This narrow valley, and the song  
 Of its small murm'ring rivulet;  
 The fitting, to and fro, of birds,  
 Tranquil and tame as they were once  
 In Eden, ere the startling words  
 Of Man disturb'd their orisons;  
 Those little, shadowy paths, that wind  
 Up the hill-side, with fruit-trees lin'd,  
 And lighted only by the breaks  
 The gay wind in the foliage makes,  
 Or vistas, here and there that ope  
 Through weeping willows, like the snatches  
 Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope  
 Ev'n through the shade of sadness catches! —  
 All this, which — could I once but lose  
 The memory of those vulgar ties,

many years ago, and is in the possession of the Count Somariva, at  
 Paris. <sup>2</sup> Chantry.  
<sup>3</sup> Canova always shows his fine statue, the *Venere Vincitrice*, by  
 the light of a small candle.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ss all the heavenliest hues  
 an no more disguise,  
 beams can do away  
 s o'er which they play—  
 ich would have fill'd my heart  
 ts of all that happiest is;—  
 e self hath only part,  
 ack another's bliss;  
 ure and sweet,  
 shade the Virtues meet;  
 e shelters, never chills  
 ies with human woe,  
 n, like sequester'd rills,  
 esher in their flow;  
 that share their beams  
 mirth and wise employ;  
 hts, that give, in dreams,  
 ht of the morning's joy!—  
 art could dwell on here,  
 ross mementos near;  
 truths, that cross the track  
 thought, and drive them back  
 e mire, and strife,  
 f that man's life,  
 n all that e'er have glow'd  
 's flame (and it was *his*  
 ath and radiance), show'd  
 postor Genius is;  
 strong, mimetic art,

Itself as mean a worm, the while,  
 As crawls at midnight o'er the sod;  
 What gentle words and thoughts may fa  
 From its false lip, what zeal to bless,  
 While home, friends, kindred, country, s  
 Lie waste beneath its selfishness;  
 How, with the pencil hardly dry  
 From colouring up such scenes of lov  
 And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,  
 And dream, and think through heav'n th  
 They, who can thus describe and move,  
 The very workers of these charms,  
 Nor seek, nor know a joy, above  
 Some Maman's or Theresa's arms!

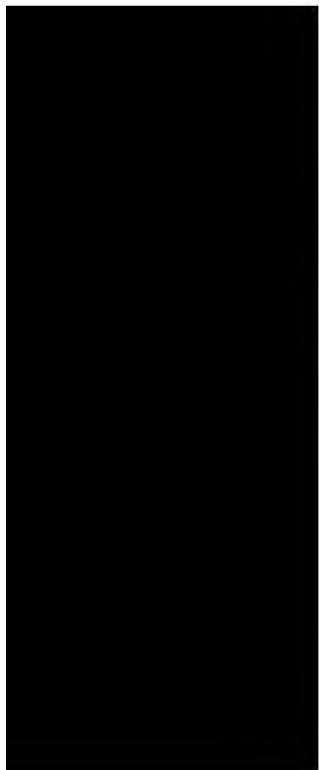
How all, in short, that makes the boast  
 Of their false tongues, they want the mo  
 And, while with freedom on their lips,  
 Sounding their timbrels, to set free  
 This bright world, labouring in the' ecli  
 Of priestcraft, and of slavery,—  
 They may, themselves, be slaves as low  
 As ever Lord or Patron made  
 To blossom in his smile, or grow,  
 Like stunted brushwood, in his shade.  
 Out on the craft!—I'd rather be  
 One of those hinds, that round me tre  
 With just enough of sense to see



---

S A T I R E S.

---





## P R E F A C E.

political opinions adopted in the first of satires—the Poem on Corruption—were caught up, as is intimated in the original one, from the writings of Bolingbroke, Sir John Wyndham, and other statesmen of the factious period, when the same sort of war took place between Toryism and what was called Radicalism, which is always to ensue on the ejection of the Tory from power.\* In the somewhat rash manner, it will be seen that neither of the two English parties is handled with much justice; and I remember being taken to task, even by some of the few of my Whig acquaintances who ever looked into the poem, for the following allusion to the silencing effects of official censure on certain orators;—

*As bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,  
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.*

These attempts of mine in the stately, Italian style of satire, met with but little success,—never having attained, I believe, the honours of a second edition; and I thought that lighter form of weapon, to which I afterwards betook myself, not only more easily held, but, from its very lightness, perhaps more sure to reach its mark.

It would almost seem, too, as if the same bittered spirit, the same freedom from all partialities with which, in most instances, this sort of squib warfare has been waged by me, were felt, in some degree, even by those who themselves the objects of it;—so generally forgiving have I, in most instances, found

Even the high Personage against whom the fiercest and perhaps most successful of my satirical missiles were launched, could refer to me with civility, as I learn from an incident recorded in the Life of Sir Walter Scott †,

Scott himself acknowledges that “both parties were factious, in the strict sense of the word.”

with a degree of good-humour and playfulness which was creditable alike to his temper and good sense. At a memorable dinner given by the Regent to Sir Walter in the year 1815, Mr. Scott, among other stories with which his royal host was much amused, told of a sentence passed by an old friend of his, the Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield, attended by circumstances in which the cruelty of this waggish judge was even more conspicuous than his humour. “The Regent laughed heartily,” says the biographer, “at this specimen of Braxfield’s brutal humour; and ‘I’ faith, Walter,’ said he, ‘this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don’t you remember Tom Moore’s description of me at breakfast?—

*‘The table spread with tea and toast,  
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.’*”

In reference to this, and other less exalted instances, of the good-humoured spirit in which my “innocui sales” have in general been taken, I shall venture to cite here a few flattering sentences which, coming as they did from a political adversary and a stranger, touched me far more by their generosity than even by their praise. In speaking of the pension which had just then been conferred upon me, and expressing, in warm terms, his approval of the grant, the editor of a leading Tory journal ‡ thus liberally expresses himself:—“We know that some will blame us for our prejudice—if it be prejudice, in favour of Mr. Moore; but we cannot help it. As he tells us himself,

*‘Wit a diamond brings  
That cuts its bright way through’*

the most obdurate political antipathies. \* \* \* We do not believe that any one was ever hurt by libels so witty as those of Mr. Moore:—a great privilege of wit, which renders it impos-

† Vol. iii. p. 342.

‡ The Standard, August 24, 1836

## PREFACE.

those whose enemies wits are, to

the period of the Regency:—  
as attacks from the government  
occasional volleys of small shot  
art used to draw down upon me,  
ly alleged, as an aggravation of  
that I had been indebted to the  
ge thus assailed by me for many  
antial services. Luckily, the list  
howered upon me from that high  
e despatched in a few sentences.  
of the Earl of Moira, one of my  
est friends, his Royal Highness  
mitted me to dedicate to him my  
the Odes of Anacreon. I was  
admitted to the honour of dining  
use; and when the Prince, on  
Regent in 1811, gave his me-  
was one of the crowd—about  
, in number—who enjoyed the  
cing his guests on the occa-

some allusions, indeed, in the  
t-Bag, to the absurd taste dis-

him, been in some degree anticipated  
sketch of the domestic events of his rei-  
posed to have proceeded from the pen  
who was himself an actor in some of i  
painful scenes, and who, from his prof  
position, commanded a near insight i  
character of that exalted individual,  
husband and father. To the same high  
rity I must refer for an account of the  
rious "Book §," to which allusion is mo  
once made in the following pages.

One of the earliest and most successfi  
numerous trifles I wrote at that period,  
Parody on the Regent's celebrated Let  
nouncing to the world that he "had no  
lections," &c. This very opportune sq  
at first circulated privately; my frie  
Perry, having for some time hesitated to  
it. He got some copies of it, however,  
off for me, which I sent round to sever  
bers of the Whig party; and, having to  
number of them at dinner immediatel  
found it no easy matter to keep my coun  
while they were discussing among th  
merits of the Parody. One of the par

Lackington and Co.\* — of which I find not the slightest notion till I found alluded to in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Robert. In speaking of the causes which are supposed to have contributed to the conclusion of the Poem of "Rokeby," the author says, "It is fair to add that, among the circles, at least, some sarcastic Mr. Moore's Twopenny Post-Bag, had an unfavourable influence on me."†

The translations that have appeared in this continent, of the greater part of my works, there has been no attempt, as far as I can learn, to give a version of any of my writings, — with the single exception of a translation entitled "Little Man and Little Woman," which there is a translation into German, by the late distinguished orientalist Professor Von Bohlen.‡ Though unskillful, in German, I can yet perceive — to marvel at it — the dexterity and ingenuity which the Old Ballad metre of the English has adopted and managed in the translation. This trifle may be considered curious, in itself, but still more as connected

with so learned a name, I shall here present it to my readers, premising that the same eminent Professor has left a version also of one of my early *facetiae*, "The Rabbinical Origin of Woman."

"THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN."

(Translated by Professor Von Bohlen.)

Es war ein kleiner Mann,  
Und der hat'n kleinen Geist,  
Und er sprach: kleiner Geist sehn wir zu, zu, zu,  
Ob uns möglich wohl wird seyn  
So ein kleines Redelein  
Das wir halten, kleiner ich und kleiner du, du, du,  
Das wir halten, kleiner ich und kleiner du.  
Und der kleine Geist, der brach  
Aus dem Loche nun und sprach:  
Ich behaupte, kleiner Mann, du bist keck, keck, keck,  
Nimm nicht übel meine Zweifel,  
Aber sage mir, zum Teufel,  
Hat die kleine kleine Red' einen Zweck, Zweck, Zweck,  
Hat die kleine kleine Red' einen Zweck?  
Der kleine Mann darauf  
Billets die Becken mächtig auf,  
Und er sprach: kleiner Geist sey gescheut, scheut, scheut;  
Kleiner ich und kleiner du  
Sind berufen ja dazu  
Zu verdammen und bekehren alle Leut', Leut', Leut',  
Zu verdammen und bekehren alle Leut'.  
Und sie fingen beide an,  
Der kleine Geist und kleine Mann,  
Paukten ab ihre Rede so klein, klein, klein;  
Und die ganze Welt für wahr  
Meint, das aufgeblass'ne Paar  
Musst ein winziges Pfäffelein nur seyn, seyn, seyn,  
Musst ein winziges Pfäffelein, nur seyn.

\* *Post-Bag*, pp. 153, 155. I avail myself of the mention of the squib, to recant a correction which I too hastily published following lines of it:—

Enough statesmen may glory in being unbought,  
Who, we think, sir, that's rather a fault."

† Pope's ear was satisfied with the sort of rhyme here given, but altered (and spoiled) the whole couplet to get rid

of the "stance," says Mr. Lockhart, "the Epistle of Lady Mary to Messrs. Lackington, booksellers, to one of their

poets:—  
I feel any touch of poetical glow,  
I do suspect:— Mr. Sc.—it, you must know,  
Try to say it, now works for the Row."

‡ Paternoster Row.

Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,  
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;  
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)  
Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.  
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)  
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to meet him;  
Who, by means of quick proofs — no revises — long coaches  
May do a few villas, before Sc.—it approaches.  
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,  
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn Abbey."

‡ Alluding to a speech delivered in the year 1813 by the Right Hon. Charles Abbott (then Speaker) against Mr. Gratian's motion for a Committee on the Claims of the Catholics.

§ Author of "The Ancient Indian."

# CORRUPTION, AND INTOLERANCE:

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.

---

## PREFACE.

...e which has been lately introduced  
...re, of writing very long notes upon  
...rent verses, appears to me rather a  
...tion; as it supplies us with a mode  
...all poetry to account; and as horses  
...for the saddle may yet serve well  
...draw lumber, so Poems of this kind  
...ent beasts of burden, and will bear  
...h they may not bear reading. Be-  
...omments in such cases are so little  
...necessity of paying any servile de-  
...the text, that they may even adopt  
...e dogma, "Quod supra nos nihil ad

The bold notions of popular right, which  
out of the struggles between Charles I  
his Parliament, were gradually supplac  
slavish doctrines for which Lord H—  
logises the Churchmen of that period;  
Reformation had happened too soon fr  
of religion, so the Revolution came too  
spirit of liberty. Its advantages acco  
for the most part specious and transito  
evils which it entailed are still felt a  
creasing. By rendering unnecessary  
exercise of Prerogative,—that unw  
which cannot move a step without ab  
minished the only interference of the C  
is singly and independently exposet  
people, and whose abuses therefore ar

sion. The very object, indeed, which my animadversions would attain is, that in the which I think England is now hastening, between which and foreign subjugation she can be compelled to choose, the errors and miseries of 1688 should be remedied; and, as in her fate to experience a Revolution without, so she may now endeavour to achieve a Reform without Revolution.

Speaking of the parties which have so long ruled England, it will be observed that I lean to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both have been equally cruel to Ireland, and equally insincere in their efforts for the good of England. There is one name, indeed, loaded with whiggism of which I can never speak with veneration and tenderness. As however, might the light of the sun be dimmed by any particular nation, as the sanction of a name be monopolised by any party whatsoever. Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they stand in him their ablest friend.

In respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect end of a long series of Essays, with which I encourage my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the than that of giving a new form to claims and doctrines, which have often been much more strongly urged, and which would long ere now have reduced their effect, but that the minds of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye contract themselves the more, the stronger light is shed upon them.

in nos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; ceteras nationes habent.—*Barclay* (as quoted in one of Dryden's prefaces), and began very early to feel the effects of cruelty towards the colonies. "The severity of her government (says Macaulay) contributed more to deprive her of the continental dominions than the arms of France."—See *Macaulay*, vol. i.

The total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland in 1691 (says Macaulay) was the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure, too, of the power of the English, was completely accomplished. The Irish interest was settled with as solid a stability as any human affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that period were a code of oppression, which were made after the last war, and manifested the effects of national hatred and scorn towards the conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke." Yet this is the era

## CORRUPTION,

## AN EPISTLE.

Νῦν ὁ θεὸς ἄνωγ' ἄσπερον εἰς οὐρανὸν ἀνεβόησεν τὰς ἀνομιὰς ἡμῶν, ὅθ' ἂν ἀπαλάσῃ καὶ ἀνοήσῃ τὴν Ἑλλάδα. Ταῦτα δ' ἐστὶν τῆς Ἑλλάδος, εἰ τις εὐλόγῃ τὴν γῆλας ἀπὸ βλαστηρῆς ἀνυπόστατον τοῦς ἐλαχίστους μισοῦσι, ἀπὸ τούτου τῆς ἐπιπέρας ἅλλα πάντα, ὅσα ἐκ τοῦ βαρβαρικοῦ ἤρτηται.  
ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣΤΑ. *Philipp.* III.

BOAST on, my friend — though stript of all beside,  
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride;<sup>1</sup>  
That pride, which once in genuine glory woke  
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John  
spoke;

That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,  
Outlives even Wh-tel-cke's sword and H-wk-s-  
b'try's tongue!

Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle<sup>2</sup>  
Where Honour mourns and Freedom fears to smile,  
Where the bright light of England's fame is known  
But by the shadow o'er our fortunes thrown;  
Where, doom'd ourselves to nought but wrongs  
and slights,<sup>3</sup>

We hear you boast of Britain's glorious rights,  
As wretched slaves, that under hatches lie,  
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky!  
Boast on, while wandering through my native  
haunts,

I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts;  
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,  
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.

Yet pause a moment — and if truths severe  
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,  
Which hears no news but W—rd's gazetted lies,  
And loves no politics in rhyme but Pye's, —  
If aught can please thee but the good old saws  
Of "Church and State," and "William's matchless  
laws,"

And "Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight," —  
Things, which though now a century out of date,  
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,  
A few crank arguments for speeching lords,<sup>4</sup> —  
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,  
Where most she look'd for life, her deadliest  
wound;

to which the wise Common Council of Dublin refer us for "invaluable blessings," &c.

<sup>1</sup> It never seems to occur to those orators and addressers who round off so many sentences and paragraphs with the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, &c., that most of the provisions which these Acts contained for the preservation of parliamentary independence have been long laid aside as romantic and troublesome. I never meet, I confess, with a politician who quotes seriously the Declaration of Rights, &c., to prove the actual existence of English liberty, that I do not think of that marquis, whom Montesquieu mentions, who set about looking for mines in the Pyrenees, on the strength of authorities which he had read in some ancient authors. The poor marquis toiled and searched in vain. He quoted his authorities to the last, but found no mines after all.

• *Liv.* xxi. chap. 2.

MOORE'S WORKS.

while her foe was seen,  
 silent that foe a screen;  
 and Popery she prevail'd,  
 Whigs and gold assail'd.<sup>1</sup>

and all those schemes

to enrich the throne;  
 kings had supplied  
 which themselves are

taught to creep  
 on Freedom's sleep,  
 enslaving plan,  
 God to trample man!  
 so much rous'd mankind  
 linger long behind;  
 popes had fallen so low,  
 save the levelling blow.  
 in whose place we bow  
 (fluence now),  
 work the spell  
 forms, in fragments fell:  
 h'd and painted o'er  
 and scourg'd once more.

antage which has resulted from  
 an equal course of uninterrupted  
 administration of government. If  
 (and their ministers for the  
 system is indebted to the B

"Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd  
 Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate  
 draught

Of passive, prone obedience — then took flight  
 All sense of man's true dignity and right;  
 And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,  
 That Freedom's watch-voice call'd almost in  
 vain.

Oh England! England! what a chance was thine,  
 When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line  
 Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free  
 To found thy own eternal liberty!

How nobly high, in that propitious hour,  
 Might patriot hands have rais'd the triple tower<sup>2</sup>  
 Of British freedom, on a rock divine  
 Which neither force could storm nor treachery  
 mine!

But, no — the luminous, the lofty plan,  
 Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man;  
 The curse of jarring tongues again was given  
 To thwart a work which rais'd men nearer heaven,  
 While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce be-  
 gun,

While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had  
 done,<sup>3</sup>

straints or stipulations which other men might have taken advan-  
 tage of so favourable a moment to enforce, and in the framing  
 of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations  
 proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifax, in the debate upon the  
 Freedom Bill. They got on, and the

ur was lost, and William with a smile,  
Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile!

See all the ills you suffer, — hence remain  
Alling fragments of that feudal chain,<sup>1</sup>  
links, around you by the Norman flung,  
That loos'd and broke so often, still have  
clung.

Prerogative, like Jove of old,  
Rund his thunder into showers of gold,  
Silent courtship wins securer joys,<sup>2</sup>  
by degrees, and ruins without noise.  
parliaments, no more those sacred things  
make and rule the destiny of kings,

the "surifer annis," of the court, and served as a mirror: national will and popular feeling no longer. We need not the writings of that time, to understand the astonishment excited by measures, which the practice of a century rendered not only familiar but necessary. See a pamphlet "The Danger of Mercenary Parliaments," 1668; State Tracts, I. vol. II. ; see also "Some Paradoxes presented as a New Gift." (Scott's Poems, vol. III.)

That great wound given to the feudal system was the Act of Charles II., which abolished the tenure of knight's capite, and which Blackstone compares, for its salutary upon property, to the boasted provisions of Magna Charta; even in this Act we see the effects of that contracting which has contrived to weaken every effort of the English towards liberty. The exclusion of copyholders from their elective rights was permitted to remain as a brand of servitude, and as an obstacle to the rise of that strong alliance which an equal representation of property would give to the weight of the Crown. If the managers of the Revolution had been sincere in their wishes for reform, they would not have taken this fetter off the rights of election, but would have eradicated the mode adopted in Cromwell's time of increasing the number of knights of the shire, to the exclusion of those rotten boroughs, which have tainted the whole mass of the nation. Lord Clarendon calls this measure of Cromwell's institution fit to be more warrantable made, and in a better form; it formed part of Mr. Pitt's plan in 1783; but Pitt's plan of a kind of announced dramatic piece, about as likely to succeed as Mr. Sheridan's "Foresters."

— fore enim tutum iter et patens  
Converso in pretium Deo.  
Antrum per medios ire satellites, &c.

HOMER.

It would be a task not unproductive to trace the history of the Revolution from the date of its strength under the Tudor princes, Henry VII. and his successors "taught the people (as Bacon says) to dance to the tune of Allegiance," to the Revolution, when the Throne, in its attacks upon the people, began to exchange the noisy explosions of Prerogative for that and effectual air-gun of Influence. In following its course, since that memorable era, we shall find that, while the prerogative has been abridged in branches where it might be made serviceable to the interests of the people, it has been left in full and led vigour against almost every point where the integrity of the constitution is vulnerable. For instance, the power of chartering, to whose capricious abuse in the hands of the Stuarts we are indebted for most of the present anomalies of representation, if suffered to remain, have in some degree atoned for their mischief, by restoring the old unchartered boroughs to their ancient widening more equally the basis of the legislature. But, in Scotland, this part of the prerogative was not so; Freedom should have a chance of being healed, even if the power of the spear which had formerly wounded her. The power, however, of creating peers, which has been so exercised for the government against the constitution, is still so unqualified activity; notwithstanding the example of the celebrated Bill for the limitation of this ever-budding branch

Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,  
And each new set of sharpers cog their own.  
Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,  
Drips smooth o'er all the Constitution's wheels,  
Giving the old machine such pliant play,<sup>3</sup>  
That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,  
While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,  
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;  
And the dup'd people, hourly doom'd to pay  
The sums that bribe their liberties away,<sup>4</sup> —  
Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume  
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,  
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart  
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!

of prerogative, which was proposed in the reign of George I. under the peculiar sanction and recommendation of the Crown, but which the Whigs thought right to reject, with all that characteristic delicacy, which, in general, prevents them, when enjoying the sweets of office themselves, from taking any uncourtly advantage of the Throne. It will be recollected, however, that the creation of the twelve peers by the Tories in Anne's reign (a measure which Swift, like a true party man, defends) gave those upright Whigs all possible alarm for their liberties.

With regard to the generous fit about his prerogative which seized so unroyally the good king George I., historians have hinted that the paroxysm originated far more in hatred to his son than in love to the constitution.† This, of course, however, is a calumny; no loyal person, acquainted with the annals of the three Georges, could possibly suspect any one of those gracious monarchs either of ill-will to his heir, or indifference for the constitution.

They drove so fast (says Welwood of the ministers of Charles I.), that it was no wonder that the wheels and chariot broke." (Memoirs, p. 35.) — But this fatal accident, if we may judge from experience, is to be imputed far less to the folly and impetuosity of the drivers, than to the want of that suppling oil from the Treasury which has been found so necessary to make a government like that of England run smoothly. Had Charles been as well provided with this article as his successors have been since the happy Revolution, his Commons would never have merited from him the harsh appellation of "seditious vipers," but would have been (as they now are, and if trust always will be) dutiful Commons, "loyal Commons," &c. &c., and would have given him ship-money, or any other sort of money he might have fancied.

Among those auxiliaries which the Revolution of 1688 marshalled on the side of the Throne, the bugbear of Popery has not been the least convenient and serviceable. Those unskilful tyrants, Charles and James, instead of profiting by that useful subservency which has always distinguished the ministers of our religious establishment, were so infatuated as to plan the ruin of this best bulwark of their power, and, moreover, connected their designs upon the Church so undiagnosedly with their attacks upon the Constitution, that they identified in the minds of the people the interests of their religion and their liberties. During those times, therefore, "No Popery" was the watchword of freedom, and served to keep the public spirit awake against the invasions of bigotry and prerogative. The Revolution, however, by removing this object of jealousy, has produced a reliance on the orthodoxy of the Throne, of which the Throne has not failed to take advantage; and the cry of "No Popery," having thus lost its power of alarming the people against the intrusions of the Crown, has served ever since the very different purpose of strengthening the Crown against the pretensions and struggles of the people. The danger of the Church from Papists and Pretenders was the chief pretext for the repeal of the Triennial Bill, for the adoption of a standing army, for the numerous suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, and, in short, for all those spirited infractions of the constitution by which the reigns of the last century were so eminently distinguished. We have seen very lately, too, how the Throne has been enabled, by the same scarecrow sort of alarm, to select its ministers from among men, whose servility is their only claim to elevation, and who are pledged (if such an alternative could arise) to take part with the scruples of the King against the salvation of the empire.

1 *Historic. and Politic. Discourses*, &c. part II. p. 114.

† Coxe says that this Bill was projected by Sunderland.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ar thee proudly say,  
 the impious lay,  
 licence, to profane  
 William's glorious reign?  
 of our patriot sires,  
 y quotes and savoury  
 all honest St—le agree  
 e call us pure and free,  
 Shall our patent pair  
 te their words in air,  
 breathe his prosperous  
 he people's sense in vain?"  
 Freedom's form should  
 long hath pass'd away!  
 play around the dead,  
 hen the soul hath fled!<sup>2</sup>  
 y virtue with her rights,  
 on Capren's heights<sup>3</sup>,  
 and doom'd to death  
 asted with their breath,—  
 of that golden time,  
 revered, sublime,  
 us'd from zone to zone,  
 on but their own,  
 d the tribunes stood,  
 how high the flood

Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power  
 Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,  
 Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,  
 As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,  
 Of noble tools and honourable knaves,  
 Of pension'd patriots and privileg'd slaves,—  
 That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm  
 But rank corruption's heat—whose quicken'd  
 swarm  
 Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,  
 Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die;—  
 That greedy vampire, which from freedom's tomb  
 Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom  
 Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains  
 A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!

Thou start'st, my friend, at picture drawn so  
 dark—  
 "Is there no light?" thou ask'st—"no ling'ring  
 spark  
 "Of ancient fire to warm us? Lives there none,  
 "To act a Marvell's part?"<sup>4</sup>—alas! not one.  
 To place and power all public spirit tends,  
 In place and power all public spirit ends;<sup>5</sup>  
 Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,  
 When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill die!

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hang  
 From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,  
 Than upstart Whigs produce each market night,



ugh most base is he who, 'neath the shade  
um's ensign plies corruption's trade,  
es the sacred flag he dares to show  
ort to the market of her foe,  
l own, so venerably dear  
lom's grave old anthems to my ear,  
joy them, though by traitors sung,  
ence Scripture even from Satan's tongue.  
n the constitution has expir'd,  
uch men, like Irish wakers, hir'd  
old "Habeas Corpus" by its side,  
n purchas'd ditties, why it died?

n smooth lord, whom nature's plastic  
ins  
em to've fashion'd for those Eastern reigns  
uchs flourish'd, and such nerveless things  
ejected were the chosen of Kings; '—  
forsooth, (oh fraud, of all the worst!)  
assume the patriot's name at first—  
began, and thus begin his apes;  
ils, when first rais'd, take pleasing shapes.  
oor Ireland! if revenge be sweet  
ries of wrong, for dark deceit  
'ring insult—for the Union thrown  
bitter cup<sup>2</sup>, when that alone  
r's draught was wanting<sup>3</sup>—if for this  
be sweet, thou hast that dæmon's bliss;

g to Xenophon, the chief circumstance which recom-  
s creatures to the service of Eastern princes was the  
station they held in society, and the probability of  
upon this account, more devoted to the will and caprice  
from whose notice alone they derived consideration,  
e favour they might seek refuge from the general con-  
kind.—Αδελφοι ουτοι οι ευνοητοι παρα τους αλλους ανθρωπους  
ιστην του ετακουρου περιβαλλονται.—But I doubt whether even  
since would have chosen an entire administration upon  
e.  
ad in the cup an Union shall be thrown."

Hamlet.

the many measures, which, since the Revolution, have  
to increase the influence of the throne, and to feed up  
's serpent" of the constitution to its present health and  
magnitude, there have been few more nutritive than the  
Irish Unions. Sir John Packer said, in a debate upon  
cession, that "he would submit it to the House, whether  
d basely betrayed their trust, by giving up their inde-  
stitution, were fit to be admitted into the English House  
l." But Sir John would have known, if he had not been  
at the time, that the pilancy of such materials was not  
east of their recommendations. Indeed, the promoters  
h Union were by no means disappointed in the leading  
r measure, for the triumphant majorities of the court-  
liament may be dated from the admission of the 45 and  
se or twice, upon the alteration of their law of treason  
osition of the malt-tax (measures which were in direct  
the Act of Union), these worthy North Britons arrayed  
in opposition to the court; but finding this effort for  
ry unavailing, they prudently determined to think  
rd of themselves, and few men have ever kept to a  
solution more firmly. The effect of Irish representation  
ries of England will be no less perceptible and per-

—Ουδ' οτι Τευρον  
Αστυνται αστυλλαντες.β

uratus (v. 718.), a poet who wrote upon astronomy, though,  
sures us, he knew nothing whatever about the subject:

For, sure, 'tis more than hell's revenge to see  
That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee;—  
That, in these awful days, when every hour  
Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,  
When proud Napoleon, like th' enchanted shield,<sup>4</sup>  
Whose light compell'd each wond'ring foe to yield,  
With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,  
And dazzles Europe into slavery,—  
That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,  
When Mind should rule, and—Fox should not have  
died,

All that devoted England can oppose  
To enemies made fiends and friends made foes,  
Is the rank refuse, the despis'd remains  
Of that un pitying power, whose whips and chains  
Drove Ireland first to turn, with harlot glance,  
Tow'rd's other shores, and woo th' embrace of  
France;—

Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit  
For the grand artisan of mischief, P—t,  
So useless ever but in vile employ,  
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy—  
Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,  
Oh England! sinking England! <sup>5</sup> boast no more.

The infusion of such cheap and useful ingredients as my Lord L.,  
Mr. D. B., &c. ac. into the legislature, cannot but act as a powerful  
alterative on the constitution, and clear it by degrees of all trouble-  
some humours of honesty.

<sup>4</sup> The magician's shield in Ariosto:

E tolto per verth dallo splendore  
La libertate a loro. Cant. 3.

We are told that Cæsar's code of morality was contained in the  
following lines of Euripides, which that great man frequently  
repeated:—

Επιταγοι γαρ αδικειαν χρη παρασκευασεισ τεπει  
Καλλιστοιον αδικειαν τ'αλλα ε' ευσεβειν χροου.

This is also, as it appears, the moral code of Napoleon.

<sup>5</sup> The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter written by  
Sir Robert Talbot, who attended the Duke of Bedford to Paris in  
1762. Talking of states which have grown powerful in commerce,  
he says, "According to the nature and common course of things,  
there is a confederacy against them, and consequently in the same  
proportion as they increase in riches, they approach to destruction.  
The address of our King William, in making all Europe take the  
alarm at France, has brought that country before us near that in-  
evitable period. We must necessarily have our turn, and Great  
Britain will attain it as soon as France shall have a declaimer with  
organs as proper for that political purpose as were those of our  
William the Third. . . . Without doubt, my Lord,  
Great Britain must lower her flag. Europe will remind us of the  
balance of commerce, as she has reminded France of the balance of  
power. The address of our statesmen will immortalise them by  
contriving for us a descent which shall not be a fall, by making  
us rather resemble Holland than Carthage and Venice."—*Letters  
on the French Nation.*

just as the great Harvey wrote "De Generatione," though he had  
as little to do with the matter as my Lord Viscount C.

MOORE'S WORKS.

OLERANCE,

A SATIRE.

pretends to be raised for the safety of  
out the very appearance of it, and  
not divided but the most immoral people

Admon, *Freeholder*, No. 37.

nor think the muse will stain  
with the dust profane  
and all those thund'ring scrolls,  
freedom once with royal souls,<sup>1</sup>  
at the Pope's exclusive trade,  
run'd as fast as now they're

—n search the papal chair<sup>2</sup>  
is long forgotten there;  
sunless Lapland thinks  
promises delight in stinks,  
—l snuff up the gale  
gen—n's gather'd sweets ex-

se heart has learn'd to scorn  
e or England born,  
om, whencesoe'er it springs,  
ers<sup>3</sup>, pastry-cooks or kings,—  
ugh and weep by turns,

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong days  
When bigot Zeal her drunken antics plays  
So near a precipice, that men the while  
Look breathless on and shudder while they smile  
If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look  
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook  
Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous thins

in vain,  
While G—ff—rd's tongue and M—sgr—ve's  
remain —

If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got  
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,  
Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the wa  
they be,

Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see—  
Oh! turn awhile, and, though the sham  
wreathes

My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes  
Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,  
Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes  
Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,  
Embalm'd in hate and canonised by scorn.

When C—stl—r—gh, in sleep still more profos  
Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,  
Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day  
Which even *his* practis'd hand can't bribe awa

Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but near  
now,  
To see how Spring lights up on Erin's brow

hou but see what verdure paints the sod  
 ne but tyrants and their slaves have trod,  
 t thou know the spirit, kind and brave,  
 ms the soul of each insulted slave,  
 d with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,  
 us by all but watchful France forgot!—  
 would burn—yes, even thy Pittite heart  
 urn, to think that such a blooming part  
 rld's garden, rich in nature's charms,  
 with social souls and vigorous arms,  
 the victim of that canting crew,  
 h, so godly,—yet so devilish too;  
 'd at once with prayer-books and with  
 tips,<sup>2</sup>  
 their hands, and Scripture on their lips,

uple of toleration, which Bonaparte has held forth,  
 reduce no other effect than that of determining the  
 nment to persist, from the very spirit of opposition,  
 old system of intolerance and injustice; just as the  
 ten their teeth, "because," as they say, "the devil has

the unhappy results of the controversy between Prote-  
 stants, is the mutual exposure which their criminations  
 have produced. In vain do the Protestants  
 spite with closing the door of salvation upon others,  
 of their own writings and articles breathe the same  
 spirit. No canon of Constance or Lateran ever  
 tics more effectually than the eighth of the Thirty-  
 consigns to perdition every single member of the  
 h; and I doubt whether a more sweeping clause of  
 as ever proposed in the most bigoted council, than  
 the Calvinistic theory of predestination in the seven-  
 teenth Articles exhibits. It is true that no liberal Pro-  
 testant exclusive opinions; that every honest clergyman  
 pang while he subscribes to them; that some even  
 thanasian Creed to be the forgery of one Vigilus  
 the beginning of the sixth century, and that eminent  
 Jortin, have not hesitated to say, "There are  
 contained in our Liturgy and Articles, which no man  
 sense amongst us believes."<sup>1</sup> But while all this is  
 ed to Protestants; while nobody doubts their sincerity,  
 clare that their Articles are not essentials of faith, but  
 of opinions which have been promulgated by fallible  
 men many of which they feel themselves justified in  
 while so much liberty of retraction is allowed to  
 upon their own declared and subscribed Articles of  
 it not strange that a similar indulgence should be so  
 refused to the Catholics, upon tenets which their church  
 y resisted and condemned, in every country where it  
 kearly flourished? When the Catholics say, "The  
 Council of Lateran, which you object to us, has no  
 er upon either our faith or our reason; it did not even  
 stain any doctrinal decision, but was merely a judicial  
 f that assembly; and it would be as fair for us to  
 fo-billing doctrine to the Protestants, because their  
 cry VIII., was sanctioned in an indulgence of that  
 s for you to conclude that we have inherited a king-  
 dom from the acts of the Council of Lateran, or the  
 nations of our popes. With respect, too, to the Decree of  
 f Constance, upon the strength of which you accuse us  
 alth with heretics, we do not hesitate to pronounce that  
 amnious forgery, a forgery, too, so obvious and ill-  
 fact none but our enemies have ever ventured to give it the  
 fit for authenticity."—When the Catholics make these  
 (and they are almost weary with making them), when  
 so, by their conduct, that these declarations are sincere,  
 r faith and morals are no more regulated by the absurd  
 d councils and popes, than their science is influenced

Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,  
 Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next!*  
 Your R—des—les, P—rc—v—ls,—great, glo-  
 rious Heaven,  
 If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,  
 When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,  
 I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest  
 With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,  
 Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,  
 And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,<sup>3</sup>  
 Than be the Christian of a faith like this,  
 Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,  
 And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;  
 Which grasping human hearts with double hold,—  
 Like Danse's lover mixing god and gold,<sup>4</sup>—

by the papal anathema against that Irishman † who first found  
 out the Antipodes,—is it not strange that so many still wilfully  
 distrust what every good man is so much interested in believing?  
 That so many should prefer the dark-lantern of the 18th century  
 to the sunshine of intellect which has since overspread the world;  
 and that every dabbler in theology, from Mr. Le Mesurier down to  
 the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should dare to oppose the rubbish  
 of Constance and Lateran to the bright and triumphant progress  
 of justice, generosity, and truth?

<sup>1</sup> In a singular work, written by one Franciscus Collius, "upon  
 the Souls of the Pagans," the author discusses, with much coolness  
 and erudition, all the probable chances of salvation upon which a  
 heathen philosopher might calculate. Consigning to perdition,  
 without much difficulty, Plato, Socrates, &c., the only sage at  
 whose fate he seems to hesitate is Pythagoras, in consideration of  
 his golden thigh, and the many miracles which he performed. But,  
 having balanced a little his claims, and finding reason to father  
 all these miracles on the devil, he at length, in the twenty-fifth  
 chapter, decides upon damning him also. (*De Animabus Paganorum*,  
 lib. iv. cap. 20. and 25.)—The Poet Dante compromises the  
 matter with the Pagans, and gives them a neutral territory or  
 limbo of their own, where their employment, it must be owned, is  
 not very enviable—"Senza speme vivero in desio."—Cant. iv.—  
 Among the numerous errors imputed to Origen, he is accused of  
 having denied the eternity of future punishment; and, if he never  
 advanced a more irrational doctrine, we may venture, I think, to  
 forgive him. He went so far, however, as to include the devil him-  
 self in the general hell-delivery which he supposed would one day  
 or other take place, and in this St. Augustin thinks him rather too  
 merciful—"Miserecordior profecto fuit Origenes, qui et ipsum  
 diabolum," &c. (*De Civitate Dei*, lib. xxi. cap. 17.)—According to  
 St. Jerom, it was Origen's opinion, that "the devil himself, after a  
 certain time, will be as well off as the angel Gabriel."—"Id ipsum  
 fore Gabrielem quod diabolum." (See his *Epistle to Pamphilius*.)  
 But Hallioux, in his Defence of Origen, denies strongly that his  
 learned father had any such misplaced tenderness for the devil.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Fox, in his Speech on the Repeal of the Test Act (1790),  
 thus condemns the intermixture of religion with the political  
 constitution of a state:—"What purpose (he asks) can it serve, except  
 the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving contamination?  
 Under such an alliance corruption must alight upon the  
 one, and slavery overwhelm the other."

Locke, too, says of the connection between church and state,  
 "The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immovable. He  
 jumbles heaven and earth together, the things most remote and  
 opposite, who mixes these two societies, which are in their original,  
 end, business, and in everything, perfectly distinct and infinitely  
 different from each other."—*First Letter on Toleration*.

The corruptions introduced into Christianity may be dated from  
 the period of its establishment under Constantine, nor could all  
 the splendour which it then acquired atone for the peace and purity  
 which it lost.

† Virgilius, surnamed Bollvagus, a native of Ireland, who main-  
 tained, in the 8th century, the doctrine of the Antipodes, and was  
 anathematised accordingly by the Pope. John Scotus Erigena,  
 another Irishman, was the first that ever wrote against transub-  
 stantiation.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ate and church, and makes an oath  
 atheist's passport into both ;  
 dooms dissenting souls to know  
 nor liberty below,  
 s suffering to the sinner's fear,  
 ape hereafter, racks him here !<sup>1</sup>  
 her faith, far milder beams  
 tice warm the Christian's dreams ;  
 it on Mercy's page above,  
 nds of all-atoning Love ;  
 e abus'd Religion twine  
 y's coarse brow her wreath divine ;  
 round him sects and nations raise  
 d their varying notes of praise,  
 ice, whate'er its tone may be,  
 swell the general harmony.<sup>2</sup>

e spirit, gently, grandly bright,  
 Fox ! thy peaceful soul with light ;  
 spacious as that ambient air  
 r planet in its circling care,  
 here of thy transparent mind  
 world, and breath'd for all mankind.  
 at, farewell !—yet *not* the last—  
 n's sunshine hour with thee be past,  
 ray of glory gives,  
 half thy loss while Grattan lives.

APPENDIX.

To the foregoing Poem, as first published  
 subjoined, in the shape of a Note, or A  
 the following remarks on the History of  
 of Ireland. This fragment was originally  
 to form part of a Preface to the Irish B  
 but afterwards, for some reason which  
 now recollect, was thrown aside.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our history, for many centuries past, i  
 able neither to our neighbours nor ourse  
 ought not to be read by any Irishman w  
 either to love England or to feel proud of  
 The loss of independence very early del  
 character; and our feuds and rebellions  
 frequent and ferocious, but seldom displa  
 generous spirit of enterprise with which  
 of an independent monarchy so long dig  
 struggles of Scotland. It is true this is  
 given birth to heroes who, under more fa  
 circumstances, might have left in the  
 their countrymen recollections as dear as  
 a Bruce or a Wallace; but success was  
 to consecrate resistance, their cause was  
 with the disheartening name of treason,  
 oppressed country was such a blank among  
 that, like the adventures of those woo  
 Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame of

us was lost in the obscurity of the place where  
y achieved them.

— Errando in quelli boschi  
Trovar potria strane avventure e molte,  
Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,  
Che non se n' ha notizia le pit volte.<sup>1</sup>

Hence it is that the annals of Ireland, through  
space of six hundred years, exhibit not one of  
the shining names, not one of those themes of  
national pride, from which poetry borrows her  
ablest inspiration; and that history, which ought  
to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields no  
growth to her in this hapless island but cypress  
and weeds. In truth, the poet who would embellish  
his song with allusions to Irish names and events,  
cannot be contented to seek them in those early  
records when our character was yet unalloyed and  
genuine, before the impolitic craft of our con-  
querors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us.  
The sole traits of heroism, indeed, which he can  
trace at this day to commemorate, either with  
pride to himself, or honour to his country, are to  
be looked for in those ancient times when the  
five monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered  
virtues worthy of a better age; when our Mal-  
liacs wore around their necks collars of gold which  
they had won in single combat from the invader<sup>2</sup>,  
and our Briens deserved and won the warm af-  
fections of a people by exhibiting all the most  
estimable qualities of a king. It may be said that  
the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this  
remote period, to which it is in reality but little  
entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we  
revel on so fondly, of days when this island was  
distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the  
purity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood,  
and the polish of her schools, are little more than  
the inventions of national partiality,—that bright  
spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon  
ignorance, and with which the first records of  
every people abound. But the sceptic is scarcely  
to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs  
than we already possess of the early glories of  
Ireland; and were even the veracity of all these  
records surrendered, yet who would not fly to such  
glaring fictions from the sad degrading truths  
which the history of later times presents to  
us?

<sup>1</sup> Ariosto, canto iv.

<sup>2</sup> See Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book ix.

<sup>3</sup> Lucian, Thebaid. lib. xii.

<sup>4</sup> A sort of civil excommunication (says Gibbon), which sepa-  
rated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy;  
this declaration of the supreme magistrate tended to justify, or  
at least to excuse, the insults of a fanatic populace. The sectaries  
gradually disqualified for the possession of honourable or  
active employments, and Theodosius was satisfied with his own  
policy when he decreed, that, as the Eunomians distinguished the  
Son of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable

The language of sorrow, however, is, in general,  
best suited to our Music, and with themes of this  
nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is  
scarcely a page of our annals that will not furnish  
him a subject, and while the national Muse of  
other countries adorns her temple proudly with  
trophies of the past, in Ireland her melancholy  
altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be  
known only by the tears that are shed upon it;  
“*lacrymis altaria sudant.*”<sup>5</sup>

There is a well-known story, related of the  
Antiochians under the reign of Theodosius, which  
is not only honourable to the powers of music in  
general, but which applies so peculiarly to the  
mournful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist  
the temptation of introducing it here.—The piety  
of Theodosius would have been admirable, had it  
not been stained with intolerance; but under his  
reign was, I believe, first set the example of a  
disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians  
against Christians.<sup>4</sup> Whether his interference  
with the religion of the Antiochians had any  
share in the alienation of their loyalty is not ex-  
pressly ascertained by historians; but severe edicts,  
heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of  
the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently  
account for the discontents of a warm and sus-  
ceptible people. Repentance soon followed the  
crimes into which their impatience had hurried  
them; but the vengeance of the Emperor was im-  
placable, and punishments of the most dreadful  
nature hung over the city of Antioch, whose  
devoted inhabitants, totally resigned to despond-  
ence, wandered through the streets and public  
assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges  
of the most touching lamentation.<sup>5</sup> At length,  
Flavianus, their bishop, whom they had sent to  
intercede with Theodosius, finding all his en-  
treaties coldly rejected, adopted the expedient of  
teaching these songs of sorrow which he had heard  
from the lips of his unfortunate countrymen to the  
minstrels who performed for the Emperor at table.  
The heart of Theodosius could not resist this  
appeal; tears fell fast into his cup while he listened,  
and the Antiochians were forgiven.—Surely, if  
music ever spoke the misfortunes of a people, or  
could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors,  
the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers.

of making their wills, or of receiving any advantage from testa-  
mentary donations.”

<sup>5</sup> Μολύ την αλόφρονον πληρη και συνταλαίας ανθρωπων, τας μελωδίας  
επαινον.—Nicerphor. lib. xii. cap. 43. This story is told also in Sozom-  
en. lib. vii. cap. 23.; but unfortunately Chrysostom says nothing  
whatever about it, and he not only had the best opportunities of  
information, but was too fond of music, as appears by his praises of  
psalmody (Exposit. in Psalm xii.), to omit such a flattering illustra-  
tion of its powers. He imputes their reconciliation to the interference  
of the Antiochian solitaires, while Zoimus attributes it to the  
remonstrances of the sophist Libanius.—Gibbon, I think, does not  
even allude to this story of the musicians.

MOORE'S WORKS.

THE SCEPTIC,  
A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE.

*Νῦν καὶ πάλιν βαυλῶν.*  
PINDAR. *ap. Herodot.* lib. iii.

PREFACE.

al Philosophy of the Ancients has misrepresented than the Epicurean. perhaps have carried it to rather an excess; — but we must not believe, with the absurdities imputed to this philosophy it appears to me that the doctrines of as explained by Sextus Empiricus<sup>1</sup>, suited to the wants and infirmities of man, as well as more conducive to the of humility and patience, than any of s of philosophy which preceded the of Christianity. The Sceptics may

the temple. This advantage over all sects is allowed to them even by Lips treatise on the miracles of the Virgo His sufficiently save him from all suspicion cism. “*Labore, ingenio, memoria,*” “*supra omnes pene philosophos fais nonne omnia aliorum secta tenere de inquirere, si poterunt refellere? res dici orationes varias, raras, subtiles inven receptas, claras, certas (ut videbatur) evertendas?*” &c. &c.<sup>2</sup> — *Manuduct. ad Stoic.* Dissert. 4.

Between the scepticism of the ancients and moderns the great difference is that

ice upon his faith and adoration: it is he wisdom of this weak world that he re- at least delays, his assent; — it is only in hrough the shadow of earth that his mind s the eclipse of scepticism. No follower o has ever spoken more strongly against natists than St. Paul himself, in the First o the Corinthians; and there are passages iastes and other parts of Scripture, which r utmost diffidence in all that human reason s. Even the Sceptics of antiquity re- arefully from the mysteries of theology, ntering the temples of religion, laid aside losophy at the porch. Sextus Empiricus lars the acquiescence of his sect in the elief of a divine and fore-knowing Power: *ἡ κατακολουθούντες ἀδοξαστων φαιμεν εἶναι τὸ σεβομεν θεους και προνοειν αυτους φαιμεν.*<sup>1</sup> It appears to me, that this rational and dated scepticism is the only daughter of ols that can safely be selected as a hand- Piety. He who distrusts the light of ill be the first to follow a more luminous id if, with an ardent love for truth, he ht her in vain through the ways of this ill but turn with the more hope to that rld, where all is simple, true, and ever- for, there is no parallax at the zenith; — r near our troubled horizon that objects is into vague and erroneous calculations.

cap. 1. particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts ow are really in them, whether any one perceive them there; they may be called real qualities, because they in those bodies; but light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, really in them than sickness or pain is in manna. Take nation of them: let not the eye see light or colours, nor ar sounds; let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell, ure, tastes, odours, and sounds, as they are such particu- and cease."—Locke, book ii. chap. 8.

keley, it is well known, extended this doctrine even to alities, and supposed that matter itself has but an ideal But, how are we to apply his theory to that period which e formation of man, when our system of sensible things ed, and the sun shone, and the waters flowed, without t being to witness them? The spectator, whom Whiston ill scarcely solve the difficulty: "To speak my mind y he, "I believe that the Messiah was there actually See *Whiston, of the Mosaic Creation*.

employs this argument of the Sceptics among his con- fessions upon the emptiness of fame. "Quid quod gentium mores inter se atque instituta discordant, ut alios laude, apud alios supplicio dignum iudicetur?" — a 7. Many amusing instances of diversity, in the tastes, ad morals of different nations, may be found throughout f that amusing Sceptic, *Le Mothe le Vayer*.— See his ceptique, his *Treatise "De la Secte Sceptique,"* and, ose Dialogues, not to be found in his works, which he nder the name of *Horatius Tubero*.—The chief objection itings of *Le Vayer* (and it is a blemish which may be the *Esprit des Loix*), is the suspicious obscurity of the n whence he frequently draws his instances, and the ate use made by him of the lowest populace of the ose ying travellers and wonder-mongers, of whom

## THE SCEPTIC.

As the gay tint, that decks the vernal rose,<sup>2</sup>  
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows;  
As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides  
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides;  
So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare  
That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair,  
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes  
Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies:  
For she, in flat-nos'd China, would appear  
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here;  
And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome  
Would rank good Marco with the damn'd at Rome.

There's no deformity so vile, so base,  
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace;  
No foul reproach, that may not steal a beam  
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem.<sup>3</sup>  
Ask, who is wise? — you'll find the self-same man  
A sage in France, a madman in Japan;  
And *here* some head beneath a mitre swells,  
Which *there* had tingled to a cap and bells:  
Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,  
Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,  
Where C—st—r—gh would for a patriot pass,  
And mouthing M——ve scarce be deem'd an ass!

"List not to reason (Epicurus cries),  
"But trust the senses, *there* conviction lies:"<sup>4</sup> —  
Alas! *they* judge not by a purer light,  
Nor keep their fountains more unting'd and bright:

Shaftesbury, in his *Advice to an Author*, complains, as having tended in his own time to the diffusion of a very shallow and vicious sort of scepticism.—Vol. i. p. 352. The Pyrrhonism of *Le Vayer*, however, is of the most innocent and playful kind; and *Villemandy*, the author of *Scepticismus Debellatus*, exempts him specially in the declaration of war which he denounces against the other armed neutrals of the sect, in consideration of the orthodox limits within which he confines his incredulity.

<sup>1</sup> This was the creed also of those modern Epicureans, whom *Niton de l'Enclos* collected around her in the *Rue des Tournelles*, and whose object seems to have been to decry the faculty of reason, as tending only to embarrass our wholesome use of pleasures, without enabling us, in any degree, to avoid their abuse. *Madame des Houllères*, the fair pupil of *Des Barreaux* in the arts of poetry and gallantry, has devoted most of her verses to this laudable purpose, and is even such a determined foe to reason, that, in one of her pastorals, she congratulates her sheep on the want of it. *St. Evremont* speaks thus upon the subject:—

"Un mélange incertain d'esprit et de matière  
Nous fait vivre avec trop ou trop peu de lumière.

Nature, flëve-nous à la clarté des anges,  
Ou nous abaisse au sens des simples animaux."

Which may be thus paraphrased:—

Had man been made, at nature's birth,  
Of only flame or only earth,  
Had he been form'd a perfect whole  
Of purely *that*, or grossly *this*,  
Then sense would ne'er have clouded soul,  
Nor soul restrain'd the sense's bliss.  
Oh happy, had his light been strong,  
Or had he never shar'd a light,  
Which shines enough to show he's wrong,  
But not enough to lead him right.

MOORE'S WORKS.

at the Russian swain  
while he sips champagne;  
n, that a fever's heat  
—d—n think water sweet.

erring sense<sup>1</sup> believes,  
n, the sense deceives;  
nd but wrinkles there,  
ll that's smooth and fair.  
n his pillow laid,  
ousand pounds were paid,  
ore a jury flies  
he warm seducer's eyes.

rough which Judgment's

t being turn'd astray.  
hought Dian's shrine,  
rove, the most divine;  
seems not half so true,  
ood living as with *two*.  
n pensioned by the throne,  
f'd by his praise alone;  
r something snug per ann.,  
ll—sley, at all Rights of

vidual minds, —  
same delusion blinds.  
rom Denmark's smoking

If Grotius be thy guide, shut, shut the book,  
In force alone for Laws of Nations look.  
Let shipless Danes and whining Yankees dwell  
On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,  
While C—bb—t's pirate code alone appears  
Sound moral sense to England and Algiers.

Woe to the Sceptic, in these party days,  
Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of praise!  
For him no pension pours its annual fruits,  
No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots;  
Not *his* the meed that crown'd Don H—kh—m'  
rhyme,

Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future time,  
Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,  
So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes.  
Yet who that looks to History's damning leaf,  
Where Whig and Tory, thief oppos'd to thief,  
On either side in lofty shame are seen,<sup>2</sup>  
While Freedom's form hangs crucified between—  
Who, B—rd—tt, who such rival rogues can see,  
But flies from *both* to Honesty and thee?

If, weary of the world's bewild'ring maze,<sup>4</sup>  
Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways,  
One flower of truth, the busy crowd we shun,  
And to the shades of tranquil learning run,  
How many a doubt pursues!<sup>3</sup> how oft we sigh,  
When histories charm, to think that histories lie!



hts are wrongs, and victories are defeats,  
h or English pride the tale repeats;  
n they tell Corunna's story o'er,  
isagree in all, but honouring Moore:  
re pens, to flatter future courts,  
perhaps the Park-guns' gay reports,  
that England triumph'd on the morn  
and her Junot's jest and Europe's scorn.

nce, too—how many a system, rais'd  
a's icy domes, awhile bath blaz'd  
ts of fancy and with forms of pride,  
tting, mingled with the oblivious tide!  
h usurps the centre of the sky,  
ton puts the paltry planet by;  
as revive beneath Descartes's<sup>1</sup> pen,  
w, assail'd by Locke's, expire again.  
l, perhaps, in pride of chemic powers,  
the keys of Nature's kingdom ours,  
y's magic touch the dream unsettle,  
s at once our alkalis to metals.  
l we roam, in metaphysic maze,  
fair-built theories of former days,  
—mm—d<sup>2</sup> from the north, more ably  
ll'd,  
: Goths, to ruin than to build,  
triumphant through our fanes o'erthrown,  
s one grace, one glory of his own.

ring,—whatsoe'er thy pomp and boast,  
minds have taught and charm'd men  
st.  
unread Columbus was our guide  
, which learn'd Lactantius had denied;

sufficiency. He who has attentively considered the  
idea the general concerns of life, may possibly go still  
may rank a willingness to be convinced, or, in some  
thrust conviction, to concede our own opinion to that  
among the principal ingredients in the composition  
wisdom."—It is right to observe, however, that the  
ness of concession arises rather from uncertainty than  
sore from a suspicion that his own opinion may be  
ron any persuasion that the opinion of his adversary  
may be so," was the courteous and sceptical formula,  
a Dutch were accustomed to reply to the statements  
ex. See *Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. Sir Thomas  
who is considered as the parent of modern scepticism,  
re is nothing in the whole range of philosophy which  
t of two opposite opinions, and which is not involved  
uncertainty. "In Philosophia nihil adhuc reperiri,  
a utraque partem disputatur, hoc est, quod non sit  
absum." Gassendi is likewise to be added to the list  
sptics, and Wedderkopff, in his Dissertation "De  
rofano et sacro" (Argentorat. 1696), has denounced  
as a follower of Pyrrho, for his opinions upon the

And one wild Shakspeare, following Nature's  
lights,  
Is worth whole planets, fill'd with Stagyrites.

See grave Theology, when once she strays  
From Revelation's path, what tricks she plays;  
What various heav'ns,—all fit for Papias to sing,—  
Have churchmen dream'd, from Papias<sup>3</sup> down to  
King!<sup>4</sup>  
While hell itself, in India nought but smoke,<sup>5</sup>  
In Spain's a furnace, and in France—a joke.

Hail, modest Ignorance, thou goal and prize,  
Thou last, best knowledge of the simply wise!  
Hail, humble Doubt, when error's waves are past,  
How sweet to reach thy shelter'd port<sup>6</sup> at last,  
And, there, by changing skies nor lur'd nor  
awed,  
Smile at the battling winds that roar abroad.  
There gentle Charity, who knows how frail  
The bark of Virtue, even in summer's gale,  
Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows  
For all who wander, whether friends or foes.  
There Faith retires, and keeps her white sail  
fur'd,

Till call'd to spread it for a better world;  
While Patience, watching on the weedy shore,  
And mutely waiting till the storm be o'er,  
Oft turns to Hope, who still directs her eye  
To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky!

Such are the mild, the blest associates given  
To him who doubts,—and trusts in nought but  
Heaven!

Trinity, and some other subjects. To these if we add the names of  
Bayle, Mallebranche, Dryden, Locke, &c. &c., I think there is no one  
who need be ashamed of doubting in such company.

<sup>1</sup> See this gentleman's Academic Questions.

<sup>2</sup> Papias lived about the time of the apostles, and is supposed to  
have given birth to the heresy of the Chiliasts, whose heaven was  
by no means of a spiritual nature, but rather an anticipation of the  
Prophet of Hera's elysium. See Eusebius, *Hist. Ecclesiast.* lib. iii.  
cap. 23, and Hieronym. *de Scriptor. Ecclesiast.*—From all I can  
find in these authors concerning Papias, it seems hardly fair to im-  
pute to him those gross imaginations in which the believers of the  
sensual millennium indulged.

<sup>3</sup> King, in his *Morsels of Criticism*, vol. i., supposes the sun to be  
the receptacle of blessed spirits.

<sup>4</sup> The Indians call hell "the House of Smoke." See Ficart upon  
the Religion of the Banians. The reader who is curious about infernal  
matters, may be edified by consulting *Ruca de Inferno*, particularly  
lib. ii. cap. 7, 8, where he will find the precise sort of fire ascertained  
in which wicked spirits are to be burned hereafter.

<sup>5</sup> "Chère Sceptique, douce pâture de mon âme, et l'unique port  
de saint à une esprit qui aime le repos!"—*La Mothe le Vayer*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

BY THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

*Elapsa manibus cecidère tabellæ. OVID.*

TO  
HEN WOOLRICHE, ESQ.

WOOLRICHE,

seven years since I promised (and  
k it is almost as long since we met)  
on the very first Book, of whatever  
should publish. Who could have  
many years would elapse, without  
least signs of life upon the subject  
at promise? Who could have ima-  
blume of doggerel, after all, would  
fering that Gratitude would lay

who, supposing it might materially assis-  
vate researches of that Institution, im-  
took it to his employers, and was reward-  
somerly for his trouble. Such a treasury  
was worth a whole host of informers;  
cordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (I  
use so profane a simile) who "fell at od-  
the sweet-bag of a bee," those vena-  
pressors almost fought with each other  
honour and delight of first ransacking the  
Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out  
examination, that the discoveries of  
which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly  
upper regions of society, which their

at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out how many living instances might be found, of Muses that have suffered very severely in their heads, from taking rather too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*—so that, in general, the very reverse of “*laudatur et eget*” is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

### PREFACE

TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

In the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through——, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered (like the author of that unique production, the Centaur, *monstrum sui generis*<sup>1</sup>) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. In this story there is not one syllable of truth. For the magnanimity of the former of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly: but

of the conduct of the latter towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which I am aware is decisive of his utter reprobation, in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus<sup>2</sup>, who held “that God is in Africa and not elsewhere.” But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they, who say so, are somewhat mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects. All I profess to know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr.——, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are yet a few other mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is quite as useless as it is tiresome. Misrepresentations and calumnies of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, —not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators, for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over. They are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity may be in want of them; and are quite as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riotous conduct, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish my publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains<sup>3</sup> in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

<sup>1</sup> Flander, Fyth. 2. — My friend certainly cannot add *ovv' or* *ovv' or* *ovv' or*.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop of Caen Nigra, in the fourth century.

<sup>3</sup> A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of *Stanzas*, freely translated by Lord Eld—n, page 570. In the line

“*Sive per Syrtels iter aestuosas*,” it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read “*Surteen*,” instead of “*Syrtels*,” which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet “*aestuosas*.” I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

MOORE'S WORKS.

PERCEPTE<sup>d</sup> LETTERS,  
&c.

LETTER I.

PR—NC—SS CH—RL—E OF W—L—S  
THE LADY B—RB—A ASHL—Y.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,  
to hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have  
made;  
at a time of horse-consuls (now long out of  
fashion),  
never made such a stir in the state.  
When first heard—and as instantly pray'd  
for  
[Lady  
and his King"—that a Popish young  
gentleman, with  
though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand  
pounds  
out too true you're a Papist, my dear,  
was  
suddenly sent, by a tall Irish groom,  
with  
trot-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,  
and  
all, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,  
some of St. Paul's was scarce safe from  
their  
kick.

The Doctor<sup>2</sup>, and he, the devout n  
V—ns—tt—t, now laying the  
together,  
Declare that these skittish young a  
Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. R  
Nay, they verily think they could  
one  
Which the Doctor's friend Death  
upon.

Lord H—rr—by, hoping that no  
To the Court any fancy to persecut  
Protests, on the word of himself ar  
That had these said creatures be  
Ponies,  
The Court would have started no s  
As Asses were, *there*, always sure c

"If the Pr—nc—ss *will* keep th  
C—stl—r—gh),  
"To make them quite harmless,  
way  
"Is (as certain Chief Justices do wi  
"To flog them within half an inch  
"If they've any bad Irish blood lu  
"This (he knew by experience) wo  
it out."  
Should this be thought cruel, his  
poses  
"The new *Veto* snaffle<sup>4</sup> to bind dow

## LETTER II.

ONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S  
L—CKLE, ESQ.

I've just had time to look  
very learned Book,<sup>1</sup>  
—as plain as man can speak,  
English is half modern Greek—  
e that we can ne'er intrench  
y isles against the French,  
lty in England's made  
nore independent trade;—  
until the House of Guelph  
ds and Commons on the shelf,  
ly sets up for itself.

at can well be understood  
id Book, is vastly good;  
o what's incomprehensible,  
sworn 'tis full as sensible.

your work's immortal credit,  
n—e, good Sir, the Pr—n—e has read it  
y Book, himself remarks,  
: has read since Mrs. Clarke's).  
e-morn he look'd it through,  
at awful hour or two  
onsorial preparation,  
o a fond, admiring nation,  
th, announç'd by trump and drum,  
wigg'd Pr—n—e in Christendom.

aks with you, th' imagination  
rship in legislation  
ly enter in the noddles  
nd ledger-keeping twaddles,  
eads on *firms* are running so,  
n must have a King and Co.,  
ce, most eloquently show forth  
s and *balances*, and so forth.

ow, he trusts, we're coming near a  
: royal, loyal era;  
ngland's monarch need but say,  
e those scoundrels, C—stl—r—gh!"  
ng me up those Papists, Eld—n,"  
ll be done—ay, faith, and well done.

view to which, I've his command  
Sir, from your travell'd hand,

account of this extraordinary work of Mr. Leckie, see  
ugh Review," vol. xx.  
uth indeed seems to be, that having lived so long abroad  
to have lost, in a great degree, the use of his native  
fr. Leckie has gradually comenot only to speak, but to  
breigner."—*Edinburgh Review*.  
med Colonel must allude here to a description of the

(Round which the foreign graces swarm)<sup>2</sup>  
A Plan of Radical Reform;  
Compil'd and chos'n as best you can,  
In Turkey or at Ispahan,  
And quite upturning, branch and root,  
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot.

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write  
Somewhat more brief than Major C—rtwr—ght:  
Else, though the Pr—e be long in rigging,  
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wiggling,—  
Two wigs to every paragraph—  
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—  
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,  
His Highness, heated by your work,  
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!  
And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how  
He scar'd the Ch—nc—ll—r just now,  
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he  
Slapp'd his back and call'd him Mufti!"

The tailors too have got commands,  
To put directly into hands  
All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,  
With Sashes, Turbans, and Pabouches,  
(While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan  
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)  
And all things fitting and expedient  
To *turkify* our gracious R—g—nt!

You, therefore, have no time to waste—  
So, send your System.—

Yours, in haste.

## POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE I send this scrawl away,  
I seize a moment, just to say,  
There's some parts of the Turkish system  
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.  
For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—  
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,  
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)  
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school.  
But *here* (as in that fairy land,  
Where Love and Age went hand in hand;<sup>3</sup>  
Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,  
And Grandams were worth any money.)  
*Our* Sultan has much riper notions—  
So, let your list of *she*-promotions

Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where  
such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.  
— "A score of old women and the same number of old men played  
here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-  
cat or at cockles."— And again, "There is nothing, believe me,  
more engaging than those lovely wrinkles," &c. &c.— See *Tales of  
the East*, vol. III. pp. 697, 698.

MOORE'S WORKS.

only, plump and sage,  
 and the *regulation*-age ;  
 as far as one can fix  
 (dates) full fifty-six.

or *fav'rites*—nothing more—  
 as, a Grand Signor,  
 decidedly *without* them.  
 There's one curse about them.

\*



LETTER III.

—GE PR—CE R—G—T TO THE  
 — OF Y—TH.

you last night at the "hoary old"  
 as usual, the cream of good dinners;  
 stific—his fishes quite *prime*—  
 th—and his cutlets sublime!  
 the snug sort of dinner to stir a  
 asm in my Lord El—b—gh,  
 be sure, with miraculous force,  
 , between mouthfuls, "a *He-Cook*  
 e!—  
 e—(what's there under that cover?)

More good things were eaten than  
 Tom T—rrh—t  
 In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has so  
 And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief  
 Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try th  
 Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lord  
 hit)  
 "I fear 'twill be *hung-beef*, my Lord,  
 it!"

And C—md—n was there, who th  
 had gone  
 To fit his new Marquis's coronet on ;  
 And the dish set before him—oh d  
 devis'd!—  
 Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, "a c  
 surpris'd!"  
 The *brains* were near Sh—ry, and *once*  
 fine,  
 But, of late, they had lain so long soakin  
 That, though we, from courtesy, still cha  
 These brains very fine, they were no bra

When the dinner was over, we drank  
 In a bumper, "the venial delights of Cri  
 At which H—df—t with warm rem  
 gloated,  
 And E—b'r—h chuckled to hear himself

## LETTER IV.

THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—GEN—N  
 HE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

Dublin. 1

week, dear N—ch—l, making merry  
 mer with our Secretary,  
 all were drunk, or pretty near  
 time for doing business here),  
 is to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!  
 se Papist dogs—hiccup—'od rot 'em!—  
 rve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—  
 all the dirt ev'n you can pick up.  
 as the Pr—ce (here's to him—fill—  
 hip, hurra!)—is trying still  
 umberg them with kind professions,  
 as you deal in *strong* expressions—  
 we'—'traitor' hiccup—and all that—  
 must be muzzled, Doctor Pat!—  
 must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."—

—"muzzled" was the word, Sir John—  
 fools have clapp'd a muzzle on  
 oldest mouth that e'er ran o'er  
 slaver of the times of yore!<sup>4</sup>—  
 t for this that back I went  
 as Lateran and Trent,  
 ve that they, who damn'd us then,  
 now, in turn, be damn'd again?—  
 lent victim still to sit  
 —tt—n's fire and C—nn—g's wit,  
 r ev'n noisy M—th—w gabble on,  
 ention once the W—e of Babylon!  
 is too much—who now will be  
 ightman of No-Popery?  
 Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,  
 earned filth will ever fish up?  
 e among our ranks be one  
 e my place, 'tis *thou*, Sir John;  
 who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.  
 is too, art a Lawyer Civil  
 wishes Papists at the devil.

whom then but to thee, my friend,  
 Patrick's his Port-folio send?  
 t—'tis thine—his learn'd Port-folio,  
 all its theologic olio  
 ls, half Irish and half Roman—  
 trines, now believ'd by no man—

ser, which contained some very heavy enclosures, seems  
 sent to London by a private hand, and then put into  
 ny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix.  
 ng this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the  
 us been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor again let

same for poetry; but D—gen—n is still worse.—As  
 says upon a very different subject—

Torquetur Apollo  
 Non sine perennis.

Of Councils, held for men's salvation,  
 Yet always ending in damnation—  
 (Which shows that, since the world's creation,  
 Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,  
 Have always had a taste for damning.)  
 And many more such pious scraps,  
 To prove (what *we've* long prov'd, perhaps.)  
 That, mad as Christians us'd to be  
 About the Thirteenth Century,  
 There still are Christians to be had  
 In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—ch—l,  
 A rod or two I've had in pickle  
 Wherewith to trim old Gr—tt—n's jacket.—  
 The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D

Among the Enclosures in the foregoing Letter was  
 the following "Unanswerable Argument against  
 the Papists."

\* \* \* \* \*  
 WE'RE told the ancient Roman nation  
 Made use of spittle in lustration;<sup>4</sup>  
 (Vide Lactantium ap. Galleum<sup>5</sup>—  
 i. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em;)   
 Now, Irish Papists, fact surprising,  
 Make use of spittle in baptizing;  
 Which proves them all, O'Finn's, O'Fagans,  
 Connors, and Tooles, all downright Pagans.  
 This fact's enough;—let no one tell us  
 To free such sad, *salvatus* fellows.—  
 No, no—the man, baptiz'd with spittle,  
 Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

## LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C—RK  
 TO LADY ———.

My dear Lady——! I've been just sending out  
 About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—  
 (By the bye, you've seen Rokeby?—this moment  
 got mine—  
 The Mail-Coach Edition<sup>6</sup>—prodigiously fine;)

<sup>4</sup> ——— Lustralibus antè salvis  
 Expiat. Præc. sat. 2.

<sup>5</sup> I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference  
 here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words  
 of his indignant referee, Galleus:—"Aserere non veretur sacrum  
 baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expi-  
 atione a Paganis non a Christianis monuisse."

<sup>6</sup> See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies  
 of Rokeby.

MOORE'S WORKS.

conceive how, in this very cold weather,  
 ring my five hundred together ;  
 e thermometer's near boiling heat,  
 er get half of one's hundreds to meet.  
 you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend  
 ght,  
 ir chairs, with his staff, so polite,  
 ainden Miseries," all in a fright;  
 nd, like Mercury, filling two posts,  
 ( *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts* ! )

dear Lady——, can't you hit on  
 notion,  
 ne night to set London in motion ?—  
 the R—g—nt, *that* show is gone by—  
 remark'd that (between you and I)  
 a and he, inconvenient in more ways,  
 uch lately to whispering in doorways;  
 sid'ring, you know, dear, the *size* of  
 o—  
 ck that one's company *cannot* get  
 gh;  
 such as mine is, with doorways so

for such cumbersome love-work at  
 ough, of love-work— you've heard it,  
 e,  
 n's old mother's to marry the Pope,—  
 and said) — but to stick to me. But

But, in short, my dear, names like  
 stopschinzoudhoff  
 Are the only things now make an  
 smooth off :  
 So, get me a Russian — till death  
 debtor—  
 If he brings the whole Alphabet, s  
 better.  
 And— Lord! if he would but, *in char*  
 Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite

*Au revoir*, my sweet girl— I must  
 haste—  
 Little Gunter has brought me the Lique

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any frien  
 construe  
 That Latin account, t'other day, of a  
 If we can't get a Russian, and *that thi*  
 Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring



LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH<sup>2</sup>, IN LONDON, TO I



like their notions *quite*,  
 so Persian and so right!  
 w our Sunnites<sup>1</sup>, — hateful dogs!  
 very pious Shiite flogs  
 to flog<sup>2</sup> — 'tis true, they pray  
 but in an ill-bred way;  
 ther arms, nor legs, nor faces  
 their right, canonic places.<sup>3</sup>  
 they worship Ali's name<sup>4</sup> —  
 av'n and ours are just the same —  
 an's Heav'n is easily made,  
 black eyes and lemonade.)  
 igh we've tried for centuries back —  
 : persuade this stubborn pack,  
 radoes, screws, or nippers,  
 th' establish'd pea-green slippers.<sup>5</sup>  
 ly think, the libertines!  
 sh their toes — they comb their chins,<sup>6</sup>  
 ny more such deadly sins;  
 t's the worst (though last I rank it),  
 he Chapter of the Blanket!

ite of tenets so flagitious,  
 must, at bottom, be seditious;  
 man living would refuse  
 ppers, but from treasonous views;  
 his toes, but with intent  
 arn the government,) —  
 ur mild and tolerant way,  
 curse them twice a day  
 ng to a Form that's set),  
 from torturing, only let  
 dox believers beat 'em,  
 ch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

he rest, they're free to do  
 their fancy prompts them to,  
 they make nothing of it  
 rank or honour, power or profit;  
 ings, we nat'rally expect,  
 us, the Establish'd sect,  
 elieve (the Lord be thanked!)  
 said Chapter of the Blanket.  
 : mild views of Toleration  
 : find, this button'd nation,

and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the world is divided; and they have gone on cursing and each other, without any intermission, for about eleven years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and *Shiite*; and the differences between them turn chiefly important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in his account of Shiite Ascendency, reprobates in this Letter. *Shiites*, qui étoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanie, — *D'Herbelot*.  
 indistinction to the *Sunnites*, who in their prayers cross as the lower part of their breast, the *Schiachs* drop their right lines; and as the *Sunnites*, at certain periods of the year, kneel on the ground or carpet, the *Schiachs*, on the contrary, kneel on the forehead. — *Herbelot*.  
*Shiites* are distinguished from the *Sunnites* by their dress, and by their manner of praying. — *Herbelot*.  
*Shiites* are distinguished from the *Sunnites* by their dress, and by their manner of praying. — *Herbelot*.  
*Shiites* are distinguished from the *Sunnites* by their dress, and by their manner of praying. — *Herbelot*.

Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogne,  
 And only Sunnites with a brogue)  
 Fare just as well, with all their fuss,  
 As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose  
 Is for my love, my Syrian Rose —  
 Take it when night begins to fall,  
 And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

## GAZEL.

REMEMBEREST thou the hour we past, —  
 That hour the happiest and the last?  
 Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn  
 To summer bees, at break of morn,  
 Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,  
 To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,  
 As is the soothing memory  
 Of that one precious hour to me.

How can we live, so far apart?  
 Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,  
 United live and die —  
 Like those sweet birds, that fly together,  
 With feather always touching feather,  
 Link'd by a hook and eye!\*

## LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO. TO  
 ————, ESQ.<sup>6</sup>

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS. — look'd it thro' —  
 Very sorry — but can't undertake — 'twouldn't do.  
 Clever work, Sir! — would get up prodigiously  
 well —  
 Its only defect is — it never would sell.  
 And though *Statesmen* may glory in being wa-  
 bought,  
 In an *Author* 'tis not so desirable thought.

\* "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination." — *Martini*.

<sup>6</sup> For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to *Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects*.

<sup>7</sup> This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in *Richardson*: — "A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

<sup>8</sup> From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *self-interest*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was enclosed in this letter. — See the Appendix.

MOORE'S WORKS.

Sir,—most books are too dear to  
 —  
*World of Good-sense and Wit's small-*  
 —re fled,  
 —ve Publishers pass, in their stead,  
 —ch day, and ('tis frightful to think  
 [it!  
 —names as F—tzg—r—d's can sink

—if you're for trying again,  
 —hat that's vendible—we are your

hevalier C—rr<sup>1</sup> took to marrying  
 —a want of a *Traveller* greatly—  
 —more easy—your *Country* once

—d ship and a fortnight on land  
 —to of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

—lia pamphlet's a thing that would

—the Papists is *sure* to sell well.

—g you've nothing *original* in you—  
 —, Sir, and such fame it will win you,  
 —e Blue-stocking Routs of Albina!<sup>2</sup>  
 —her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse  
 —of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to t  
 'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in train*  
 week.

At present, no more—in reply to this  
 Line will oblige very much

Yours,

*Temple of the Muses.*

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO —  
 SK—FF—NGT—N, ESQ.

COME to our Fête<sup>4</sup>, and bring with th  
 Thy newest, best embroidery.  
 Come to our Fête, and show again  
 That pea-green coat, thou pink of me  
 Which charm'd all eyes that last surv  
 When Br—mm—l's self inquir'd "v  
 it?"—

When Cits came wond'ring, from the  
 And thought thee Poet Pye *at least!*

Oh! come, (if haply 'tis thy week  
 For looking pale,) with paly cheek;  
 Though more we love thy roseate day

I know'st the time, thou man of lore!  
 to chalk a ball-room floor—  
 now'st the time, too, well-a-day!  
 to dance that chalk away!  
 Ball-room opens—far and nigh  
 and suns beneath us lie;  
 Snow-white moons and stars we walk,  
 The floor seems one sky of chalk!  
 We shall fade that bright deceit,  
 Many a maid, with busy feet  
 Tinkle in the lustre's ray,  
 A white path shall bound and play  
 nymphs along the Milky Way:—  
 Every step a star hath fled,  
 As grow dim beneath their tread!  
 Meth life—(thus Sc—tt would write,  
 Ministers read him with delight,)—  
 We are not feet, yet hours trip on,  
 We are not chalk, yet time's soon gone!<sup>1</sup>

Behold this long digressive flight!—  
 To say, thou'lt see, that night,  
 Childhood rankles in their hearts,  
 Why the Pr—e neglects the arts—  
 And the arts?—no, Str—hl—g<sup>2</sup>, no;  
 He bids answer "tis not so;"  
 Every floor, that night, shall tell  
 How thick thou daubest, and how well  
 As thou may'st in French vermilion,  
 The best, beneath a French cotillion;  
 All com'st off, whate'er thy faults,  
 Singing colours in a Waltz.  
 How dost thou mourn the transient date  
 The best works assign'd by fate.  
 Some chef-d'œuvres live to weary one,  
 A most a short life and a merry one;  
 Your of glory past and gone  
 Molly put the kettle on!"<sup>3</sup>

Bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf  
 er left—so, must be brief.

Festive Fête, in fact, will be  
 The mer Fête's *fac-simile*;<sup>4</sup>  
 The long Masquerade of Rooms,  
 K'd up in such odd costumes,  
 Pr—rt—r<sup>5</sup>, are thy glorious works!  
 Swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,  
 For Good-Taste some deadly malice,  
 How 'bb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;

one, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it  
 necessary to mention, that the floors of Ball-rooms, in ge-  
 chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various func-  
 ns.

Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,  
 Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to the Colonel, (and,  
 o much better wags than the Colonel,) *non paraverba q*

sign artist much patronised by the Prince Regent.  
 names of a popular country-dance.

And each to make the olio pleasant  
 Had sent a State-Room as a present.  
 The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—  
 The same gold *Asses*'s, pretty souls!  
 That, in this rich and classic dome,  
 Appear so perfectly at home.  
 The same bright river 'mong the dishes,  
 But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—  
 Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones—  
 So 'stead of silver and of gold ones,  
 (It being rather hard to raise  
 Fish of that *specie* now a-days)  
 Some sprats have been by Y—rm—th's wish,  
 Promoted into *Silver* Fish,  
 And Gudgeons (so V—ns—tt—t told  
 The R—g—t) are as good as *Gold*!

So, prithee, come—our Fête will be  
 But half a Fête if wanting thee.

## APPENDIX.

## LETTER IV. PAGE 551.

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr. D—g—n—n's  
 Letter, was found an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse,  
 from Pope Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is  
 rather a curious document, I shall venture to give  
 some account. This female Pontiff was a native  
 of England, (or, according to others, of Germany,)  
 who, at an early age, disguised herself in male at-  
 tire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic,  
 to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that  
 upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy  
 of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is  
 addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated  
 to the dignity of Cardinal), soon after the fatal  
*accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him tenderly of the  
 time, when they were together at Athens—when,  
 as she says,

—“by Ilissus' stream  
 “We whisp'ring walk'd along, and learn'd to  
 speak  
 “The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek;—  
 “Ah, then how little did we think or hope,  
 “Dearest of men, that I should e'er be Pope!”<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “C—rit—n H—e will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in re-  
 spect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The  
 same splendid draperies,” &c. &c. — *Morning Post*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Walsh Porter, to whose taste was left the furnishing of the  
 rooms of Carlton House.

<sup>3</sup> The salt-cellars on the Pr—e's own table were in the form of  
 an Ass with panniers.

<sup>4</sup> Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was  
 elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex,  
 though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—“*Non  
 vi aliqua, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quas  
 sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentis in hac quanquam!*”

MOORE'S WORKS.

man, whose house-wife art  
to keep thy house and  
xes and at sevens,)  
he keys of all the heavens!"

s to say) could they have  
tastrophe as had happened  
them—that she

the Conclave's grave de-

pop out before 'em—  
the only one  
'be justly fix'd upon."

cally laments the downfall  
l enumerates the various  
is doomed to bid farewell

more precious ten times

y Cardinal, my Lover!  
—thou mad'st me—ah!  
a of the world Mamma!"

resent to translate any more  
resume the argument which  
er and his friends mean to

The first Act opens in a very awful manner-  
*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, th  
Bourbon Chamber<sup>2</sup> in C—rlt—n House—Ent  
the P—e R—g—t solus—After a few brok  
sentences, he thus exclaims :—

Away—Away—

Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book,  
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.  
I see thy damned *ink* in Eld—n's brows—  
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—rtf—d's Spouse—  
V—ns—tt—t's head recalls thy *leathern* case,  
And all thy *black-leaves* stare from R—d—t  
face!

While turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*),  
I find, ah wretched elf,

Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.

(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*)

Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!

Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!

Delicious drams! why have you not the art

To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by percei  
ing on the ground some scribbled fragments  
paper, which he instantly collects, and "by th  
light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers d  
following unconnected words, "*Wife neglected*."  
"the *Book*"—"Wrong *Measures*"—"the *Queen*  
—"Mr. *Lambert*"—"the R—g—t"

1 the becoming splendour of his office."<sup>1</sup>  
 -g—t produces the appalling fragments,  
 hich the Ch—nc—ll—r breaks out into  
 tions of loyalty and tenderness, and relates  
 wing portentous dream:

"Tis scarcely two hours since  
 fearful dream of thee, my P——e!—  
 ght I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,  
 n thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,  
 zip my whiskers!"—(*weeps*) not a knee  
 was there

it and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair,  
 curl'd in conscious majesty! (*pulls out his  
 handkerchief*)—while cries [skies.—  
 /hiskers, whiskers!" shook the echoing  
 that glorious hour, methought, there came,  
 oks of injur'd pride, a Princely Dame,  
 young maiden, clinging by her side,  
 e fear'd some tyrant would divide  
 arts that nature and affection tied!  
 tron came—within her *right* hand glow'd  
 ant torch; while from her *left* a load  
 ers hung—(*wipes his eyes*) collected in her  
 veil—

nal evidence, the slanderous tale,  
 ounding hint, the current lies that pass  
 Post to Courier, form'd the motley mass;  
 with disdain, before the Throne she throws,  
 ghts the File beneath thy princely nose.

(*Weeps.*)

s, how it blaz'd!—I'd ask no livelier fire  
*animation*) To roast a Papist by, my gracious  
 Sire!—

! the Evidence—(*weeps again*) I mourn'd  
 to see—

s it burn'd, a deadly light on thee:  
 s and Hints their random sparkle flung,  
 ias'd and crackled, like an old maid's  
 tongue;

Post and Courier, faithful to their fame,  
 up in stink for what they lack'd in flame.

lo, ye Gods! the fire ascending brisker,  
 nges *one*, now lights the *other* whisker.  
 here was then the Sylphid, that unfurls  
 ury standard in defence of curls?  
 , Whiskers, Wig, soon vanish'd into smoke,  
 stchman cried "Past One," and—I awoke.

his Lordship weeps more profusely than  
 nd the R—g—t (who has been very much  
 d during the recital of the Dream) by a  
 ent as characteristic as that of Charles XII.  
 e was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers  
 if all be really safe. A Privy Council is  
 all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it

appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure  
 the R—g—t for a Dress (which takes three whole  
 pages of the best superfine *cliquant* in describing)  
 was the only person who had been in the Bourbon  
 Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly,  
 determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council  
 breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be  
 vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns  
 chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two  
 Brothers<sup>2</sup>—but as this forms the *under* plot of  
 the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting  
 from it the following speech, which is addressed to  
 the two Brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to  
 Prison:—

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring  
 No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;  
 Though Summer flowers shall pass unseen away,  
 And all your portion of the glorious day  
 May be some solitary beam that falls,  
 At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—  
 Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,  
 To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!  
 Yet go—for thoughts as blessed as the air  
 Of Spring or Summer flowers await you there;  
 Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew  
 In rich conservatories, *never* knew;  
 Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—  
 The Zeal, whose circling charities begin  
 With the few lov'd ones Heaven has plac'd it near,  
 And spread, till all Mankind are in its sphere;  
 The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,  
 And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,  
 Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop,  
 and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists  
 is discovered upon the Shop-board—Their task  
 evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion  
 of gold-lace, frogs, &c. that lie about—They  
 all rise and come forward, while one of them  
 sings the following Stanzas to the tune of "Derry  
 Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straighten your  
 knees,

For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,  
 While I sing of our P——e (and a fig for his  
 railers)

The Shop-board's delight! the Mæcenas of Tailors!  
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,  
 While *His* short cut to fame is—the cut of his  
 coat;

1 mable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor,  
 in it in becoming splendour." (*A loud laugh.*)—Lord

CATHERBANK'S Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.  
<sup>2</sup> Mr. Leigh Hunt and his brother.

MOORE'S WORKS.

World was too small for  
room in a lac'd button-

Derry down, &c.

s Kings—those, at least,

l's such a friend to the

sing in size and renown,  
tted P—e about town!

Derry down, &c.

n" of this last verse, a

—t—y of S—e's Office

er (who, luckily for the

very Tailor suspected of

s) is interrupted in the

rtions, and hurried away,

and consternation of his

w hastens rapidly in its

gement of the Tailor's

ful, and the alarm, which

s natural without being

ion, too, which he finally

gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M—n upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skillfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxtaposition.

Honour'd Colonel—my Wife, who's the Queen of all slatterns,

Neglected to put up the Book of new Patterns.

She sent the wrong Measures too—shamefully wrong—

They're the same us'd for poor Mr. Lambert, when young;

But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the

R—g—t—

So, hope you'll excuse yours till death, most obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the

R—g—t resumes his wonted smiles, and the

Drama terminates as usual, to the satisfaction of

all parties.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS





## PREFACE.

me of those Notices, no less friendly than  
are able and spirited, which this new  
tion\* of my Poetical Works has called forth  
in a leading political journal, I find, in  
reference to the numerous satirical pieces, the  
following suggestion †:—"It is now more  
than a quarter of a century since this bundle  
of political pasquinades set the British public  
on a roar; and though the events to which  
they allude may be well known to every reader,

"Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas  
Clandere Iustrum,"

there are many persons, now forming a part of  
the literary public, who have come into ex-  
istence since they happened, and who cannot  
be expected, even if they had the leisure and  
opportunity to rummage the files of our old  
papers for a history of the perishable facts  
which Mr. Moore has so often rested the  
artillery of his wit. Many of those facts  
will be considered beneath the notice of the  
modern historian; and it is, therefore, incumbent  
on Mr. Moore—if he wishes his political  
works, imbued as they are with a wit and hu-  
mor quite Aristophanic, to be relished, as  
they deserve to be relished, by our great-grand-  
children—to preface them with a rapid sum-  
mary of the events which gave them birth."  
Without pausing here to say how gratifying  
it is to me to find my long course of Anti-  
quary warfare thus tolerantly, and even gene-  
rally spoken of, and by so distinguished an  
organ of public opinion, I shall as briefly as I  
can advert to the writer's friendly suggestion,  
and then mention some of those reasons which  
induced me to adopt it. That I was dis-  
satisfied, at first, to annex some such commentary  
to a series of squibs, may have been collected  
in the concluding sentences of my last Pre-

face; but a little further consideration has led  
me to abandon this intention.

To that kind of satire which deals only with  
the lighter follies of social life, with the passing  
modes, whims, and scandal of the day, such  
illustrative comments become, after a short  
time, necessary. But the true preserving salt  
of political satire is its applicability to future  
times and generations, as well as to those  
which had first called it forth; its power of  
transmitting the scourge of ridicule through  
succeeding periods, with a lash still fresh for the  
back of the bigot and the oppressor, under  
whatever new shape they may present them-  
selves. I can hardly flatter myself with the  
persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces  
is likely to possess this principle of vitality;  
but I feel quite certain that, *without* it, not all  
the notes and illustrations in which even the  
industry of Dutch commentatorship could em-  
balm them would insure to these trifles a life  
much beyond the present hour.

Already, to many of them, that sort of relish  
—by far the least worthy source of their suc-  
cess—which the names of *living* victims lend  
to such sallies, has become, in the course of  
time, wanting. But, as far as their apposite-  
ness to the passing political events of the day  
has yet been tried—and the dates of these sa-  
tires range over a period of nearly thirty years  
—their ridicule, thanks to the undying nature  
of human absurdity, appears to have lost, as  
yet, but little of the original freshness of its  
first application. Nor is this owing to any pe-  
culiar felicity of aim, in the satire itself, but to  
the sameness, throughout that period, of all its  
original objects;—the unchangeable nature  
of that spirit of Monopoly by which, under all  
its various impersonations, commercial, reli-  
gious, and political, these satires had been first  
provoked. To refer but to one instance, the

T T

\* [The edition of 1841, 1842.]

† *The Times*, Jan. 9, 1841.

PREFACE.

ation,—assuredly, the entire apposite-  
his very moment, of such versicles as  
wing, redounds far less to the credit  
than to the disgrace of legislation,—

you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all  
peers of the realm about cheap'ning their corn,  
you know if one hasn't a very high rental,  
hardly worth while to be very high-born.

being by nature so little prone to spleen  
ness, I should yet have frequented so  
thorny paths of satire, has always, to  
d those best acquainted with me, been  
of surprise. By supposing the imagi-  
however, to be, in such cases, the sole  
prompter of the satire—which, in my  
opinion, I must say, it has generally been  
y solution is found for the difficulty.  
e readiness of fancy which, with but  
p from reality, can deck out “the  
f the minute” with all possible attrac-  
likewise be able, when in the vein,  
r ridicule on a political adversary,  
allowing a single feeling of real bitter-  
mix itself with the operation. Even  
most of all satirists. Dante, who not

without venturing to add that I  
connect with them one mournful  
one loss from among the circle of  
longest looked up to with affecti-  
ration—which I little thought, y  
this series of prefatory sketches,  
to mourn before their close. I nei-  
that, in thus alluding to a great li-  
cial and political world recently  
mean the late Lord Holland.

It may be recollected, perhaps,  
tioning some particulars respect-  
quib of mine,—the Parody of  
Regent's Letter,—I spoke of a di-  
I was present on the very day of  
lication of that Parody, when it w  
of much conversation at table, ar  
party, except our host, had any  
I was the author of it. This I  
Holland; and as such a name li-  
lend value to any anecdote conne-  
nature, I only forbore the pleas-  
such an ornament to my page,  
that Lord Holland had long view  
approbation and regret much of

es. In one of the letters which I received  
om him while thus occupied, I find the follow-  
g postscript:—

"Tis thus I turn th' Italian's song,  
Nor deem I read his meaning wrong.  
But with rough English to combine  
The sweetness that's in every line,  
Asks for your Muse, and not for mine.  
*Sense only* will not quit the score:  
We must have that, and — little *Mora*.

He then adds, " I send you, too, a melancholy  
Epigram of mine, of which I have seen many,  
alas, witness the truth:—

"A minister's answer is always so kind !  
I starve, and he tells me he'll keep me in mind.  
*Ha!* his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore;  
Let him keep me — and, faith, I will ask for no more."

## CAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

---

### TION OF THE PAPERS.

#### A DREAM.

er his Royal Highness to disengage his  
ng pile of papers that encompassed it."  
ch upon Colonel M'Mahan's Appoint-

l and turn'd in bed,  
p—at length I said,  
ount C—stl—r—gh,  
hes —that's the way."  
instantly  
sound could be.  
e—so dread a dream!  
theme;  
or borrow'd  
o horrid!

But, oh the basest of defections!  
His letter about "predilections"—  
His own dear Letter, void of grace,  
Now flew up in its parent's face!  
Shock'd with his breach of filial duty,  
He just could murmur "*et Tu Brute?*"  
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor  
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd—and pray'd, with lifted hand,  
"Oh! never may this Dream prove true;  
"Though paper overwhelms the land,  
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

---

I need not remind you how cursedly bad  
Our affairs were all looking, when Father went  
mad;<sup>1</sup>

A straight waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,  
A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.  
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,  
To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle  
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,  
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-  
master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,  
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.<sup>2</sup>  
So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole  
batch in,  
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or  
patching;  
For tools of this kind, like Martinus's sconce,<sup>3</sup>  
Would lose all their beauty, if purified once;  
And think—only think—if our Father should  
find,  
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,<sup>4</sup>  
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite ad-  
viser—

That R—se was grown honest, or W—stm—re-  
l—nd wiser—  
That R—d—r was, ev'n by one twinkle, the  
brighter— [er—  
Or L—v—rp—l's speeches but half a pound light-  
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!  
No!—far were such dreams of improvement from  
me: [know.<sup>5</sup>

And it pleas'd me to find, at the House, where, you  
There's such good mutton cutlets, and strong  
curaçoa,<sup>6</sup>  
That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,  
And my Y—rm—th's red whiskers grew redder  
for joy.

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft, if I *would*,  
By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good.  
I *might* have withheld these political noodles  
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee  
Doodles;

I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,  
Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know  
I did not.

And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old  
fellows  
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,

<sup>1</sup> "I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated to me by Parliament."—*Prince's Letter*.

<sup>2</sup> "My sense of duty to our Royal father solely decided that choice."—*Ibid*.

<sup>3</sup> The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old sconce.

<sup>4</sup> "I waved any personal gratification, in order that his Majesty might resume, on his restoration to health, every power and prerogative." *See—Prince's Letter*.

But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,  
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.  
You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I,  
Are the last that can think the K—ng *ever* will die.<sup>1</sup>

A new era's arriv'd<sup>2</sup>,—though you'd hardly  
believe it—  
And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.  
New villas, new fêtes (which ev'n Waithman at-  
tends)— [friends]

New saddles, new helmets, and—why not new  
\* \* \* \* \*

I repeat it, "New Friends"—for I cannot describe  
The delight I am in with this P—rc—v—I tribe.  
Such capering!—Such vapouring!—Such rigour!  
—Such vigour!

North, South, East, and West, they have cut such  
a figure,  
That soon they will bring the whole world round  
our ears,  
And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers.

When I think of the glory they've beam'd on  
my chains,

'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains.  
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,  
But think how we find our Allies in new breeches!  
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,  
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,  
To put the last lingering few who remain,  
Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.  
Then how Wellington fights! and how squabbles  
his brother!

For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other;  
One crushing Napoleon by taking a City,  
While t'other lays waste a whole Catholic Com-  
mittee.

Oh deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or flinch,  
With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch.  
No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,  
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still;  
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,  
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.

I am proud to declare I have no predilections,<sup>3</sup>  
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections  
Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,  
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run  
through:

<sup>5</sup> "And I have the satisfaction of knowing that such was the opinion of persons for whose judgment," &c. &c.—*Ibid*.

<sup>6</sup> The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

<sup>7</sup> "I certainly am the last person in the kingdom to whom it can be permitted to despair of our royal father's recovery."—*Ibid*.

<sup>8</sup> "A new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction," &c.—*Ibid*.

<sup>9</sup> "I have no predilections to indulge, — no resentments to gratify."—*Ibid*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ments nor wish there should  
(now I think on't) Beau

ear, in a superfine passion,  
the old K—ng into fashion.  
o my conscience at present ;  
per, so neutral, so pleasant,  
all troublesome feelings,  
y faith in my dealings  
ent the world will allow,  
arket the same I am now).  
rits (you know I hate crack-

er of Best Patent Blacking,  
n'rous and kind approbation  
en'd, and liberal nation."

ose this magnificent Letter,  
le, could have writ you a

those, whom I've humbug'd

d men !) that I knew right

pin me — mind, only a few —  
in on me never would do ;  
tness shan't make me afraid,  
n and Eld—n to fly to for

ANACREONTIC.

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan  
Best of Plumists (if you can  
With your art so far presume)  
Make for me a Pr—ce's Plume—  
Feathers soft and feathers rare,  
Such as suits a Pr—ce to wear.

First, thou downiest of men,  
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen ;  
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,  
As by Juno's side might stand,  
If there were no cocks at hand.  
Seek her feathers, soft as down,  
Fit to shine on Pr—ce's crown ;  
If thou canst not find them, stupid !  
Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.<sup>4</sup>

Ranging these in order due,  
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo ;  
Emblem of the happy fates  
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates.  
Pluck him well — be sure you do —  
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,  
Thus to have his plumage blest,  
Beaming on a R—y—l crest ?

## EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

*Wednesday.*

THROUGH M—nch—st—r Square took a canter  
just now—

Met the *old yellow chariot*<sup>1</sup>, and made a low bow.  
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and  
civil,

But got such a look—oh 'twas black as the devil!  
How unlucky!—*isagog.* he was trav'ling about,  
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out.

*Mem.*—when next by the old yellow chariot I  
ride,  
To remember there *is* nothing princely inside.

*Thursday.*

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder—  
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?  
The Pr—ce was as cheerful, as if, all his life,  
He had never been troubled with Friends or a  
Wife—

'Fine weather," says he—to which I, who *must*  
prate,

Answered, "Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late."  
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,  
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,  
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come  
off,

And then, Lord, how Geramb<sup>2</sup> would triumph-  
antly scoff!

*Mem.*—to buy for son Dicky some unguent or  
lotion  
to nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion.<sup>3</sup>

*Saturday.*

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—  
Given by Lady C—stl—r—gh.  
My Lord loves music, and, we know,  
Has "two strings always to his bow."<sup>4</sup>  
In choosing songs, the R—g—t nam'd  
"Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd."  
While gentle H—rtf—d begg'd and pray'd  
For "Young I am, and sore afraid."

<sup>1</sup> The *isagog.* vehicle of the Pr—ce.

<sup>2</sup> Baron Geramb, the rival of his R. H. in whiskers.

<sup>3</sup> England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember," says Tavernier, "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

## EPIGRAM.

WHAT news to-day?—Oh! worse and worse—  
"Mac<sup>5</sup> is the Pr—ce's Privy Purse!"—  
The Pr—ce's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,  
You mean the Pr—ce's *Ridicule.*

KING CRACK<sup>6</sup> AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOTIATION FOR  
A NEW M—N—STRY.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible Kings,  
(At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you  
gladly.)

But Crack now and then would do het'rodex  
things,  
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down Idols, that long had been  
plac'd

In his father's old *Cabinet*, pleas'd him so much,  
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—  
such was his taste!—

They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to  
touch.

And these were the beautiful Gods of King  
Crack!—

But his People, disdainful to worship such  
things,  
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships  
must pack—

"You'll not do for *us*, though you *may* do for  
*Kings.*"

Then, trampling these images under their feet,  
They sent Crack a petition, beginning "Great  
Caesar!

"We're willing to worship; but only entreat  
"That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads  
than these are."

"I'll try," says King Crack—so they furnish'd  
him models  
Of better shap'd Gods, but he sent them all  
back;

<sup>4</sup> A rhetorical figure used by Lord C—stl—r—gh, in one of his speeches.

<sup>5</sup> Colonel M—cm—h—n.

<sup>6</sup> One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead  
les,  
ey were all *much* too godlike for

is darling old Idols again,  
ending their legs and new bronzing  
es,  
e of Gods and of men,  
ters up grinning once more in their



IS MY THOUGHT LIKE ?

a Pump like V—sc—nt C—stl—

it is a slender thing of wood,  
down its awkward arm doth sway,  
pout and spout and spout away,  
ashy, everlasting flood!



EPIGRAM.

Hither come and gaily twine  
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine  
Into wreaths for those, who rule us,  
Those, who rule and (some say) fool us  
Flora, sure, will love to please  
England's Household Deities!\*

First you must then, willy-nilly,  
Fetch me many an orange lily —  
Orange of the darkest dye  
Irish G—ff—rd can supply; —  
Choose me out the longest sprig,  
And stick it in old Eld—n's wig.

Find me next a Poppy posy,  
Type of his harangues so dozy,  
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,  
To crown the head of L—v—rp—l.  
'Twill console his brilliant brows  
For that loss of laurel boughs,  
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)  
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C—stl—r—gh to crown,  
Bring me from the County Down,  
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been  
Gilded o'er to hide the green —  
(Such as H—df—t brought away  
From the Hill of Tara, &c.)



EPIGRAM.

WHEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID  
OF LORD Y—RM—TH'S FÊTE.

"Court Guide," said my lady, "to look  
at, Seymour Place, be at 30, or

"Court Guide, Ma'am, but here's  
look,  
find, I dare say, Seymour Places  
"

CE, ODE XL LIB. II.

WRITTEN BY THE PR—CE R—G—T.<sup>1</sup>

—th, my boy, never trouble your

eat your old crony,  
error Boney,  
sweeping on Muscovy's plains;

My lad, at the state of our granaries:  
here come famine,  
thy to cram in  
shall have, my dear Lord of the  
cries.

Revel, while revel we may;  
The bloom of fifty soon passes away,  
When a people get fat,  
I'm, and — all that,  
confess it) so clumsily sits,  
And sends the little Loves out of their wits;

As, too, Y—rm—th! — alas, even  
so rosy they burn,  
Quickly must turn  
Court-breaking change for thy whisk-  
to Grey.

Following are extracted from a Work, which may  
meet the eye of the Public — entitled "Odes of  
Anglish by several Persons of Fashion."

bellie-us Cantaber, et Scythæ,  
ine Quincti, cogitet, Hadria  
lus objecto, remittas  
luerere.

Nec trepidis in usum  
Is avi pauca.

Fugit retro  
ventas et decor.  
ante lascivos amores  
antia.

Neque uno Luna rubens nitet

Quid æternis mæmorans  
Consilii animam fatigas?

Then why, my Lord Warden, oh! why should  
you fidget

Your mind about matters you don't under-  
stand?

Or why should you write yourself down for an  
idiot,

Because "you," forsooth, "have the pen in  
your hand!"

Think, think how much better  
Than scribbling a letter,  
(Which both you and I  
Should avoid by the bye,)

\* How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust  
Of Old Charley<sup>2</sup>, my friend here, and drink  
like a new one;

While Charley looks sulky and frowns at me,  
just  
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at  
Don Juan.

<sup>10</sup> To crown us, Lord Warden,  
In C—mb—rl—nd's garden

Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous sprigs:  
While Otto of Roses  
Refreshing all noses

Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

<sup>11</sup> What youth of the Household will cool our Noyau  
In that streamlet delicious,  
That down 'midst the dishes,  
All full of gold fishes,  
Romantic doth flow!—

<sup>12</sup> Or who will repair  
Unto M—ch—r Sq—c,

And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?

Go—bid her haste hither,

<sup>13</sup> And let her bring with her

The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going —

<sup>14</sup> Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,  
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,  
In the manner of—Ackermann's Dresses for  
May!

<sup>8</sup> Car non sub alta vel platano, vel hæc  
Finu jacentes sic temere.

<sup>9</sup> Charles Fox.

<sup>10</sup> Rosæ  
Canes odorati capillos,  
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo  
Potamus uncti.

<sup>11</sup> Quis pæcer oculus  
Restinguet ardentis Falerni  
Focula protervante lymphæ?

<sup>12</sup> Quis . . . . . eliciet domo  
Lyden ?

<sup>13</sup> Eburna, dic age, cum lyra (qu. Har-s)  
Maturet.

<sup>14</sup> Incomtam Laocoma  
More comam religata nodo.

MOORE'S WORKS.

E, ODE XXII. LIB. I.

TRANSLATED BY LORD ELDON.

Keeps a conscience pure,  
 (And, at least his Prince's,)  
 And danger walks secure,  
 And black, and never winces.

Of sword or dagger,  
 Or ringlets of Geramb;  
 May laugh, and Papists swagger,  
 Are one single d—mn.

Irish chairmen going,  
 St. Giles's alleys dim,  
 Sheelahs, blasting, blowing  
 Is all one to him.

One evening late,  
 On vacation sally,  
 In praise of Church and State,  
 (How how) to Cranbourne Alley.

An Irish Papist darted  
 Ath, gaunt, grim, and big —  
 And off he started,  
 Even without my wig.

° Oh! place me midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles  
 The ragged royal-blood of Tara;  
 Or place me where Dick M—rt—n rules  
 The houseless wilds of Connemara;

° Of Church and State I'll warble still  
 Though ev'n Dick M—rt—n's self  
 Grumble;

° Sweet Church and State, like Jack and Jill  
 So lovingly upon a hill —  
 Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble



THE

NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS

— Nova monstra creavit.  
 OVID. *Metamorph.* l. l.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major (I  
 With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous  
 And such helmets, God bless us! as never  
 any  
 Male creature before, except Signor Giovan  
 "Let's see," said the R—g—t (like Titu  
 plex'd  
 With the duties of empire,) "whom shall I

single ex-curl on his forehead he traces—  
 'ls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,  
 'er they are, the more firm in their places.  
 t he next views—but the coat who could  
 doubt?

Y—rm—th's own Frenchified hand cut it  
 out;  
 ucker and seam were made matters of state,  
 Grand Household Council was held on each  
 plait.

Whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his  
 brother,  
 C—mb—rl—d's Duke, with some kickshaw  
 or other?  
 ndly invent him more Christian-like shapes  
 feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes.  
 —here his ardour would meet with delays,  
 Duke had been lately pack'd up in new  
 Stays,  
 plete for the winter, he saw very plain  
 i be devilish hard work to wpack him  
 again.

What's to be done?—there's the Ministers,  
 bless 'em!—  
 ade the puppets, why shouldn't he dress 'em?  
 xcellent thought!—call the tailors—be  
 nimble—  
 um bring his spy-glass, and H—rtf—d her  
 himble;  
 Y—rm—th shall give us, in spite of all  
 quizzers,  
 ust Paris cut with his true Gallic scissors.”

ying, he calls C—stl—r—gh, and the rest  
 heaven-born statesmen, to come and be  
 hrest.

Y—rm—th, with snip-like and brisk expel-  
 lition,  
 , all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition  
 tailors' measures, (the P—e crying “Well-  
 lone!”  
 t puts in hand my Lord Chancellor Eld—n.

\* \* \* \*

## CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED)  
 “HAVING LAW<sup>1</sup> ON ONE'S SIDE.”*The Gentleman's Proposal.*“Large aures,  
 S'et place, et lice.”

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy  
 To one frigid owner be tied;  
 Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look  
 gloomy,  
 But, dearest, we've *Law* on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenia'  
 Whom no dull decorums divide;  
 Their error how sweet, and their raptures how  
*venial*,  
 When once they've got *Law* on their side.

'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been  
 done, too:  
 Then why should it now be decried?  
 If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son,  
 too?  
 For so argues *Law* on our side.

And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty  
 By cold-blooded jurors be tried,  
 They can *but* bring it in “a misfortune,” my beauty,  
 As long as we've *Law* on our side.

*The Lady's Answer.*

HOLD, hold, my good sir, go a little more slowly;  
 For, grant me so faithless a bride,  
 Such sinners as we are a little too *lowly*,  
 To hope to have *Law* on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining  
 o'er 'em  
 The people should look for their guide,  
 Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick  
 down decorum—  
 You'd always have *Law* on your side.

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mischief grown  
 hoary,  
 Whose heart, though it long ago died  
 To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—  
 You still would have *Law* on your side.

But for *you*, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of  
 troubles;  
 By *my* advice therefore abide,  
 And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles  
 Who have *such* a *Law* on their side.

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Lord EL—ab—gh.

MOORE'S WORKS.

AN ANNUAL ADDRESS

OF THE NEW THEATRE  
 ST—PH—N,  
 WHEN SPOKEN BY THE PRO-  
 MASTERS, ON THE 24TH OF

for your edification,  
 and right-headed nation!  
 though rotten and bad,  
 for money just now could be  
 of such houses should be,  
 who my speech to a T.

got the old Company yet,  
 a tragi-comical set;  
 all were but clerks t'other

how well they can play.  
 who in Ulster was nursed,  
 for the galleries first,  
 interest a much better thing,  
 sudden, to *God save the King*,  
 being, and fat as he's clever,  
 as *lengthy* as ever,  
 the full use of his breath,  
 unwinded proser till death.

His powers poor Ireland will never forget,  
 And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet

So much for the actors;—for secret machine  
 Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,  
 Y—rm—th and Cum are the best we can find,  
 To transact all that tricky business behind.  
 The former's employ'd too to teach us French jig  
 Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wig

In taking my leave now, I've only to say,  
 A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,  
 May be had of the Manager, Pat C—stl—r—g!



THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

*Instrumenta regni. — Tacitus.*

HERE'S a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'men  
 and Ladies,  
 They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade  
 (Except it be *Cabinet-making*; — no doubt,  
 In that delicate service they're rather worn out;  
 Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had  
 own will,  
 Would have bungled away with them joyous

, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,) *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tan-*  
*m-*  
 ody bid! It is cheap, I am sure, Sir —  
 ice,—going, going,—thrice, gone! — it is  
 ists, Sir.  
 eady money you sha'n't be distrest,  
 at *long date* suits the Chancellor best.

where's the next Tool? — Oh! 'tis here  
 a trice —  
 lement, Ge'mmen, at first was a *Vice* ;  
 ious and close sort of tool, that will let  
 out of its grasp it once happens to get;) )  
 ice has receiv'd a new coating of *Tin*,  
 ough for a Prince to behold himself in.  
 hat shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,  
 ooner get rid of it—going—quite gone.  
 with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd  
 own,  
 last cost their owner — how much? why,  
*Crown!*

xt Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel  
 yet, and is *also* a Chancellor —  
 l things as these should be sold by the  
 oss ;  
 as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*,  
 other close shavers, some courage to  
 ther,  
 e first began by a flourish on *leather*.<sup>1</sup>  
 have it for nothing—then, marvel with  
 rible *tinkering* work there must be,  
 Fool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge  
 by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

#### LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A BALLAD.

*"There was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid."*

D TO THE RT. HON. CH—RL—S ABB—T.

Arcades ambo  
 Et cast-are para.

1813.

as a little Man, and he had a little Soul,  
 id, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,

taxes proposed by Mr. Vansittart, that principally  
 arliament was the additional duty on leather."—  
 r.

"Whether it's within our reach  
 "To make up a little Speech,  
 "Just between little you and little I, I, I,  
 "Just between little you and little I!"—

Then said his little Soul,  
 Peeping from her little hole,  
 "I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,  
 "But, if it's not uncivil,  
 "Pray tell me what the devil  
 "Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,  
 "Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man look'd big  
 With th' assistance of his wig,  
 And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,  
 Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in  
 To gaol, like Thomas Croggan,  
 (As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her,  
 ward her, ward her,  
 As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,  
 "Little Soul, it is no joke,  
 "For as sure as J—cky F—ll—r loves a sup,  
 sup, sup,  
 "I will tell the Prince and People  
 "What I think of Church and Steeple,  
 "And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,  
 "And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,  
 Little Man and little Soul  
 Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle,  
 tittle, tittle,  
 And the world all declare  
 That this priggish little pair  
 Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little,  
 little,  
 Never yet in all their lives look'd so little!

#### REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON

Suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates:  
 Hos cape fatorum comites. VIRGIL.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,  
 And the Marshal *must* have them — pray, why  
 should we not,  
 As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans  
 to him,  
 Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?  
 There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,  
 Any men we could half so conveniently spare;

MOORE'S WORKS.

They've been helping the French for  
past,  
make them useful to England at last.  
in our sieges might save some dis-

the *taking and keeping of places* ;  
er C—nn—g, still ready for joining,  
F his talent for sly *undermining*.  
household but spare us its glory and

at *horn-works* again might be tried,  
f J—st—e make a *bold charge* at his

—tt—t could victual the troops *upon*

or look after the baggage and sick.

at see why the great R—g—t himself  
nes such as these, stay at home on  
lf:  
gh narrow defiles he's, not fitted to

resist, if he bore down *en masse* ?  
ft, of an evening, perhaps he might

sh confed'rates, "unable to move,"<sup>1</sup>  
ne thing in war of advantage un-  
d,  
at he could not with ease be *sur-*

Leave old Magna Charta to shift for its  
And, like G—dw—n, write books  
masters and misses.

Oh! it *is* not high rank that can make  
merry,

Even monarchs themselves are not  
mishap:

Though the Lords of Westphalia m  
before Jerry,

Poor Jerry himself has to quake bef

\* \* \* \* \*



HORACE, ODE XXXVIII. LI

A FRAGMENT.

*Persicos odi, puer, adparatus;  
Duplicent nexa philyra coronæ;  
Mitte sectari, Ross quo locorum  
Sera Moretur.*

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK  
WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HO  
R—SE.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-  
Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and  
eries—

Six by the Horse Guards!—old George

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE  
MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smil'd,  
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,  
That the emblem they grav'd on his seal, was a  
child  
With a thunderbolt plac'd in its innocent hand.

Oh Wellington, long as such Ministers wield  
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;  
For while *they're* in the Council and *you* in the  
Field,  
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you*!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR.  
P—RC—V—L.

Is the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was  
heard,  
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop de-  
scend;  
We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had  
err'd,  
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend.

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,  
And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we  
shed,  
When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,  
And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd  
him, when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,  
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,  
Had known what he was—and, content to be *good*,  
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspir'd to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,  
His years might have roll'd inoffensive away;  
His children might still have been bless'd with his  
love,  
And England would ne'er have been curs'd with  
his sway.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir,

In order to explain the following Fragment, it is  
necessary to refer your readers to a late florid de-  
scription of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apart-

ments of which, we are told, "FUM, *The Chinese  
Bird of Royalty*," is a principal ornament.

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

MUM.

FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF  
ROYALTY.

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, FUM,  
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, HUM,  
In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton, which is  
it?)

Where FUM had just come to pay HUM a short  
visit.—

Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in  
nation

(The breed of the HUMS is as old as creation);  
Both, full-craw'd Legitimates—both, birds of prey,  
Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, half way  
'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord  
C—STL—GH.

While FUM deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea,  
Peers, Bishops, and Punch, HUM, are sacred to  
thee!

So congenial their tastes, that, when FUM first did  
light on

The floor of that grand China-warehouse at  
Brighton,

The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the  
dome

Were so like what he left, "Gad," says FUM, "I'm  
at home."—

And when, turning, he saw Bishop L—GE,  
"Zooks, it is,"

Quoth the Bird, "Yes—I know him—a Bonze,  
by his phys—

"And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low  
"Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat  
Fo!"

It chanc'd at this moment, the' Episcopal Prig  
Was imploring the P—S to dispense with his  
wig,<sup>1</sup>

Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his  
head,

And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage  
shed,

Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,  
That, while FUM cried "Oh Fo!" all the court  
cried "Oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression;—these Birds of a  
feather,

Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State matters to-  
gether;

<sup>1</sup> In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to  
wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a Bishopric  
by his R—I H—S.

MOORE'S WORKS.

st in bed, or about to depart for't,  
of gout, and his arms full of  
-D,) )  
ays FUM—FUM, of course, spoke  
that's nothing—at Brighton one

and Bishops *translated* with ease—  
ow fares it with Royalty now?  
<sup>prine?</sup> is it *spooney*—or how?"  
ust taken a flash-man's degree  
-M—RE, Y——TH, and young  
——E)  
ekin"—here, a devil of a din  
chamber came, where that long  
whom FUM calls the *Confucius* of  
a speech upon Europe's repose  
able bass of the fat Idol's nose.

is Lordship and L—V—RF—L  
es, from the old Mother HUM,  
a HUM-bug—L—V—RF—L a  
m.)  
g finish'd, out rush'd C—STL—GH,  
a hurry, and, whip, spur, away,  
egions of air, like a Snip on his

How proud they can press to the fun'ral  
Of one, whom they shunn'd in his sick  
sorrow:—  
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to  
Whose pall shall be held up by no  
morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure/  
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had  
Were it not for that cordial and so  
beam,  
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy  
ness cast:—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that  
thee  
With millions to heap upon Foppery's  
No, not for the riches of all who despise  
Though this would make Europe's wi  
lence mine;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart  
hast—  
All mean as it is—must have co  
burn'd,  
When the pittance, which shame had wr  
thee at last,  
And which found all his wants at an  
return'd;—



"Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,  
 "Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the  
 grave,—  
 "Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,  
 "As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his  
 fate;—  
 And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
 Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the  
 Great,  
 And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that  
 prey  
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh;<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to  
 die!

## EPISTLE

FROM  
 TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN<sup>2</sup>

CONCERNING SOME POUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.<sup>3</sup>

"Ah, mio BEN!" — METASTASIO.<sup>4</sup>

**WHAT!** BEN, my old hero, is this your renown?  
**Is this** the new *go!* — kick a man when he's down!  
**When** the foe has knocked under, to tread on him  
 then —  
**By** the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!  
 "Foul! foul!" all the lads of the Fancy exclaim—  
**CHARLEY SHOCK** is electrified — **BELCHER** spits  
 flame —  
**AND MOLYNEUX** — ay, even **BLACKY**<sup>5</sup> cries  
 "shame!"  
**Time** was, when **JOHN BULL** little difference spied  
**Twixt** the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side:  
**When** he found (such his humour in fighting and  
 eating)  
**His** foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating.  
**But** this comes, **Master BEN**, of your curst foreign  
 notions,  
**Your** trinkets, wigs, thimgebobs, gold lace and  
 lotions;

<sup>1</sup> Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there  
 was found in its head some large flies, with its brain almost eaten  
 away by them. — *History of Poland*.

<sup>2</sup> A nickname given, at this time, to the Pr—ce R—g—t.

<sup>3</sup> Written soon after Bonaparte's transportation to St. Helena.

<sup>4</sup> Tom, I suppose, was "assisted" to this Motto by Mr. Jackson,  
 who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going.

<sup>5</sup> Names and nicknames of celebrated pugilists at that time.

<sup>6</sup> Oh.

<sup>7</sup> Transported.

<sup>8</sup> A Life Guardsman, one of the Fancy, who distinguished him-  
 self, and was killed in the memorable set-to at Waterloo.

Your Noyeaux, Curaçoas, and the Devil knows  
 what —

(One swig of *Blue Rain*<sup>6</sup> is worth the whole lot!)  
 Your great and small *crosses* — (my eyes, what a  
 brood!

A *cross-buttock* from me would do some of them  
 good!)  
 Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old  
 porpoise,

Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus*;  
 And (as **JIM** says) the only onetrick, good or bad,  
 Of the Fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad.  
 Hence it comes, — **BOXIANA**, disgrace to thy page! —  
 Having floor'd, by good luck, the first *swell* of the  
 age,

Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *will'd* us all  
 round,  
 You kick'd him, old **BEN**, as he gasp'd on the  
 ground!

Ay — just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got  
 any —  
 Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd*<sup>7</sup> him to  
 Botany!

Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger*!<sup>8</sup> you, who, alas,  
*Doubled up*, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,  
 On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in  
 lakes,

When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes,  
 Look down upon **BEN** — see him, *dunghill* all o'er,  
 Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more!  
 Out, cowardly *spooney*! — again and again,  
 By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, **BEN**.  
 To show the *white feather* is many men's doom,  
 But, what of *one feather*? — **BEN** shows a *whole*  
*Plume*.

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.<sup>9</sup>

Effare causam nominis,  
 Utrumque mores hoc tui  
 Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc  
 Secuta morum regula. ASONIO.

1816.

Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Lowe*,  
 (By name, and ah! by nature so)  
 As thou art fond of persecutions,

<sup>9</sup> [This and the remaining portion of the "Satirical and Hu-  
 morous Poems" were originally issued in a separate volume, with  
 the ensuing Preface:—]

The following trifles, having enjoyed, in their circulation through  
 the newspapers, all the celebrity and length of life to which they  
 were entitled, would have been suffered to pass quietly into oblivion  
 without pretending to any further distinction, had they not already  
 been published, in a collective form, both in London and Paris,  
 and, in each case, been mixed up with a number of other produc-  
 tions, to which, whatever may be their merit, the author of the  
 following pages has no claim. A natural desire to separate his  
 own property, worthless as it is, from that of others, is, he begs to  
 say, the chief motive of the publication of this volume.

MOORE'S WORKS.

thou'st read, or heard repeated,  
 That Gulliver was treated,  
 Thrown among the Lilliputians.

And him down — these little men did —  
 And valiantly ascended  
 The Mighty Man's protuberance,  
 So strut! — upon my soul,  
 Have been extremely droll  
 Their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And the doughty mannikins  
 Themselves with sticking pins,  
 Sewed needles in the great man's breeches:  
 Some *very* little things,  
 'S'd for Lords, on scaffoldings  
 And worried him with speeches.

But that it should happen  
 To any men to be caught napping! —  
 How different, too, these persecutions;  
 Never, *there*, took the nap,  
 Like the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,  
 Taken by the Lilliputians!



We've both had our swing, but I play  
 There must soon be a stop to our  
 Cooing.

Propagation in reason — a small child  
 Even Reverend Malthus himself is  
 The issue of some folks is moderate;  
 But *ours*, my dear corporate Ban,  
 End to!

So — hard though it be on a pair, will  
 Dispos'd of so many pounds, and  
 Pence;  
 And, in spite of that pink of prosperity  
 So lavish of cash and so sparing of

The day is at hand, my Papyria! We  
 When — high as we once used  
 Capers —

Those soft *billet-doux* we're now pass  
 Will serve but to keep Mrs. Co  
 Papers:

And when — if we *still* must continue  
 (After all that has pass'd) — our  
 Clear,  
 Like that which Miss Danæe manag'  
 Must all be transacted in *bullion*, on  
 February, 1826.

THE COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK

"One cannot look askance,  
 "But, whip! you're off to France,  
 "Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

"Your scampering began  
 "From the moment Parson Van,  
 "Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter;  
 " 'For better or for worse'  
 "Is the usual marriage curse,  
 "But ours is all 'worse' and no 'better.'

"In vain are laws pass'd,  
 "There's nothing holds you fast,  
 "Tho' you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you—  
 "At the smallest hint in life,  
 "You forsake your lawful wife,  
 "As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

"I flirt with Silver, true —  
 "But what can ladies do,  
 "When disown'd by their natural protectors?  
 "And as to falsehood, stuff!  
 "I shall soon be *false* enough,  
 "When I get among those wicked Bank Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,  
 Now swore, upon his honour,  
 To be henceforth domestic and loyal;  
 But, within an hour or two,  
 Why—I sold him to a Jew,  
 And he's now at No. 10, Palais Royal.

#### AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

"*Quem deus finem, Rex magne, laborum?*" VIRGIL.

1826.

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all  
 The Peers of the realm about cheapening their  
 corn,<sup>1</sup>

When you know, if one hasn't a very high rental,  
 'Tis hardly worth while being very high born?

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,  
 On a question, my Lord, there's so much to  
 abhor in?

A question—like asking one, "How is your  
 wife?"—

At once so confounded *domestic* and *foreign*.

<sup>1</sup> See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday, March 1, 1826, when Lord King was severely reproved by several of the noble Peers, for making so many speeches against the Corn Laws.

<sup>2</sup> This noble Earl said, "that when he heard the petition came from ladies' boot and shoemakers, he thought it must be against the 'corns' which they inflicted on the fair sex."

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast;  
 But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show,  
 (Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately deceas'd,)  
 Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you  
 know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bor'd and  
 distress  
 Were their high noble hearts by your merciless  
 tale,

When the force of the agony wrung even a jest  
 From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord  
 L-d-d-le!<sup>2</sup>

Bright peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire  
 gave

A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,  
 That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,  
 You may always conclude that Lord L-d-d-le's  
 joking!

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth—  
 Not to know the vast difference Providence  
 dooms

Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,  
 'Twixt those who have *heir*-looms, and those  
 who've but looms!

"To talk *now* of starving!"—as great Ath—  
 said<sup>3</sup>—

(And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all  
 wonder'd,)

"When, some years ago, he and others had fed  
 "Of the same hungry devils about fifteen  
 hundred!"

It follows from hence—and the Duke's very words  
 Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of  
 this craft are—

That weavers *once* rescued from starving by Lords,  
 Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patri-  
 cians

Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each  
 row;

But not so the plan of *our* noble physicians,  
 "No Bread and the Tread-mill's" the regimen  
 now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,  
 As I shall my poetry—*neither* convinces;  
 And all we have spoken and written but shows,  
 When you tread on a nobleman's *corn*, how he  
 winces.

<sup>3</sup> The Duke of Athol said, that "at a former period, when these weavers were in great distress, the landed interest of Perth had supported 1600 of them. It was a poor return for these very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them."

<sup>4</sup> An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L.'s joke.

MOORE'S WORKS.

SINKING FUND CRIED.

is become of this Sinking Fund—these  
above expenditure, which were to reduce  
national debt by the amount of four hundred  
millions? Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund

your bell, take your bell,  
crier, and tell  
the Bears, till their ears are  
d,  
st or stolen,  
through a hole in  
or, is the Sinking Fund!

O yes!  
body guess  
has become of this Treasury  
er?  
Pitt's name on't,  
s, in the front,  
n's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill,

ell knew what  
oon be its lot,  
and Jenky set hob-nobbing,<sup>1</sup>  
d to each other,  
se, dear brother,  
my old Fund worth robbing."

It has Pitt's name on't,  
All brass, in the front,  
And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a goose  
under.

ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES

BY SIR TH—M—S L—THBR—E.

"Legifera Ceres! Phœboque." VIRGIL.

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients  
know,  
(Among other odd whims of those comic  
dies.)  
Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show  
Thou wert always a true Country-gentle  
Goddess.

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee  
An eloquent Squire, who most humbly beseeches  
Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing  
bore thee),  
Thou'lt read o'er the last of his—*namely*  
speeches.

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided  
Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages;—  
With *which* of these classes we, landlords, have  
sided  
Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt read a few  
pages.

For therein I've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,  
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of  
meeting,  
That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd de-  
traction

To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

On the contrary, such the "*chaste notions*"<sup>1</sup> of  
food

That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,  
They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,  
That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear  
than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,  
When the Land and the Silk<sup>2</sup> shall, in fond  
combination,  
(Like *Sulky* and *Silky*, that pair in the play,<sup>3</sup>)  
Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and  
Starvation!

Long life to the Minister!—no matter who,  
Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit,  
he  
Keeps the ports shut — and the people's mouths,  
too,—  
We shall all have a long run of Freddy's pros-  
perity.

And, as for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn  
To hate the whole crew who would take our  
rents from us,  
Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,  
That last, honest Uni-Corn<sup>4</sup> would be Sir  
Th—m—s!

#### A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

"*Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo.*"

AND NOW — cross-buns and pancakes o'er —  
Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!  
Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain!

<sup>1</sup> A phrase in one of Sir T—m—s's last speeches.

<sup>2</sup> Great efforts were, at that time, making for the exclusion of  
foreign silk.

<sup>3</sup> *Road to Ruin.*

<sup>4</sup> This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the  
natural history of the Unicorn, which is supposed to be something  
between the Bœs and the Asinus, and, as Bœs's Cyclopædia assures  
us, has a particular liking for everything "chaste."

<sup>5</sup> An item of expense which Mr. Hume in vain endeavoured to

The short eclipse of April-Day  
Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,  
Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin, —  
With Paddy H—lmes for whipper-in, —  
Whate'er the job, prepar'd to back it;  
Come, voters of Supplies — bestowers  
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,  
At eighty mortal pounds the jacket!<sup>6</sup>

Come — free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares —  
Ye Senators of many Shares,  
Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary;  
So fond of sought like *Company*,  
That you would even have taken *tea*  
(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry.<sup>7</sup>

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;  
Come, wise Sir Thomas — wisest then,  
When creeds and corn-laws are debated;  
Come, rival even the Harlot Red,  
And show how wholly into *bread*  
A 'Squire is *transubstantiated*.

Come, L—derd—e, and tell the world,  
That — surely as thy scratch is curl'd,  
As never scratch was curl'd before —  
Cheap eating does more harm than good,  
And working-people, spoil'd by food,  
The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, G—lb—rn, with thy glib defence  
(Which thou'dst have made for Peter's Pence)  
Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter  
Two pipes of port (*old port*, 'twas said  
By honest *Newport*<sup>8</sup>) bought and paid  
By Papists for the Orange Altar!<sup>9</sup>

Come, H—rt—n, with thy plan so merry,  
For peopling Canada from Kerry —  
Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,  
As grafting on the dull Canadians  
That liveliest of earth's contagions,  
The *bull-pock* of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wondrous men  
Of wit and wisdom, come again;  
Though short your absence, all deplore it —  
Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,  
That you can, *after* April-Day,  
Be just as — sapient as *before* it.

get rid of: — trumpeters, it appears, like the men of All-Souls, must  
be "*bene vestiti*."

<sup>6</sup> The gentleman, lately before the public, who kept his *Joint-  
Stock Tea Company* all to himself, singing "*Te solo adoro*."

<sup>7</sup> Sir John Newport.

<sup>8</sup> This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine is a  
precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their Catholic  
fellow-parishioners by the Irish Protestants.

<sup>9</sup> The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine."

MOORE'S WORKS.

BILLA OF LAST WEEK.

AY, MARCH 13, 1826.

quite charming and witty — no  
 and laughs, the good things that  
 find, though the Speech isn't  
 y auditors *were*, every minute.

prosperity! — mercy upon us,  
 be the death of me" — oft as,  
 geteers have genteelly undone us,  
*easy* there's no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

ension express'd by the Peers,  
 to life the old Peachums and  
 of gold we're to have in three  
 d its way into highwaymen's

WEDNESDAY.

"I," said the Bank, "though he played me;  
 " While I have a rag, poor *Rob* shall b  
 in't,  
 " With many a pound I'll paper him round  
 " Like a plump rouleau — *without* the go

ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA.)

"The Public Debt is due from ourselves to ourselves, and  
 itself into a Family Account." — *Sir Robert Peel's Letter.*

Tune — *My banks are all furnish'd with bees.*

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,  
 So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em;  
 I've torn up my old money bags,  
 Having little or nought to put in 'em.  
 My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,  
 But this is all nothing, they say;  
 For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins,  
 So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,  
 As sages the matter explain; —  
 Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy  
 Just owes it to Bob, back again.

But coolly to fast *en famille*,  
Is as good for the soul as to pray;  
And famine itself is genteel,  
When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,  
A secret for next Budget day;  
Though, perhaps, he may know it already,  
As he, too, 's a sage in his way.  
When next for the Treasury scene he  
Announces "the Devil to pay,"  
Let him write on the bills, "*Nota bene*,  
" 'Tis all in the family way."

#### BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest, should give way to the other."—Extract from Mr. W. J. B—kes's Letter to Mr. G—b—n.

B—kes is weak, and G—lb—n too,  
No one e'er the fact denied;—  
Which is "*weakest*" of the two,  
Cambridge can alone decide.  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—n of the Pope afraid is,  
B—kes, as much afraid as he;  
Never yet did two old ladies  
On this point so well agree.  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,  
Each the same conclusion reaches;  
B—kes is foolish in Reviews,  
G—lb—n, foolish in his speeches.  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,  
When his own affairs have gone ill;  
B—kes he damneth Buckingham,  
G—lb—n damneth Dan O'Connell.  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh  
Fix'd the' election to a throne,  
So, which ever first shall bray,  
Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.  
Choose him, choose him by his bray,  
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

June, 1836.

#### MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

1836.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappé*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject.—Yours, &c.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

WHAT a lucky turn up!—just as Eld—n's with-  
drawing,  
To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year  
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thaw-  
ing,  
To serve for *our* times quite as well as the  
Peer;—

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom alone  
Of our Ancestors, such as 'tis found on our  
shelves,  
But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and full-  
grown,  
To shovel up one of those wise bucks them-  
selves!

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home—  
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way;  
With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him  
come,  
And our Tories will hail him with "Hear!" and  
"Hurra!"

What a God-send to *them!*—a good, obsolete man,  
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a  
reader;—  
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can  
And the L—nsd—les and H—rtf—rds shall  
choose him for leader.

Yes, sleeper of ages, thou *shalt* be their chosen;  
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good  
men,  
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen  
So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it again.

And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad innovation  
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he  
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,  
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.

MOORE'S WORKS.

INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

SCY DON STREPITOSO DIABOLO,  
ORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC MA-

St. James's Street, July 1, 1826.

Just had the good luck to catch  
of Demon, preparing to go,  
hurr'd, with a black-leg despatch  
here, at Cr—ckf—rd's to our

nesses to your Highness Satanic,  
having obey'd your directions,  
mischief I could in "the Panic,"  
care was to help the Elections.

dear were those times to thy

and Christian tormented his bro-  
realm, such a saving of coal,  
down, ready grill'd by each

nesses, how it pain'd thee to part  
nal Code — that *chef-d'œuvre* of  
own it too modest thou art)

Such *then* were my hopes; but, with sorrow  
Highness,

I'm forc'd to confess — be the cause what  
Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or  
ness,—

Our Beelzebub chorus has gone off but ill

The truth is, no placeman now knows his rigl  
The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so vari  
And certain *bas* voices, that look'd for a fe  
At the *York* music-meeting, now think i  
carious.

Even some of our Reverends *might* have  
warmer,—

Though one or two capital roarers we've  
Doctor Wise<sup>2</sup> is, for instance, a charming  
former,

And *Huntingdon* Maberley's yell was not ill

Altogether, however, the thing was not hear  
Even Eld—n allows we got on but so so;  
And when next we attempt a No-Popery pa  
We *must*, please your Highness, recruit  
*below*.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is crackin  
whip—

Excuse me, Great Sir—there's no time  
civil:



A City, where wine and cheap corn<sup>1</sup> shall abound—  
A celestial *Cocaigne*, on whose buttery shelves  
We may swear the best things of this world will  
be found,  
As your Saints seldom fail to take care of them-  
selves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures Elysian,<sup>2</sup>  
Divine Squintifobus, who, plac'd within reach  
Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision,  
Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each;—

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou affordest, that  
we  
May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee share,  
Which so long has been promis'd by prophets like  
thee,  
And so often postpon'd, we began to despair.

There was Whiston<sup>3</sup>, who learnedly took Prince  
Eugene  
For the man who must bring the Millennium  
about;  
There's Faber, whose pious predictions have been  
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out;—

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M.P.,  
Who discours'd on the subject with signal *éclat*,  
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see  
A Millennium break out in the town of Ar-  
magh!<sup>4</sup>

There was also — but why should I burden my lay  
With your Brothersees, Southcotes, and names  
less deserving,  
When all past Millenniums henceforth must give  
way  
To the last new Millennium of Orator Irv—ng.

Go on, mighty man,—doom them all to the shelf,—  
And when next thou with Prophecy troublest  
thy sconce,  
Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself  
Art the Beast (Chapter iv.) that sees nine ways  
at once.

## THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus latamur tribes.

1826.

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,  
There are three that all Doctors out-top,  
Doctor Eady, that famous M.D.,  
Doctor S—th—y, and dear Doctor Slop.<sup>5</sup>

The purger—the proser—the bard—  
All quacks in a different style;  
Doctor S—th—y writes books by the yard,  
Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile!<sup>6</sup>

Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone  
By his scribbling or physicking brother,  
Can dose us with stuff like the one,  
Ay, and *doze* us with stuff like the other.

Doctor Eady good company keeps  
With “No Popery” scribes on the walls;  
Doctor S—th—y as gloriously sleeps  
With “No Popery” scribes, on the stalls.

Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,  
Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,  
That, if Eady should take the *mad* line,  
He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,  
Doctor S—th—y attacks, like a Turk;<sup>7</sup>  
Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,  
Attacks but his maid-of-all-work.<sup>8</sup>

Doctor S—th—y, for *his* grand attack,  
Both a laureate and pensioner is;  
While poor Doctor Eady, alack,  
Has been *had up* to Bow-street, for his!

And truly, the law does so blunder,  
That, though little blood has been spilt, he  
May probably suffer as, under  
The *Chalking Act*, *known* to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime  
(With whose catalogue ne'er should I stop)  
Of the three greatest lights of our time,  
Doctor Eady, and S—th—y, and Slop!

<sup>1</sup> “A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny.” — *Rev.* vi.

<sup>2</sup> See the oration of this reverend gentleman, where he describes the consubstantial joys of Paradise, and paints the angels hovering round “each happy fair.”

<sup>3</sup> When Whiston presented to Prince Eugene the Essay in which he attempted to connect his victories over the Turks with Revelation, the Prince is said to have replied, that “he was not aware he had ever had the honour of being known to St. John.”

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Dobbs was a member of the Irish Parliament, and, on all other subjects but the Millennium, a very sensible person: he chose Armagh as the scene of his Millennium, on account of the name *Armaghaddon*, mentioned in Revelation.

<sup>5</sup> The editor of the *Morning Herald*, so nick-named.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the display of this doctor's name, in chalk, on all the walls round the metropolis.

<sup>7</sup> This scriaphic doctor, in the preface to his last work (*Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae*), is pleased to anathematise not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics: — “They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State, every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious Journalist, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity.”

<sup>8</sup> See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the Police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault on his “maid-of-all-work.”

MOORE'S WORKS.

me, to *which* of the three  
 s the preference should fall,  
 course, I agree  
 must go to *the wall*.

y with laurels is crown'd,  
 h a wig and a tail is,  
 ht temples be bound  
 reing "Corona *Muralis*!"<sup>1</sup>



ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

t, Sir Isaac Heard,  
 g round thy page, Debrett,  
 e, who ne'er preferr'd  
 o a Marquis yet.

se the God of Wit,  
 eauty's rosiest girls,  
 r he'd quit,  
 own sister for an Earl's.

se no peers afford,  
 ource, to peers' relations;  
 n not sport a Lord,  
 n the last connection.

When on thy shape (like pyramid,  
 Cut horizontally in two)<sup>2</sup>  
 I raptur'd gaze, what dreams, unbid,  
 Of stalls and mitres bless my view!

That brim of brims, so sleekly good —  
 Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyans', down  
 But looking (as all churchmen should)  
 Devoutly upward — towards the *crowns*

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,  
 So redolent of Church all over,  
 What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim, —  
 Some pig-tail'd, some like cherubin,  
 With ducklings' wings — around it ho  
 Tenths of all dead and living things,  
 That Nature into being brings,  
 From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,  
 The very cock most orthodox,  
 To *which*, of all the well-fed throng  
 Of Zion<sup>3</sup>, joy'st thou to belong?  
 Thou'rt *not* Sir Harcourt Lee's — no —  
 For hats grow like the heads that wea  
 And hats, on heads like his, would grow  
 Particularly *harum-scarum*.  
 Who knows but thou may'st deck the pa  
 Of that fam'd Doctor Ad—mth—te,  
 (The reverend rat, whom we saw stand

## NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

1833.

AR COZ, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,  
 ten Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,  
 t trust for your news to such stray odds and ends  
 you chance to pick up from political friends—  
 ing one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down  
 transmit you the last newest news that's in town.

to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things couldn't  
 look better—

His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)  
 s just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter  
 fo Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Master;  
 gaging to change the old name, if he can,  
 om the Knights of St. John to the Knights of  
 St. Dan;—

, if Dan should prefer (as a still better whim)  
 ing made the Colossus, 'tis all one to him.

om Russia the last accounts are that the Czar—  
 st generous and kind, as all sovereigns are,  
 d whose first princely act (as you know, I sup-  
 pose)

as to give away all his late brother's old clothes!—  
 now busy collecting, with brotherly care,  
 The late Emperor's nightcaps, and thinks of  
 bestowing

e nightcap apiece (if he has them to spare)  
 On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going.  
 While I write, an arrival from Riga—the "Bro-  
 thers"—  
 iving nightcaps on board for Lord Eld—n and  
 others.)

ut advices from India—Sir Archy, 'tis thought,  
 as near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught  
 N. Lat. 21.)—and his Highness Burmese,  
 ing very hard press'd to shell out the rupees,  
 ad not having rhino sufficient, they say, meant,  
 'pawn his august Golden Foot<sup>2</sup> for the payment.  
 ow lucky for monarchs, that thus, when they  
 choose,

l establish a *running* account with the Jews!)  
 e security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"  
 oan will be shortly, of course, set *on foot*;  
 e parties are Rothschild, A. Baring and Co.  
 h three other great pawnbrokers: each takes a  
 toe,

l engages (lest Gold-foot should give us *leg*-bail,  
 he did once before) to pay down *on the nail*.

s is all for the present—what vile pens and paper!  
 urs truly, dear Cousin—best love to Miss Draper.  
 number, 1833.

l distribution was made of the Emperor Alexander's military  
 robe by his successor.

## A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL.

"UP!" said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray  
 One hasty orison, whirl'd me away  
 To a Limbo, lying—I wist not where—  
 Above or below, in earth or air;  
 For it glimmer'd o'er with a *doubtful* light,  
 One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night;  
 And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,  
 One didn't know how to get on or back;  
 And I felt like a needle that's going astray  
 (With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay;  
 When the Spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd me,  
 "Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery!"

Around me flitted unnumber'd swarms  
 Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms;  
 (Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room  
 Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home)—  
 All of them, things half kill'd in rearing;  
 Some were lame—some wanted *hearing*;  
 Some had through half a century run,  
 Though they hadn't a leg to stand upon.  
 Others, more merry, as just beginning,  
 Around on a *point of law* were spinning;  
 Or balanc'd aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,  
 Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer.  
 Some were so *cross*, that nothing could pleas 'em;—  
 Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease 'em;—  
 All were in motion, yet never a one,  
 Let it *move* as it might, could ever *move* on.  
 "These," said the Spirit, "you plainly see,  
 "Are what they call suits in Chancery!"

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,  
 Like a chorus by fifty Vellutis sung;  
 Or an Irish Dump ("the words by Moore")  
 At an amateur concert scream'd in score;  
 So harsh on my ear that wailing fell  
 Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell!  
 It seem'd like the dismal symphony  
 Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see;  
 Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook  
 Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,  
 To cry all night, till life's last dregs,  
 "Give us our legs!—give us our legs!"  
 Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,  
 I ask'd what all this yell might mean,  
 When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,  
 "'Tis the cry of the Suitors in Chancery!"

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,<sup>3</sup>  
 With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.

<sup>2</sup> This potentate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden Foot.  
<sup>3</sup> The Lord Chancellor or Eld—n.

MOORE'S WORKS.

a wand,  
 s embryo band,  
 d, as he wav'd it o'er,  
 e inch the more.  
 g to and fro,  
 ospero—  
 t us go,"  
 wer'd "No."  
 hat wizard elf  
 ls to himself,  
 apers he turn'd,  
 or Omar burn'd.  
 though some, less nice,  
 referr'd his *Vice*—  
 "I doubt"—"I hope,"  
 d damn'd the Pope;  
 of tongue and hand  
 me, understand.  
 just about  
 e screams without,  
 e imps within,  
 erings, made such a din,  
 eap'd up in my bed—  
 s, and the conjuror fled,  
 at pleas'd to see,  
 Chancery.

That much it delights every true Orange brother  
 To see you, in England, such ardour evince,  
 In discussing *which* sect most tormented th  
 other,  
 And burn'd with most *gusto*, some hundre  
 years since;—

That we love to behold, while old England grow  
 faint,  
 Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to  
 blows,  
 To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied  
 Saint,  
 Ever truly and really pull'd the Devil's nose;

Whether t'other Saint, Dominic, burnt the Devil's  
 paw—  
 Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mo-  
 ther!—  
 And many such points, from which Southey can  
 draw  
 Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

That 'tis very well known this devout Irish nation  
 Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,  
 Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,  
 One party in *Trans* and the other in *Con*;

That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in right

That, as to the expense — the few millions, or so,  
Which for all such diversions John Bull has to  
pay —  
Tis, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to  
know,  
That to Orangemen's pockets 'twill all find its  
way.  
For which your petitioners ever will pray,  
    &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

## COTTON AND CORN.

## A DIALOGUE.

SAID Cotton to Corn, t'other day,  
As they met and exchang'd a salute —  
(Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,  
Poor Cotton, half-famish'd, on foot):

"Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil  
"To hint at starvation before you,  
"Look down on a poor hungry devil,  
"And give him some bread, I implore you!"

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,  
Perceiving he meant to make free —  
"Low fellow, you've surely forgotten  
"The distance between you and me!

"To expect that we, Peers of high birth,  
"Should waste our illustrious acres,  
"For no other purpose on earth  
"Than to fatten curst calico-makers! —

"That Bishops to bobbins should bend —  
"Should stoop from their Bench's sublimity,  
"Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend  
"Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

"No — vile Manufacture! ne'er harbour  
"A hope to be fed at our boards; —  
"Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,  
"What claim canst *thou* have upon Lords?

"No — thanks to the taxes and debt,  
"And the triumph of paper o'er guineas,  
"Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,  
"May defy your whole rabble of *Jennys*!"

So saying — whip, crack, and away  
Went Corn in his chaise through the throng,  
So headlong, I heard them all say,  
"Squire Corn would be *down*, before long."

THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT  
B—TT—RW—RTH.

"A Christian of the best edition. RABELAIS.

CANONIZE him! — yea, verily, we'll canonize him;  
Though Cant is his hobby, and meddling his  
bliss,  
Though sages may pity, and wits may despise him,  
He'll ne'er make a bit the worse Saint for all  
this.

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet spread  
The dominion of humbug o'er land and o'er sea,  
Descend on our B—tt—rw—rth's biblical head,  
Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and M.P.

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy  
sphere,  
And bring little Shiloh — if 'tisin't too far —  
Such a sight will to B—tt—rw—rth's bosom be  
dear,  
*His* conceptions and *thine* being much on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold  
A world thou hast honour'd by cheating so  
many;  
Thou'lt find still among us one Personage old,  
Who also by tricks and the *Seals*<sup>1</sup> makes a  
penny.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee!<sup>2</sup>  
Thy smiles to beatified B—tt—rw—rth deign;  
Two "lights of the Gentiles" are thou, Anne,  
and he,  
One hallowing Fleet Street, and t'other Toad  
Lane!<sup>3</sup>

The Heathen, we know, made their Gods out of  
wood,  
And Saints may be fram'd of as handy ma-  
terials; —  
Old women and B—tt—rw—rths make just as  
good  
As any the Pope ever *book'd* as Ethereals.

Stand forth, Man of Bibles! — not Mahomet's  
pigeon,  
When, perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there,  
they say,  
Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion  
Such glory as B—tt—rw—rth sheds every day.

<sup>1</sup> A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from the  
*Seals* of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Anne Lee, the "chosen vessel" of the Shakers, and  
Mother of all the children of regeneration.

<sup>3</sup> Toad Lane, in Manchester, where Mother Lee was born. In  
her "Address to Young Believers," she says, that "it is a matter  
of no importance with them from whence the means of their de-  
liverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from Toad  
Lane Manchester."

MOORE'S WORKS.

souls, with what vigour he crams  
idolatrous throats, till they crack

good man! — and then damns  
machs and souls, if they dare cast  
k again.

his shop — as a type representing  
himself and his sanctified clan,  
xhibit "the Art of Tormenting,"  
, and letter'd "Whole Duty of

— by Judas, we *will* canonize him;  
is hobby, and twaddling his bliss;  
ise men may pity and wits may  
im,  
at the better *shop*-saint for all this.

ether the whole tribe of Canters,  
he *serious* Tag-rag of the nation;  
and Snufflers and Jumpers and  
their B—tt—rw—rth's Canoniza-

re ventur'd his merits to paint,  
ave tried all his gifts to portray,  
a sum-total for making a Saint,

Bright as e'er the South Sea sent  
From its frothy element!  
Come with me, and we will blow  
Lots of bubbles, as we go.  
Mix the lather, Johnny W—lks,  
Thou, who rhym'st so well to bilks;<sup>1</sup>  
Mix the lather — who can be  
Fitter for such task than thee,  
Great M.P. for *Sadsbury*!

Now the frothy charm is ripe,  
Puffing Peter<sup>2</sup>, bring thy pipe, —  
Thou, whom ancient Coventry  
Once so dearly lov'd, that she  
Knew not which to her was sweeter,  
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter; —  
Puff the bubbles high in air,  
Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, bravo, Peter M—re!  
Now the rainbow humbugs<sup>3</sup> soar,  
Glitt'ring all with golden hues,  
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews; —  
Some, reflecting mines that lie  
Under Chili's glowing sky,  
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep  
Cloister'd in the southern deep;  
Others, as if lent a ray  
From the streaming Milky Way,

## DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

1836.

ning time, in the twilight sweet  
ong, when—whom should I meet  
tle journeying o'er the sea,  
service of his Majesty."†

ing him first through twilight dim,  
now what to make of him;  
o myself, as slow he plied  
nd roll'd from side to side  
ly o'er the watery path—  
Lord of St—w—ll taking a bath,  
ear him now, among the fishes,  
Vatel and Burgersdicius!"

'twas, indeed, a Turtle, wide  
up as ever these eyes descried;  
juicy as ever yet  
the lips of a Baronet!  
I did it grieve my soul to see  
nimal of such dignity,  
bsentee abroad should roam,  
ought to stay and be ate at home.

"a change came o'er my dream,"  
e magic lantern's shifting slider;—  
nd saw, by the evening beam,  
back of that Turtle sat a rider—  
man, with an eye so merry,  
was our Foreign Secretary,<sup>‡</sup>  
e, at his ease, did sit and smile,  
erton on his crocodile;<sup>§</sup>  
such jokes, at every motion,  
e the Turtle squeak with glee,  
they gave him a lively notion  
t his forc'd-meat balls would be.

: Sec. in his glory went,  
briny element,  
is hand, as he took farewell,  
eful air, and bidding me tell  
friends that the Turtle and he  
e on a foreign embassy—  
the heart of a *Diplomate*,  
own to doat upon verdant fat,  
t admiring Europe see,  
ash and calipee  
nglish forms of Diplomacy.

that the passport of this grand diplomatic Turtle  
stary for Foreign Affairs to a certain noble envoy)  
"on his majesty's service."

— dapihus supremi  
Grata testudo Jovis.

a *South America*. "It was the first and last time  
ton) I was ever on a crocodile's back."  
an early poem of Mr. Coleridge's, addressed to an

## THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.

A FABLE.

— "fessus jam sudat asellus.  
"Parce illi; vestrum delictum est adnus."  
Vinez, Cops.

A DONKEY, whose talent for burdens was wondrous,  
So much that you'd swear he rejoic'd in a load,  
One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,  
That—down the poor Donkey fell smack on the  
road!

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze—  
What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,  
So easy to drive, through the dirtiest ways,  
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a  
"brother"\*)

Had just been proclaiming his Donkey's renown  
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other—  
When, lo, 'mid his praises, the Donkey came  
down!

But, how to upraise him?—*one* shouts, *t'other*  
whistles,

While Jenky, the Conjurer, wisest of all,  
Declar'd that an "over production of thistles"  
(Here Ned gave a stare)—"was the cause of  
his fall."

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes—  
"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon  
cease;  
"The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,  
"And this is his mode of 'transition to peace.'"

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned gri-  
maces,  
Pronounc'd that too long without shoes he had  
gone.  
"Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal*  
*basis*  
(The wise-acres said), "and he's sure to jog on."

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,  
Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan;  
And—what was still dolefuller—lending an ear  
To advisers, whose ears were a match for his own.

Ass, and beginning, "I hail thee, brother!" (The poem here al-  
luded to commences,

"Poor little foal of an oppressed Race."

The words "I hail thee, brother!" occur in the body of the piece.  
— Ed.]

\* A certain country gentleman having said in the House, "that  
we must return at last to the food of our ancestors," somebody  
asked Mr. T. "what food the gentleman meant?"—"Thistles,  
I suppose," answered Mr. T.

MOORE'S WORKS.

n rustic, whose wit went so far  
 rs' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd —  
 h the panniers, all dolts as ye are,  
 sperous Neddy will soon kick his



THE SUBLIME PORTE.

1826.

ow wise are thy state compositions!  
 e all, I admire that Decree,  
 mmand'st, that all *she* politicians  
 a be strangled and cast in the sea.

know a leanBenthamite spinster—  
 her faith in old Jeremy puts;  
 lisp, of "the last new *Westminster*,"  
 ou're delighted with "Mill upon

ow clever one Mr. Fun-blank is,  
 his Articles 'gainst the Nobility;—  
 that even a gentleman's rank is,  
 hool, of no sort of *utility*.

ods, a new Number perusing—  
 N. H. ... ..

CORN AND CATHOLICS.

*Utrum horum  
 Dirius borum? Incerti Doctores.*

WHAT! *still* those two infernal questions  
 That with our meals, our slumbers mix  
 That spoil our tempers and digestions—  
 Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?  
 Nothing else talk'd of night or morn—  
 Nothing *in* doors, or *out* of doors,  
 But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests —  
 While Ministers, still worse than eithe  
 Skill'd but in feathering their nests,  
 Plague us with both, and settle neither

So addled in my cranium meet  
 Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,  
 Whether, this year, 'twas bonded Wheat,  
 Or bonded Papists, they let out.

*Here*, landlords, *here*, polemics nail you,  
 Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake  
*Prices* and *Texts* at once assail you—  
 From Daniel *these*, and *those* from Jaco



## A CASE OF LIBEL.

the greater the truth, the worse the libel."

Sprite, who dwells below,  
a libel, perhaps, to mention where,  
in *scog.*, some years ago,  
for a change, the London air.

look'd, and dress'd, and talk'd,  
his tail and horns so handy,  
dly have known him as he walk'd,  
—e, or any other Dandy.

it seems, are made t'unscrew;  
as but to take them out of the socket,  
as some fine husbands do —  
ently clap them into his pocket.)

look'd extremely natty,  
n contriv'd — to his own great wonder —  
sundry scents from Gattie,  
the sulphurous *hogo* under.

gentleman hoof'd about,  
n to all but a chosen few  
s and Crockford's, where, no doubt,  
many *post-obits* falling due.

mester and a wit,  
t he was seen with Crockford's crew,  
with learned dames would sit —  
d his time 'twixt *black* and *blue*.

'd to make him an M.P.,  
ding W—lks was also one, he  
rage, "he'd be d—d, if he  
ever sit in one house with Johnny."

as secrets travel fast,  
rils, whether he or she,  
o be found out at last,  
ur got wind most rapidly.

the impartial Press, that snubs  
fiend's or an angel's capers —  
i's soon as Beelzebub's —  
a squib in the morning papers:

good men to keep aloof  
a grim old Dandy, seen about,  
ire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof  
gh a neat-cut Hoby smoking out."

Devil being a gentleman,  
gues himself on well-bred dealings, —  
guess, when o'er these lines he ran,  
ch they hurt and shock'd his feelings

Away he posts to a Man of Law,  
And 'twould make you laugh could you have  
seen 'em,  
As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,  
And 'twas "hail, good fellow, well met," be-  
tween 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd —  
And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,  
When, asking about the Bench, he heard  
That, of all the Judges, his own was *Best*.<sup>1</sup>

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof  
That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil —  
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof,  
And Stultz to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,  
And readers of virtuous Sunday papers)  
Found for the plaintiff — on hearing which  
The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, 'twas nuts to the Father of Lies  
(As this wily fiend is nam'd in the Bible)  
To find it settled by laws so wise,  
That the greater the truth, the worse the libel !

## LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED — Authors of all work, to job for the  
season,  
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;  
Good hacks, who, if pos'd for a rhyme or a reason,  
Can manage, like \*\*\*\*\* , to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics;  
Your gaol is for Travellers a charming retreat;  
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,  
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the  
Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools —  
He can study high life in the King's Bench  
community;  
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,  
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age  
To have good "Reminiscences" (three score or  
higher),  
Will meet with encouragement — so much, *per*  
page,  
And the spelling and grammar both found by  
the buyer.

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated Judge, so named.

MOORE'S WORKS.

of their remembrance is stock'd,  
 member the *quantum desir'd*;—  
 somely Two Volumes, oct.,  
 shillings, is all that's requir'd.

us, like Kelly, with old *jeu-*  
 y tell of each farcical frolic;  
 s, like Madame Genlis,<sup>1</sup>  
 l-cakes always give them the

y stock of Pamphlets on Corn,  
 and "Landholders"—(wor-  
 lands  
 pots, their attics adorn,  
 of the soil may be seen on

s, in ever so dull a vein,  
 ;—should they, too, who pen

, like Murtagh O'S—ll—v—n,<sup>2</sup>  
 allow'd for the' additional

n, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,  
 fects for turning a penny;—  
 an author's sole chance  
 ast, the least knowledge of *any*.  
 n, if his *title* is good.

Eager I look'd through the mist of night,  
 And ask'd, "What foe of my race hath d  
 "Is it he—that Doubter of law and right,  
 "Whom nothing but wrong could e'er dec

"Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,  
 "Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt  
 "What suitors for justice he'd keep in,  
 "Or what suitors for Freedom he'd shut on

"Who, a clog for ever on Truth's advance,  
 "Hangs round her (like the Old Man of the  
 "Round Sinbad's neck<sup>3</sup>), nor leaves a chance  
 "Of shaking him off—is't he? is't he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smil'd,  
 And thrusting me back to my den of woe,  
 With a laughter even more fierce and wild  
 Than their funeral howling, answer'd "Ne

But the cry still pierc'd my prison-gate,  
 And again I ask'd, "What scourge is goin  
 "Is it he—that Chief, so coldly great,  
 "Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon—

"Whose name is one of the' ill-omen'd words  
 "They link with hate on his native plains  
 "And why?—they lent him hearts and swer  
 "And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains

without pride, a man without guile,  
 st unchanging, warm, sincere,  
 he had ever a hand and smile,  
 Misery ever his purse and tear.

the heart by that solemn toll,  
 sunk in my chains again;  
 as I said, "Heaven rest his soul!"  
 s of the dungeon sigh'd "Amen!"

## ODE TO FERDINAND.

1827.

he sword, thou King of men,  
 the needle once again;  
 ; petticoats is far  
 port than making war;  
 ing is a better thing,  
 he *being* trimm'd, oh King!  
 the needle bright with which  
 didst for the Virgin stitch  
 nt, such as ne'er before  
 h stitch'd or Virgin wore.  
 her, oh semster nimble!  
 w invoke thy thimble;  
 her thy wanted aid is,  
 certain grave old ladies,  
 w sit in England's cabinet,  
 g to be clothed in tabinet,  
 ever choice *étouffe* is  
 Dowagers in office.

hy care, oh King, devote  
 ne Eld—n's petticoat.  
 t of that silk, whose dye  
 or ever to the eye,  
 if it hardly knew  
 r to be pink or blue.  
 aterial fitter yet —  
 couldst a remnant get  
 stuff, with which, of old,  
 envelope, we're told,  
 doing and undoing.  
 er *suitors* always wooing —  
 the stuff which I pronounce, is  
 for Dame Eld—n's flouncers.

his, we'll try thy hand,  
 t-making Ferdinand,  
 Goody W—stm—l—d;  
 so loves, like Mother Cole,  
 and State with all her soul;

nies the court, the camp, the grove,  
 en below and gods above,  
 ve is Heaven and Heaven is Love." — Scott.  
 saugthy woman." — Gooss.

And has pass'd her life in frolics  
 Worthy of your Apostolics.  
 Choose, in dressing this old flirt,  
 Something that won't show the dirt,  
 As, from habit, every minute  
 Goody W—stm—l—d is in it.

This is all I now shall ask  
 Hie thee, monarch, to thy task;  
 Finish Eld—n's frills and borders,  
 Then return for further orders.  
 Oh what progress for our sake,  
 Kings in millinery make!  
 Ribands, garters, and such things,  
 Are supplied by *other* Kings,—  
 Ferdinand his rank denotes  
 By providing petticoats.

## HAT VERSUS WIG.

1827.

"At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord Eld—n, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony."

— metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
 Subject pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

"TWIXT Eld—n's Hat and Eld—n's Wig  
 There lately rose an altercation,—  
 Each with its own importance big,  
 Disputing *which* most serves the nation.

Quoth Wig, with consequential air,  
 "Pooh! pooh! you surely can't design,  
 "My worthy beaver, to compare  
 "Your station in the state with mine.

"Who meets the learned legal crew?  
 "Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?  
 "The Wig, the Wig, my friend — while you  
 "Hang dangling on some peg outside.

"Oh, 'tis the Wig, that rules, like Love,  
 "Senate and Court, with like *éclat* —  
 "And wards below, and lords above,  
 "For Law is Wig and Wig is Law!"

"Who tried the long, *Long* W—LL—SLY suit,  
 "Who tried one's patience, in return?  
 "Not thou, oh Hat!—though, *could'st* thou do't,  
 "Of other *brims*\* than thine thou'dst learn.

"'Twas mine our master's toil to share;  
 "When, like 'Truepenny,' in the play,<sup>3</sup>  
 "He, every minute, cried out 'Swear,'  
 "And merrily to swear went they; <sup>4</sup>—

<sup>3</sup> "Ghost [beneath]. — Swear!

"Hamlet. Ha, ha! say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny? Come on."

<sup>4</sup> His Lordship's demand for fresh affidavits was incessant.

MOORE'S WORKS.

or W—LL—SL—Y to condemn, he  
discrimination weigh'd,  
only 'Hell and Jemmy,'  
d Tommy' that he play'd.

orthy beaver, no—  
open'd at the cheapest hatter's,  
ough, as beavers go,  
wert made for public matters."

uded his oration,  
riffs do, wondrous wise;  
cock'd for declamation,  
hat enrag'd replies:—

then so soon forget  
what England owes to me?  
g!—when will a debt,  
vast, be owed to thee?

night, that fearful night,  
ugh the steaming vault below,  
r'd, in gout's despite,  
his podagric toe!

en, thou boaster, say,  
had'st to thy box sneak'd off,  
et protecting lay,  
im from a mortal cough?

THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LAIRD

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

"To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundy, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 rials, besides the revenues of *Locuets* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,435,766," &c. &c. — RABELAIS.

"HURRA! hurra!" I heard them say,  
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way  
As the Laird of Salmagundi went,  
To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,  
Or *thought* they were — no matter which  
For, every year, the Revenue'  
From their Periwinkles larger grew,  
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick  
And legerdemain of arithmetic  
Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,

5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,  
Such various ways, behind, before,  
That they made a unit seem a score,  
And prov'd themselves most wealthy!

So, on they went, a prosperous crew,  
The people wise, the rulers clever—  
And God help those, like me and you,  
Who dar'd to doubt (as some now do)  
That the Periwinkle Revenue

## NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

## BATCH THE FIRST.

"His 'prentice han'  
He tried on man,  
And then he made the lasses."

1827.

AND now," quoth the Minister, (cased of his panics,  
And ripe for each pastime the summer affords,)  
Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics,

"By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords.

'Tis pleasant—while nothing but mercantile fractures,

"Some simple, some *compound*, is dinn'd in our ears—

To think that, though robb'd of all coarse manufactures,

"We still have our fine manufacture of Peers;—

Those *Gobelins* productions, which Kings take a pride

"In engrossing the whole fabrication and trade of;  
Choice tapestry things, very grand on *one* side,

"But showing on t'other, what rags they are made of."

he plan being fix'd, raw material was sought,—  
No matter how middling, if Tory the creed be;  
And first, to begin with, Squire W——, 'twas thought,

For a Lord was as raw a material as need be.

Next came, with his *penchant* for painting and pelf,  
The tasteful Sir Charles', so renown'd, far and near,

'or purchasing pictures, and selling himself—  
And *both* (as the public well knows) very dear.

beside him Sir John comes, with equal *éclat*, in;—  
Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we measure ye;

both connoisseur baronets, both fond of *drawing*,  
Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles on the Treasury.

but, bless us!—behold a new candidate come—  
In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written;

le poiseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and thumb,  
And he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers of Great Britain!!

"Forbid it," cried Jenky, "ye Viscounts, ye Earls!—

"Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchant'd,

"If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of pearls,  
"And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb supplanted!

"No—ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor H—l—f—rd—

"If nought but a Peerage can gladden thy life,  
"And young Master H—l—f—rd as yet is too small for't,

"Sweet Doctor, we'll make a *she* Peer of thy wife.

"Next to bearing a coronet on our *own* brows,  
"Is to bask in its light from the brows of another;

"And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,

"As o'er V—y F—tz—d 'twill shine through his mother."\*

Thus ended the *First Batch*—and Jenky, much tir'd

(It being no joke to make Lords by the heap),  
Took a large dram of ether—the same that inspir'd  
His speech 'gainst the Papists—and pros'd off to sleep.

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA<sup>a</sup> QUESTION.

BY LORD ELD—N.

"*Vos umbrellæ video.*"<sup>b</sup>—*Ec. Juvenil. GEORGE CANNING.*  
1827.

My Lords, I'm accus'd of a trick that, God knows, is  
The last into which, at my age, I could fall—  
Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,  
Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all.

My Lords, on the question before us at present,  
No doubt I shall hear, "'Tis that cursed old fellow,

"That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and pleasant,  
"Who won't let the Lords give the man his umbrella!"

the above speech, which may be considered as a *pendant* to that of the Learned Earl on the Catholic Question, arose out of the transaction.

<sup>c</sup> From Mr. Canning's translation of Jekyl's—  
"I say, my good fellows,  
As you've no umbrellas."

Y Y

<sup>1</sup> Created Lord F—rnb—gh.

<sup>2</sup> Among the persons mentioned as likely to be raised to the peerage are the mother of Mr. V—y F—tz—d, &c.

<sup>3</sup> A case which interested the public very much at this period, a gentleman, of the name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the doorkeepers (standing, no doubt, on the privileges of that noble body) refused to restore it to him; and

MOORE'S WORKS

our Lordships should knuckle to  
 but were I as old as King Priam,  
 ess, to your credit 'twould be,  
 a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

testant laws I am jealous,  
 od spares me, will always main-

taken men's rights, or umbrellas,  
 d consent to restore them again.

ve you, ye Bishops and Peers,  
 e back Mr. Bell's paraplue,  
 ith its stick, come about all your

ere would your Protestant peri-

y judge, were I dying to-day,  
 n the grave, like a medlar that's

—at that awful moment I'd say—  
 ke, *don't* give Mr. Bell his um-

s a ministerial journal, "delivered with  
 earnestness, occasioned an extraordinary  
 Nothing since the memorable address of  
 produced so remarkable an impression."

*One* thinks, with his mistress or mate  
 A good halter is sure to agree—  
 That love-knot which, early and late,  
 I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd  
 With a wife that is not over placid,  
 Consigns the dear charmer to rest,  
 With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

Thus, Erin! my love do I show—  
 Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!  
 And, as poison and hemp are too slow,  
 Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be shak'  
 Ask R—d—n, that mildest of saints;  
 He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,  
 Alone can remove thy complaints;—

That, blest as thou art in thy lot,  
 Nothing's wanted to make it more ple'  
 But being hang'd, tortur'd, and shot,  
 Much oftener than thou art at present.

Even W—ll—t—n's self hath averr'd  
 Thou art yet but half sabred and hung  
 And I lov'd him the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

There—learn'd as he is in conundrums and laws—  
Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the  
wag on),

"Why are chancery suitors like bathers?"—"Be-  
cause

"Their *suits* are *put off*, till—they haven't a rag  
on."

Thus *on* he went chatting—but, lo, while he chats,  
With a face full of wonder around him he looks;  
For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,  
Who used to flock round him at Swanage like  
rooks.

"How is this, Lady Bags?—to this region aquatic  
"Last year they came swarming, to make me  
their bow,

"As thick as Burke's cloud o'er the vales of Car-  
natic,

"Deans, Rectors, D.D.'s—where the devil are  
they now?"

"My dearest Lord Bags!" saith his dame, "can  
you doubt?

"I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;  
"But *don't* you perceive, dear, the Church have  
found out

"That you're one of the people call'd *Ex's*, at  
present?"

"Ah, true—you have hit it—I *am*, indeed, one  
"Of those ill-fated *Ex's* (his Lordship replies),

"And, with tears, I confess—God forgive me the  
pun!—

"We *X's* have prov'd ourselves *not* to be *Y's*."

WO! WO!

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it—  
That beautiful Light, which is now on its way;  
Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bogs of Belturbet,  
Now brightens sweet Ballinacorney with its ray!

Oh F—rnh—m, Saint F—rnh—m, how much do  
we owe thee!

How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs!  
The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,  
The young as an amateur scourger of boys.

Wo, wo, to the man, who such doings would  
smother!—

On, Luther of Cavan! On, Saint of Kilgroggy!  
With whip in one hand, and with Bible in t'other,  
Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preachee and  
floggee."

Come, Saints from all quarters, and marshal his way;  
Come, L—rt—n, who, scorning profane erudition,  
Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river, one day,  
Though 'twas only old Bowdler's *Velluti* edition.

Come, R—den, who doubtest—so mild are thy  
views—

Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;  
Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to choose,  
'T'wixt good *old* Rebellion and *new* Reformation.

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require?  
St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful daughter,

Supplied her, 'tis said, with perpetual fire,<sup>1</sup>  
And Saints keep her, *now*, in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,  
Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,  
When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,  
We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as pota-  
toes.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,  
Had been trying their talent for many a day;

Till F—rnh—m, when all had been tried, came to  
show,

Like the German flea-catcher, "anoder good  
way."

And nothing's more simple than F—rnh—m's re-  
ceipt;—

"Catch your Catholic, first—soak him well in  
*poteen*<sup>2</sup>—

"Add *salary* sauce<sup>3</sup>, and the thing is complete.  
"You may serve up your Protestant, smoking  
and clean."

"Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh at such  
cookery!"

Thus, from his perch, did I hear a black crow<sup>4</sup>  
Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery  
Open'd their bills, and re-echo'd "Wo! wo!"

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Ch—st—r on the subject  
of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship de-  
nounced "Wo! Wo! Wo!" pretty abundantly on all those who  
dared to interfere with its progress.

<sup>2</sup> The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare.

<sup>3</sup> Whiskey.

<sup>4</sup> "We understand that several applications have lately been  
made to the Protestant clergymen of this town by fellows, inquiring  
'What are they giving a head for converts?'"—*Wexford Post*.

<sup>5</sup> Of the rook species—*Corvus frugilegus*, i. e. a great consumer  
of corn.

MOORE'S WORKS.

FOUR LA TRIPE.

the natives of India, we claimed civil ad-  
 mitted with religious usages, little as  
 in our hearts, we should think com-  
 to abstain from treating them with  
 and, though unable to consider them  
 er at the name of *Fot*, or laugh at the  
*anou*."—*Courier*, Tuesday, Jan. 16,  
 1827.

ce, never trouble your cranium,  
 advantages " are to be gain'd,  
 goddess may help to obtain  
 e, so they're only obtain'd.

hint in your organ auricular)  
 gs to good hypocrites fall;  
 following creeds is particular,  
 othing to swallow at all.

*Fo* (or, as some call him, *Fot*)  
 whom "civil advantages" flow,  
 here's anything snug to be got,  
 an excellent terms with old *Fo*.

*ishnu*, that four-handed god,  
 giver of pensions and places,  
 it unchristian and odd  
 also in *Vishnu's* good graces.  
 gods that humanely attend

Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of  
 stature,

To cover me nothing but *rags* will supply;  
 And the doctors declare that, in due cours  
 nature,

About the year 30 in rags I shall die.  
 Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated aroun  
 An object of *int'rest*, most painful, to all;  
 In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm fo  
 Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my tl  
 Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,  
 Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house bends  
 his book,

Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw  
 O'er his shoulders with large cipher eye-balls I  
 And down drops the pen from his paralyz'd  
 When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Wate  
 And expects through *another* to caper  
 prank it,

You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "B  
 How he hides his brave Waterloo head in  
 blanket.

When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the b  
 His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's overthr  
 Lo, "*Eight Hundred Millions*" I write on the  
 And the cup falls to earth and — the gout t  
 toe!

But the joy of my heart is when largely I see



East or west, nothing wond'rous or new;  
No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;  
Mrs. B——, and a Mermaid<sup>1</sup> or two,  
Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,  
That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?  
Where, Eld—n, art thou, with thy tears?  
And thou, with thy sense, L—d—d—y?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,  
In the dog-days, with *thees* must be puzzled!—  
It being his task to take care  
That such animals shan't go unmuzzled.

Thou, too, whose political toils  
Are so worthy a captain of horse—  
Whose amendments<sup>2</sup> (like honest Sir Boyle's)  
Are "*amendments, that make matters worse;*"<sup>3</sup>

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains  
To prove—what is granted, *nem. con.*—  
With how mod'rate a portion of brains  
Some heroes contrive to get on.

And, thou, too, my R—d—sd—e, ah, where  
Is the peer, with a star at his button,  
Whose *quarters* could ever compare  
With R—d—sd—e's five quarters of mutton?<sup>4</sup>

Why, why have ye taken your flight,  
Ye diverting and dignified crew?  
How ill do three farces a night,  
At the Haymarket, pay us for you!

For, what is Bombastes to thee,  
My Ell—nbro', when thou look'st big?  
Or, where's the burletta can be  
Like L—d—rd—le's wit, and his wig?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof<sup>5</sup> could  
(Though Griffin's a comical lad)  
Invent any joke half so good  
As that precious one, "This is too bad!"

Then come again, come again, Spring!  
Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;  
And—of all things the funniest—bring  
These exalted Grimaldis again!

THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE  
DEAD LION."

1828.

NEXT week will be publish'd (as "*Lives*" are the  
rage)  
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and  
strange,  
Of a small puppy-dog, that liv'd once in the cage  
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call  
"sad,"  
'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding  
pretends;  
And few dogs have such opportunities had  
Of knowing how Lions behave—among friends;

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he  
drinks;  
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;  
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog  
thinks  
That the Lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well—this the puppy  
allows—  
It was all, he says, borrow'd—all second-hand  
roar;  
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows  
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,  
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits  
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,  
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)  
With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,  
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,  
And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in  
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,  
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their  
kitchen  
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when  
dead.

Exeter 'Change.

T. PIDCOCK.

<sup>1</sup> One of the shows of London.

<sup>2</sup> More particularly his Grace's celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill; for which, and the circumstances connected with it, see Annual Register for A. D. 1827.

<sup>3</sup> From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche's in the Irish House of Commons.

<sup>4</sup> The learning his Lordship displayed, on the subject of the butcher's "fifth quarter" of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten.

<sup>5</sup> The *nom de guerre* under which Colman has written some of his best farces.

MOORE'S WORKS.

TO DON MIGUEL.

*Et tu, Brutel*

1828.1

not patriotic? oh, fye,  
 ch good teaching 'tis quite a *take-in*,

as you were, under Metternich's

s young misses say) "finish'd" at  
 r!"

ife knew a case that was harder;—  
 as you had, when you made us a

each day from his Majesty's

turn absolute Don, after all!!

like Bayes, to the style and the

g they *write* suit the way that they

r Epic, broil'd devils for Satire,  
 teh and *trifle* for rhymes such as

ould feed the same way, I've no

The Bulls, in hysterics — the Bears just  
 The few men who *have*, and the ma  
*not tick*,  
 All shock'd to find out that that promisi  
 Prince Metternich's pupil, is — *not pat*



THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

OFF have I seen, in gay, equestrian prid  
 Some well-roug'd youth round Astley's C  
 Two stately steeds — standing, with  
 straddle,

Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either  
 While to soft tunes — some jigs, and  
*dantes* —

He steers around his light-pac'd Rosinar

So rides along, with canter smooth and p  
 That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at p  
*Papist* and *Protestant* the coursers twain,  
 That lend their necks to his impartial rei  
 And round the ring — each honour'd, as  
 With equal pressure from his gracious to  
 To the old medley tune, half "Patrick's  
 And half "Boyne Water," take their

## LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

## A DREAM.

No che si perde qui, là si raguna."  
 — a valley, where he sees  
 things that on earth were lost."

Aristoc.

Mincron.

1828.

Thou not him<sup>1</sup> the poet sings,  
 lew to the moon's serene domain,  
 that valley, where all the things,  
 anish on earth, are found again —  
 s of youth, the resolves of age,  
 of the lover, the dream of the sage,  
 en visions of mining cits,  
 omises great men strew about them;  
 k'd in compass small, the wits  
 narcha, who rule as well without them! —  
 , but diving with wing profound,  
 xen to a Limbo under ground.  
 aracters lost on earth, (and *cried*,  
 like H—rr—s's, far and wide,) —  
 like yesterday's orts, are thrown  
 e, so worthless and fly-blown,  
 the imps would not purloin them,  
 heir worthy owners join them.

t was to see this mass  
 and torn-up reputations; —  
 them female wares, alas,  
 i at *innocent* assignations;  
 at had sigh'd their last amen  
 the canting lips of saints that would be;  
 e once own'd by "the best of men,"  
 ad prov'd—no better than they should be.  
 hers, a poet's fame I spied,  
 hining fair, now soak'd and black —  
 nder" (an imp at my elbow cried),  
 I pick'd it out of a butt of sack!"

! a yell was heard o'er head,  
 chimney-sweeper's lofty summons;  
 a devil right downward sped,  
 , within his claws so red,  
 esmen's characters, found, he said,  
 ight, on the floor of the House of Com-  
 ons;

h, with black official grin,  
 to the Chief Imp handed in; —  
 se articles much the worse  
 eir journey down, as you may suppose;  
 o devilish rank — "Odds curse!"  
 e Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.

!" quoth he, "I know full well  
 whom these two stray matters fell; " —  
 sting away, with loathful shrug,  
 leaner waif (as he would a drug

<sup>1</sup> Astolpho.

The' Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd),  
 His gaze on the other<sup>2</sup> firm he fixed,  
 And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his eye,  
 To be moral, because of the *young* imps by,  
 "What a pity!" he cried — "so fresh its gloss,  
 "So long preserv'd — 'tis a public loss!  
 "This comes of a man, the careless blockhead,  
 "Keeping his character in his pocket;  
 "And there — without considering whether  
 "There's room for that and his gains together —  
 "Cramming, and cramming, and cramming away,  
 "Till — out slips character some fine day!

"However" — and here he view'd it round —  
 "This article still may pass for sound.  
 "Some flaws, soon patch'd, some stains are all  
 "The harm it has had in its luckless fall.  
 "Here, Puck!" — and he call'd to one of his  
 train —  
 "The owner may have this back again.  
 "Though damag'd for ever, if us'd with skill,  
 "It may serve, perhaps, to *trade on* still;  
 "Though the gem can never, as once, be set,  
 "It will do for a Tory Cabinet."

## HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.

'Mong our neighbours, the French, in the good  
 olden time  
 When Nobility flourish'd, great Barons and  
 Dukes  
 Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,  
 But ne'er took the trouble to write their own  
 books.

Poor devils were found to do this for their betters; —  
 And one day, a Bishop, addressing a *Blue*,  
 Said, "Ma'am, have you read my new Pastoral  
 Letters?"  
 To which the *Blue* answer'd — "No, Bishop,  
 have you?"

The same is now done by *our* privileg'd class;  
 And, to show you how simple the process it needs,  
 If a great Major-General<sup>3</sup> wishes to pass  
 For an author of History, thus he proceeds: —

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well  
 As he can, with a *goose-quill* that claims him  
 as *his*,  
 He settles his neckcloth — takes snuff — rings the  
 bell,  
 And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

<sup>2</sup> H—k—n.<sup>3</sup> Or Lieutenant-General, as it may happen to be.

MOORE'S WORKS.

s his General seated,  
 authorship swelling; —  
 Lordship, " My work is  
 , but the grammar and  
 brave Subaltern dreads  
 syntax a hundred times  
 n'd to see breaking of  
 a breaking of Priscian's  
 pay — that's enough —  
 tinkering hammer,  
 was job half so tough  
 Major-General's gram-  
 nt starts up to view —  
 — for the Lord new ex-  
 ing his *grammar* won't  
 ust find him in *sense*!  
 eved by his aid;  
 to the cash and — the

" Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter,  
 " Who, early smit with love of praise and—*peeter*,<sup>1</sup>  
 " On C—lb—n's shelves first saw the light of day,  
 " In ———'s<sup>2</sup> puffs exhal'd our lives away —  
 " Like summer windmills, doom'd to dusty peace,  
 " When the brisk gales, that lent them motion cease.  
 " Ah, little knew we then what ills await  
 " Much-lauded scribblers in their after state;  
 " Bepuff'd on earth—how loudly Str—t can tell—  
 " And, dire reward, now doubly puff'd in hell!"  
 Touch'd with compassion for his ghastly crew,  
 Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind sung  
 through  
 In mournful prose, — such prose as Rosa's<sup>3</sup> ghost  
 Still at the' accustom'd hour of eggs and toast,  
 Sighs through the columns of the *M—rn—g*  
*P—t,—*  
 Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who stood  
 Foremost of all that flatulent brood,  
 Singling a *she*-ghost from the party, said,  
 " Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.,<sup>4</sup>  
 " One of our *letter'd* nymphs — excuse the pun —  
 " Who gained a name on earth by—having none;  
 " And whose initials would immortal be,  
 " Had she but learn'd those plain ones, A. B. C.  
 " Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry and neat,  
 " Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes — fit winding-  
 sheet —  
 " Still marvels much that not a soul should care

you thyself"—here, anxious, I exclaim'd—  
 "good ghost, how thou, thyself, art nam'd."  
 "r!" he blushing cried—"Ah, there's the  
 nub—  
 then—a waiter once at Brooks's Club,  
 ter still I might have long remain'd,  
 long the club-room's jokes and glasses  
 drain'd;  
 h, in luckless hour, this last December,  
 o a book', and Colburn dubb'd me 'Mem-  
 ber of Brooks's!'—oh Promethean puff,  
 at wilt thou exalt even kitchen-stuff!  
 crumbs of gossip, caught from dining wits,  
 half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like half-  
 hew'd bits,  
 each night, the waiter's perquisites;—  
 such ingredients, serv'd up oft before,  
 ith fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er,  
 ag'd, for some weeks, to dose the town,  
 ash reserves of nonsense ran me down;  
 ready still even waiters' souls to damn,  
 evil but rang his bell, and—here I am;—  
 'Coming up, Sir,' once my favourite cry,  
 ng'd for 'Coming down, Sir,' here am I!"

had the spectre's lips these words let drop,  
 o, a breeze—such as from ——'s shop  
 the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,  
 eds the *sheets* and swells the lagging *sale*—  
 e poor waiter rudely in the poop,  
 irling him and all his grisly group  
 ary ghosts—Miss X. Y. Z.—  
 celess author, better known than read—  
 —the Honourable Mr. L—st—r,  
 st, not least, Lord Nobody's twin-sister—  
 sm, ye gods, with all their prose and rhymes  
 about them, far into those climes  
 : Peter pitch'd his waistcoat\* in old times,  
 me much in doubt, as on I prest,  
 y great master, through this realm unblest,  
 r old Nick or C—lb—n puffs the best.

#### MENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD B—TH—ST'S TAIL.<sup>2</sup>

again—unlook'd for bliss!  
 h, *one* adjunct still we miss;—  
 ender tie, attach'd so long  
 e same head, through right and wrong.  
 B—th—st, why didst thou cut off  
 at memorable tail of thine?

ry of the Clubs of London," announced as by "a Member  
 "—  
 assigns allusion to the old saying, "Nine miles beyond  
 re Peter pitched his waistcoat."

Why—as if *one* was not enough—  
 Thy pig-tie with thy place resign,  
 And thus, at once, both *cut* and *run*?  
 Alas, my Lord, 'twas not well done,  
 'Twas not, indeed—though sad at heart,  
 From office and its sweets to part,  
 Yet hopes of coming in again,  
 Sweet Tory hopes! beguill'd our pain;  
 But thus to miss that tail of thine,  
 Through long, long years our rallying sign—  
 As if the State and all its powers  
 By tenancy in *tail* were ours—  
 To see it thus by scissors fall,  
 This was "the' unkindest *cut* of all!"  
 It seem'd as though the' ascendant day  
 Of Toryism had pass'd away,  
 And, proving Samson's story true,  
 She lost her vigour with her *queue*.

Parties are much like fish, 'tis said—  
 The tail directs them, not the head;  
 Then, how could *any* party fail,  
 That steer'd its course by B—th—st's tail?  
 Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's fight,  
 E'er shed such guiding glories from it,  
 As erst, in all true Tories' sight.

Blaz'd from our old Colonial comet!  
 If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,  
 (As W—ll—gt—n will be anon)  
 Thou might'st have had a tail to spare;  
 But no, alas, thou hadst but one,  
 And *that*—like Troy, or Babylon,  
 A tale of other times—is gone!  
 Yet—weep ye not, ye Tories true—  
 Fate has not yet of all bereft us;  
 Though thus depriv'd of B—th—st's *queue*,  
 We've E—b—h's *curls* still left us;—  
 Sweet curls, from which young Love, so vicious,  
 His shots, as from nine pounders, issues;  
 Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,  
 Surcharg'd with all a nation's fate,  
 His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God did,<sup>3</sup>

And oft in thundering talk comes near him;—  
 Except that, there, the *speaker* nodded,  
 And, here, 'tis only those who hear him.  
 Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil  
 Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,  
 With plenty of Macassar oil,

Through many a year your growth to nourish!  
 And, ah, should Time too soon unsheath  
 His barbarous shears such locks to sever,  
 Still dear to Tories, even in death,  
 Their last, lov'd relics we'll bequeath,  
 A *hair-loom* to our sons for ever.

<sup>2</sup> The noble Lord, it is well known, cut off this much-respected  
 appendage, on his retirement from office some months since.

<sup>3</sup> "Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod."  
 Pupa's Homer.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ERRIES.

ABLE.<sup>1</sup>

1828.

How they cover  
 den wall;—  
 network over,  
 could eat them all.

ts and pensions,  
 ve a net,  
 s, of small dimensions,  
 s can get.

etwork widen?  
 ese sacred holes,  
 already, slide in  
 enting souls?

esty crieth;  
 echo I;  
 that fieth  
 cherries fly.

or so,  
 be vies break in;  
 Popish crow  
 lickerish beak in;

s unnumber'd,

STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION  
 OF DEFEAT.<sup>2</sup>

1828.

Go seek for some abler defenders of wrong,  
 If we *must* run the gauntlet through blood and  
 expense;  
 Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude strong,  
 Be content with success, and pretend not to sense.

If the words of the wise and the gen'rous are vain,  
 If Truth by the bowstring *must* yield up her  
 breath,  
 Let Mutes do the office—and spare her the pain  
 Of an In—gl—s or T—nd—l to talk her to death.

Chain, persecute, plunder—do all that you will—  
 But save us, at least, the old womanly lore  
 Of a F—st—r, who, dully prophetic of ill,  
 Is, at once, the *two* instruments, AUGUR<sup>3</sup> and  
 BORE.

Bring legions of Squires—if they'll only be mate—  
 And array their thick heads against reason and  
 right,  
 Like the Roman of old, of historic repute,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who with droves of dumb animals carried the  
 fight;

Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court,

t your farce be enacted hereafter —  
 estly persecute, outlaw, and chain;  
 en your victims the torture of laughter,  
 r, oh never, try *reasoning* again!

THE WOODS AND FORESTS.  
 BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

1828.

'bards to groves repair,  
 linnets strain their tuneful throats,  
 he Woods and Forests, where  
 easury pours its sweeter notes.

ering winds have charms for me,  
 hyr's balmy sighs I ask;  
 he wind for Royalty  
 our Sylvan zephyr's task!

ud of crystal brooks and floods,  
 l such vulgar irrigation,  
 : rhino through our Woods  
 its "course of liquid-ation."

v, Virgil knew full well  
 Woods and Forests *ought* to be,  
 r, he introduc'd in hell  
 inea-plant, his bullion-tree:<sup>1</sup>—

why, some future day,  
 short of cash, we should not send  
 rr—s down—he knows the way—  
 if Woods in hell will *lend*.

y ye flourish, sylvan haunts,  
 h whose "*branches* of expense"  
 ious K—g gets all he wants,—  
 a little taste and sense.

your golden shade reclin'd,  
 im of fair Armida's bowers,  
 -ll—n some wood-nymph find,  
 er his dozenth lustrum's hours;

rom toil the Great Untaught,  
 othe the pangs his warlike brain  
 fer, when, unus'd to thought,  
 o think, and—tries in vain.

may Woods and Forests be  
 v'd, in all their teeming graces,  
 r Tory bards, like me,  
 ake delight in Sylvan *places*!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Virgil botanically, "*species auri frondentis.*"  
 cis, ut *silvas*, ut *amem loca*—

OVID.

<sup>2</sup>as were suggested by the result of the Clare election.

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF THE  
 SHANNON.<sup>3</sup>

1828.

"Take back the virgin page."

*Moon's Irish Melodies.*

No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy  
 At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,  
 That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,  
 And he, the dear innocent placeman, another.<sup>4</sup>

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee;—  
 Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more;  
 By St. Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a lesson upon  
 thee  
 As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before.

Come—on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,  
 (Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply would  
 lend you.)

Read V—sey all o'er (as you *can't* read a book)  
 And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters,  
 send you;

A lesson, in large *Roman* characters trac'd,  
 Whose awful impressions from you and your kin  
 Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effac'd—  
 Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you're mere *asses' skin*.

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,  
 Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a  
 rare one;  
 But pen against sabre is desperate odds,  
 And you, my Lord Duke (as you *hinted* once),  
 wear one.

Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er;—  
 You will find him worth all the old scrolls of  
 papyrus,  
 That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,  
 Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire  
 us.

All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,  
 Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and  
 Dukes,

Whose plain, simple drift if they *won't* understand,  
 Though caress'd at St. James's, they're fit for  
 St. Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls!—more meaning  
 convey'd is  
 In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,  
 Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies  
 That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eld—n.

in the year 1828, when the Right Honourable W. Vesey Fitzgerald  
 was rejected, and Mr. O'Connell returned.

<sup>4</sup>Some expressions to this purport, in a published letter of one of  
 these gentlemen, had then produced a good deal of amusement.

MOORE'S WORKS.

AL PILL.

Paov, the Jew, in the  
C—nw—our.

*Annual Pill,*  
; nashty avay?  
art, let me say vat I vill,  
tlemen minds vat I say!  
ust down let it go,  
radical shange you vill

like de horse in de show,  
found, vere your tailsh

ny nice *Annual Pill,* &c.

ad purge away clear  
ng dey've got in deir

esmen, of dulness, ma

desperate as poor Mister

dis Pill vill not reach—

lemen von little grain.

like de salt on de leech,

ads, shillings, and pence,  
ny nice *Annual Pill,* &c.

"If mutely the slave will endure and obey,  
"Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,  
"His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant day,  
"May *think* (tender tyrants!) of loosening his  
chains."

Wise "if" and "perhaps!"—precious salve for  
our wounds,

If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mates,  
Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that re-  
sounds,

Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.

But, no, 'tis in vain—the grand impulse is given—  
Man knows his high Charter, and knowing will  
claim;

And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are riven,  
Be theirs, who have forg'd them, the guilt and  
the shame.

"If the slave will be silent!"—vain Soldier, be-  
ware—

There *is* a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,  
When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,  
But clings round the heart with a deadlier  
gloom;—

When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's  
check,

Gives place to the 'avenger's pale, resolute hue:



Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,  
Now wants but invoking to shine out again;—

*If—if*, I say—breathings like these should come  
o'er  
The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they  
come,  
Then, *perhaps*—ay, *perhaps*—but I dare not say  
more;  
Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute  
—I am dumb.

## WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

A BALLAD.

Air.—"Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear."  
Salvete, fratres Astul. St. FRANCIS.

WRITE on, write on, ye Barons dear,  
Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;  
The good we've sought for many a year  
Your quills will bring at last.  
One letter more, N—w—stle, pen  
To match Lord K—ny—n's two,  
And more than Ireland's host of men,  
One brace of Peers will do.  
Write on, write on, &c.

Sure, never, since the precious use  
Of pen and ink began,  
Did letters, writ by fools, produce  
Such signal good to man.  
While intellect, 'mong high and low,  
Is marching on, they say,  
Give me the Dukes and Lords, who go,  
Like crabs, the other way.  
Write on, write on, &c.

Even now I feel the coming light—  
Even now, could Folly lure  
My Lord M—ntc—sh—I, too, to write,  
Emancipation's sure.  
By geese (we read in history),  
Old Rome was sav'd from ill;  
And now, to quills of geese, we see  
Old Rome indebted still.  
Write on, write on, &c.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,  
Nor beat for sense about—  
Things, little worth a Noble's while,  
You're better far without.

<sup>1</sup> A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithe to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."  
<sup>2</sup> "The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven he shall have one."—Bass's Cyclopaedia, art. "Tithe."

Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,  
Such miracles were done!  
For, write but four such letters more,  
And Freedom's cause is won!

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF  
TITHE.

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent." Muzrow.

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;  
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,  
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,  
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,  
"Great Tithe and Small are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,  
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things,  
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,  
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,<sup>1</sup>  
After the feast of fruit abhorr'd—  
First indigestion on record!—  
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,  
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,  
Or of Calvin's most select deprav'd,  
In the Church must have your bacon sav'd;—  
Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,  
And, whatsoe'er himself believes,  
Must bow to the Establish'd Church belief,  
That the tenth is always a Protestant sheaf;—  
Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven  
Takes Irish tithe, one calf in seven;<sup>2</sup>  
Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,  
Eggs<sup>3</sup>, timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;  
All things, in short, since earth's creation,  
Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,  
To suffer eternal decimation—  
Leaving the whole lay-world, since then,  
Reduc'd to nine parts out of ten;  
Or—as we calculate thefts and arsons—  
Just ten per cent, the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device  
For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—  
The whole put down, in the simplest way,  
By the souls resolving not to pay!  
And even the Papists, thankless race,  
Who have had so much the easiest case—  
To pay for our sermons doom'd, 'tis true,  
But not condemn'd to hear them, too—  
(Our holy business being, 'tis known,  
With the ears of their barley, not their own.)

<sup>3</sup> Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rector, that

"For the tithing of a duck,  
Or an apple or an eye (egg),  
They make him swear upon a bolt;  
Thus they foulen Christ's fay."

MOORE'S WORKS.

to let us pillage,  
 their tenth of tillage,  
 errors, even decline  
 ramentary wine! <sup>1</sup>

er, my reign is o'er,  
 busy Rector more,  
 rds of Israel, idly eat,  
 flock "a prey and meat." <sup>2</sup>  
 his the pastoral sport  
 k in the Bishop's Court,  
 steps, Citation, Libel —  
 t *not* the Bible;  
 v's whole apparatus,  
 ore-doom'd potatoes,  
 all the powers of wig,  
 tion of a pig! —  
 all committed deep  
 Shepherds *versus* Sheep,"  
 the Gospel's place,  
 , meeting face to face,  
 lls the preacher's station,  
 the congregation.

mon's priest, not Heaven's,  
 l at *sixes* and *sevens*,  
 rsons love no less  
 s — a good *distress*.  
 ng St. Augustin,  
 r old St. Justin

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,  
 Young Freedom, veil thy head;  
 Let nothing good be thought or done,  
 Till Nick V—ns—tt—t's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,  
 Who much doth light detest;  
 And let his last few drivelling years  
 Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,  
 Speed not so fast away —  
 Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,  
 A few months longer stay. <sup>3</sup>

Together soon, or much I err,  
 You *both* from life may go —  
 The notes unto the scavenger,  
 And Nick — to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,  
 Be all reforms suspended;  
 In compliment to dear old Van,  
 Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,  
 Your cry politely cease,  
 And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings  
 That Van may die in peace.

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts;  
And—if you want *something* to tease—for variety,  
Go study how Ude, in his "Cookery," treats  
Live eels, when he fits them for polish'd society.

Just smuggling them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,  
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,<sup>1</sup>

In a manner that H—rn—r himself would admire,  
And wish, 'stead of *eels*, they were Catholic souls.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels;  
While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown;  
So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,  
And, for *once*, let the other poor devils alone.

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your cook—  
How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis*;<sup>2</sup>  
And, if you'll, for once, *fellow*-feelings o'erlook,  
A well-tortur'd goose a most capital sight is.

First, catch him, alive—make a good steady fire—  
Set your victim before it, both legs being tied,  
(As, if left to himself, he *might* wish to retire.)  
And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,  
Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid,  
off,

He dies of as charming a liver complaint  
As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,  
What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use  
meant,

Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been  
Made a tit-bit for yours and your brethren's  
amusement:

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they  
quiver,

A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees—  
No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,  
No wonder you, Gourmands, should love her  
disease.

#### IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

ACCORDING to some learn'd opinions  
The Irish once were Carthaginians;  
But, trusting to more late descriptions,  
I'd rather say they were Egyptians.

<sup>1</sup> The only way, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

<sup>2</sup> A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of geese are enlarged for the famous *Pâté de foie d'oie*.

<sup>3</sup> To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "Asinus portans mysteria."

My reason's this:—the Priests of *Isis*,  
When forth they march'd in long array,  
Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,  
A Sacred Ass to lead the way;<sup>3</sup>  
And still the antiquarian traces  
'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,  
For still, in all religious cases,  
They put Lord R—d—n in the van.

#### A CURIOUS FACT.

THE present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer who writes  
letters,  
For which the waste-paper folks much are his  
debtors)

Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,  
Which puzzleth observers, even more than his  
writing.

Whenever Lord K—ny—n doth chance to behold  
A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie *must* be cold—  
His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),  
And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.  
This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer,  
Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather  
queer—

Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head  
(Vide *Crustium*, chap. iv.) of the Worship of Bread.  
Some think 'tis a tribute, as author, he owes  
For the service that pie-crust hath done to his  
prose;—

The only good things in his pages, they swear,  
Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts  
there. [vey'd,

*Others* say, 'tis a homage, through pie-crust con-  
To our Glorious Deliverer's much-honour'd shade;  
As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)  
Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,<sup>4</sup>  
And 'tis solely in loyal remembrance of that,  
My Lord K—ny—n to apple-pie takes off his hat.  
While others account for this kind salutation  
By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concatenation;"—  
A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,  
'Twixt old *Apple*-women and *Orange*-men lies.

But 'tis needless to add, these are all vague sur-  
mises,

For thus, we're assur'd, the whole matter arises:  
Lord K—ny—n's respected old father (like many  
Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny;  
And lov'd so to save<sup>5</sup>, that—there's not the least  
question—

His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,

<sup>4</sup> See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas—the first of the season—while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating, with her eyes, for a share.

<sup>5</sup> The same prudent propensity characterises his descendant, who

MOORE'S WORKS.

pie-crust his Lordship *would*  
 ve the expense of hot muffin.  
 nce only, that cold apple-pies  
 Heir with such reverent eyes —  
 g Stephen his beaver might doff  
 carried his kind uncle off—  
 ty urges so many on,  
 -cty moves my Lord K—ny—n.



SHIONED ECHOES.

are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote of the over-wise judge, who, when in the act of pronouncing sentence in some country court-house, was interrupted at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the judge. "An extraordinary echo there is in court," answered the counsel.

of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to insert the following lines suggested by them.

Yours, &c. S.

ait; nullique libentius unquam  
 o, Cocamus, retulit echo. OVID.

es, we know, of all sorts,  
 o, that "dies in the dale,"  
 ngued babbler," that sports

And while, of *most* echoes the sound  
 On our ear by reflection doth fall,  
 These Brunswickers' pass the bray round  
 Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,  
 Who can name all the echoes there are  
 From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,  
 From Benledi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name  
 The rebounds of this asinine strain,  
 Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came  
 To the *chief* Neddy, K—ny—n, again;

Might tell how it roar'd in R—thd—ne,  
 How from D—ws—n it died off genter  
 How hollow it rung from the crown  
 Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y;

How, on hearing my Lord of G—ce,  
 Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,  
 Outdone, in their own special line,  
 By the forty-ass power of his bray!

But, no—for so humble a bard  
 'Tis a subject too trying to touch on;  
 Such noblemen's names are too hard,  
 And their noddles too soft to dwell on

*rms.*—B—xl—y snores:—'tis time, 'tis  
 ime,  
*rms.*—Round about the caldron go;  
 oisonous nonsense throw.  
 ite, that long hath grown,  
 oad within a stone,  
 ng in the heart of Sc—tt,  
 in the Brunswick pot.  
 -Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,  
 talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.  
*rms.*—Slaver from N—wc—stle's quill  
 oisome mess distil,  
 ng high our Brunswick broth  
 th venom and with froth.  
 brains (though apt to hash ill,  
 ant) of Lord M—ntc—shel,  
 at malty stuff which Ch—nd—s  
 as no other man does.  
 . e. if catch you can)  
 a, spick and span,  
 y Lord of S—l—sb—y, —  
 a, though it be  
 than the "happy flea,"  
 is sire, in sonnet terse,  
 to immortal verse.<sup>1</sup>  
 to rob the son is sin,  
*one* idea in;  
 keep it company,  
 conjuror W—nch—ls—a  
 r half another there,  
 th so much to spare.  
 of murders and of arsons,  
 in heads of Irish parsons,  
 om every hole and corner,  
 ferocious priests, like H—rn—r,  
 for religious good,  
 id for Papist's blood,  
 or W—lls, and such old women,  
 ease to wade and swim in.  
 -Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,  
 -y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.  
*rms.*—Now the charm begiu to brew;  
 sisters, add thereto  
 of L—thbr—dge's old speeches,  
 rith leather from his breeches.  
 s of old B—xl—y's brains,  
 i'd (if you'll take the pains)  
 at pulp which rags create,  
 middle, *nympha* state,  
 e insects frail and sunny,  
 hey wing abroad as money.  
 -the Hell-broth we've enchanted—  
 it *one* thing more is wanted.

ing to a well-known lyric composition of the late  
 which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either  
 r a fly. For instance:—

"Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,  
 If I were you, or you were I!"

Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,  
 C—— keeps cork'd for use,  
 Which, to work the better spell, is  
 Colour'd deep with blood of —,  
 Blood, of powers far more various,  
 Even than that of Januarius,  
 Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,  
 England's parsons bow before it!

*All.*—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,  
 B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

*2d Bruns.*—Cool it now with —'s blood,  
 So the charm is firm and good. [Exeunt.

#### HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

WHENE'ER you're in doubt, said a Sage I once  
 knew,

'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,  
 Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,  
 Do the very reverse, and you're sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides, are the Brunswicker  
 throng; [wrong,  
 In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively  
 That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,  
 Take the opposite course, and you're sure to be right.

So golden this rule, that, had Nature denied you  
 The use of that finger post, Reason, to guide you—  
 Were you even more doltish than any given man is,  
 More soft than N—wc—stle, more twaddling than

Van is,  
 I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,  
 To make you the soundest of sound politicians.

Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying  
 Tory—

Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory,—  
 Watch well how he dines, during any great Ques-  
 tion — [tion —

What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his diges-  
 And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a stew  
 Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to you.  
 Read him backwards, like Hebrew — whatever he  
 wishes,

Or praises, note down as absurd, or pernicious.  
 Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,  
 When he's *out*, be an *In*—when he's *in*, be an *Out*.  
 Keep him always reversed in your thoughts, night  
 and day,

Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way:—

Or,

"Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,  
 If I were you, or you were me;  
 But since, alas! that cannot be,  
 I must remain Lord B——y."

Z Z

MOORE'S WORKS.

may swear that foul weather is high;  
 you may look for a bit of blue sky.  
 hat debaters or journalists say,  
 he thinks, and then think t'other way.  
 he Smali-note Bill? then firmly rely  
 e Bill's a blessing, though *you* don't  
 why.  
 is aversion? then Harry's your man.  
 e at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.  
 the Turks? then, at once, take the  
 re (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your  
 soever he talks, thinks, or is,  
 hts, words, and essence the contrast  
 se ladies — at least, the polite ones—  
 r teeth black, 'cause the devil has  
 nes —  
 chances of time or of tide,  
 r once, should have sense on his side,  
 d aloof — for, be sure that Old Nick,  
 alks sensibly, means you some trick.

e is — and, in one single verse,  
 conclusion, its substance rehearse  
 Brunswick *is* not, nor *could* be,  
 u'll be all that an honest man should

Farewell, too, the Factory's white pican  
 Small, living machines, which, if flogg  
 tasks,  
 Mix so well with their namesakes, the  
 and "Jennies,"  
 That *which* have got souls in 'em nobod

Little Maids of the Mill, who, themself  
 fed,  
 Are oblig'd, 'mong their other benevo  
 To "keep feeding the scribblers!" — a  
 'tis said,  
 Than old Blackwood or Fraser have  
 theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my* lo  
 So hard 'tis to part from the smack of t  
 That I mean (from pure love for the old  
 process).  
 To take to whipt syllabub all my life!



THE GHOST OF MILTIADÉ

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator!

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,  
 And he stood by the bed of the Benth  
 And he said, in a voice, that thrill'd th

A patriot still? Ah no, ah no—  
 Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,  
 And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,  
 Thou triest their passion, when under *par*.  
 The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,  
 By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,  
 And wishes the d—l had Crescent and Cross,  
 Ere *he* had been forc'd to sell at a loss.  
 They quote him the Stock of various nations,  
 But, spite of his classic associations,  
 Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations!*  
 "Who'll buy my Scrip? Who'll buy my Scrip?"  
 Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,  
 As he runs to tell how hard his lot is  
 To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,  
 And says, "Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,  
 "Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break  
 "Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine—  
 "If you'll only consent to buy up *mine!*"  
 The Ghost of Miltiades came once more;—  
 His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,  
 And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,  
 "Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,  
 "Who turn to a trade her cause divine,  
 "And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"  
 Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,  
 Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,  
 Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry—  
 And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE GALT AT THE HEAD OF IT.

God preserve us!—there's nothing now safe from  
 assault;—  
 Thrones toppling around, churches brought to  
 the hammer;  
 And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. Galt  
 Has declar'd open war against English and  
 Grammar!

He had long been suspected of some such design,  
 And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,  
 Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of *the line*  
 (The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,  
 Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous al-  
 liance,

<sup>1</sup> "That dark diseas'd labor which coloured his effusions."—  
 Galt's *Life of Byron*.

<sup>2</sup> "That gelatinous character of their effusions."—*Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> "The poetical embalmment, or rather, amber immortal-  
 isation."—*Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an in-  
 articulate melody."—*Ibid.*

He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,  
 And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford;  
 In the meantime the danger most imminent  
 grows,  
 He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,  
 And whom he'll *next* murder the Lord only  
 knows.

*Wednesday Evening.*

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene;  
 Though the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,  
 Has seized a great Powder—no, Puff Magazine,  
 And the' explosions are dreadful in every direc-  
 tion.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,  
 As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)  
 Of lyrical "ichor," "gelatinous" prose,<sup>2</sup>  
 And a mixture call'd amber immortalisation.<sup>3</sup>

*Now*, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,  
 Seated high "among rattlings," and churning a  
 sonnet;<sup>4</sup>

*Now*, talks of a mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,  
 With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it!<sup>5</sup>

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;  
 Something bad they must mean, though we can't  
 make it out;  
 For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,  
 That they're all *Anti-English* no Christian can  
 doubt.

RESOLUTIONS

PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF

REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS.

RESOLV'D—to stick to every particle  
 Of every Creed and every Article;  
 Reforming nought, or great or little,  
 We'll stanchly stand by every tittle,<sup>6</sup>  
 And scorn the swallow of that soul  
 Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolv'd that, though St. Athanasius  
 In damning souls is rather spacious—  
 Though wide and far his curses fall,  
 Our Church "hath stomach for them all;"  
 And those who're not content with such,  
 May e'en be d—d ten times as much.

<sup>5</sup> "He was a mystery in a winding sheet, crowned with a halo."  
*Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1573 was—  
 "Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every tittle  
 grounded on the Holy Scripture?" On which an honest Dissenter  
 remarks—"Surely they had a wonderful opinion of their Service  
 Book that there was not a tittle amiss in it."

MOORE'S WORKS.

liberal souls are we—  
 Nonconformity,  
 the cash no worse is  
 in Nonconformist purses.  
 Once the money reaches  
 our reverend breeches,  
 per's jingling penny  
 tone as sweet as any;  
 old friends Yea and Nay  
 the nose for ever pray,  
 the nose they'll pay.

Hooper<sup>1</sup>, Latimer,<sup>2</sup>  
 all extremely err,  
 a low-bred view  
 Spiritual ought to do:—  
 the fact, poor men,  
 Church was modest then,  
 golden eggs her goose,  
 could in time produce.  
 ep at modern Durham  
 rdy thoughts would stir 'em.

when we, Spiritual Lords,  
 just enough affords  
 piritual Lordships cozy,  
 Antiquarians pro y,  
 Bishops cut up theirs,  
 or the largest shares—  
 in one short word,

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

"Nec tu sperne pils venientia somnia portis:  
 Cum pils venerunt somnia, pondus habent."  
 PRORSAR. lib. iv.

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,  
 In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,  
 Being much too pious, as every one knows  
 To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,  
 He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,  
 And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can  
 He found himself, to his great amaze,  
 In Charles the First's high Tory days,  
 And just at the time that gravest of Courts  
 Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports.<sup>3</sup>  
*Sunday Sports!* what a thing for the ear  
 Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!—  
 It chanc'd to be, too, a Sabbath day,  
 When the people from church were coming  
 And Andrew with horror heard this song,  
 As the smiling sinners flock'd along:—  
 "Long life to the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!  
 "For a week of work and a Sunday of play  
 "Make the poor man's life run merry away

"The Bishops!" quoth Andrew, "Popish, I  
 And he grinned with conscious holiness.  
 But the song went on, and, to brim the cup  
 Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up



"Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!  
 "A week of work and a Sabbath of play  
 "Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who doesn't much deal in history,  
 This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;  
 And God knows where might have ended the joke,  
 But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke,  
 And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)  
 That since that dream—which, one would suppose,  
 Should have made his godly stomach rise,  
 Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies—  
 He has view'd things quite with different eyes;  
 Is beginning to take, on matters divine,  
 Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line—  
 Is all for Christians jiggling in pairs,  
 As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers;—  
 Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y  
 To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,  
 That all good Protestants, from this date,  
 May, freely and lawfully, recreate,  
 Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,  
 With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

#### A BLUE LOVE-SONG.

TO MISS ———.

*Air.*—"Come live with me, and be my love."

Come wed with me, and we will write,  
 My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.  
 Chas'd from our classic souls shall be  
 All thoughts of vulgar progeny;  
 And thou shalt walk through smiling rows  
 Of chubby duodecimos,  
 While I, to match thy products nearly,  
 Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.  
 'Tis true, ev'n books entail some trouble;  
 But *live* productions give one double.  
 Correcting children is *such* bother,—  
 While printers' devils correct the other.  
 Just think, my own Malthusian dear,  
 How much more decent 'tis to hear  
 From male or female—as it may be—  
 "How is your book?" than "How's your baby?"  
 And, whereas physic and wet nurses  
 Do much exhaust paternal purses,  
 Our books, if rickety, may go  
 And be well dry-nurs'd in *the Row*;  
 And, when God wills to take them hence,  
 Are buried at *the Row's* expense.

Besides (as 'tis well prov'd by thee,  
 In thy own Works, vol. 93.)

The march, just now, of population  
 So much outstrips all moderation,  
 That even prolific herring shoals  
 Keep pace not with our erring souls.<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh far more proper and well-bred  
 To stick to writing books instead!  
 And show the world how two Blue lovers  
 Can coalesce, like two book-covers,  
 (Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise leather,)  
 Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,  
 Fondly as first the binder fixed 'em,  
 With nought but — literature betwixt 'em.

#### SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

PUTE, profligate Londoners, having heard tell  
 That the De'il's got amang ye, and fearing 'tis  
 true,  
 We ha' sent ye a mon wha's a match for his spell,  
 A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel'  
 Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew  
 Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire  
 In ilka lang week ye'll be tranquil enough,  
 As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch  
 squire,  
 An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire  
 Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,  
 He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say "mew;"  
 Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambic maun play,  
 An' Phœbus himsel could na travel that day,  
 As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,  
 "Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew!  
 "Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-bak'd pies,  
 "For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise  
 "In judgment against ye," saith Andrew Agnew!

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie's the lad  
 To ca' o'er the coals your nobeclity, too;  
 That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies<sup>2</sup>, a' clad  
 Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon  
 mad—  
 But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right  
 To gang to the deevil—as maist o' them do—

<sup>1</sup> See "Ella of Garveloch."—Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the

author, "the people increased much faster than the produce."  
<sup>2</sup> Servants in livery.

MOORE'S WORKS.

would think na polite;  
 could get onything by't)  
 ooling<sup>1</sup>, would Andrew

EVENT.

emble while I pen it),  
 a cut the British Senate—  
 eers, in accent gruff,  
 pping his fingers], and

at, of old, which spread  
 mighty Pan is dead,"  
 oss from *being* crost)  
 W—ch—ls—a is lost!"

heard him, can forget  
 at awful threat,  
 midst all that histories

s parallel:—

one Easter night,  
 est to be polite,  
 se of learn'd Liberating

THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S  
 FAMOUS ODE,

"COME CLOSE, AND GIVE ME SWEET KISSES."

"We want more Churches and more Clergymen."  
*Bishop of London's late Charge.*

"Rectorum numerum, terris pereantibus, augeat."  
*Claudius in Eutrop.*

COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,  
 For, richer no realm ever gave;  
 But why, ye unchristian objectors,  
 Do ye ask us how many we crave?\*

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings  
 For souls of the Pluralist kind,  
 Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,  
 To numbers can ne'er be confin'd.<sup>2</sup>

Count the cormorants hovering about,<sup>4</sup>  
 At the time their fish season sets in,  
 When these models of keen diners-out  
 Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,  
 Flock round when the harvest's in play,  
 And, not minding the farmer's distresses,  
 Like devils in grain peck away.

And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed  
Which marks Dissenters when they're rabid!  
God only knows what mischiefs might  
Result from this one single bite,  
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,  
Might spread and rage through kith and kin.  
Mad folks, of all denominations,  
First turn upon their own relations:  
So that *one* G—lb—n, fairly bit,  
Might end in maddening the whole kit,  
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue  
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too;  
The Hychurchphobia in those veins,  
Where Tory blood now redly reigns;—  
And that dear man, who now perceives  
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,  
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,  
Run mad in the' opposite direction,  
And think, poor man, 'tis only given  
To linsay-woolsey to reach Heaven!

Just fancy what a shock 'twould be  
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,  
Tearing into a thousand particles  
His once lov'd Nine and Thirty Articles;  
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,<sup>1</sup>  
For Gospel, t'other night, mistook;)  
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers—  
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers—  
Pelting the church with blasphemies,  
Even worse than Parson B—v—rl—y's;—  
And ripe for severing Church and State,  
Like any creedless reprobate,  
Or like that class of Methodists  
Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But 'tis too much—the Muse turns pale,  
And o'er the picture drops a veil,  
Praying, God save the G—lb—rns all  
From mad Dissenters, great and small!

#### A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

— *rius tenestis, amici.*

"THE longer one lives, the more one learns,"  
Said I, as off to sleep I went,  
Bemus'd with thinking of Tithe concerns,  
And reading a book, by the Bishop of FERNs,<sup>2</sup>  
On the Irish Church Establishment.  
But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,  
When Fancy her usual tricks began,  
And I found myself bewitch'd away  
To a goodly city in Hindostan—

A city, where he, who dares to dine  
On aught but rice, is deem'd a sinner;  
Where sheep and kine are held divine,  
And, accordingly—never drest for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wond'ring cried—  
As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,  
And saw, in every marble street,  
A row of beautiful butchers' shops—  
"What means, for men who don't eat meat,  
"This grand display of loins and chops?"  
In vain I ask'd—'twas plain to see  
That nobody dar'd to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;  
And you can't conceive how vastly odd  
The butchers look'd—a roseate crew,  
Inshrin'd in *stalls*, with nought to do;  
While some on a *bench*, half-dozing, sat,  
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still pos'd to think, what all this scene  
Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,  
"And, pray," ask'd I—"by whom is paid  
"The expense of this strange masquerade?"—  
"The' expense!—oh that's of course defray'd  
(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)  
"By yonder rascally rice-consumers."  
"What! *they*, who mustn't eat meat!"—  
"No matter—  
(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter,)  
"The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,  
"But the rogues must still support *our* shop.  
"And, depend upon it, the way to treat  
"Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,  
"Is to burden all that won't eat meat,  
"With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT."

On hearing these words so gravely said,  
With a volley of laughter loud I shook;  
And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,  
And I found I was lying snug in bed,  
With my nose in the Bishop of FERN's book.

#### THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brimstone Hall, September 1, 1828.

*Private.*—LORD BELZEBUB presents  
To the Brunswick Club his compliments,  
And much regrets to say that he  
Cannot, at present, their Patron be.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Wellington, who styled them "the Articles of Christianity."

<sup>2</sup> An indefatigable scribbler of anti-Catholic pamphlets.

MOORE'S WORKS.

bub  
 e Brunswick Club,  
 warm lack  
 s back —  
 elf is not  
 e red-hot:  
 Club affords  
 y of Lords,  
 s gets  
 ets,  
 o be  
 n company.  
  
 begs to know,  
 l Lord D—nlo?  
 nse, would go  
 rd M—yo?  
 cept his nurse —  
 cares a curse,  
 f Lord M—sk—rry  
 ygian ferry?  
 ublin town,  
 f-a-crown  
 y Lord R—thd—ne,  
 ly hustle in  
 C—le, and J—c—l—n?  
 tenderest years,  
 Peers,  
 tions whether  
 gether,

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNÆOCRACY.

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

— "Quasi ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla  
 Delegit pacisque bonas bellicque ministras." Vian.

As Whig Reform has had its range,  
 And none of us are yet content,  
 Suppose, my friends, by way of change,  
 We try a *Female Parliament*;  
 And since, of late, with *he* M.P.'s  
 We've far'd so badly, take to *she's* —  
 Petticoat patriots, flounc'd John Russell's,  
 Burdetts in *blonde*, and Brougham's in *bustles*.  
 The plan is startling, I confess —  
 But 'tis but an affair of dress;  
 Nor see I much there is to choose  
 'Twixt Ladies (so they're thorough bred ones)  
 In ribands of all sorts of hue,  
 Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,  
 Whatever other trade advances;  
 As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,  
 We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances;  
 Nor let this world's important questions  
 Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,  
 To Weippert's band they may go better;  
 There's Lady \* \*, in one quadrille.

## THE EDITOR OF THE \* \* \*

ard some rumours respecting the strange and awful  
which Lord H—nl—y has for some time past been  
sequence of his declared hostility to "anthems,  
te., I took the liberty of making inquiries at his  
e this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to  
lars as I could collect. It is said that the screams  
under the operation of this nightly concert, (which  
ne trick of the Radicals) may be heard all over the  
The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed  
bat, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at  
low the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascer-  
Yours, &c.

P.P.

## H—NL—Y AND ST. CECILIA.

- in Metil descendat Judicis aures. HOAR.

his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,  
much his own renown,  
to add thereto a ray,  
g duets and anthems down,

rain of choral sounds  
s o'er his senses stole;  
Reformer mutter'd, "Zounds!"  
th'd sweet music with all his soul.

ng up, he saw a sight  
might shock so learn'd a snorer —  
t, rob'd in light,  
rtable organ slung before her.

were Cherubs, on rainbow wings,  
Lordship fear'd, might tire of flitting,  
ey'd sit — but ah! poor things,  
one of them, got the means of sitting.<sup>2</sup>

rd," said the Saint, "you're fond of  
s,  
ced, that musical snore betray'd you,  
d my choir of cherubims,  
ie, for a while, to serenade you."

he horrified H—nl—y say  
all a mistake" — "she was mis-  
ed;"  
o a concert over the way,  
dlers and angels were expected.

e Saint could see in his looks  
y said) much tuneful lore;  
all open'd their music-books,  
lf aid her Cherubs set off at score.

ets, tertzets, quartets,  
quintets most dire to hear;

n Church Reform, published by his Lordship in  
as, mes enfans." — "Il n'y a pas de quoi, mon  
nat memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke,

Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,  
And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep — but it wouldn't do;  
So loud they squall'd, he *must* attend to 'em;  
Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,  
Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,  
Who meddle with music's sacred strains!  
Judge Midas tried the same of old,  
And was punish'd, like H—nl—y, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas!  
Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne;  
For Midas was given the ears of an ass,  
While H—nl—y is doom'd to keep his own!

ADVERTISEMENT.<sup>3</sup>

1850.

Missing or lost, last Sunday night,  
A Waterloo coin, whereon was trac'd  
The' inscription, "Courage!" in letters bright,  
Though a little by rust of years defac'd.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,  
And ('tis thought of late) mix'd up with brass;  
But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,  
And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,  
But certain *City* thieves they say,  
Broke in on the owner's evening doze,  
And filch'd this "gift of gods" away!

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits suspect,  
If we hadn't, that evening, chanc'd to see,  
At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,  
With an ass to keep her company.

Whosoe'er of this lost treasure knows,  
Is begg'd to state all facts about it,  
As the owner can't well face his foes,  
Nor even his friends, just now, without it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,  
Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,  
He shall have a ride on the whitest hack<sup>4</sup>  
That's left in old King George's stable.

then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir Cl—d—s  
H—nt—r and other City worthies, advised his Majesty to give up  
his announced intention of dining with the Lord Mayor.

<sup>4</sup> Among other remarkable attributes by which Sir Cl—d—s  
distinguished himself, the dazzling whiteness of his favourite steed  
was not the least conspicuous.

MOORE'S WORKS.

MISSING.

Carlton Terrace, 1832.

ord \*\*\*\*\* de \*\*\*\*\*  
 e last Saturday,  
 inquir'd for, round and round,  
 ain purlieus, can't be found ;  
 none can solve our queries  
 this virtuous Peer is  
 by given that all  
 h to inquiring fall,  
 thing's well set about,  
 we shall hunt him out.

's mind, of late, they say,  
 an uneasy way  
 colleagues not being let  
 o the Cabinet,  
 gland's state affairs,  
 it seems, *unsettled* theirs ;  
 this stray Plenipo  
 most distressing blow.  
 ertain to receive a  
 ssion to the Neva,  
 earer of kind words  
 ck from Tory Lords,—  
 f for free discussion,  
 had been learning Russian ;  
 atural to him were  
 of the Northern bear,

So as to 'scape all tell-tale letters  
 'Bout B—s—d, and such abettors,—  
 The only "wretches" for whose aid  
 Letters seem *not* to have been made.

THE DANCE OF BISHOPS  
 OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.<sup>3</sup>

A DREAM.

"Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celeb-  
 mitted among the primitive Christians, in which even t  
 and dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, t  
 Bishops were called *Presules*\*, for no other reason tha  
 led off these dances."—*Cyclopaedia, art. Dances.*

I've had such a dream—a frightful dream  
 Though funny, mayhap, to wags 'twill see  
 By all who regard the Church, like us,  
 'Twill be thought exceedingly ominous!

As reading in bed I lay last night—  
 Which (being insured) is my delight—  
 I happen'd to doze off just as I got to  
 The singular fact which forms my motto.  
 Only think, thought I, as I doz'd away,  
 Of a party of Churchmen dancing the hay  
 Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,  
 With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the bal

stood forth to caper,  
 The floor as he doth on paper—  
 The lapper Dancing Dervise,  
 As his whole church-service—  
 Amidst those reverend souls,  
 As such *cabrioles*,  
 As such—*rigmaroles*,  
 As low, now this, now that,  
 As I'd guess, what the devil he'd be at;  
 As his various steps, some thought  
 As the Church was all he sought.

! while thus so gay,  
 As dancers frisk'd away,  
 As self (not the saint, but he  
 As house) could brisker be,  
 As 'd a gloom around their glee—  
 As rich came and went so fast,  
 As could say, "Tis there," 'twas past—  
 As the scene again was clear'd,  
 As dancers had disappear'd!  
 As the quadrillers swept  
 As low'd floor where late they stept,  
 As was all that footed it still,  
 As side of that grand Quadrille!

worst:—still danc'd they on,  
 As was sadden'd, the smile was gone;  
 As soon time to time, the same  
 As rickness round them came—  
 As the light broke out anew,  
 As look'd less by a dozen or two;  
 As at there were only found  
 As enough for a four-hands-round;  
 As awoke, impatient getting,  
 As holy pair *poussetting*!

dies in years, it seems,  
 As priest knock at solving dreams,  
 As to my ancient feminine friends  
 As urd to say what *this* portends.

## DICK \* \* \* \*

## A CHARACTER.

scraps and fragments built,  
 As alike from fools and wits,  
 As d was like a patchwork quilt,  
 As of new, old, motley bits—

of the method of executing this step may be  
 reformers in the same line:—"Ce pas est com-  
 mune diffrens. savoir, plier, et sauter sur un  
 ur l'autre."—*Dictionnaire de Danse*, art. *Contre-*

to the maintenance and education of a clergy  
 ular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them  
 only family, making it fill the places of father and

Where, if the Co. call'd in their shares,  
 As If petticoats their quota got,  
 As And gowns were all refunded theirs,  
 As The quilt would look but shy, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,  
 As Revers'd ventriloquism's trick,  
 As For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,  
 As 'Twas others we heard speak through Dick.  
 As A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,  
 As Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;  
 As One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,  
 As The next with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick!—and how else could it be?  
 As With notions all at random caught,  
 As A sort of mental fricassee,  
 As Made up of legs and wings of thought—  
 As The leavings of the last Debate, or  
 As A dinner, yesterday, of wits,  
 As Where Dick sat by, and, like a waiter,  
 As Had the scraps for perquisites.

A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE  
SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto  
 that saint." 1834.

St. S—NCL—E rose and declar'd in sooth,  
 That he wouldn't give sixpence to Maynooth.  
 He had hated priests the whole of his life,  
 For a priest was a man who had no wife,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, having no wife, the Church was his mother,  
 The Church was his father, sister, and brother.  
 This being the case, he was sorry to say,  
 That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay,<sup>2</sup>  
 So deep and wide, scarce possible was it  
 To say even "how d'ye do?" across it:  
 And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,  
 Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,  
 'Twas a jump that nought on earth could make  
 Your proper, heavy-built Christian take.  
 No, no,—if a Dance of Sects *must* be,  
 He would set to the Baptist willingly,<sup>3</sup>  
 At the Independent deign to smirk,  
 And rigadon with old Mother Kirk;  
 Nay even, for once, if needs must be,  
 He'd take hands round with all the three;  
 But, as to a jig with Popery, no,—  
 To the Harlot ne'er would he point his toe.

mother and brother."—Debate on the Grant to Maynooth Col-  
 lege. *The Times*. April 19.

<sup>2</sup> "It had always appeared to him that between the Catholic and  
 Protestant a great gulf intervened, which rendered it impossible,"  
 &c.

<sup>3</sup> "The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to  
 the Presbyterian and the Independent, or the member of the Church  
 of England to any of the other three; but the Catholic," &c.

MOORE'S WORKS.

—v—le was the next that rose,—  
 so round, as pedlar, goes,  
 eek of piety and prose,  
 hot enough, God knows,—  
 that Papists were much inclin'd  
 e all of Protestant kind,  
 ouldn't, in truth, so much condemn,  
 er a wish to extirpate *them*;  
 o guard against mistake,—  
 e them for their doctrine's sake;  
 n Churchmen always make,—  
 hat, when they've prime control,  
 metimes roasting heretics whole,  
 ook the body for sake of the soul.

l St. J—hnst—n jollily forth,  
 d Dogberry of the North,<sup>1</sup>  
 ise fellow, and, what's more,  
 " like his type of yore;  
 d, if we grant such toleration,  
 s the use of our Reformation?<sup>2</sup>  
 use of our Church and State?  
 s, Articles, Tithes, and Rate?  
 s he yell'd out "what's the use?"  
 from their cells recluse  
 'd for centuries slept, broke loose,  
 onensive, "*What's the use?*"

There stood my Lord Eld—n, endorsing i  
 Though as to which side should lie u  
 doubting.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe in  
 The winds were polite, and the moon  
 mantic,  
 While off in the good ship "The Truth  
 With our ethical cargo, across the At

Long, dolefully long, seem'd the voyage  
 For "The Truth," at all times but a  
 sailer,  
 By friends, near as much as by foes, is  
 And few come aboard her, though so  
 her.

At length, safe arriv'd, I went through '  
 tret,"  
 Deliver'd my goods in the primest co  
 And next morning read, in the *Bridgeton*  
 "Just arriv'd by 'The Truth,' a new  
 sition."

"The Captain"—here, startled to find my  
 As "the Captain"—(a thing which,  
 with pain,  
 I through life have avoided,) I wok  
 Found I *wasn't* a captain, and doz'd c



a Question, the Bank, the Five  
 l into two) with their rigmarole  
 ;—  
 ds, how this new friend of ours  
 , right and left, all diplomacy's  
 e-calls!

an Whigs at our downfall should  
 s, and suns, in one general hustle!  
 in vengeance, we welcome the

jerk from their places, Grey, Al-  
 d Russell."

ad Lord, as, with telescope rais'd,  
 y eye on the heavens he set;  
 othing destructive appear'd as he

hat there *would* before Parliament

ld shapes seem'd to flit through

t is now," the poor maniac cries;  
 y with forms but too monstrous,

Tory zodiac, peoples the skies:—

ig body, good heavens, how big!  
 ucky\* or Taurus I cannot well

here's Eld—n's old Chancery-wig,  
 aphelion fast fading away.

hose fatuous meteors behind,  
 —ry, *in vacuo*, flaring about;—  
 n double star, of the nebulous kind,  
 ini, R—den and L—rt—n, no

h! 'faith, I first thought 'twas the

in Milton, it made me quite pale;  
 h the same 'horrid hair'<sup>3</sup> coming

of vapour, but—where is the tail?"

oft jump'd the gazer elated—  
 ight glass a phenomenon show'd,  
 c to be C—mb—rl—d, *upwards*  
 d,  
 natural course, *t'other road!*

see Protocols, the Annual Register, for the  
 k—m.

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken,—  
 Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and  
 grimaces,  
 Then off to the Bedlam in Charles Street was  
 taken,  
 And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

FROM THE HON. HENRY ———,  
 TO LADY EMMA ———.

Paris, March 30, 1832.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amsele,  
 How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell;  
 And the truth is,—as truth you *will* have, my  
 sweet railer, —

There are two worthy persons I always feel loth  
 To take leave of at starting,—my mistress and  
 tailor,— [both;

As somehow one always has *scenes* with them  
 The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,  
 She calling on Heaven, and he on the attorney.—  
 Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and her  
 dears,

A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his  
 journey.

But, to come to the point,—though you think, I  
 dare say,

That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me away,  
 'Pon honour you're wrong;—such a mere baga-  
 telle

As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears;  
 And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolting, pell-  
 mell, [Peers;<sup>4</sup>

To get out of the way of these horrid new  
 This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,  
 Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of;  
 This coinage of *nobles*,—coin'd, all of 'em, badly,  
 And sure to bring Counts to a *discount* most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,  
 As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation;  
 No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,  
 And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction,—  
 Things created in haste, just to make a Court  
 list of,

Two legs and a coronet all they consist of:  
 The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir  
 George R—se

(My particular friend) says is perfectly true,  
 That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,  
 'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's  
 to do;

<sup>3</sup> "And from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war."

<sup>4</sup> A new creation of Peers was generally expected at this time.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ven doubts,—could he choose his  
coronet, *which* he would order.

e, why, I thought, my dear Emma a  
ht shy of so curs'd a dilemma;  
fess myself somewhat a villain,  
io without an *addio*,

et heart, and, a week hence, from  
some news of Bellini's last trio.

pack'd up my travelling set-out,  
n Italy *can't* go without—  
*ants gras*, from old Houbigant's

hat the air of Mont Cenis might

ladies,—and nothing so wheedles  
oad as your golden-eyed needles.  
prace, by which folks are cozen'd  
ows Latin, when—one, perhaps,

book about heathen mythology,  
a to refresh one's theology;  
being half such a bore as  
e difference 'twixt Virgins and

farewell, best regards to the girls,  
eware of damp feet and new Earls.

Showing us how young College hacks  
Can pace with bigots at their backs,  
As though the cubs were *born* to draw  
Such luggage as L—fr—y and Sh—w.

Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,

Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,  
This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,  
As aliens to her foggy shore;¹—

Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,

Whose very name her shame recalls;

Whose effigy her bigot crew

Revers'd upon their monkish walls;²—

Bear witness (lest the world should doubt

To your mute Mother's dull renown,

Then famous but for Wit turn'd out,

And Eloquence *turn'd upside down*;

But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,

Beyond all fame of former days,

By breaking thus young donkeys in

To draw M.P.s, amid the brays

Alike of donkeys and M.A.s;—

Defying Oxford to surpass 'em

In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."



TRANSLATION FROM THE GUI  
LANGUAGE.

be, there never were yet  
of the alphabet,  
hem form'd so grim a spell,  
and of Gulls so well,  
wful riddle-me-ree  
D. E. B. T.

\* \* \*

struggling Freedom's cry;  
ye nations, or I die;  
n's fight, and, on the field  
pire, your doom is seal'd."  
ig hears the awakening call,  
mon'd his Peers and Patriots all,  
"Ye noble Gulls, shall we  
y by at the fall of the Free,  
curse, nor deal a blow?"  
swer, with voice of thunder, "No."

flashing swords in the air! —  
o they rest suspended there?  
blight, what baleful charm,  
each eye, and check'd each arm?  
withering hand hath thrown  
n off that fatal stone,  
g now, with sapless finger,  
ere dark those letters linger, —  
and letters three,  
E. B. T.

roof, each lifted brand  
lls from every hand;  
Patriot knits his brow, —  
is staple, fails him now.  
King like a hero treads,  
f the Treasury shake their heads;  
is talk of "brave and free,"  
getteth His Majesty  
E. D. E. B. T."

whole Gull nation feels  
ly spell-bound, neck and heels;  
he face of the laughing world,  
t down, with banners fur'd,  
all their dreams sublime  
d war to — some other time.

#### TIONS ON REFORM.

A MODERN REFORMER.

fortunes as yet brought to pass  
net-like Bill, with its long tail of  
s,  
nd worst is the schism which, alas!  
d between W—th—r—l's waistcoat  
ceches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity  
Had oft broken out in that quarter before;  
But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such  
immensity,  
Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it  
more.

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,  
Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the moment is  
past;  
Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's  
border,  
When the ties that should hold men are loosening  
so fast?

Make W—th—r—l yield to "some sort of Reform"  
(As we all must, God help us! with very wry  
faces),  
And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm  
About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear  
braces.

Should those he now sports have been long in  
possession,  
And, like his own borough, the worse for the  
wear,  
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession  
To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,  
With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's  
and Lockit's,  
While still, to inspire him, his deeply thrust hands  
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-  
pockets —

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and  
through cough,  
To the speeches inspir'd by this music of  
pence, —  
But must grieve that there's anything like *falling  
off*  
In that great nether source of his wit and his  
sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace  
debonair,  
He began first to court — rather late in the  
season —  
Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair  
Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of  
Reason; †

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted  
All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love;

† It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself  
boasted one night in the House of Commons, of having sat in the  
very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ke the stool of the Pythoness acted,  
—r—l's rants, ever since, go to

would not grieve, if a man of his

a rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,  
e Reform" of a pair of new braces,  
y, — he'll all fall to pieces at last.



TORY PLEDGES.

Myself through thick and thin,  
still, with zeal devout,  
outs, poor devils, in,  
the Ins, the wretches, out.

Myself, though much bereft  
and means of ruling ill,  
e most of what are left,  
to all that's rotten still.

e the days of place and pelf,  
es no more take all the honey,  
self to cram myself  
can of public money;

Or if she kick, let it console us,  
We still have plenty of red coats,  
To cram the Church, that general bolus  
Down any giv'n amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—  
Think newspapers the worst of crim  
And would, to give some chance of qu  
Hang all the writers of The Times;

Break all their correspondents' bones,  
All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,  
From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,  
To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P—ynd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose;  
And though I can't now offer gold,  
There's many a way of buying those  
Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three hurrah  
A toast, of which you'll not complain  
"Long life to jobbing; may the days  
Of Peculation shine again!"



ST. JEROME ON EARTH  
FIRST VISIT.

Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,  
 that breed called *Quinquarticular*! —  
 he rummag'd his holy mind,  
 et description of Grace to find,  
 us could represented be  
 tman in full livery.  
 out loud in a laugh he broke,  
 rly the good saint lov'd his joke)<sup>1</sup>  
 l—surveying, as sly he spoke,  
 ly palace from roof to base —  
 t isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace!"  
 " said the lackey, a man of few words,  
 rebishop is gone to the House of Lords."  
 House of the Lord, you mean, my son,  
 my time, at least, there was but one;  
 such many-*fold* priests as these  
 v'n in their LORD, pluralities!"<sup>2</sup>  
 e for gab," quoth the man in lace:  
 amming the door in St. Jerome's face,  
 urse to the single knockers all,  
 finish his port in the servants' hall,  
 pose a toast (humanely meant  
 de even Curates in its extent)  
 as *serves* the' Establishment."

## ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

## SECOND VISIT.

sch I dare say, that, since *lording* and *lottering* hath  
 reaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles'  
 they preached and *lorded* not: and now they *lord* and  
 . . . . Ever since the Prelates were made Lords and  
 plough standeth; there is no work done, the people  
*atimer*, *Sermon of the Plough*.

more," said Jerome, "I'll run up and see  
 Church goes on," — and off set he.  
 a the packet-boat, which trades  
 our planet and the shades,  
 v'd below, with a freight so queer,  
 res!" said Jerome, "what have we  
 re?" —  
 aw, when nearer he explor'd,  
 cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.  
 re ghosts of wigs," said Charon, "all  
 rorn by nob's Episcopal."<sup>4</sup>  
 ks on earth, who've got a store  
 off things they'll want no more,  
 id them down, as gifts, you know,  
 ertain Gentleman here below."

d from the proceedings of the Synod of Dort.  
 his well-known pun on the name of his adversary,  
 , whom he calls facetiously *Dormitantius*.

pidion attached to some of the early Fathers of being  
 their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation  
 usage.

g, which had so long formed an essential part of the

"A sign of the times, I plainly see."  
 Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he  
 Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

Arriv'd on earth, quoth he, "No more  
 I'll affect a body, as before;  
 "For I think I'd best, in the company  
 "Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,  
 "And glide, unseen, from See to See."  
 But oh! to tell what scenes he saw, —  
 It was more than Rabelais' pen could draw.  
 For instance, he found Ex—t—r,  
 Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir, —  
 For love of God? for sake of King?  
 For good of people? — no such thing;  
 But to get for himself, by some new trick,  
 A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,  
 Much with his money-bags bewilder'd;  
 Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess,<sup>5</sup>  
 Because the rogues showed restlessness  
 At having too little cash to touch,  
 While he so Christianly bears too much.  
 He found old Sarum's wits as gone  
 As his own beloved text in John,<sup>6</sup> —  
 Text he hath prosed so long upon,  
 That 'tis thought when ask'd, at the gate of heaven,  
 His name, he'll answer "John, v. 7."

"But enough of Bishops I've had to-day,"  
 Said the weary Saint, — "I must away.  
 "Though I own I should like, before I go,  
 "To see for once (as I'm ask'd below  
 "If really such odd sights exist)  
 "A regular six-fold Pluralist."  
 Just then he heard a general cry —  
 "There's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!"  
 "Ay, that's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,"  
 And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,  
 At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,  
 A glimpse of this singular plural man.  
 But, — talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird!<sup>7</sup>  
 To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.  
 "Which way, sir, pray, is the doctor gone?" —  
 "He is now at his living at Hillingdon."  
 "No, no, — you're out, by many a mile,  
 "He's away at his Deanery, in Carlisle."  
 "Pardon me, sir; but I understand  
 "He's gone to his living in Cumberland."  
 "God bless me, no, — he can't be there;  
 "You must try St. George's, Hanover Square."

dress of an English bishop, was at this time beginning to be dis-

persed with.

<sup>5</sup> See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocess.  
<sup>6</sup> 1 John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the  
 rest of the orthodox world, is still pertinaciously adhered to by this  
 Right Reverend scholar.

<sup>7</sup> It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that "a man could  
 not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."

MOORE'S WORKS.

inquir'd,  
 k'd and tir'd;—  
 Hodgson there,  
 everywhere;  
 gave o'er,  
 ygian shore,  
 der ground  
 e on earth had found.

CAR BARRELS.

(OF A LATE FÊTE.)

1832.

nce! how aptly devis'd  
 as to puzzle one's noses!  
 ust all be surpris'd  
 ted like "Love among

precantions like these,  
 er still viler infection;  
 whiggish disease,  
 e, are in every direction.

up an Auto da Fé  
 le Lords of "the Club:"

THE CONSULTATION.\*

"When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful."  
*The Critic.*  
 1833.

Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation.  
 Patient on the floor between them.

*Dr. Whig.*—THIS wild Irish patient *does* pester  
 me so,

That what to do with him, I'm curst if I know;  
 I've *promis'd* him anodynes——

*Dr. Tory.* Anodynes!—Stuff.  
 Tie him down—gag him well—he'll be tranquil  
 enough.

That's *my* mode of practice.

*Dr. Whig.* True, quite in *your* line,  
 But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.

'Tis so painful——

*Dr. Tory.*—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude how he  
 feels,

When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,  
 By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,  
 And letting them wriggle on there till they tire.  
*He*, too, says "'tis painful"—"quite makes his  
 heart bleed"—

But "your eels are a vile, oleaginous breed."—  
 He would fain use them gently, but Cookery says  
 "No,"

And—in short—eels were *born* to be treated just  
 so!

the comforting thought that, in place and in  
self,  
succeeded by one just as—bad as himself?

*Whig (looking flattered).*—Why, to tell you  
the truth, I've a small matter here,  
I you help'd me to make for my patient last  
year,—

[*Goes to a cupboard and brings out  
a strait waistcoat and gag.*]

uch rest I've enjoy'd from his raving since  
then,  
I have made up my mind he shall wear it  
again.

*Tory (embracing him).*—Oh, charming!  
My dear Doctor Whig, you're a treasure.  
to torturing *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.

[*Assisting Dr. Whig.*]

me leave—I've some practice in these mad  
machines;  
—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all  
means.

itfull—all's snug—not a squeak need you  
fear,—

may now put your anodynes off till next year.  
[*Scene closes.*]

THE REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,  
CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

THEOR OF THE POSTICAL PORTRAITURE OF THE CHURCH.]  
1833.

T singer of Romalldkirk, thou who art  
reckon'd,  
itics Episcopal, David the Second,<sup>3</sup>  
s, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,  
think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write!  
fairly inspir'd by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo,"  
beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phœbus hollow,  
g gotten, besides the old *Nine's* inspiration,  
*Tenth* of all eatable things in creation,  
's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,  
nin'd and be-tenth'd, couldn't easily do,  
I the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian<sup>4</sup>  
they say,  
yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,  
honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell  
sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards  
fell.

Edinburgh Review, No. 117.

our Lordship," says Mr. Ov—rt—n, in the Dedication of his  
the Bishop of Chester," has kindly expressed your persuas-  
s my 'Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that  
s turned as David's was.'"  
hocles.

— album mutur in alitem  
Supernis : nascunturque laves  
Per digitos, humerosque pluma.

Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no doubt,  
Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about;  
Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,  
Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,  
And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,  
Announc'd the Church poet whom Chester ap-  
proves.

O Horace! when thou, in thy vision of yore,  
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er  
Thy ethereal's limbs, stealing downily on,  
Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a  
swan,<sup>4</sup>

Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,  
Without any effort of fancy, at all;  
Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov—rt—n  
find

A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,  
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,  
By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a *goose*.

SCENE

FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED

"MATRICULATION."<sup>5</sup>

1834.

[*Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-nine Articles before  
him. — Enter the Rt. Rev. Doctor Ph—llp—ts.*]

*Doctor P.*—THERE, my lad, lie the Articles—(*Boy  
begins to count them*) just thirty-nine—

No occasion to count—you've now only to sign.  
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-church  
than we,

The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd into Three.  
Let's run o'er the items;—there's Justification,  
Predestination, and Supererogation,—

Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,  
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.  
That's sufficient—now, sign—having read quite  
enough,

You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?"  
(*Boy stares.*)

Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth  
and brief,—

A commodious and short make-believe of belief,  
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus  
articular,

To keep out, in general, all who're particular.

<sup>5</sup> "It appears that when a youth of fifteen goes to be matriculated  
at Oxford, and is required first to subscribe Thirty-nine Articles  
of Religious Belief, this only means that he engages himself  
afterwards to understand what is now above his comprehension;  
that he expresses no assent at all to what he signs; and that he  
is (or ought to be) at full liberty, when he has studied the sub-  
ject, to withdraw his provisional assent."—*Edinburgh Review*,  
No. 120.

MOORE'S WORKS.

...y doing? what! reading all  
 ...st cooling!—this never will do.  
 ...he Articles.)—Here are points  
 ... Doctor, what's "Grace of  
 ...y).—You'll find out, young sir,  
 ... more ingenuity.  
 ...ng, you pledge yourself merely,  
 ... to believe it sincerely.  
 ...gning we take the same plan,—  
 ...own, then digest—as we can.  
 ...—I've to gulp, I see, St. Atha-  
 ...d,

... a very tough morsel, indeed;

—Ay, and so would I, will-

...icular young boobies, like you.  
 ...ming!—all's o'er with our land,  
 ...stand what they can't *under-*

...ar ever-rever'd Thirty-Nine  
 ...men to *believe*, but to *sign*. #

[Exit Dr. P. in a passion.

And, did he resist that soft appeal,  
 He would *not* like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n!  
 A Rector true, if e'er there was one,  
 Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming a  
 Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.  
 'Tis true, in the pockets of *thy* small-clothes  
 The claim'd "obvention" of four-pence g  
 But its abstract spirit, unconfin'd,  
 Spreads to all future Rector-kind,  
 Warning them all to their rights to wake,  
 And rather to face the block, the stake,  
 Than give up their darling right to *take*.

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes  
 (So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,  
 And a single four-pence pocketed well,  
 Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.  
 Then still continue, ye reverend souls,  
 And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,  
 Grasp every penny on every side,  
 From every wretch, to swell its tide:  
 Remembering still what the Law lays down,  
 In that pure poetic style of its own,  
 "If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he  
 "Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."



"You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,  
 "Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;  
 "And the Premier says, my youngest brother  
 "(Him in the Guards) shall have another.  
 "Isn't this very, *very* gallant!—  
 "As for my poor old virgin aunt,  
 "Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,  
 "We must quarter *her* on the Pension List."  
 Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;  
 It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,  
 Where all who lik'd might have a slice,  
 So rich was that Fool's Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent,  
 Was a puppet-show, called Parliament,  
 Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,  
 As large as life, who rose to prose,  
 While, hid behind them, lords and squires,  
 Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;  
 And thought it the very best device  
 Of that most prosperous Paradise,  
 To make the vulgar pay through the nose  
 For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw  
 In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law;  
 Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk  
 As those who had the *best* of the joke.  
 There were Irish Rectors, such as resort  
 To Cheltenham yearly, to drink—port,  
 And bumper, "Long may the Church endure,  
 May her cure of souls be a sinecure,  
 And a score of Parsons to every soul  
 A moderate allowance on the whole."  
 There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,  
 From which the sense had all run out,  
 Even to the lowest classic leas,  
 Till nothing was left but *quantities*;  
 Which made them heads most fit to be  
 Stuck up on a University,  
 Which yearly hatches, in its schools,  
 Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,  
 In this happiest possible Paradise.  
 But plain it was to see, alas!  
 That a downfall soon must come to pass.  
 For grief is a lot the good and wise  
 Don't quite so much monopolise,  
 But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)  
 Even blessed fools must have their share.  
 And so it happen'd:—but what befel,  
 In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

## THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE ;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

"I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which, being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR CON-ACKE-GROUND, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour."—*Letter of Dismissal from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.*

THE account is balanc'd—the bill drawn out,—  
 The debit and credit all right, no doubt—  
 The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,  
 Owes to his Curate six pound eight;  
 The Curate, that *least* well-fed of men,  
 Owes to his Rector seven pound ten,  
 Which maketh the balance clearly due  
 From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven  
 But sure to be all set right in heaven,  
 Where bills like these will be check'd, some day,  
 And the balance settled the other way:  
 Where Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum  
 Will back to his shade with interest come;  
 And Marcus, the Rector, deep may rue  
 This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.<sup>1</sup>

1833.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,  
 That plan was commenc'd which the wise now  
 applaud,  
 Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,  
 As good raw materials for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West-Indian island, whose name I forget,  
 Was the region then chosen for this scheme so  
 romantic;  
 And such the success the first colony met,  
 That a second, soon after, set sail o'er the  
 Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd for  
 shore,  
 Sailing in between banks that the Shannon  
 might greet,  
 And thinking of friends whom, but two years  
 before,  
 They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon  
 again meet.

<sup>1</sup> I have already, in a preceding page, referred to this squib, as being one of those wrung from me by the Irish Coercion Act of my friends, the Whigs.

MOORE'S WORKS.

a g'ad welcome there  
 rk, is it you, my sweet  
 to hear his own name  
 evils, who caper'd for  
 alf amazement — half  
 his eyes and looks  
 nd in horror yells out,  
 k — black and curly  
 k'd brogue in his ears,  
 in these wool-headed  
 ate, in less than two

Pats into niggers!

a marvel more true  
 rival of Ovid's best  
 a short year or two,

In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,  
 'Tis certain our souls are look'd *very* well after,  
 Two Bishops can well (if judiciously *sunder'd*)  
 Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred,—  
 Said number of parishes, under said teachers,  
 Containing three millions of Protestant creatures,—  
 So that each of said Bishops full ably controls  
 One million and five hundred thousands of souls  
 And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland we're  
 told,

*Half* a million includes the whole Protestant fold;  
 If, therefore, for *three* million souls 'tis conceded  
*Two* proper-sized Bishops are all that is needed,  
 'Tis plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,  
*One third of one* Bishop is just the right quantum.  
 And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,  
 The Irish Church question's resolv'd to a T;  
 Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,  
 That, in saving men's souls, we must save money  
 too.

Nay, if — as St. Roden complains is the case —  
 The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,  
 The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,  
 Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough.  
 But, as fractions imply that we'd have to dissect,  
 And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,  
 We've a small, fractions prelate whom well we  
 could spare,  
 Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair

Which, wound up carefully once a week,  
Might just like parsons look and speak,  
Nay even, if requisite, reason too,  
As well as most Irish parsons do.

The' experiment having succeeded quite,  
(Whereat those Lords must much delight,  
Who've shown, by stopping the Church's food  
They think it isn't for her spiritual good  
To be serv'd by parsons of flesh and blood,)  
The Patentees of this new invention  
Beg leave respectfully to mention,  
They now are enabled to produce  
An ample supply, for present use,  
Of these reverend pieces of machinery,  
Ready for vicarage, rectory, deanery,  
Or any such-like post of skill  
That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B.—In places addicted to arson,  
We can't recommend a wooden parson:  
But, if the Church ay such appoints,  
They'd better, at least, have iron joints.  
In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,  
A figure to *look at's* all that's wanted —  
A block in black, to eat and sleep,  
Which (now that the eating's o'er) comes cheap.

P.S.—Should the Lords, by way of a treat,  
Permit the clergy again to eat,  
The Church will, of course, no longer need  
Imitation-parsons that never feed;  
And these *wood* creatures of ours will sell  
For secular purposes just as well —  
Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,  
May, 'stead of beating their own about,  
Be knocking the brains of Papiets out;  
While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,  
Should transmigrate into *turning* machines.

#### HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A PEER,

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DIS-  
CLOSED IN A LATE HERALDIC WORK.<sup>1</sup>

1834.

CHOOSE some title that's dormant — the Peerage  
hath many —

Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any.  
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,  
And marry him off-hand, in some given year,  
To the daughter of somebody, — no matter who, —  
Fig, the grocer himself, if you're hard run, will do;  
For, the *Medici pills* still in heraldry tell,  
And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as well?

<sup>1</sup> The Claim to the barony of Chandos (if I recollect right) advanced by the late Sir Eg-r-t-n Br-d-s.

Thus, having your couple, and one a lord's cousin,  
Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen;  
And 'tis hard if, inventing each small mother's son  
of 'em,  
You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one  
of 'em.

Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory,  
Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,  
I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,  
One *grand* rule of enterprise, — *don't* be particular.  
A man who once takes such a jump at nobility,  
Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of nihility,<sup>2</sup>  
But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'Tis true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,  
Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things;  
As oft, when the vision is near brought about,  
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out;  
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles  
bloods,  
And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there *are* ways — when folks are resolv'd to  
be lords —

Of expurging ev'n troublesome parish records:  
What think ye of scissors? depend on't no heir  
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair  
As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may  
invent,

Your scissors does wonders in proving descent.  
Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears  
With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and  
peers,

But they're nought to that weapon which shines  
in the hands

Of some would-be Patrician, when proudly he stands  
O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,  
And sweeps at each cut generations away.

By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?  
One snip, — and the urchin hath *never* existed!  
Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, in-  
terfere

With his one sublime object of being a Peer?  
Quick the shears at once nullify bridegroom and  
bride, —

No such people have ever liv'd, married, or died!

Such the newest receipt for those high-minded  
elves,  
Who've a fancy for making great lords of them-  
selves.

Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,  
Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,  
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam  
does,

And — *who* knows but you'll be Lord Baron of  
Shamdos?

<sup>2</sup> "This we call pure nihility, or mere nothing." *Waste's Logic*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

S THE LAD.

and I am his man,  
 "ary dun."  
*Castle of Andalusia.*

frighten a lass,  
 y duke;  
 to frighten a lass,  
 , and the d—l to pass,  
 arger prancing,  
 lancing,  
 Mufti,  
 d tufty,  
 y Duke.

ne neighbourhood  
 g dreary Duke;  
 ee no good  
 a Prince of the Blood.  
 no nymph is  
 grim phiz,  
 married,  
 wds have miscarried  
 dreary Duke.

TLE

Having dwelt on such classical musings awhile,  
 I set off, by a steam-boat, for this happy isle,  
 (A conveyance *you* ne'er, I think, sail'd by, my

Tully,  
 And therefore, *per* next, I'll describe it more fully,  
 Having heard, on the way, what distresses me  
 greatly,

That England's o'er-run by *idolaters* lately,  
 Stark, staring adorers of wood and of stone,  
 Who will let neither stick, stock, or statue alone.  
 Such the sad news I heard from a tall man in black,  
 Who from sports continental was hurrying back,  
 To look after his tithes;—seeing, doubtless, 'twould  
 follow,

That, just as, of old, your great idol, Apollo,  
 Devour'd all the Tenth's, so the idols in question,  
 These wood and stone gods, may have equal di-  
 gestion,

And the' idolatrous crew, whom this Rector de-  
 spises,

May eat up the tithe-pig which *he* idolizes.

*London.*

'Tis all but too true — grim Idolatry reigns,  
 In full pomp, over England's lost cities and plains!  
 On arriving just now, as my first thought and care  
 Was, as usual, to seek out some near House of

Prayer,  
 Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians to pray on.

as, too, — a portrait, (in spite of what's  
 mortal e'er yet got a glimpse of his head,)  
 images, which India would think somewhat  
 'or't,  
 as some full-grown Director had sat  
 ; —  
 mention the' *et ceteras* of Genii and  
 inxes,  
 ory, and other such semi-clad minxes; —  
 ns<sup>2</sup>, — the idols here most idolised;  
 om some, alas, might too well be com-  
 ed  
 dy-made Saints, as they died *cannon-*  
 ; —  
 titude more of odd cockneyfied deities,  
 such pomp that quite shocking to see  
 s;  
 [ what better the Rector could do  
 rine there his own belov'd quadruped  
 urely a tithe-pig, whate'er the world  
 ks, is  
 er beast for a church than a Sphinx is.  
 I'd off to dinner — grace just has been  
 st waits for nobody, living or dead.

LINES<sup>3</sup>

DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH  
 T—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.

<sup>1</sup> et Fratres, et qui raptoere sub illis,  
 ure manus (scilicet hoc Menelas) nefandas.  
 Ovid. *Metam.* lib. xiii. v. 302.

s in wisdom—go, bright pair of Peers,  
 Cupid and Fame fan you both with  
 pinions!

best lover we have — *of his years*,  
 other, Prime Statesman of Britain's  
 dominions.

Chancery, blest with the smile  
 esses that lov'd, and the monarchs that  
 thee;

Ang—lo T—yl—r awhile,  
 sailors but him who so well *dandifies*

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,  
 Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart  
 thee,  
 But show the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough  
 To translate "*Amor Fortis*" a love, *about forty!*

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young  
 Mars,  
 From the battle you came, with the Orders  
 you'd earn'd in't,  
 That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out "*My stars!*"  
 And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way  
 concern'd in't.

For not the great R—g—t himself has endur'd  
 (Though I've seen him with badges and orders  
 all shine,  
 Till he looked like a house that was *over* insur'd)  
 A much heavier burden of glories than thine.

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so  
 mad is,  
 Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,  
 As to marry old Dandies that might be their dad-  
 dies,  
 The *stars*<sup>4</sup> are in fault, my Lord St—w—rt, not  
 they!

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,  
 Thou *Mulaprop* Cicero, over whose lips  
 Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and  
 "glories,"  
 And "*nullidge*"<sup>5</sup>, and "features," like syllabub  
 slips.

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation  
 Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of  
 ours,  
 Leagu'ing with Kings, who, for mere recreation,  
 Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks  
 metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright pair of Peers,  
 And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with  
 their pinions!

The one, the best lover we have — *of his years*,  
 And the other, Prime Statesman of Britain's  
 dominions.

<sup>1</sup> Nec contigit ulli,  
 Hoc vidisse caput."

CLAUDIAN.

see, *Ilion*, &c. &c.

<sup>2</sup> The following squib, which must have been written  
 1815-16, have been by some oversight misplaced.  
 taken in saying that it was "at Paris" these rapt-

ious transactions took place — we should read "at Vienna."

<sup>3</sup> "When weak women go astray,  
 The stars are more in fault than they."

<sup>4</sup> It is thus the noble lord pronounces the word "knowledge" —  
 deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin,  
 "nullus."

MOORE'S WORKS.

TO THE SHIP

ARD C—ST—R—GH SAILED FOR THE  
CONTINENT.

*imitated from Horace, lib. I. ode 3.*

By Lady's prayers prevail,<sup>1</sup>  
 —nn—g's too, and *lucid* Br—gge's,  
 n beg a favouring gale  
 blus, that *older* Bags,<sup>2</sup>  
 hee on thy destin'd way,  
 at bear'st our C—st—r—gh,<sup>3</sup>  
 us R—g—t's better half,<sup>4</sup>  
*efore*, quarter of a King —  
 r any other calf,  
 l, without much figuring).  
 oh ye kindly breezes,  
 s Lord of place and pelf,  
 his Lordship pleases,  
 'twere to Old Nick himself!

a face of brass was his,<sup>5</sup>  
 at Congress show'd his phiz —  
 ay the Rights of Man  
 ian threats and Austrian juggle;  
 the sinking African<sup>6</sup>  
 without one saving struggle —  
 isters from North and South,  
 his lack of shame and sense,  
 the sign of "Bull and Mouth"  
 ders and for eloquence!

When each, in turn, had run their r  
 Necessity brought in the Whigs:<sup>7</sup>  
 And oh, I blush, I blush to say,  
 When these, in turn, were put to  
 Illustrious T—MP—E flew away  
 With *lots of pens* he had no right to  
 In short, what *will* not mortal man  
 And now, that —strife and bloods  
 We've done on earth what harm we  
 We gravely take to heaven at last  
 And think its favourite smile to pur  
 (Oh Lord, good Lord!) by—buildin

SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT  
NEW ROMANTIC DRAM

"AND now," quoth the goddess, in acc  
 "Having got good materials, I'll brew  
 "Of Double X mischief as, mortals she  
 "They've not known its equal for many;  
 Here she wink'd to her subaltern imps  
 And all wagg'd their fire-tipp'd tails and  
 "So now for the' ingredients:—fir  
 that bishop;"  
 Whereon, a whole bevy of imps run to  
 From out a large reservoir, wherein th  
 The blackest of all its black dabblers i

True, true," said the hag, looking arch at her  
elves,  
And a double-*Er* dose they compose, in them-  
selves."

This joke, the sly meaning of which was seen lucidly,  
et all the devils a laughing most deucedly,  
o, in went the pair, and (what none thought  
surprising)

How'd talents for sinking as great as for rising;  
While not a grim phiz in that realm but was  
lighted

Vith joy to see spirits so twin-like united —  
r (plainly to speak) two such birds of a feather,  
n one mess of venom thus spitted together.

Iere a flashy imp rose—some conuection, no doubt,  
If the young lord in question—and, scowling  
about,

Hop'd his fiery friend, St—nl—y, would not be  
left out;

As no schoolboy unwhipp'd, the whole world  
must agree,

Low'd mischief, *pure* mischief, more dearly than  
he."

But, no—the wise hag wouldn't hear of the  
whipster;

Not merely because, as a shrew, he eclips'd her,  
And nature had given him, to keep him still young,  
Much tongue in his head and no head in his tongue;  
But because she well knew that, for change ever  
ready,

He'd not even to mischief keep properly steady;  
That soon even the *wrong* side would cease to  
delight,

And, for want of a change, he must swerve to the  
*right*;

While, on *each*, so at random his missiles he threw,  
That the side he attack'd was most safe of the two.—  
This ingredient was therefore put by on the shelf,  
There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by itself.

And now," quoth the hag, as her caldron she ey'd,  
And the titbits so friendly rankling inside.

There wants but some seasoning;—so, come,  
ere I stew 'em,

By way of a relish, we'll throw in ' + John Tuam.'  
In cooking up mischief, there's no flesh or fish

Like your meddling High Priest, to add zest to  
the dish."

Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand Lama—  
Which great event ends the First Act of the Drama.

#### ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Though fam'd was Mesmer, in his day,  
or less so, in ours, is Dupotet,

To say nothing of all the wonders done  
By that wizard, Dr. Elliotson,  
When, standing as if the gods to invoke, he  
Up waves his arm, and—down drops Okey!'

Though strange these things, to mind and sense,

If you wish still stranger things to see —

If you wish to know the power immense  
Of the true magnetic influence,

Just go to her Majesty's Treasury,  
And learn the wonders working there—  
And I'll be hang'd if you don't stare!

Talk of your animal magnetists,  
And that wave of the hand no soul resists,  
Not all its witcheries can compete

With the friendly beckon tow'rds Downing Street,  
Which a Premier gives to one who wishes  
To taste of the Treasury loaves and fishes.

It actually lifts the lucky elf,

Thus acted upon, *above* himself;—

He jumps to a state of *clairvoyance*,

And is placeman, statesman, all, at once!

These effects observe (with which I begin),

Take place when the patient's motion'd in;

Far different, of course, the mode of affection,

When the wave of the hand's in the *out* direction;

The effects being then extremely unpleasant,

As is seen in the case of Lord B——m, at present;

In whom this sort of manipulation

Has lately produc'd such inflammation,

Attended with constant irritation,

That, in short—not to mince his situation—

It has work'd in the man a transformation

That puzzles all human calculation!

Ever since the fatal day which saw

That "pass<sup>2</sup>" perform'd on this Lord of Law—

A pass potential, none can doubt,

As it sent Harry B——m to the right about—

The condition in which the patient has been

Is a thing quite awful to be seen.

Not that a casual eye could scan

This wondrous change by outward survey;

It being, in fact, the *interior* man

That's turn'd completely topsy-turvy:—

Like a case that lately, in reading o'er 'em,

I found in the *Acta Eruditorum*,

Of a man in whose inside, when disclos'd,

The whole order of things was found transpos'd;'

<sup>1</sup> The name of the heroine of the performances at the North London Hospital.

<sup>2</sup> The technical term for the movements of the magnetiser's hand.

<sup>3</sup> Omnes ferè internas corporis partes inverso ordine sitas. — *Act. Erudit.* 1690.

MOORE'S WORKS.

re to see,  
 e heart should be,  
 —m's, since laid on the  
  
*out of place* as himself.  
  
 onsultation,  
 his thinking nation;  
 beg to propose,  
 ean, as the rumour goes,  
 nderful case,  
 s case embrace;  
 ese patients' states,  
 ominates,  
 somnambulism,  
 ountebankism.

OF THE BOX.

Romans and Spartans,  
 against tyranny's shocks;  
 in *my* eye, Betty Martins,  
 Gr—te and his wonderful  
  
 has her seat?—Oh, it isn't  
 on Switzerland's rocks;—

'Tis a singular fact, that the fam'd Hugo Grotius'  
 (A namesake of Gr—te's—being both of Dutch  
 stocks),  
 Like Gr—te, too, a genius profound as prece-  
 cious,  
 Was also, like him, much renown'd for a Box;—  
  
 An immortal old clothes-box, in which the great  
 Grotius  
 When suffering, in prison, for views het'rodox,  
 Was pack'd up incog., spite of gaolers ferocious!  
 And sent to his wife<sup>4</sup>, carriage free, in a Box!  
  
 But the fame of old Hugo now rests on the shelf,  
 Since a rival hath risen that all parallel mocks,—  
*That* Grotius ingloriously sav'd but himself,  
 While *ours* saves the whole British realm by a  
 Box!

And oh when, at last, even this greatest of Gr—tes  
 Must bend to the Power that at every doot  
 knocks,<sup>3</sup>  
 May he drop in the urn like his own "silent  
 votes,"  
 And the tomb of his rest be a large Ballot-Box.  
  
 While long at his shrine, both from county and  
 city,  
 Shall pilgrims triennially gather in flocks,  
 And sing while they whimper the' appropriate



ruinous rigs as thine,  
 havoc lie in a different line,  
 I find this new, improv'd Destroyer  
 the wig of a Yankee lawyer;  
 an "alien," *alias* man,  
 ntry or party guess who can,  
 cney half, half Jonathan;  
 e, to make the thing completer  
 the genuine Thalaba metre,  
 irregular as thy feet are;—  
 Whig Pindarics rambling  
 a Tory doggrel scrambling;  
 is theme, now *Church* his glory  
 oth Tory and ama-tory),  
 ' Old Bailey-*lay* meandering,  
 t *couplet* style philandering;  
 , in lame Alexandrine,  
 is wounded length along,<sup>1</sup>  
 rg'd by Holland's silken thong.

ear Bob, Destroyer the Second  
 a match for the First be reckon'd;  
 our Thalaba's talent lay  
 g old conjurors clean away,  
 at aldermen deals his blows,  
 reat conjurors are, God knows,  
 orations, by wholesale, level,  
 s of Parliament to the devil,  
 whole Milesian race—  
 ons of Paddies, face to face;  
 ig that magic wand, himself,  
 thy conjurors left on the shelf,  
 s the boys of the Boyne and Liffey  
 eigners, in a jiffey—  
 casts, every soul of 'em!  
 or whips and chains, the whole of 'em!

hort, did parallel  
 o heroes *gee* so well;  
 ig the points in which they fit,  
 e, dear Bob, I can't omit.  
 ng, hectoring blade of thine  
 i in the *Domdaniel* line;<sup>2</sup>  
 it rendering justice due,  
 t ours and his Tory crew  
 iel most devoutly too.

RIVAL TOPICS.<sup>3</sup>

## AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

ll—ngt—n and Stephenson,  
 orn and evening papers,

Alexandrine ends the song  
 wounded make, drags its slow length along."

Times, Herald, Courier, Globe, and Sun,  
 When ye will cease our ears to stun  
 With these two heroes' capers?  
 Still "Stephenson" and "W—ll—ngt—n,"  
 The everlasting two!—  
 Still doom'd, from rise to set of sun,  
 To hear what mischief one has done,  
 And t'other means to do:—  
 What bills the banker pass'd to friends,  
 But never meant to pay;  
 What Bills the other wight intends,  
 As honest, in their way;—  
 Bills, payable at distant sight,  
 Beyond the Grecian kalends,  
 When all good deeds will come to light,  
 When W—ll—ngt—n will do what's right,  
 And Rowland pay his balance.

To catch the banker all have sought,  
 But still the rogue unhurt is;  
 While t'other juggler— who'd have thought?  
 Though slippery long, has just been caught  
 By old Archbishop Curtis;—  
 And, such the power of papal crook,  
 The crosier scarce had quiver'd  
 About his ears, when, lo, the Duke  
 Was of a Bull deliver'd!

Sir Richard Birnie doth decide  
 That Rowland "must be mad,"  
 In private coach, with crest, to ride,  
 When chaises could be had.  
 And t'other hero, all agree,  
 St. Luke's will soon arrive at,  
 If thus he shows off publicly,  
 When he might pass in private.

Oh W—ll—ngt—n, oh Stephenson,  
 Ye ever-boring pair,  
 Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,  
 Ye haunt me everywhere.  
 Though Job had patience tough enough,  
 Such duplicates would try it;  
 Till one's turn'd out and t'other off,  
 We shan't have peace or quiet.  
 But small's the chance that Law affords—  
 Such folks are daily let off;  
 And, 'twixt the' Old Bailey and the Lords,  
 They both, I fear, will get off.

<sup>2</sup> "Vain are the spells, the Destroyer  
 Treads the Domdaniel floor."

<sup>3</sup> The date of this squib must have been, I think, about 1820-9.

MOORE'S WORKS.

STATESMAN

TORY,  
 me." *Mathews at Home.*  
 n is near,  
 p us, we can't but fall;  
 I hear,  
 athews' croak in my ear,  
 'll be the death of you all."  
 not even Scriblerius  
 g" his match could be;  
 exceeding serious,  
 ame boat as he,  
 , down go we,  
 and Company,  
 ramp below  
 ow " well could go;  
 both low and high,  
 gotten lie  
 -m of Netherby!  
 -there's a tale I know,  
 comes *à propos.*  
 a only son,  
 at only one,  
 one day to his wife,  
 sh you joy,  
 , and you now have a boy,  
 y to the end of his life."

LETTER

FROM LARRY O'BRRANIGAN TO THE REV.  
 MURTAGH O'MULLIGAN.

ARRAH, where were *you*, Murthagh, that beautiful  
 day?—  
 Or, how came it your riverence was laid on the  
 shelf,  
 When that poor craythur, Bobby—as *you* were  
 away—  
 Had to make *twice* as big a Tom-fool of *himself*.  
 Throth, it wasn't at all civil to lave in the lurch  
 A boy so deserving your tindh'rest affection;—  
 Two such iligant Siamase twins of the Church,  
 As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut the con-  
 nection.  
 If thus in two different directions you pull,  
 'Faith, they'll swear that yourself and your  
 riverend brother  
 Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's Bull,  
 Whose tails were join'd *one* way, while they  
 look'd *another* !'  
 Och bless'd be he, whosomdever he be,  
 That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of a Letter!  
 Not ev'n my own self, though I sometimes make free  
 At such bull-manufacture, could make him a

## OF AN UNREFORMED PEER.

ld plans of this monstrously queer age,  
s that of reforming the peerage;—  
; great dons, with a title and star,  
on exceedingly well, as we are,  
all the functions of noodles, by birth,  
ly as any born noodles on earth.

esend, is in law-books display'd,  
iseacres descend, ready made;  
t of our rank in Debrett's nomen-  
re,  
s, born legislators by nature;—  
igs, to water instinctively taking,  
like quackery, take to law-making;  
rbid any reform should come o'er us,  
nore wise than our sires were before us.

ans of old the same policy knew—  
was a cook, you must be a cook too:  
g, from father to son, a good trade

right (so no more could be said of it),  
like our lordships, a pretty mess made

l for *conservative* stomachs, the' Egyp-  
ry face bolted all the prescriptions.

've among us some peers of the past,  
ce with the present most awfully fast—  
ipen beneath the new light now arising  
hat to us, old conserves, is surprising,  
n whom—potted, for grandmamma

de a sunbeam to find any juices.  
, I fear, midst the general movement,  
use, God help it, is doom'd to im-  
nent,

ve furniture, nobly descended,  
rn out, must be sent to be mended.  
es 'mong us, like Br——m and like  
—m,

'n *fixtures* should learn to bestir 'em;  
ye gods, be that terrible day,  
playful Old Nick, for his pastime  
y,

old houses, sometimes, in a storm—  
ce whipt off, some night, by Reform;  
like Loretto's fam'd house', through

ut devils, our lordships shall bear,  
phizzes, unus'd to the sky,  
i, like cherubs, to wish us "good-by."

ndo, supposed to have been carried by angels  
m Galilee to Italy.

While, perch'd up on clouds, little imps of ple-  
beians,  
Small Grottes and O'Connells, shall sing Io Pæans.

## THE REVEREND PAMPHLETEER.

## A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

OH, have you heard what hap'd of late?  
If not, come lend an ear,  
While sad I state the piteous fate  
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

All prais'd his skillful jockeyship,  
Loud rung the Tory cheer,  
While away, away, with spur and whip,  
Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.

The nag he rode—how *could* it err?  
'Twas the same that took, last year,  
That wonderful jump to Exeter  
With the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Set a beggar on horseback, wise men say,  
The course he will take is clear;  
And in *that* direction lay the way  
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

"Stop, stop," said Truth, but vain her cry—  
Left far away in the rear,  
She heard but the usual gay "Good-by"  
From her faithless Pamphleteer.

You may talk of the jumps of Homer's gods,  
When cantering o'er our sphere—  
I'd back for a *bounce*, 'gainst any odds,  
This Reverend Pamphleteer.

But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath!  
In the midst of his career,  
A file of the *Times* lay right in the path  
Of the headlong Pamphleteer.

Whether he tripp'd or shy'd thereat,  
Doth not so clear appear:  
But down he came, as his sermons flat—  
This Reverend Pamphleteer!

Lord King himself could scarce desire  
To see a spiritual Peer  
Fall much more dead, in the dirt and mire,  
Than did this Pamphleteer.

Yet pitying parsons, many a day,  
Shall visit his silent bier,

MOORE'S WORKS.

g the while of Stanhope, say  
r old Pamphleteer!

sh'd, at last, his busy span,  
t *lies coolly* here —  
e did in life, good man,  
everend Pamphleteer!"



CENT DIALOGUE.

a bold dragoon,  
in their way,  
e, one afternoon,  
her say: —  
quoth the brave hussar,  
denies  
ise logician are,  
— otherwise,  
n this question, we  
to his own art —  
ould be the sophistry,  
he *fighting* part.  
eed not tell you, is  
f W——n,  
harlot comes amiss,  
f Babylon;¹

1825.

THE WELLINGTON SPA.

"And drink *oblivion* to our woes." ANNA MARI

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and H  
gate springs,  
"Tis from *Lethe* we now our potations  
draw;  
Your *Lethe's* a cure for — all possible things  
And the doctors have nam'd it the Well  
Spa.

Other physical waters but cure you in part;  
*One* cobbles your gout — *t'other* mends  
digestion —  
Some settle your stomach, but *this* — bless  
heart! —  
It will settle, for ever, your Catholic Que

Unlike, too, the potions in fashion at present  
This Wellington Nostrum, restoring by s  
So purges the mem'ry of all that's unpleas  
That patients *forget* themselves into rade!

For instance, the' inventor — his having on  
"He should think himself mad, if, at an  
call,  
"He became what he is" — is so purg'd fr  
head,

meddling, restless still to show  
 1's clock, repair'd by Whigs, will go;  
 hen others, more sincere than they,  
 hands to the true time of day.

hurch, high-fed and haughty dame,  
 dandled, in his dawn of fame;  
 e smil'd, and bless'd the flippant  
 : fate of unborn tithe-pigs hung.  
 l paint the grandam's grim dismay,  
 leform entic'd her boy away;  
 'd she heard him ape the rabble's

Sarum's fate, foredoom her own!

cried, while tears roll'd down her  
 ,  
 onged youth, he means not what he

op, these Whig professions flow,  
 s lymph, runs Toryism below.  
 ongue should start thus, in the race,  
 an reach and regulate its pace! —  
 outstripp'd by tongue, poor, lagging

ep, still further limps behind.  
 he boy! — whate'er his wand'ring be,  
 nis heart to Toryism and me.  
 odd shapes, portray'd in Dante's lay,  
 : fix'd on, the wrong and backward

l eyes pursue a diverse track,  
 e march onward, *these* look fondly

knew him — well foresaw the day,  
 ath come, when snatch'd from Whigs

changing drops the mask he wore,  
 stor'd, in granny's arms once more.

now, mixt brood of modern light  
 darkness, can'st thou bend thy flight?  
 h factions, and to neither true,  
 : *old* school, laugh'd at by the *new*;  
 eeble, and for *that* too rash,  
 : more of fire, *that* less of flash;  
 ou stand, in isolation cold,  
 worlds, the new one and the old,  
 "vex'd Bermoothes," which the eye  
 seaman sees — and passes by.

he dalle reni era tornato 'l volto,  
 indietro venir li convenia.  
 scabè 'l veder dinanzi era lor tolto."

## A GHOST STORY.

TO THE AIR OF "UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILY."

1833.

Nor long in bed had L—ndh—rst lain,  
 When, as his lamp burn'd dimly,  
 The ghosts of corporate bodies slain,  
 Stood by his bed-side grimly.  
 Dead aldermen, who once could feast,  
 But now, themselves, are fed on,  
 And skeletons of mayors deceas'd,  
 This doleful chorus led on: —

"Oh Lord L—ndh—rst,  
 "Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst,  
 "Corpses we,  
 "All burk'd by thee,  
 "Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst!"

"Avaunt, ye frights!" his Lordship cried,  
 "Ye look most glum and whitely."  
 "Ah, L—ndh—rst, dear!" the frights replied,  
 "You've us'd us unpolitely.  
 "And now, ungrateful man! to drive  
 "Dead bodies from your door so,  
 "Who, quite corrupt enough, alive,  
 "You've made, by death, still more so.  
 "Oh, Ex-Chancellor,  
 "Destructive Ex-Chancellor,  
 "See thy work,  
 "Thou second Burke,  
 "Destructive Ex-Chancellor!"

Bold L—ndh—rst then, whom nought could keep  
 Awake, or surely *that* would,  
 Cried "Curse you all!" — fell fast asleep —  
 And dreamt of "Small v. Attwood."  
 While, shock'd, the bodies flew down stairs,  
 But, courteous in their panic,  
 Precedence gave to ghosts of mayors  
 And corpses aldermanic,  
 Crying, "Oh, Lord L—ndh—rst,  
 "That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst,  
 "Not Old Scratch  
 "Himself could match  
 "That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst."

? Referring to the line taken by Lord L—ndh—rst, on the ques-  
 tion of Municipal Reform.

MOORE'S WORKS.

RIGHTS

LATE

IONS OF THE TORIES.<sup>1</sup>

COUNCILMAN.

1835.

y chair,  
 morning papers;  
 ny look of despair,  
 's "destructive" capers!  
 men, Lefroy  
 Destroy, destroy!"  
 s I've heard said,  
 chiefly fed,  
 vement made  
 y retrograde!  
 om the light of day  
 d wigs away;  
 rise again—  
 lermen,  
 accustom'd tolls,  
 dies and souls!—  
 g posts and places  
 us one by one,  
 mummy-cases  
 upon,  
 tate sublime,  
 ent time:—

A jumble of polypi—nobody knew  
 Which was the head or which the queue.  
*Here*, Inglis, turn'd to a sans-culotte,  
 Was dancing the hays with Hume and Grote:  
*There*, ripe for riot, Recorder Shaw  
 Was learning from Roebuck "Ça-ira;"  
 While Stanley and Graham, as *poissarde* wench,  
 Scream'd "à bas!" from the Tory benches;  
 And Peel and O'Connell, cheek by jowl,  
 Were dancing an Irish carmagnole.

The Lord preserve us!—if dreams come true,  
 What is this hapless realm to do?

ANTICIPATED MEETING

OF THE

BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN THE YEAR 1836.

1836.

AFTER some observations from Dr. McGrig  
 On that fossile reliquium call'd Petrified Wig,  
 Or *Perruqualithus*—a specimen rare  
 Of those wigs, made for antediluvian wear,  
 Which, it seems, stood the Flood without turning  
 a hair—  
 Mr. Tomkins rose up, and requested attention  
 To facts no less wondrous which *he* had to mention.

The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed;  
And which having lately himself decomposed,  
Just to see what 'twas made of, he actually found it  
Compos'd of all possible cookable things  
That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd upon  
wings—

All products of earth, both gramineous, herbaceous,  
Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farinaceous,  
All clubbing their quotas to glut the œsophagus  
Of this ever greedy and grasping Tithophagus.<sup>1</sup>

"Admire," exclaim'd Tomkins, "the kind dispensation

"By Providence shed on this much-favour'd nation,  
"In sweeping so ravenous a race from the earth,  
"That might else have occasion'd a general  
death—

"And thus burying 'em, deep as even Joe Hume  
would sink 'em,

"With the Ichthyosaurus and Paleorynchum,

"And other queer *ci-devant* things, under ground—

"Not forgetting that fossilised youth<sup>2</sup>, so renown'd,  
"Who liv'd just to witness the Deluge—was gratified

"Much by the sight, and has since been found  
*stratified!*"

This picturesque touch—quite in Tomkins's way—  
Call'd forth from the *savans* a general hurrah;  
While inquiries among them went rapidly round,  
As to where this young stratified man could be  
found.

The "learn'd Theban's" discourse next as lively  
flow'd on,

To sketch t'other wonder, the' Aristocratodon—  
An animal, differing from most human creatures  
Not so much in speech, inward structure, or features,  
As in having a certain excrescence, T. said,  
Which in form of a coronet grew from its head,  
And devolv'd to its heirs, when the creature was  
dead;

Nor matter'd it, while this heir-loom was trans-  
mitted,

How unfit were the *heads*, so the *coronet* fitted.

He then mention'd a strange zoological fact,  
Whose announcement appear'd much applause to  
attract.

In France, said the learned professor, this race  
Had so noxious become, in some centuries' space,  
From their numbers and strength, that the land  
was o'errun with 'em,

Every one's question being, "What's to be done  
with 'em?"

<sup>1</sup> The zoological term for a tithe-eater.

<sup>2</sup> The man found by Schœncher, and supposed by him to have

When, lo! certain knowing ones—*savans*, mayhap,  
Who, like Buckland's deep followers, understood  
*trap*,<sup>2</sup>

Slily hinted that nought upon earth was so good  
For Aristocratodons, when rampant and rude,  
As to stop, or curtail, their allowance of food.  
This expedient was tried, and a proof it affords  
Of the' effect that short commons will have upon  
lords;

For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's  
morn,

Shed their coronets, just as a deer sheds his horn,  
And the moment these gewgaws fell off, they became  
Quite a new sort of creature—so harmless and tame,  
That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain'em  
To be near akin to the *genus humanum*,  
And the' experiment, tried so successfully then,  
Should be kept in remembrance, when wanted again.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 1.

## LEAVE ME ALONE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

"We are ever standing on the defensive. All that we say to them  
is, 'leave us alone.' The Established Church is part and parcel of  
the constitution of this country. You are bound to conform to this  
constitution. We ask of you nothing more;—let us alone."—  
Letter in *The Times*, Nov. 1838.

1838.

COME, list to my pastoral tones,  
In clover my shepherds I keep;  
My stalls are well furnish'd with drones,  
Whose preaching invites one to sleep.  
At my *spirit* let infidels scoff,  
So they leave but the *substance* my own;  
For, in sooth, I'm extremely well off,  
If the world will but let me alone.

Dissenters are grumblers, we know;—  
Though excellent men, in their way,  
They never like things to be so,  
Let things be however they may.  
But dissenting's a trick I detest;  
And, besides, 'tis an axiom well known,  
The creed that's best paid is the best,  
If the unpaid would let it alone.

To me, I own, very surprising  
Your Newmans and Puseys all seem,

witnessed the Deluge ("homo diluvii testis"), but who turned out,  
I am sorry to say, to be merely a great lizard.

<sup>2</sup> Particularly the formation called *Transition Trap*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

alising,  
extreme.  
e and sense,  
n, like our own,  
ith pence,  
left alone.

Press is  
s us to bits;  
's "excesses"  
s into fits.  
s, for weeks,  
hen they'll have done;—  
Brecks  
alone!

stead,  
t-obits fall;  
n said,  
ereth all.'  
ho live;—  
they are thrown,  
to give,  
them alone.

y not excel,  
to be had;  
very well,  
— not bad.  
worms, I go,

Having soothsayers also, who—sooth to say,  
John —  
Are no better in some points than those of days  
gone,  
And a pair of whom, meeting (between you and  
me),  
Might laugh in their sleeves, too—all lawn though  
they be.

But this, by the way — my intention being chiefly  
In this, my first letter, to hint to you briefly,  
That, seeing how fond you of *Tuum* must be,  
While *Meum*'s at all times the main point with me,  
We scarce could do better than form an alliance,  
To set these sad Anti-Church times at defiance:  
You, John, recollect, being still to embark,  
With no share in the firm but your title\* and mark;  
Or ev'n should you feel in your grandeur inclin'd  
To call yourself Pope, why, I shouldn't much mind;  
While *my* church as usual holds fast by your *Tuum*,  
And every one else's, to make it all *Suum*.

Thus allied, I've no doubt we shall nicely agree,  
As no twins can be liker, in most points than we;  
Both, specimens choice of that mix'd sort of beast,  
(See Rev. xiii. 1.) a political priest;  
Both mettlesome *chargers*, both brisk pamphleteers.  
Ripe and ready for all that sets men by the ears:  
And I, at least one, who would scorn to stick longer  
By any giv'n cause than I found it the stronger,  
And who, smooth in my turnings as if on a swivel



be mud, now in the air  
'tis for mischief, reckless where.

By knowledge, there's no end to't,  
For I haven't it, I pretend to't;  
Tired of taking a learn'd degree  
In dull university,  
I find it handier to commence  
A certain share of impudence,  
To pass one off as learn'd and clever,  
All other degrees whatever;  
I'm able a man of lively sence  
To master of *all* the Arts at once.  
For what the science may be —  
Physics, Theology,  
Optics, Hydrostatics,  
Acoustics or Pneumatics —  
For it be, I take my luck,  
The same to ancient Puck;  
My head's so full of all sorts of wares,  
Another imp, old Smugden, swears  
But of *law* a little smatt'ring,  
Be *perfect*<sup>1</sup> — which is flatt'ring.

As a linguist all must know  
I came abroad some months ago;  
I heard me *abroad* exceedingly, too,  
In words and senses of *parlez-vous*  
As old Chambaud's shade stood mute,  
Such French to the Institute  
Led those learned Thebans much,  
For if 'twas Sanskrit or High Dutch,  
They had pass'd with the' unobserving  
Of the unknown tongues of Irving.  
My talent for ubiquity,  
Nothing like it in all antiquity.  
I'm in (my peculiar care),  
Where, I'm here, I'm every where."<sup>2</sup>  
The one's wanted to take the chair,  
My subject, anywhere,  
I look around and — Puck is there!  
The laughter's at hand, your bird of prey  
Is known to be out of the way;  
Wherever mischief's to be got,  
Puck *instantly* on the spot.

I find me in negus and applause,  
I praise your man for *any* cause.  
For the cause, the more my delight;  
I don't object to it, ev'n when *right*,  
I can vex some old friend by't;  
D—rh—m, for instance;—to worry *him*  
My cup of bliss to the brim!

<sup>1</sup> As said. This tribute is only equalled by that of his medical friend, Dr. — : "Il se connaît en tout; en un médecin."

## (NOTE BY THE EDITOR.)

Those who are anxious to run a muck  
Can't do better than join with Puck,  
They'll find him *bon diable*—spite of his phiz—  
And, in fact, his great ambition is,  
While playing old Puck in first-rate style,  
To be *thought* Robin Goodfellow all the while.

## POLICE REPORTS.

## CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

AMONG other stray flashmen, dispos'd of, this week,  
Was a youngster, nam'd St—nl—y, genteelly  
connected,  
Who has lately been passing off coins, as antique,  
Which have prov'd to be *sham* ones, though long  
unsuspected.

The ancients, our readers need hardly be told,  
Had a coin they call'd "Talents," for wholesale  
demands;<sup>2</sup>  
And 'twas some of said coinage this youth was so  
bold  
As to fancy he'd got, God knows how, in his  
hands.

People took him, however, like fools, at his word;  
And these talents (all priz'd at his own valuation)  
Were bid for, with eagerness ev'n more absurd  
Than has often distinguish'd this great thinking  
nation.

Talk of wonders one now and then sees advertis'd  
"Black swans" — "Queen Anne farthings" —  
or ev'n "a child's caul" —  
Much and justly as all these rare objects are priz'd,  
"St—nl—y's talents" outdid them — swans,  
farthings, and all!

At length, some mistrust of this coin got abroad;  
Even quondam believers began much to doubt  
of it;  
Some rung it, some rubb'd it, suspecting a fraud—  
And the hard rubs it got rather took the shine  
out of it.

Others, wishing to break the poor prodigy's fall,  
Said 'twas known well to all who had studied  
the matter,

<sup>2</sup> Song in "The Padlock."

<sup>3</sup> For an account of the coin called Talents by the ancients, see Budens de Aesc, and the other writers de Re Nummaria.

MOORE'S WORKS.

t only *great* talents but  
 e youngster were clearly  
 d the grave farce with a  
   [massy,  
 ass thus for coinage so  
 olts taken in,  
 Budæus de *Asse*.  
 by degrees was found out,  
 they chose by such fine  
 article—showy, no doubt,  
 rue Attie Talent at all.  
 young enough to repent,  
 ne claims to a grandee  
 erate for once—only sent  
 off to the House of Cor-

TIONS.

OR OF THE ARTICLE OF  
 LAST NUMBER OF THE

And now if King William would make them a  
 present  
 To t'other chaste lady—ye Saints just imagine  
 it!  
 Chief Secs., Lord-Lieutenants, Commanders-in-  
 chief,  
 Might then all be cull'd from the' episcopal  
 benches;  
 While colonels in black would afford some relief  
 From the hue that reminds one of the' old scarlet  
 wench's.  
 Think how fierce at a *charge* (being practis'd  
 therein)  
 The Right Reverend Brigadier Ph—llp—us  
 would slash on!  
 How General Bl—mf—d, through thick and  
 through thin,  
 To the end of the chapter (or chapters) would  
 dash on!  
 For, in one point alone do the amply fed race  
 Of bishops to beggars similitude bear—  
 That, set them on horseback, in full steeple chase,  
 And they'll ride, if not pull'd up in time—you  
 know where.  
 But, bless you, in Ireland, that matters not much.

## NEW GRAND EXHIBITION OF MODELS

OF THE  
TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

COME, step in, gentlefolks, here ye may view  
An exact and nat'ral representation  
(Like Siburn's Model of Waterloo')  
Of the Lords and Commons of this here nation.

There they are—all cut out in cork—  
The "Collective Wisdom" wondrous to see;  
My eyes! when all them heads are at work,  
What a vastly weighty consarn it must be.

As for the "wisdom,"—*that* may come anon;  
Though, to say truth, we sometimes see  
(And I find the phenomenon no uncommon 'un)  
A man who's M. P. with a head that's M. T.

Our Lords are *rather* too small, 'tis true;  
But they do well enough for Cabinet shelves;  
And, besides,—*what's* a man with crecturs to do  
That make such *werry* small figures themselves?

There—don't touch those lords, my pretty dears—  
(*Aside.*)  
Curse the children!—this comes of reforming a  
nation:  
Those meddling young brats have so damag'd my  
peers,  
I must lay in more cork for a new creation.

Them yonder's our bishops—"to whom much is  
given,"  
And who're ready to take as much more as you  
please:  
The seers of old times saw visions of heaven,  
But these holy seers see nothing but Sees.

Like old Atlas<sup>1</sup> (the chap, in Cheapside, there  
below,)  
'Tis for so much *per cent.* they take heaven on  
their shoulders;  
And joy 'tis to know that old High Church and  
Co.,  
Though not capital priests, are such capital-  
holders.

There's one on 'em, Ph—llp—tts, who now is away,  
As we're having him fill'd with bumbustible  
stuff,  
Small crackers and squibs, for a great gala-day,  
When we annually fire his Right Reverence off.

<sup>1</sup> One of the most interesting and curious of all the exhibitions  
of the day.

'Twould do your heart good, ma'am, then to be by,  
When, bursting with gunpowder, 'stead of with  
bile,  
Crack, crack, goes the bishop, while dowagers cry,  
"How like the dear man, both in matter and  
style!"

Should you want a few Peers and M.P.s, to bestow,  
As presents to friends, we can recommend  
these:<sup>2</sup>—

Our nobles are come down to nine-pence, you  
know,  
And we charge but a penny a piece for M.P.s.

Those of *bottle-corks* made take most with the trade,  
(At least, 'mong such as my *Irish* writ summons,)  
Of old *whiskey* corks our O'Connells are made,  
But those we make Shaws and Lefroys of, are  
*rwm* 'uns.

So, step in, gentlefolks, &c. &c.

*Du Capo.*

## ANNOUNCEMENT

OF

A NEW GRAND ACCELERATION COMPANY

FOR THE PROMOTION OF

THE SPEED OF LITERATURE.

LOUD complaints being made, in these quick-read-  
ing times,  
Of too slack a supply, both of prose works and  
rhymes,  
A new Company, form'd on the keep-moving plan,  
First propos'd by the great firm of Catch-'em-who-  
can,  
Beg to say they've now ready, in full wind and  
speed,  
Some fast-going authors, of quite a new breed—  
Such as not he who *runs* but who *gallops* may  
read—  
And who, if well curried and fed, they've no doubt,  
Will beat ev'n Bentley's swift stud out and out.  
It is true, in these days, such a drug is renown,  
We've "Immortals" as rife as M.P.s about town;  
And not a Blue's rout but can off-hand supply  
Some invalid bard who's insur'd "not to die."  
Still, let England but once try *our* authors, she'll  
find  
How fast they'll leave ev'n these Immortals behind;  
And how truly the toils of Alcides were light,  
Compar'd with *his* toil who can read all they write.

<sup>2</sup> The sign of the Insurance Office in Cheapside.  
<sup>3</sup> Producing a bag full of lords and gentlemen.

MOORE'S WORKS.

so gainful the trade,  
 how may be made;  
 want an "Undying One,"  
 continues a Buying One;  
 yet to witness the hour,  
 flying the mare-motive'  
 midst oceans of praise,  
 I, read, and—forgot, in  
 pendous celerity,  
 relief of posterity—  
 the debit of fame,  
 with a name  
 much tickle Tom Tegg  
 second-pric'd Pegasus);  
 more to show how im-  
 kind of pounds, shillings  
 as himself, in our day,  
 at first an *outlay*—  
 sure soon may compare,  
 ent, with our Birmingham  
 er in either of these lines,  
 o it but *shines*,—  
 ll perch'd, pen in hand

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DINNER  
 TO DAN.

FROM tongue to tongue the rumour flew;  
 All ask'd, aghast, "Is't true? is't true?"  
 But none knew whether 'twas fact or fable:  
 And still the unholy rumour ran,  
 From Tory woman to Tory man,  
 Though none to come at the truth was able—  
 Till, lo, at last, the fact came out,  
 The horrible fact, beyond all doubt,  
 That Dan had din'd at the Viceroy's table;  
 Had flesh'd his Popish knife and fork  
 In the heart of the <sup>the</sup>Establish'd mutton and pork!  
 Who can forget the deep sensation  
 That news produc'd in this orthodox nation?  
 Deans, rectors, curates, all agreed,  
 If Dan was allow'd at the Castle to feed,  
 'Twas clearly *all up* with the Protestant creed!  
 There hadn't, indeed, such an apparition  
 Been heard of, in Dublin, since that day  
 When, during the first grand exhibition  
 Of Don Giovanni, that naughty play,  
 There appear'd, as if rais'd by necromancers,  
 An *extra* devil among the dancers!  
 Yes—ev'ry one saw, with fearful thrill,  
 That a devil too much had join'd the quadrille:  
 And sulphur was smelt, and the lamps let fall  
 A grim, green light o'er the ghastly hall

## HOSPITAL FOR SICK LITERATI

umility we beg  
 the public, that Tom Tegg—  
 his spunky speculations,  
 up dead reputations,  
 mode of galvanising  
 must own, is quite surprising,  
 ad authors move again,  
 they still were living men;—  
 o, manag'd in a trice,  
 wo magic words, "Half Price,"  
 rgs the charm so quick about,  
 -out poets, left without  
 'oot whereon to stand,  
 to go at second *hand*;—  
 se the public, we repeat,  
 at Tegg, who works this feat,  
 fore, knows what care it needs  
 ive Fame's invalids,  
 an Hospital, in town,  
 of knock'd-up renown—  
 urses, dangerous Epic *fits*  
 call'd *Cantus*), stabs from wits;  
 l wounds for which they're nurs'd,  
 from publishers, the worst;—  
 and other such fatalities,  
 en to frail immortalities,  
 re so expertly treated,  
 ines, when the cure's completed,  
 it's made robust enough  
 a few more rounds of *puff*,  
 he ghosts of Dante's lay,  
 i into thin air away!

oets (being phenomenons)  
 to mix with low and common 'uns,  
 spital has separate wards,  
 r literary lords,  
 use-peers, of immoderate length,  
 l, when they've outgrown their strength,  
 i, whom their friends despair of,  
 to bed and taken care of.

s to contradict a story,  
 ent both with Whig and Tory,  
 for W—rb—t—n, M.P.,  
 wn for his antipathy,  
 y hate, good man, to all  
 of poets, great and small—  
 that he's been heard to own,  
 most willingly cut down  
 st groves on Pindus' mount,  
 he timber to account!—  
 actually goes, that he  
 s at Tegg's Infirmary;  
 not only stints, for spite,  
 nts in their copy-right,

But that, on being call'd in lately  
 To two sick poets, suffering greatly,  
 This vaticidal Doctor sent them  
 So strong a dose of Jeremy Bentham,  
 That one of the poor bards but cried,  
 "Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" and then died;  
 While t'other, though less stuff was given,  
 Is on his road, 'tis fear'd, to heaven!

Of this event, howe'er unpleasant,  
 Tegg means to say no more at present,—  
 Intending shortly to prepare  
 A statement of the whole affair,  
 With full accounts, at the same time,  
 Of some late cases (prose and rhyme),  
 Subscrib'd with every author's name,  
 That's now on the Sick List of Fame.

## RELIGION AND TRADE.

"Sir Robert Peel believed it was necessary to originate all respecting religion and trade in a Committee of the House."—*Church Extension*, May 22, 1830.

SAY, who was the wag, indecorously witty,  
 Who, first in a statute, this libel convey'd;  
 And thus slyly referr'd to the self-same committee,  
 As matters congenial, Religion and Trade?

Oh surely, my Ph—llp—tts, 'twas thou didst the  
 deed;

For none but thyself, or some pluralist brother,  
 Accustom'd to mix up the craft with the creed,  
 Could bring such a pair thus to twin with each  
 other.

And yet, when one thinks of times present and  
 gone,

One is forc'd to confess, on maturer reflection,  
 That 'tisn't in the eyes of committees alone  
 That the shrine and the shop seem to have  
 some connection.

Not to mention those monarchs of Asia's fair  
 land,

Whose civil list all is in "god-money" paid;  
 And where the whole people, by royal command,  
 Buy their gods at the government mart, ready  
 made; '—

There was also (as mention'd, in rhyme and in  
 prose, is)

Gold heap'd, throughout Egypt, on every shrine,  
 To make rings for right reverend crocodiles'  
 noses— [in thine.  
 Just such as, my Ph—llp—tts, would look well

<sup>1</sup> The Birmanians may not buy the sacred marble in mass, but must purchase figures of the deity already made.—*Birman*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

in this erudite mood;  
t going to regions so sunny,  
the *least* possible good,  
possible quantum of money.

ext, "unto whom much is  
rn, will be also requir'd:"—  
sleek and obese man of

ou will—more will still be

urches!—oh Nimrod, hadst

ension, some shorter way

what methods we mount to

ntension, the feat had been

SINGS,

E LATE PROMOTION OF  
ETHERCOAT.

appointed gaoler of Loughrea, in the

When of red coats the number's grown so small  
That soon, to cheer the warlike parson's eyes,  
No glimpse of scarlet will be seen at all,  
Save that which she of Babylon supplies;—  
Or, at the most, a corporal's guard will be,  
Of Ireland's *red* defence the sole remains;  
While of its gaols bright woman keeps the key,  
And captive Paddies languish in her chains!

Long may such lot be Erin's, long be mine!  
Oh yes—if ev'n this world, though bright it shine  
In Wisdom's eyes a prison-house must be,  
At least let woman's hand our fetters twine,  
And blithe I'll sing, more joyous than if free,  
The Nethercoats, the Nethercoats for me!

INTENDED TRIBUTE

TO THE

AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE IN THE LAST NUMBER  
OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

ENTITLED

"ROMANISM IN IRELAND."

It glads us much to be able to say,  
That a meeting is fix'd, for some early day,

must say, the Sisters Blue  
 cate taste and judgment too.  
 ; the poor man suffering greatly  
 wful stuff he has thrown up lately —  
 , indeed, to the alarm of all,  
 on a fit of what doctors call  
 pistico-monomania  
 with such a long word to detain ye),  
 ed the part of a kind physician,  
 their gift to the patient's condition;  
 n as 'tis ready for presentation,  
 blish the facts, for the gratification  
 lly-favour'd and Protestant nation.

to the great alarm of his neighbours,  
 tinues his *Quarterly* labours;  
 as strong No-Popery fits,  
 ten his old nurse out of her wits.  
 he screams, like Scrub in the play,<sup>1</sup>  
 Jesuits! Popery!" night and day;  
 rinter's Devil for Doctor Dens,<sup>2</sup>  
 it him heaps of High-Church pens;<sup>3</sup>  
 Devil (himself a touchy Dissenter)  
 his hide, like arrows, enter.  
 wallowing wholesome stuff from the  
 gist's,  
 raving of "Irish Thuggists;"<sup>4</sup>  
 y all go murd'ring, for fun,  
 f morn till set of sun,  
 s fast as a minute-gun!<sup>5</sup>  
 w comes it the gown and cassock are  
 ; 'mid this general massacre —  
 t that Pat's own population  
 : the more for this trucidation —  
 n, for all such memoranda,  
 :hives of the Propaganda!"<sup>6</sup>

we've got, for the present, to say —  
 ke up the subject some future day.

#### DINNER OF TYPE AND CO.

##### A POOR POET'S DREAM.<sup>7</sup>

my study, lone and still,  
 ' Sergeant Talfourd's Bill,  
 ech by Lawyer Sugden made,  
 ignial, for "the Trade,"

lagem.  
 of the article has groped about, with much success,  
 "the dark recesses of Dr. Dens's disquisitions." —  
 w.

we ask, has there been any rebellious movement  
 land, since the planting of the Ulster colonies, in  
 g of the kind was not visible among the Presby-  
 orth?" — *Ibid.*

Sudden I sunk to sleep, and, lo,  
 Upon Fancy's reinless night-mare flitting,  
 I found myself, in a second or so,  
 At the table of Messrs. Type and Co.  
 With a goodly group of diners sitting;—  
 All in the printing and publishing line,  
 Drest, I thought, extremely fine,  
 And sipping, like lords, their rosy wine;  
 While I, in a state near inanition,  
 With coat that hadn't much nap to spare  
 (Having just gone into its second edition),  
 Was the only wretch of an author there.

But think, how great was my surprise,  
 When I saw, in casting round my eyes,  
 That the dishes, sent up by Type's she-cooks,  
 Bore all, in appearance, the shape of books;  
 Large folios — God knows where they got 'em,  
 In these *small* times — at top and bottom;  
 And quartos (such as the Press provides  
 For no one to read them) down the sides.  
 Then flash'd a horrible thought on my brain,  
 And I said to myself, "'Tis all too plain;  
 "Like those, well known in school quotations,  
 "Who ate up for dinner their own relations,  
 "I see now, before me, smoking here,  
 "The bodies and bones of my brethren dear; —  
 "Bright sons of the lyric and epic Muse,  
 "All cut up in cutlets, or hash'd in stews;  
 "Their *works*, a light through ages to go,  
 "Themselves, eaten up by Type and Co.!"

While thus I moralis'd, on they went,  
 Finding the fare most excellent;  
 And all so kindly, brother to brother,  
 Helping the titbits to each other;  
 "A slice of Southey let me send you" —  
 "This cut of Campbell I recommend you" —  
 "And here, my friends, is a treat indeed,  
 "The immortal Wordsworth fricassee'd!"

Thus having, the cormorants, fed some time,  
 Upon joints of poetry — all of the prime —  
 With also (as Type in a whisper averr'd it)  
 "Cold prose on the sideboard, for such as pre-  
 ferr'd it" —

They rested awhile, to recruit their force,  
 Then pounc'd, like kites, on the second course,  
 Which was singing-birds merely — Moore and  
 others —  
 Who all went the way of their larger brothers;

<sup>4</sup> "Lord Lorton, for instance, who, for clearing his estate of a  
 village of Irish Thuggists," &c. &c. — *Quarterly Review*.

<sup>5</sup> "Observe how murder after murder is committed like minute-  
 guns." — *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> "Might not the archives of the Propaganda possibly supply the  
 key?"

<sup>7</sup> Written during the late agitation of the question of Copyright.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ough such songsters be,  
 essing to see  
 s—Moore, Dibdin, Bayly,—  
 o. so gaily!

— I shudder to think  
 clos'd when they came to

as every one knows,  
 skulls of slaughter'd foes:  
 o my horror I found,  
 sent merrily round.  
 fill'd cranium came,  
 o its owner's name;  
 'midst general laughter,  
 then drink to them after."

this — incens'd I broke  
 p, and indignant woke,  
 es of other times,  
 and, like deathless chimes,  
 foretold a day would be,  
 reams should live to see  
 honest John Bills  
 er in poets skulls!"

EXTENSION.

He manfully answer'd, " Let us build the shrine  
 " And we care not if flocks are found for the  
 or not."

He then added — to show that the Silversmid  
 Guild

Were above all confin'd and intolerant views.  
 " Only *pay* through the nose to the altars we build  
 " You may *pray* through the nose to what altar  
 you choose."

This tolerance, rare from a shrine-dealer's lip,  
 (Though a tolerance mix'd with due taste for  
 the till) —

So much charm'd all the holders of scriptural scrip  
 That their shouts of " Hear! " " Hear! " are re-  
 echoing still.

*Fourth edition.*

Great stir in the Shrine Market! altars to *Phoebus*  
 Are going dog-cheap — may be had for a rebus.  
 Old Dian's, as usual, outsell all the rest; —  
 But Venus's also are much in request.

LATEST ACCOUNTS FROM OLYMPUS.

As news from Olympus has grown rather rare,  
 Since bards, in their cruises, have ceased to board  
 there,

We extract for our readers the 'intelligence given.



other small facts, well deserving attention,  
our Olympic despatches make mention.  
Thus is still very ill, they allege,  
never recover'd the Temperance Pledge.  
The Irish!" he cried—"those I look'd to  
be most!  
I give up the *spirit*, I give up the ghost:"  
omus, who us'd of the gods to make fun,  
Socialist now, and declares there are none!

Changes, though curious, are all a mere  
truce,  
I to the new "casus belli" of Mars,  
Five years, has been suffering the horrors of  
war,  
And by one glimmer of bloodshed or riot!  
From the clouds his belligerent brow  
Peep forth, in hopes that somewhere or  
somewhere,  
At a fair, he might "coax up a row:"  
The joke wouldn't take—the whole world had  
Gone wiser;  
I not to take a Great Gun for adviser;  
I less, to march in fine clothes to be shot,  
Very well knowing for whom or for what.  
Nay, who of slaughter had had their full  
filling,  
Content with a shot, now and then, at their  
expense;  
In England, good fighting's a pastime so  
easy to gain,  
I left to fight *with*, but Lord C—rd—g—n.

Useless to say, then, how monstrously happy  
I have been made by what's now on the *tapis*;  
Which it delights him to see the French rally,  
The name, around Mehemet Ali;  
Owing that Satan himself could not find  
Reason of mischief much more to his mind  
Than old Bonnet Rouge and the Bashaw com-  
ing in'd.  
Well, too, he knows, that there ne'er were  
any attackers,  
For their cause, that they didn't find backers;  
My slight care for Humanity's woes  
Proved by that "Art Diplomatique," which  
I have  
I come, in the most approv'd method, to  
do so.

Well, for to-day—whether Mars is much vexed  
By Thiers's exit, we'll know by our next.

arts of the *Provinciales* may be said to be of the highest  
in *d'esprit*, or equiva.  
stroll in the metropolis is extremely well contrived for

## THE TRIUMPHS OF FARCE.

OUR earth, as it rolls through the regions of space,  
Wears always two faces, the dark and the sunny;  
And poor human life runs the same sort of race,  
Being sad, on one side—on the other side, funny.

Thus oft we, at eve, to the Haymarket hie,  
To weep o'er the woes of Macready;—but scarce  
Hath the tear-drop of Tragedy pass'd from the eye,  
When, lo, we're all laughing in fits at the Farce.

And still let us laugh—preach the world as it  
may—  
Where the cream of the joke is, the swarm will  
soon follow;  
Heroics are very grand things, in their way,  
But the laugh at the long run will carry it hollow.

For instance, what sermon on human affairs  
Could equal the scene that took place t'other day  
"Twixt Romeo and Louis Philippe, on the stairs—  
The Sublime and Ridiculous meeting half-way!

Yes, Jocus! gay god, whom the Gentiles supplied,  
And whose worship not ev'n among Christians  
declines,  
In our senate thou'et languish'd since Sheridan  
died,  
But Sydney still keeps thee alive in our shrines.

Rare Sydney! thrice honour'd the stall where he  
sits,  
And be his every honour he deigneth to climb at!  
Had England a hierarchy form'd all of wits,  
Who but Sydney would England proclaim as  
its primate?

And long may he flourish, frank, merry and brave—  
A Horace to hear, and a Pascal to read;<sup>1</sup>  
While he *laughs*, all is safe, but, when Sydney  
grows grave,  
We shall then think the Church is in danger *indeed*.

Meanwhile, it much glads us to find he's preparing  
To teach *other* bishops to "seek the right way;"<sup>2</sup>  
And means shortly to treat the whole bench to an  
airing,  
Just such as he gave to Charles James t'other  
day.

For our parts, though gravity's good for the soul,  
Such a fancy have we for the side that there's  
fun on,  
We'd rather with Sydneysouth-west take a "stroll,"  
Than *couch* it north-east with his Lordship of  
Lannun.

your Lordship's speech; but suppose, my dear Lord, that instead  
of going E. and N.E. you had turned about," &c. &c. — *BRUNNEN*  
*Burra's Last Letter to the Bishop of London.*

MOORE'S WORKS.

ON PATRONS, PUFFS, AND  
OTHER MATTERS.

EPISTLE FROM T. M. TO S. R.

My friend! a man of rhymes,  
Or still, a man of guineas,  
"Patrons," in these times,  
Authors thrive, like spinning jennies,  
Light's twist and Bulwer's page  
Laugh at patronage!

Those times are pass'd away,  
Loom'd in upper floors to star it,  
Scrib'd to lords his lay,—  
The while, my Lord Mountgarret,  
Begs, with air dependent,  
"Mark may sail attendant"  
The lordly skipper's steerage;  
And triumphant in the Row,  
Murray's self in tow,  
Star Chamber and the peerage.

Speed! when scarce a sail  
From England by the gale,  
On board some authors, shipp'd  
Shores, all well-equipp'd  
With book-making machinery,  
The morals, manners, scenery,  
Lands as they shall see,  
Is the case may be:—  
Bin'd on all who go

The Muse, now, taking to the till,  
Has open'd shop on Ludgate Hill  
(Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,  
As seen from bard's back attic window  
And swallowing there without cessati  
Large draughts (*at sight*) of inspirati  
Touches the notes for each new theme  
While still fresh "*change* comes o'er her

What Steam is on the deep—and mo  
Is the vast power of Puff on shore;  
Which jumps to glory's future tenses  
Before the present even commences;  
And makes "immortal" and "divine  
Before the world has read one line of

In old times, when the God of Song  
Drove his own two-horse team along,  
Carrying inside a bard or two,  
Book'd for posterity "all through;"—  
Their luggage, a few close-pack'd rhym  
(Like yours, my friend,) for after-times  
So slow the pull to Fame's abode,  
That folks oft slept upon the road;—  
And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,  
Took to his nightcap on the way.<sup>1</sup>

Ye Gods! how different is the story  
With our new galloping sons of glory,  
Who, scorning all such slack and slow t

## EFFECTS ON MISCHIEF.

BY LORD STANLEY.

(FIRST ATTEMPT IN VERSE.)

"Hail, be thou my good."

MILTON.

are the inspirations  
 men, in different nations!  
 attempts to good or evil,  
 Muse, some raise the devil  
 that pink of sages,  
 none, on board wages,  
 with him incog.,  
 as give his wits a jog.  
 in our day, we know,  
 lays of imps below,  
 from that nameless spot,  
 is, hot and hot.

re old L—nd—st's doings—  
 Hecate's "hell-broth" brewings—  
 Stanley, but my will,  
 mischief prettier still;  
 bining boyhood's tricks  
 arrest politics;  
 breaks, the veteran's gall,  
 c'd, and matchless all;  
 nought in history reaches  
 I, when first in breeches!

Goddess multiform,  
 a, witch-like, rid'st the storm,  
 de cockhorse behind thee—  
 key could they find thee.  
 as I'm well aware,  
 done, you care not where,  
 nost my fancy tickle  
 to play the Pickle;  
 edit for inventing  
 method of tormenting—  
 all the Stanley fashion,  
 I Ireland in a passion;  
 the mixture due  
 insult too;  
 tears upon't  
 Stanley's brazen front.

told, means land of Ire;  
 so, none need inquire,  
 millions, martial, manly,  
 us by me, Lord St—nl—y.  
 e breeze I scent  
 coming devilment;  
 re more stirring far  
 um or the Sulphur war,  
 rug ferments are.  
 to this Tory soul  
 pests, from pole to pole,  
 swelter'd venom" got  
 eland's "charmed pot;"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>er'd venom, sleeping got,  
 you first i' the charmed pot."

And, thanks to practice on that land,  
 I stir it with a master-hand.  
 Again thou'lt see, when forth hath gone  
 The War-Church-cry, "On, Stanley, on!"  
 How Caravats and Shanavests  
 Shall swarm from out their mountain nests,  
 With all their merry moonlight brothers,  
 To whom the Church (*step-dame* to others)  
 Hath been the best of nursing mothers.  
 Again o'er Erin's rich domain  
 Shall Rockites and right reverends reign;  
 And both, exempt from vulgar toil,  
 Between them share that titheful soil;  
 Puzzling ambition *which* to climb at,  
 The post of Captain, or of Primate.

And so, long life to Church and Co.—  
 Hurrah for mischief!—here we go.

EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN ROCK TO  
LORD L—NDH—T.

DEAR L—ndh—t, —you'll pardon my making thus  
 free,—

But form is all fudge 'twixt such "comrogues" as we,  
 Who, whate'er the smooth views we, in public,  
 may drive at,

Have both the same praiseworthy object, in private—  
 Namely, never to let the old regions of riot,  
 Where Rock hath long reign'd, have one instant  
 of quiet,

But keep Ireland still in that liquid we've taught her  
 To love more than meat, drink, or clothing—*hot  
 water.*

All the difference betwixt you and me, as I take it,  
 Is simply, that *you* make the law and *I* break it;  
 And never, of big-wigs and small, were there two  
 Play'd so well into each other's hands as we do;  
 Inasmuch, that the laws you and yours manufacture,  
 Seem all made express for the Rock-boys to fracture.  
 Not Birmingham's self—to her shame be it spoken—  
 E'er made things more neatly contriv'd to be broken;  
 And hence, I confess, in this island religious,  
 The breakage of laws—and of heads is prodigious.

And long may it thrive, my Ex-Bigwig, say I,—  
 Though, of late, much I fear'd all our fun was  
 gone by;

As, except when some tithe-hunting parson show'd  
 sport,

Some rector—a cool hand at pistols and port,  
 Who "keeps dry" his powder, but never *himself*—  
 One who, leaving his Bible to rust on the shelf,  
 Sends his pious texts home, in the shape of ball-  
 cartridges,

Shooting his "dearly beloved," like partridges;—

MOORE'S WORKS.

of this sort turn'd out,  
t, flaming, its tithe-writs<sup>1</sup>

I may say, without flattery,  
ght of for bloodshed and

ght be proud, I allow,  
a receipt for a *row* ;—  
ming up, now and then,  
the dullest of men ;  
been allow'd to increase,  
self down to a Justice of

in Church and in State  
s I most cordially hate ;  
isters do as they like,  
with your wig and my pike,  
up on t'other, henceforth,  
Captains and Chancellors

r—even already Hope sees  
Baron, to kick up a breeze  
, such as suits me and you,  
sole compass of party right

ng, as all the world knows,  
from what quarter it blows.  
that thus rudely I dare  
with thine to compare :

For, bless them! if 'twasn't for this wrong-head  
crew,

You and I, Terry Alt, would scarce know what to do  
So ready they're always, when dull we are growin'  
To set our old concert of discord a-going.

While L—ndh—t's the lad, with his Tory-Whig face  
To play, in such concert, the true *double-base*.  
I had fear'd this old prop of my realm was beginnin'  
To tire of his course of political sinning.  
And, like Mother Cole, when her heyday was pas  
Meant, by way of a change, to try virtue at last.  
But I wrong'd the old boy, who as staunchly detid  
All reform in himself as in most things besides ;  
And, by using *two* faces through life, all allow,  
Has acquir'd face sufficient for *anything* now.

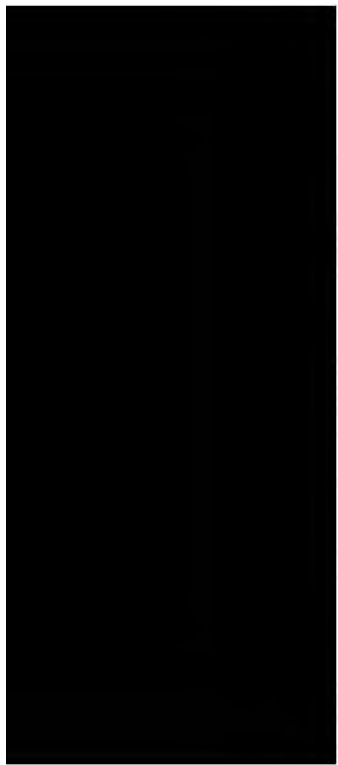
In short, he's all right; and, if mankind's old foe  
My "Lord Harry" himself—who's the leader  
we know,

Of another red-hot Opposition, below—  
If that "Lord," in his well-known discernment  
but spares

Me and L—ndh—t, to look after Ireland's affair  
We shall soon such a region of devilment make it  
That Old Nick himself for his own may mistake it

Even already—long life to such Big-wigs, say I,  
For, as long as they flourish, we Rocks cannot die—  
He has serv'd our right riotous cause by a speed  
Whose perfection of mischief he only could reach  
As it shows off both *his* and *my* merits alike.

THE EPICUREAN.



## P R E F A C E.

THIS Story was intended originally to be told in verse; and a great portion of it was at first written in that form. This fact, as well as the character, perhaps, of the whole work, which a good deal partakes of the cast and colouring of poetry, have been thought sufficient to entitle it to a place in this general collection of my poetical writings.

How little akin to romance or poesy were some of the circumstances under which this work was first projected by me, the reader may have seen from a preceding preface\*; and the following rough outline, which I have found among my papers, dated Paris, July 25, 1820, will show both my first general conception, or fore-shadowing of the story, and likewise the extent to which I thought right, in afterwards working out this design, to reject or modify some of its details.

"Began my Egyptian Poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it. The story to be told in letters from a young Epicurean philosopher, who, in the second century of the Christian era, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the elixir of immortality, which is supposed to be one of the secrets of the Egyptian priests. During a Festival on the Nile, he meets with a beautiful maiden, the daughter of one of the priests lately dead. He enters the catacombs, and disappears. He rovers around the spot, and at last finds the well and secret passages, &c. by which those who are initiated enter. He sees this maiden in one of those theatrical spectacles which formed a part of the subterranean Elysium of the Pyramids — finds opportunities of conversing with her — their intercourse in this mysterious region described. They are discovered; and he is thrown into those subterranean pri-

sons, where they who violate the rules of Initiation are confined. He is liberated from thence by the young maiden, and taking flight together, they reach some beautiful region, where they linger, for a time, delighted, and she is near becoming a victim to his arts. But taking alarm, she flies; and seeks refuge with a Christian monk, in the Thebaid, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had consigned her in dying. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians takes place, and she is seized (chiefly through the unintentional means of her lover), and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described, in a letter from the Solitary of the Thebaid, and the attempt made by the young philosopher to rescue her. He is carried off from thence to the cell of the Solitary. His letters from that retreat, after he has become a Christian, devoting his thoughts entirely to repentance and the recollection of the beloved saint who had gone before him. — If I don't make something out of all this, the deuce is in't."

According to this plan, the events of the story were to be told in Letters, or Epistolary Poems, addressed by the philosopher to a young Athenian friend; but, for greater variety, as well as convenience, I afterwards distributed the task of narration among the chief personages of the Tale. The great difficulty, however, of managing, in rhyme, the minor details of a story so as to be clear without growing prosaic, and still more, the diffuse length to which I saw narration in verse would extend, deterred me from following this plan any further; and I then commenced the tale anew in its present shape.

Of the Poems written for my first experiment, a few specimens, the best I could select,

\* Preface to "The Loves of the Angels."

## MOORE'S WORKS.

prose story; but the  
aside, and nearly for-  
nce, when a circum-  
teristic, perhaps, of  
a has now converted  
arket, again called my  
late Mr. Macrone, to  
enterprise in business  
bear ready testimony,  
at I should undertake  
or Story, affording  
ion as might call into  
Mr. Turner. Other  
ad rendered my com-  
npracticable; and he  
thoughts of attaining  
ing from me acciden-  
a was still my own  
purchase of me the  
e a single illustrated

by him being most  
to the proposed ar-  
rther consideration,  
ty in the way of our

to form a volume of such dimensions as would  
yield any hope of defraying the cost of the  
numerous illustrations then intended for it.  
Some modification, therefore, of our terms was  
thought necessary; and then first was the  
notion suggested to me of bringing forth from  
among my papers the original sketch, or open-  
ing of the story, and adding these fragments,  
as a sort of make-weight, in the mutual adjust-  
ment of our terms.

That I had myself regarded the first experi-  
ment as a failure, was sufficiently shown by  
my relinquishment of it. But, as the published  
work had then passed through several editions,  
and had been translated into most of the lan-  
guages of Europe, it was thought that an in-  
sight into the anxious process by which such  
success had been attained, might, as an encou-  
ragement, at least, to the humble merit of  
painstaking, be deemed of some little use.

The following are the translations of this  
Tale which have reached me: viz. two in  
French, two in Italian (Milan, 1836 — Venice,  
1835), one in German (Inspruc, 1828), and one  
in Dutch, by M. Herman van Loghem (De-



# THE EPICUREAN.

A TALE.

TO

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE WHO ADMIRES HIS CHARACTER AND TALENTS, AND IS PROUD OF HIS FRIENDSHIP.

A

## LETTER TO THE TRANSLATOR,

FROM

\_\_\_\_\_, Esq.

Cairo, June 19, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

DURING a visit lately paid by me to the monastery of St. Macarius—which is situated, as you know, in the Valley of the Lakes of Natron—I was lucky enough to obtain possession of a curious Greek manuscript which, in the hope that you may be induced to translate it, I herewith transmit to you. Observing one of the monks very busily occupied in tearing up into a variety of fantastic shapes some papers which had the appearance of being the leaves of old books, I inquired of him the meaning of his task, and received the following explanation:—

The Arabs, it seems, who are as fond of pigeons as the ancient Egyptians, have a superstitious notion that, if they place in their pigeon-houses small scraps of paper, written over with learned characters, the birds are always sure to thrive the better for the charm; and the monks, who are never slow in profiting by superstition, have, at all times, a supply of such amulets for purchasers.

In general, the fathers of the monastery have been in the habit of scribbling these fragments themselves; but a discovery lately made by them, saves all this trouble. Having dug up (as my informant stated) a chest of old manuscripts, which, being chiefly on the subject of alchemy, must have been buried in the time of Dioclesian, "we thought," added the monk, "that we could not employ such rubbish more properly, than in

tearing it up, as you see, for the pigeon-houses of the Arabs."

On my expressing a wish to rescue some part of these treasures from the fate to which his indolent fraternity had consigned them, he produced the manuscript which I have now the pleasure of sending you—the only one, he said, remaining entire—and I very readily paid the price which he demanded for it.

You will find the story, I think, not altogether uninteresting; and the coincidence, in many respects, of the curious details in Chap. VI. with the description of the same ceremonies in the Romance of *Sethos*<sup>1</sup>, will, I have no doubt, strike you. Hoping that you may be induced to give a translation of this Tale to the world,

I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

## THE EPICUREAN.

### CHAPTER I.

It was in the fourth year of the reign of the late Emperor Valerian, that the followers of Epicurus, who were at that time numerous in Athens, proceeded to the election of a person to fill the vacant Chair of their sect;—and, by the unanimous voice of the School, I was the individual chosen for their Chief. I was just then entering on my twenty-fourth year, and no instance had ever before oc-

<sup>1</sup> The description, here alluded to, may also be found, copied verbatim from *Sethos*, in the "Voyages d'Antenor."—In that Philosophical romance, called "La Vie de Sethos," says War-

burton, "we find a much juster account of old Egyptian wisdom, than in all the pretended 'Histoire du Ciel.'"—*Des. Leg. book. iv. sect. 14.*

## MOORE'S WORKS.

ing being selected for that  
ver, and the personal ad-  
uld not but rank among  
mendations to a sect that  
e all the beauty as well  
which, though dignifying  
e of philosophy, was little  
ext for the more refined

sect had, indeed, much  
of its wise and virtuous  
erted that Pleasure is the  
o that Good is the only  
ourer part of this doctrine  
the temperate Epicurus  
ognised his own sect in  
d voluptuaries who now  
would have known his  
e luxurious groves and  
meetings of the School

d, at this period, besides  
doctrines, to render our  
popular of any that still  
cece. It may generally  
valence, in one half of a  
notions on the subject of  
posite extreme of laxity  
r; and this kind of re-  
mainly contributed to

to his memory the twentieth day of every month.  
To these monthly rites had, for some time, been  
added a grand annual Festival, in commemoration  
of his birth. The feasts given on this occasion by  
my predecessors in the Chair, had been invariably  
distinguished for their taste and splendour; and it  
was my ambition, not merely to imitate this ex-  
ample, but even to render the anniversary, now  
celebrated under my auspices, so lively and bril-  
liant as to efface the recollection of all that had  
preceded it.

Seldom, indeed, had Athens witnessed so bright  
a scene. The grounds that formed the original  
site of the Garden had received, from time to time,  
considerable additions; and the whole extent was  
now laid out with that perfect taste, which under-  
stands how to wed Nature with Art, without sa-  
crificing any of her simplicity to the alliance.  
Walks, leading through wildernesses of shade and  
fragrance—glades, opening, as if to afford a play-  
ground for the sunshine—temples, rising on the  
very spots where Imagination herself would have  
called them up, and fountains and lakes, in alter-  
nate motion and repose, either wantonly courting  
the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace—  
such was the variety of features that diversified  
these fair gardens; and, animated as they were  
on this occasion, by all the living wit and love-  
ness of Athens, it afforded a scene such as my  
own youthful fancy, rich as it was then in images

oration to the memory of our Master (in which it was usual to dwell upon the doctrines he had inculcated), endeavoured to attain that art, so useful before such an audience, of lending to the gravest subjects a charm, which secures them listeners even among the simplest and most volatile.

Though study, as may be supposed, engrossed but little the nights or mornings of the Garden, yet all the lighter parts of learning—that portion of its Attic honey, for which the bee is not compelled to go very deep into the flower—was somewhat zealously cultivated by us. Even here, however, the young student had to encounter that kind of distraction, which is, of all others, the least favourable to composure of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the Garden, taking his picture from the life, thus described:—

“As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,  
That temple threw its lengthening shade,  
Upon the marble steps below  
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,  
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;  
While, by her side, the youthful Sage  
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,  
They should o'er-shadow all the page.”

But it was for the evening of that day, that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the Garden was illuminated, with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the Lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre.

Between two of these boats a mock combat was perpetually carried on;—their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros: the former, the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit, which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the whole evening their conflict was maintain'd with various success; the timid distance at which Eros kept aloof from his lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other assailed him, but which, falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the few flowers on which they fell, and were extinguished.

In another part of the gardens, on a wide glade, illuminated only by the moon, was performed an imitation of the torch-race of the Panathenæa by young boys chosen for their fleetness, and arrayed with wings, like Cupids; while, not far off, a group of seven nymphs, with each a star on her forehead, represented the movements of the planetary choir, and embodied the dream of Pythagoras into real motion and song.

At every turning some new enchantment broke unexpectedly on the eye or ear; and now, from the

depth of a dark grove, from which a fountain at the same time issued, there came a strain of sweet music, which, mingling with the murmur of the water, seemed like the voice of the spirit that presided over its flow;—while, at other times, the same strain appeared to come breathing from among flowers, or was heard suddenly from under ground, as if the foot had just touched some spring that set its melody in motion.

It may seem strange that I should now dwell upon all these trifling details; but they were to me full of the future; and everything connected with that memorable night—even its long repented follies—must for ever live fondly and sacredly in my memory. The festival concluded with a banquet, at which, as master of the Sect, I presided; and being, myself, in every sense, the ascendant spirit of the whole scene, gave life to all around me, and saw my own happiness reflected in that of others.

## CHAPTER II.

THE festival was over;—the sounds of the song and dance had ceased, and I was now left in those luxurious gardens, alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy;—an imagination that, even in the midst of mirth and happiness, presented saddening thoughts, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with Passion; and not even in the fullest fervour of the latter were they ever separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and annihilation came to mingle themselves with even the most smiling scenes through which love and enjoyment led me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy thoughts. For, shut out, as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of earthly delight assumed, in my eyes, a mournful preciousness; and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death.

This very night my triumph, my happiness, had seemed complete. I had been the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the rich cup for which they thirsted. Looked up to as I was by the learned, and admired and loved by the beautiful and the young, I had seen, in every eye that met mine, either the acknowledgment of bright triumphs already won, or the promise of others, still brighter, that awaited me. Yet, even

MOORE'S WORKS.

the same dark thoughts  
 s; — the perishableness  
 me had recurred every  
 ose hands I had prest —  
 I seen sparkling a spirit  
 ht never to die — those  
 eternal love — all, all I  
 y of the moment, and  
 rnal but the silence of

sad voice,  
 irth to say,  
 most rejoice,  
 earth-worm's prey; —  
 y this —  
 mm'd with bias,  
 y soul  
 the whole,  
 eaven, and be,  
 dity!

I gave of my own feel-  
 assionate songs, to which  
 melancholy, in a spirit so  
 irth.

art so fully surrendered  
 e sadness as at that very  
 ed thoughtfully among  
 vers of the banquet, the  
 all that now sounded,  
 s had lately been revell-  
 l up, the morning had

as to leave behind it the impression of reality,  
 thus presented itself to my mind. I found myself  
 suddenly transported to a wide and desolate plain,  
 where nothing appeared to breathe, or move, or  
 live. The very sky that hung above it looked  
 pale and extinct, giving the idea, not of darkness,  
 but of light that had become dead; — and had  
 that whole region been the remains of some older  
 world, left broken up and sunless, it could not  
 have presented an aspect more quenched and  
 desolate. The only thing that bespoke life  
 throughout this melancholy waste, was a small  
 spark of light, that at first glimmered in the  
 distance, but, at length, slowly approached the  
 bleak spot where I stood. As it drew nearer, I  
 could see that its small but steady gleam came  
 from a taper in the hand of an ancient and vener-  
 able man, who now stood, like a pale messenger  
 from the grave, before me. After a few moments  
 of awful silence, during which he looked at me  
 with a sadness that thrilled my very soul, he said  
 "Thou, who seekest eternal life, go unto the  
 shores of the dark Nile — go unto the shores of  
 the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life  
 thou seekest!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than the  
 deathlike hue of his cheek at once brightened into  
 a smile of more than earthly promise; while the  
 small torch he held in his hand sent forth a glow  
 of radiance, by which suddenly the whole surface

—touching, as it did, a chord so ready — should have affected me with more airy power, and even sunk deeper into my with every effort I made to forget it. I mock at my own weakness; — such is seldom sincere. In vain did I accustom pleasures. Their zest was, or ever new; but still, in the midst of enjoyment, came the cold and saddening sense of mortality, and, with it, the recollection that visionary promise, to which my defiance of reason, still continued to

indulging in reveries, that were little continuation of my dream, I even contemplated the possible existence of some mighty youth, if not perpetuated, might be prolonged, and that dreadful vicinity within whose circle love pines and ickens, might be for a while averted. "I would ask, " but that in Egypt, a land of wonders, where Mystery hath yet cut half her treasures — where still re-echoed, upon the pillars of Seth, so many secrets of the antediluvian world — I will but that some powerful charm, some airy there lie hid, whose discovery, as soon hath promised, but awaits my some compound of the same pure atoms, the essence of the living stars, and is inscribed upon the frame of man might be also unfading and immortal!"

And only did I sometimes speculate, in these moods of mind, when the life of excitement in which I was engaged, acting upon a bright and vivid fancy, produced an intoxicating spirit, during which I was not wholly free from this bewilderment, too, was not a little by the constant struggle I experienced between my own natural feelings, and the cold, creed of my sect — in endeavouring to break through whose deadening bondage I but broke the realms of fantasy and romance. In my soberest moments, however, that vision for ever haunted me; and every endeavour to chase it from my recollection was vain. The deliberate conclusion, therefore, I at last came, was, that to visit Egypt was my only resource; that, without seeing the wonders, I could not rest, nor, until I was cured of my folly by disappointment, be at ease. Without delay, accordingly, I announced to my friends of the Garden, the intention I had formed to pay a visit to the land of Egypt. To none of them, however, did I dare to

confess the vague, visionary impulse that actuated me; — knowledge being the object that I alleged, while Pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interests of the School, it was feared, might suffer by my absence; and there were some tenderer ties, which had still more to fear from separation. But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedy was provided; while the latter a skilful distribution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, I set sail in the summer of the year 257, A. D., for Alexandria.

### CHAPTER III

To one, who so well knew how to extract pleasure from every moment on land, a sea-voyage, however smooth and favourable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often, indeed, did my imagination, in passing some isle of those seas, people it with fair forms and loving hearts, to which most willingly would I have paused to offer homage. But the wind blew direct towards the land of Mystery; and, still more, I heard a voice within me, whispering for ever, "On."

As we approached the coast of Egypt, our course became less prosperous; and we had a specimen of the benevolence of the divinities of the Nile, in the shape of a storm, or rather whirlwind, which had nearly sunk our vessel, and which the Egyptians on board declared to be the work of their deity, Typhon. After a day and night of danger, during which we were driven out of our course to the eastward, some benigner influence prevailed above; and, at length, as the morning freshly broke, we saw the beautiful city of Alexandria rising from the sea, with its proud Palace of Kings, its portico of four hundred columns, and the fair Pillar of Pillars<sup>1</sup>, towering in the midst to heaven.

After passing in review this splendid vision, we shot rapidly round the Rock of Pharos, and, in a few minutes, found ourselves in the harbour of Ennostus. The sun had risen, but the light on the Great Tower of the Rock was still burning; and there was a languor in the first waking movements of that voluptuous city — whose houses and temples lay shining in silence around the harbour — that sufficiently attested the festivities of the preceding night.

We were soon landed on the quay; and, as I

perly, perhaps. "The Column of the Pillars." Vide relation de l'Égypte and the notes of M. de Saey. The monument is now standing, and is the same as the one which surrounded this column (formerly designated Pompey's,

but now known to have been erected in honour of Dioclesian) was still standing, M. de Saey says, in the time of Saladin. Vide Lord Valentia's Travels.

MOORE'S WORKS.

a line of palaces and shrines, up leads from the sea to the Gate of Athens, I yet felt a glow of admiration around me, which its novelty, its magnificence, inspired. Nor the delights, which such a city the least of the considerations fancy dwelt. On the contrary, and me seemed prophetic of love the very forms of the architecture, imagination, appeared to call up grace; and even the dim seclusion and groves spoke only of tender mind. As the whole brightated around me, I felt that though enable me to lengthen life, she next best art — that of multiplying

of Alexandria', at this period, most motley miscellany of nations, acts, that had ever been brought city. Beside the school of the st was seen the oratory of the while the church of the Christian d, over the crypts of the Egyptian. Here, the adorer of Fire, from l at the less elegant superstition r of cats, from the West. Here had learned to emulate the pious

arrival, of the fierce rancour and hate with the Greek and Latin churchmen were then cutting each other, because, forsooth, the one on the seventh day of the week, and the other fasted upon the fourth and sixth!

To none, however, of these different creeds, except in as far as they furnished food for ridicule, had I time to pay much attention. Now in the most luxurious city of the universe accordingly gave way, without reserve, to various seductions that surrounded me, my reputation, both as a philosopher and a poet, had preceded my coming; and Alexandria, the second Athens of the world, welcomed me as her own. I found my celebrity, act as a talisman, that opened all heaven's doors at my approach. The usual novelty of acquaintance was dispensed with in my case, and not only intimacies, but loves and friendships ripened as rapidly in my path, as vegetation springs up where the Nile has flowed. The beauty of the Egyptian women<sup>2</sup> possessed a novelty in my eyes that enhanced its charms; and the hue left by the sun on their rounded cheeks seemed but an earnest of genial ardour he must have kindled in their hearts—

<sup>1</sup>The 'imbrowning of the fruit, that tells,  
<sup>2</sup>How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells.

st revels, conducted still more to deepen som.

celebration of the annual festival of Serapis d to take place during my stay, and I re than once, induced to mingle with the lititudes that flocked to the shrine at : on the occasion. Day and night, as this festival lasted, the great canal, which n Alexandria to Canopus, was covered ats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all g to avail themselves of this pious licence, nt the zest of a religious sanction to plead d gave a holyday to the follies and of earth, in honour of heaven.

returning, one lovely night, to Alexandria. th wind, that welcome visitor, had cooled bened the air, while the banks, on either the stream, sent forth, from groves of nd henna, the most delicious odours. As ft all the crowd behind me at Canopus, s not a boat to be seen on the canal but ; and I was just yielding to the thoughts lititude at such an hour inspires, when my were suddenly broken by the sound of ale voices, coming mingled with laughter ams, from the garden of a pavilion, that rilliantly illuminated, upon the bank of l.

wing nearer, I perceived that both the nd the alarm had been caused by the f some playful girls to reach a hedge of which grew near the water, and in bend-rds which they had nearly fallen into the Hastening to proffer my assistance, I ognised the voice of one of my fair Alex-friends; and, springing on the bank, was led by the whole group, who insisted on ing their party in the pavilion: and, ung around me, as fetters, the tendrils of which they had just plucked, conducted nwillng captive, to the banquet-room.

d here an assemblage of the very flower ndrian society. The unexpectedness of ing added new zest to it on both sides; om had I ever felt more enlivened myself, ded better in infusing life and gaiety into

g the company were some Greek women, ording to the fashion of their country, ls; but, as usual, rather to set off than to heir beauty, some bright gleams of which ntantly escaping from under the cloud. as, however, one female, who particularly y attention, on whose head was a of dark-coloured flowers, and who sat d silent during the whole of the banquet. : no share, I observed, in what was pass-nd: the viands and the wine went by her d, nor did a word that was spoken seem

addressed to her ear. This abstraction from a scene so sparkling with gaiety, though apparently unnoticed by any one but myself, struck me as mysterious and strange. I inquired of my fair neighbour the cause of it, but she looked grave, and was silent.

In the meantime, the lyre and the cup went round; and a young maid from Athens, as if inspired by the presence of her countryman, took her lute, and sung to it some of the songs of Greece, with a warmth of feeling that bore me back to the banks of the Ilianus, and, even in the bosom of present pleasure, drew a sigh from my heart for that which had passed away. It was daybreak ere our delighted party rose, and most unwillingly re-embarked to return to the city.

We were scarce afloat, when it was discovered that the lute of the young Athenian had been left behind; and, with a heart still full of its sweet sounds, I most readily sprang on shore to seek it. I hastened at once to the banquet-room, which was now dim and solitary, except that—there, to my utter astonishment, was still seated that silent figure, which had awakened so much my curiosity during the evening. A vague feeling of awe came over me, as I now slowly approached it. There was no motion, no sound of breathing in that form;—not a leaf of the dark chaplet upon its brow stirred. By the light of a dying lamp which stood on the table before the figure, I rais'd, with a hesitating hand, the veil; and saw—what my fancy had already anticipated—that the shape underneath was lifeless, was a skeleton! Startled and shocked, I hurried back with the lute to the boat, and was almost as silent as that shape itself during the remainder of the voyage.

This custom among the Egyptians of placing a mummy, or skeleton, at the banquet-table, had been for some time disused, except at particular ceremonies; and, even on such occasions, it had been the practice of the luxurious Alexandrians to disguise this memorial of mortality in the manner just described. But to me, who was wholly unprepared for such a spectacle, it gave a shock from which my imagination did not speedily recover. This silent and ghastly witness of mirth seemed to embody, as it were, the shadow in my own heart. The features of the grave were thus stamped upon the idea that had long haunted me, and this picture of what I was *to be* now associated itself constantly with the sunniest aspect of what I *was*.

The memory of the dream now recurred to me more livelily than ever. The bright, assuring smile of that venerable Spirit, and his words, "Go to the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest," were for ever present to my mind. But as yet, alas, I had done nothing towards realising the proud promise. Alexandria was not Egypt;—the very soil on

## MOORE'S WORKS.

ood was not in existence, when  
and Memphis had numbered ages

aimed; "it is only beneath the  
omphs, or in the mystic Halls of  
ose holy arcana are to be found,  
diluvian world has made Egypt  
ng which — blest thought! — the  
e may lie."

l my determination, I took leave  
andrian friends, and departed for

---

### CHAPTER IV.

aps, of all others, the country most  
that mixture of the melancholy  
us, which marked the character of  
eligion, and her scenery, to affect  
and temperament like mine, and  
er tremblingly alive. Wherever  
eld the desert and the garden,  
r their desolation and bloom. I  
er and the tomb standing side by  
land, Pleasure and Death kept  
n each other. In the very luxury  
ere was the same saddening in-  
monotonous splendour of the days,  
one of the nights — all tended to

Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred wands  
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands :  
While, there, rich barks — fresh from those sunny  
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts —  
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,  
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,  
Gems from the Isle of Merce, and those grains  
Of gold, wash'd down by Atyasian rains.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay  
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims on their way  
To Sals or Bubastus, among beds  
Of lotus-flowers †, that close above their heads,  
Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bowser,  
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour ;  
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank  
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank  
Is play'd in the cool current by a train  
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she, whose chain  
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,  
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last !

Enchanted with the whole scene, I linger  
lightly on my voyage, visiting all those  
ous and venerable places, whose names have  
consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Sai  
present during her Festival of Lamps, and  
the blaze of innumerable lights, those  
words on the temple of Neitha<sup>2</sup> : — " I am  
has been, that is, and that will be, and  
hath ever lifted my veil." I wandered amo  
prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis<sup>3</sup>, and sa  
without a sigh, the sun smiling over her re  
if in mockery of the mass of perishable gra  
that had once called itself, in its pride, " Th  
of the Sun." But to the Isle of the Golden



will look his last—it was not till this that the great secret announced in my sin rose, in all its inscrutable darkness thoughts. There was a solemnity in the resting upon those monuments—a stillness of reverence, in the air that breathed them, which seemed to steal, like the music of a sea, into my heart. I thought what of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave, into dust since earth first saw those and, in the sadness of my soul, I ex-  
 —“Must man alone, then, perish? must hearts be annihilated, while pyramids Oh, Death, Death! even upon these tablets—the only approach to immor-  
 tals themselves could purchase—thou en our doom awfully, and intelligibly, there is for man no eternal mansion, but  
 ’”

It sank at the thought; and, for the first time, I yielded to that desolate feeling, which is the soul that hath no light from the sun, but again the buoyancy of my nature and again, the willing dupe of vain hopes, I deluded myself into the belief of all that heart most wished, with that happy which enables imagination to stand in the happiness. “Yes,” I cried, “immortality is within man’s reach; and, as wisdom alone of such a blessing, to the wise alone must have been revealed. It is said, that deep under pyramid, has lain for ages concealed of Emerald<sup>1</sup>, on which the Thrice-Great in times before the flood, engraved the Alchemy, which gives gold at will. Why not the mightier, the more god-like that gives life at will, be recorded there was by the power of gold, of endless times the kings, who now repose in those structures, scooped earth to its very centre, and quarries into the air, to provide for their tombs that might outstand the world. I tell but that the gift of immortality was not given to who knows but that they themselves, not over decay, still live;—those mighty ones, which we call tombs, being rich and grand palaces, within whose depths, concealed in a withering world, they still wander, with the select who have been sharers of their gift,

through a sunless, but ever illuminated, elysium of their own? Else, wherefore those structures? wherefore that subterranean realm, by which the whole valley of Egypt is undermined? Why, else, those labyrinths, which none of earth hath ever beheld—which none of heaven, except that God, who stands, with finger on his hushed lip<sup>2</sup>, hath ever trodden?”

While thus I indulged in fond dreams, the sun, already half sunk beneath the horizon, was taking calmly and gloriously, his last look of the Pyramids—as he had done, evening after evening, for ages, till they had grown familiar to him as the earth itself. On the side turned to his ray they now presented a front of dazzling whiteness<sup>3</sup>, while, on the other, their great shadows, lengthening away to the eastward, looked like the first steps of Night, hastening to envelope the hills of Araby in her shade.

No sooner had the last gleam of the sun disappeared, than, on every house-top in Memphis, gay, gilded banners were seen waving aloft, to proclaim his setting—while, at the same moment, a full burst of harmony was heard to peal from all the temples along the shores.

Startled from my musing by these sounds, I at once recollected, that, on that very evening, the great festival of the Moon was to be celebrated. On a little island, half-way over between the gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore, stood the temple of that goddess,

whose beams  
 Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams.  
 Not the cold Dian of the North, who chains  
 In vestal loe the current of young veins:  
 But she, who haunts the gay, Bubastian<sup>4</sup> grove,  
 And owns she sees, from her bright heaven above  
 Nothing on earth to match that heaven, but love!

Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own Egyptian poets, as, anticipating the various delights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts; and, hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived the life of a Nile-bird, on the waters, steered my course to the island-temple of the Moon.

account of the Table of Emerald, vide *Lettres sur Dieux d'Egypte*. De Pons supposes it to be a modern Arab. Many writers have fancied that the art of magic was the great secret that lay hid under the forms of esoteric. “La science hermétique,” says the Benedictine, “l’art sacerdotale, étoit la source de toutes les richesses égyptes, et l’objet de ces mystères si cachés sous le voile éternel Belligion.”—*Fables Egyptiennes*. The hieroglyphs formerly covered the Pyramids, are supposed by some writers to relate to the same art. See *Musée Libier*,

<sup>2</sup> “Enfin Harpocrate représentait aussi le Soleil. Il est vrai que c’étoit aussi le Dieu du Silence; il mettoit le doigt sur la bouche parcequ’on adoroit le soleil avec un respectueux silence, et c’est de là qu’est venu le Sigé des Basilidiens, qui tiroient leur origine de l’Egypte.”—*Beausobre*.

<sup>3</sup> “By reflecting the sun’s rays,” says Clarke, speaking of the Pyramids, “they appeared white as snow.”

<sup>4</sup> For Bubastis, the Diana of the Egyptians, vide Jablonowski, lib. III. cap. 4.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

ER V.

slow and majestic, as if that awaited her upon a loud acclaim from altitudes stood watching seldom had that light-lifel scene. The city of though no longer the un- had borne away from remacy, and worn it un- low, softened by the mild sed with her decline, lakes, her pyramids, and those dreams of human ass away. Even already her. The sands of the ng upon her like a sea; e columns and sphinxes, sight, Time seemed to e now flourished around is desolating hand, like

tiety and life. As far as f innumerable boats were he surface of the stream. rom the light coracle, e cataracts, to the large the sound of flutes—all ed festival, filled with

are dedicated to the worship of the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted—there being but one lamp of naphtha hung on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a clear view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

The drapery of all was white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the bosom, a dark-blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with small silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile—that sacred flower being accounted no less welcome to the moon, than the golden blossoms of the bean-flower<sup>3</sup> are known to be to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each of the dancers wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some to the beat of the castanet, some to the shrill ring of a sistrum<sup>4</sup>—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis—continued harmoniously to time the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrams, produced a wild, but not unpleasing harmony.

d the sounds were born together, a harmony came mingling with the

—by that light, which shone full  
g maiden's features, as, starting at  
ze, she raised her eyes to the portal,  
y let fall their lids again—it was  
what even my own ardent imagina-  
st vivid dreams of beauty, had never  
Psyche herself, when pausing on  
of heaven, while its first glories fell  
lids, could have looked more purely  
lashed with a more innocent shame.  
I felt the power of looks, none had  
to my soul so deeply. It was a new  
sense—coming as suddenly upon  
adance into the vestibule, and, at  
my whole being;—and had that  
out lingered another moment before  
ould in my transport have wholly  
I was and wherp, and thrown my  
te adoration, at her feet.

y had that gush of harmony been  
he sacred bird, which had, till now,  
motionless as an image, spread wide  
d flew into the Temple; while his  
g worshippers, with a fleetness like  
ved—and she, who had left a dream  
ever to be forgotten, vanished along

As she went rapidly past the pillar  
I leaned, the ivy that encircled it  
r drapery, and disengaged some  
ich fell to the ground. It was the  
which I had seen shining on her  
ily and tremulously I picked it up,  
restore it; but she was already lost  
the crowd.

I try to follow;—the aisles were  
, and numbers of eager pilgrims  
ds the portal. But the servants of  
enied all further entrance, and still,  
I myself, their white wands barred  
plexed and irritated amid that crowd  
rding all as enemies that impeded  
I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the  
id with a heart beating as I caught,

from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled  
zone, or lotus wreath, which led me to fancy that  
I had discovered the fair object of my search.  
But it was all in vain;—in every direction, files  
of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere  
could I discover her whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand  
for some time—bewildered with the confusion of  
faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of  
incense that rolled around me—till, fevered and  
impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing  
my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I  
hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the  
shore, and flung myself into my boat.

There lies, to the north of Memphis<sup>2</sup>, a solitary  
lake, (which, at this season of the year, mingles  
with the rest of the waters,) upon whose shores  
stands the Necropolis, or City of the Dead—a  
place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with  
shrines and pyramids, where many a kingly head,  
proud even in death, has lain awaiting through  
long ages the resurrection of its glories. Through  
a range of sepulchral grots underneath, the  
humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited—  
looking out on each successive generation that  
visits them, with the same face and features<sup>4</sup>  
they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree,  
consecrated to death, from the asphodel-flower to  
the mystic plantain, lends its sweetness or shadow  
to this place of tombs; and the only noise that  
disturbs its eternal calm, is the low humming  
sound of the priests at prayer, when a new inha-  
bitant is added to the Silent City.

It was towards this place of death that, in a  
mood of mind, as usual, half gloomy, half bright,  
I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark.  
The form of the young Priestess was continually  
before me. That one bright look of hers, the  
very remembrance of which was worth all the actual  
smiles of others, never for a moment left my  
mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I continued  
to row on, scarce knowing whither I went, till, at  
length, startled to find myself within the shadow  
of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and beheld,  
rising in succession before me, pyramid beyond  
pyramid<sup>5</sup>, each towering more loftily than the

consecrated to Ouiris. Vide *Diodor. Sic.* 1. 10.

2. "says Dupuis, describing the processions of  
s miroirs attachés à leurs épaules, afin de multi-  
dans tous les sens les images de la Déesse."—  
tom. viii. p. 847. A mirror, it appears, was also  
s in the mysteries of Bacchus.

3. "Le territoire de Sakkarah étoit la Nécropolis  
is, et le faubourg opposé à celui-ci, où sont les  
zh, une autre Ville des Morts, qui terminoit  
"—*Denon*.

4. "known with certainty as to the site of Memphis,  
dived that the description of its position given by  
responds, in almost every particular, with that  
(the French consul, for many years, at Cairo)

has, in his work on Egypt, left us. It must be always borne in  
mind, too, that of the distances between the respective places here  
mentioned, we have no longer any accurate means of judging.

4 "Par-là non-seulement on conservoit les corps d'une famille  
entière, mais en descendant dans ces lieux souterrains, où ils étoient  
déposés, on pouvoit se représenter en un instant tous ses ancêtres  
depuis plusieurs milliers d'années, tels à peu près qu'ils étoient de  
leur vivant."—*Maillet*.

5 "Multas olim pyramidas fuisse e ruinis arguitur." *Zoege*.—  
*Fanshch*, who visited more than ten of the smaller pyramids, is of  
opinion that there must have originally been a hundred in this  
place.

6 See, on the subject of the lake to the northward of Memphis,  
*Show's Travels*, p. 302.

---

MOORE'S WORKS.

---

out-topped in grandeur by  
at the bright moon rested

he shore, which was suffi-  
this silent city of tombs  
oundation, I rested my oar,  
rock idly upon the water;  
my thoughts, left equally  
e allowed to fluctuate as  
various were the dreams  
ch my mind—that bright  
ll mingling itself with all!  
before me, like an aerial  
element of music and light,  
her vanish, was her only  
animated with passion,  
ature of earth, she seemed  
n looks of tenderness, which  
but for one instant, to  
the dark fancies, that ever  
—I saw her cold, parched,  
the gloom of those eternal

a shudder, from the ceme-  
I heard the sound of an  
ough the water, and, in a  
oting past me towards the  
n which sat two females  
d veiled. Having landed  
he spot where, under the

to the spot, but there was not a sign of life aroun  
and, had my creed extended to another world,  
might have fancied these forms were spirits, s  
down from thence to mock me—so instan  
neously had they disappeared. I searched thro  
the neighbouring grove, but all there was still  
death. At length, in examining one of the side  
the pyramid, which, for a few feet from the grou  
was furnished with steps, I found, midway betw  
peak and base, a part of its surface, which, altho  
presenting to the eye an appearance of smoothn  
gave to the touch, I thought, indications of a c  
sealed opening.

After a variety of efforts and experiments, I  
last, more by accident than skill, pressed the spi  
that commanded this hidden aperture. In an  
stant the portal slid aside, and disclosed a narr  
stairway within, the two or three first steps  
which were discernible by the moonlight, wh  
the rest were all lost in utter darkness. Thou  
it was difficult to conceive that the persons wh  
I had been pursuing would have ventured to p  
through this gloomy opening, yet to account  
their disappearance otherwise was still more di  
cult. At all events, my curiosity was now i  
eager in the chase to relinquish it;—the spirit  
adventure, once raised, could not be so easily la  
Accordingly, having sent up a gay prayer to th  
bliss-loving Queen whose eye alone was upon m  
I passed through the portal, and descended int

a full and distinct view. Over the walls  
ratory were painted some of those various  
by which the mystic wisdom of the  
ns loves to shadow out the History of the  
be winged globe with a serpent—the rays  
ing from above, like a glory—and the  
beetle<sup>1</sup>, as he comes forth after the waters  
sed away, and the first sunbeam falls on  
nerated wings.

o middle of the chapel, on a low altar of  
lay a lifeless female form, enshrined  
case of crystal<sup>2</sup>—as it is the custom to  
the dead in Ethiopia—and looking as  
beautiful as if the soul had but a few  
parted. Among the emblems of death<sup>3</sup>,  
front of the altar, were a slender lotus  
roken in two, and a small bird just wing-  
light from the spray.

ese memorials of the dead, however, I  
little attention; for there was a living  
here upon which my eyes were now in-  
xed.

ump, by which the whole of the chapel was  
ted, was placed at the head of the pale  
the shrine; and between its light and me  
female form, bending over the monument,  
gaze upon the silent features within. The  
in which this figure was placed, intercept-  
strong light, afforded me, at first, but an  
t and shadowy view of it. Yet even at  
e outline I felt my heart beat high—and  
had no less share, as it proved, in this  
than imagination. For, on the head  
g its position, so as to let a gleam fall  
features, I saw, with a transport which  
ost led me to betray my lurking-place,  
as she—the young worshipper of Isis—  
e, the very same, whom I had seen,  
ing the holy place where she stood, and  
like an inhabitant of some purer world.  
ovement, by which she had now afforded

me an opportunity of recognising her, was made in  
raising from the shrine a small cross<sup>4</sup> of silver,  
which lay directly over the bosom of the lifeless  
figure. Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it  
with a religious fervour; then, turning her eyes  
mournfully upwards, held them fixed with a  
degree of inspired earnestness, as if, at that  
moment, in direct communion with Heaven, they  
saw neither roof, nor any other earthly barrier,  
between them and the skies.

What a power is there in innocence! whose very  
helplessness is its safeguard—in whose presence  
even Passion himself stands abashed, and turns  
worshipper at the very altar which he came to  
despoil! She, who, but a short hour before, had  
presented herself to my imagination as something  
I could have risked immortality to win—she,  
whom gladly, from the floor of her own lighted  
temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I  
would have borne away in triumph, and dared all  
punishments, divine and human, to make her mine  
—that very creature was now before me, as if  
thrown by fate itself, into my power—standing  
there, beautiful and alone, with nothing but her  
innocence for her guard! Yet, no—so touching  
was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and  
august that protection which the dead extended  
over the living, that every earthly feeling was  
forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became  
exalted into reverence.

But, entranced as I felt in witnessing such a  
scene, thus to enjoy it by stealth seemed to me a  
wrong, a sacrilege—and, rather than let her eyes  
encounter the flash of mine, or disturb, by a  
whisper, that sacred silence, in which Youth and  
Death held communion through undying Love, I  
would have suffered my heart to break, without a  
murmur, where I stood. Gently, as if life itself  
depended on my every movement, I stole away  
from that tranquil and holy scene—leaving it still  
holy and tranquil as I had found it—and, gliding

dit en Egypte, après la retraite du Nil et la fécondation  
le limon couvert d'une multitude de scarabées. Un  
sommé a dû sembler aux Egyptiens le plus propre à  
e nouvelle existence."—*M. Lombard*. Partly for the  
and partly for another, still more fanciful, the early  
used to apply this emblem to Christ. "Bonus ille scarabæus,"  
says St. Augustine, "non eâ tantum de causâ quod  
quod ipsemet sui auctor mortalium speciem induerit,  
hac nostrâ facie sese volutaverit et ex hac ipsâ nasci

gyptiens ont fait aussi, pour conserver leurs morts, des  
erre."—*De Passio*. He mentions, also, in another place,  
insapient substance, which the Ethiopians used for the  
oss, and which was frequently mistaken by the Greeks

être, qui brise la tige d'une fleur, des oiseaux qui s'en-  
les emblèmes de la mort et de l'âme qui se sépare du  
corps.

employs the same image in the Phœdra:—

Ὅμοιος γὰρ δὲ τις ἐκ χειρὸς ἀφαιρῶς ἐκ  
τῆς φθορᾶς ἢ ἀδού κληροῦ βρωμίστας μοῦ.

<sup>4</sup> A cross was, among the Egyptians, the emblem of a future  
life.

"The singular appearance of a Cross so frequently recurring  
among the hieroglyphics of Egypt, had excited the curiosity of the  
Christians at a very early period of ecclesiastical history; and as  
some of the Priests, who were acquainted with the meaning of the  
hieroglyphics, became converted to Christianity, the secret trans-  
pired. 'The converted heathens,' says Socrates Scholasticus, 'ex-  
plained the symbol, and declared that it signified Life to Come.'"—  
*Clarke*.

Lipsius, therefore, is mistaken in supposing the Cross to have  
been an emblem peculiar to the Christians. See, on this subject,  
*L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. vi. c. 16.

It is singular enough that while the Cross was thus held sacred  
among the Egyptians, not only the custom of marking the fore-  
head with the sign of the Cross, but Baptism and the consecration  
of the bread in the Eucharist, were imitated in the mysterious  
ceremonies of Mithra.—*Tertull. de Proscriptione Hereticorum*.

Zeno is of opinion that the Cross, said to have been for the first  
time found, on the destruction of the temple of Serapis, by the  
Christians, could not have been the crux ansata; as nothing is more  
common than this emblem on all the Egyptian monuments.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ssages and windings by  
ched again the narrow  
into light.

and, from the summit of  
pouring down his beams  
ters — as if proud of last  
divine Isis, now fading  
dour of her Lord. My  
once from this dangerous  
d pleasures seek forget-  
ene I had just witnessed.  
out of the circle of this  
so well my own sus-  
sions, to feel any doubt  
the spell that is now

forts and resolves. Even  
spot, I found my steps  
d the pyramid — my eyes  
ortal which severed this  
d of the living. Hour  
through that City of  
as mid-day, and, under  
the mighty pyramid of  
at spirit, shadowless.<sup>1</sup>  
and passionate feelings,  
r presence had subdued  
take possession of my  
es. I even reproached  
nd held me spell-bound

slumber surprise me, my heart, if not my ear  
might still keep watch, and her footstep, light as  
it was, could not fail to awake me.

After many an ineffectual struggle against  
drowsiness, I at length sunk into sleep — but not  
into forgetfulness. The same image still haunted  
me, in every variety of shape, with which imagi-  
nation, assisted by memory, could invest it. Now,  
like the goddess Neitha, upon her throne at Sais,  
she seemed to sit, with the veil just raised from  
that brow, which till then no mortal had ever  
beheld — and now, like the beautiful enchantress  
Rhodope, I saw her rise from out the pyramid in  
which she had dwelt for ages, —

"Fair Rhodope", as story tells,  
The bright unearthly nymph, who dwells  
'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,  
The Lady of the Pyramid!"

So long had my sleep continued, that, when I  
awoke, I found the moon again resplendent above  
the horizon. But all around was looking tranquil  
and lifeless as before; nor did a print on the grass  
betray that any foot had passed there since my own.  
Refreshed, however, by my long rest, and with a  
fancy still more excited by the mystic wonders of  
which I had been dreaming, I now resolved to  
revisit the chapel in the pyramid, and put an end,  
if possible, to this strange mystery that haunted  
me.

<sup>1</sup> Having learned from the experiences of the m-

rough me like a voice of ill-omen, and doubted whether I should not abandon rise. The hesitation, however, was but y; — even while it passed through my id touched the spring of the portal. In nds more, I was again in the passage e pyramid; and, being enabled by the ay lamp to follow the windings more on found myself at the door of the el in the gallery.

ed, still awed, though there was now, ht living within. The young Priestess ed like a spirit into the darkness; and t remained as I had left it on the pre-ht. The lamp still stood burning upon l shrine; the cross was lying where the the young mourner had placed it, and mage, within the shrine, wore still the quill look, as if resigned to the solitude -of all lone things the loneliest. Re- g the lips that I had seen kiss that kindling with the recollection, I raised utely to my own; — but the dead eyes, I net mine, and, awed and saddened in of my ardour, I replaced the cross upon

ow lost every clue to the object of my id, with all that sullen satisfaction which even when unwelcome, brings, was about my steps slowly to earth, when, as I my lamp, on leaving the chapel, I per-ut the gallery, instead of terminating a sudden and snake-like bend to the had before eluded my observation, and med to give promise of a pathway still o those recesses. Re-animated by this which opened a new source of hope to I cast, for a moment, a hesitating look up, as if to inquire whether it would be rough the gloom I was about to en-nd then, without further consideration, gerly forward.

## CHAPTER VII.

led, for a while, through the same sort windings as those which I had before ed in descending the stairway; and at ed, in a similar manner, into a straight gallery, along each side of which stood, nged and upright, a file of lifeless hose glassy eyes appeared to glare upon aturally as I passed.

ie custom of burying the dead upright. ("post funus corpora," as Statius describes it.) Dr. Clarke's preface sion of his fifth volume. They used to insert precious

Arrived at the end of this gallery, I found my hopes, for the second time, vanish; as the path, it was manifest, extended no further. The only object I was able to discern, by the glimmering of my lamp, which now burned, every minute, fainter and fainter, was the mouth of a huge well, that lay gaping before me — a reservoir of darkness, black and unfathomable. It now crossed my memory that I had once heard of such wells, as being used occasionally for passages by the priests. Leaning down, therefore, over the edge, I examined anxiously all within, in order to see if it afforded the means of effecting a descent into the chasm; but the sides, I could perceive, were hard and smooth as glass, being varnished all over with that sort of dark pitch, which the Dead Sea throws out upon its slimy shore.

After a more attentive scrutiny, however, I observed, at the depth of a few feet, a sort of iron step, projecting dimly from the side, and, below it, another, which, though hardly perceptible, was just sufficient to encourage an adventurous foot to the trial. Though all hope of tracing the young Priestess was now at an end — it being impossible that female foot should have ventured on this descent — yet, as I had engaged so far in the adventure, and there was, at least, a mystery to be unravelled, I determined, at all hazards, to explore the chasm. Placing my lamp, therefore, (which was hollowed at the bottom, so as to be worn like a helmet,) firmly upon my head, and having thus both hands at liberty for exertion, I set my foot cautiously on the iron step, and descended into the well.

I found the same footing, at regular intervals, to a considerable depth; and had already counted near a hundred of these steps, when the ladder altogether ceased, and I could descend no further. In vain did I stretch down my foot in search of support — the hard slippery sides were all that it encountered. At length, stooping my head, so as to let the light fall below, I observed an opening or window directly above the step on which I stood; and, taking for granted that the way must lie in that direction, contrived to clamber, with no small difficulty, through the aperture.

I now found myself on a rude and narrow stairway, the steps of which were cut out of the living rock, and wound spirally downward in the same direction as the well. Almost dizzy with the descent, which seemed as if it would never end, I, at last, reached the bottom, where a pair of massy iron gates were closed directly across my path, as if wholly to forbid any further progress. Massy and gigantic, however, as they were, I found, to my surprise, that the hand of an infant might

stones in the place of the eyes. "Les yeux étoient formés d'incorruptibles, de turquoises," &c.—Vide *Maoudy*, quoted by *Quatre-maire*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

em with ease—so readily did their  
as give way to my touch,

st as a lime-bush, that receives  
the wandering bird among its leaves."

However, had I passed through, than  
din, with which the gates clashed  
was such as might have awakened  
it seemed as if every echo<sup>2</sup> through-  
subterranean world, from the Cata-  
andria to Thebes's Valley of Kings,  
and repeated the thundering sound.  
I was by the crash, not even this  
anguour could divert my attention  
in light that now broke around me  
and welcome, as are the stars of his  
the eyes of the mariner who has  
entering through the cold seas of the  
ing for the source of this splendour,  
an archway opposite, a long illu-  
stretching away as far as the eye  
fenced, on one side, with thickets  
shrubs; while along the other ex-  
of lofty arcades, from which the  
the whole area, issued. As soon,  
of the deep echoes had subsided,  
ually on my ear a strain of choral  
appeared to come mellowed and  
s passage, through many a spacious  
e shining arcades, while among

this passage, as I looked shudderingly  
chilled my very blood. It was not so mi-  
ness, as a sort of livid and ghastly twili-  
which a damp, like that of death-vaults,  
and through which, if my eyes did not  
me, pale, phantom-like shapes<sup>3</sup> were, at  
moment, hovering.

Looking anxiously round, to discover  
formidable outlet, I saw, over the vast  
gates through which I had just passed  
tremulous flame, which, after playing fi-  
seconds over the dark ground of the  
settled gradually into characters of li-  
formed the following words:—

You, who would try  
Your terrible track,  
To live, or to die,  
But ne'er to look back—

You, who aspire  
To be purified there  
By the terrors of Fire,  
Of Water, and Air—

If danger, and pain,  
And death, you despise,  
On—for again  
Into light you shall rise;

Rise into light  
With that Secret Divine,  
Now shrouded from sight  
By the Veils of the Shrine!  
But if—



ick darkness, which, though far less horrible, at this moment, still more disconcerting, as lamp, which had been, for some time, almost less, was now fast expiring. Resolved, however, to make the most of its last gleam, I hastened, in rapid step, through this gloomy region, which seemed to be wider and more open to the air than any I had yet passed. Nor was it long before the sudden appearance of a bright blaze in distance announced to me that my first great trial was at hand. As I drew nearer, the flames before me burst high and wide on all sides;—and a awful spectacle that then presented itself was such as might have daunted hearts far more accustomed to dangers than mine.

There lay before me, extending completely across my path, a thicket, or grove, of the most robust trees of Egypt—tamarind, pine, and Arabian balm; while around their stems and branches were coiled serpents of fire<sup>1</sup>, which, stinging themselves rapidly from bough to bough, headed the contagion of their own wild-fire as they went, and involved tree after tree in one general conflagration. It was, indeed, rapid as the burning of the reed-beds of Ethiopia<sup>2</sup>, whose light is often brightening, at night, the distant cataracts of Nile.

Through the middle of this blazing grove, I did not perceive my only pathway lay. There was not a moment, therefore, to be lost—for the conflagration gained rapidly on either side, and the narrow path between was strewn with vivid fire. Casting away my now useless robe, and holding my robe as some slight protection over my head, I ventured, with trembling limbs, into the blaze.

Instantly, as if my presence had given new life to the flames, a fresh outbreak of combustion arose on all sides. The trees clustered into a bower of smoke above my head, while the serpents that hung from the red branches shot showers of sparks down upon me as I passed. Never were confusion and activity of more avail:—one minute more, and I must have perished. The narrowing of the path, of which I had so promptly availed myself, closed instantly behind me; and as I looked back, to contemplate the ordeal which I had passed, I saw that the whole grove was already a mass of fire.

Rejoiced to have escaped this first trial, I instantly plucked from one of the pine-trees a bough

that was but just kindled, and, with this for my only guide, hastened breathlessly forward. I had advanced but a few paces, when the path turned suddenly off, leading downwards, as I could perceive by the glimmer of my brand, into a more confined region, through which a chilling air, as if from some neighbouring waters, blew over my brow. Nor had I proceeded far in this course, when the sound of torrents<sup>3</sup>—mixed, as I thought, from time to time, with shrill wailings, resembling the cries of persons in danger or distress—fell mournfully upon my ear. At every step the noise of the dashing waters increased, and I now perceived that I had entered an immense rocky cavern, through the middle of which, headlong as a winter-torrent, the dark flood, to whose roar I had been listening, poured its waters; while upon its surface floated grim spectre-like shapes, which, as they went by, sent forth those dismal shrieks I had heard—as if in fear of some awful precipice towards whose brink they were hurrying.

I saw plainly that across that torrent must be my course. It was, indeed, fearful; but in courage and perseverance now lay my only hope. What awaited me on the opposite shore, I knew not; for all there was immersed in impenetrable gloom, nor could the feeble light which I carried send its glimmer half so far. Dismissing, however, all thoughts but that of pressing onward, I sprang from the rock on which I stood into the flood, trusting that, with my right hand, I should be able to buffet the current, while, with the other, as long as a gleam of my brand remained, I might hold it aloft to guide me safely to the shore.

Long, formidable, and almost hopeless was the struggle I had now to maintain; and more than once, overpowered by the rush of the waters, I had given myself up<sup>4</sup>, as destined to follow those pale, death-like apparitions, that still went past me, hurrying onward, with mournful cries, to find their doom in some invisible gulf beyond.

At length, just as my strength was nearly exhausted, and the last remains of the pine branch were dropping from my hand, I saw, outstretching towards me into the water, a light double balustrade, with a flight of steps between, ascending almost perpendicularly, from the wave, till they seemed lost in a dense mass of clouds above. This glimpse—for it was nothing more, as my light expired in giving it—lent new spring to my courage. Having now both hands at liberty, so

<sup>1</sup> Ces considérations me portent à penser que, dans les mystères, phéniciens étoient beaucoup mieux expliqués, et sans comparaison plus terribles à l'aide de quelque composition pyrique, qui étoit cachée, comme celle du feu Grégorien. — *De Pauw*.

<sup>2</sup> Il n'y a point d'autre moyen que de porter le feu dans ces lieux de roseaux, qui répandent alors dans tout le pays une lumière, si considérable que celle de jour même. — *Müller*, tom. I. p. 63. The Nile, *Phy* tells us, was admitted into the Pyramid.

<sup>3</sup> "On exerçoit," says *Dupleix*, "les recipients, pendant plusieurs jours, à traverser, à la nage, une grande étendue d'eau. On les y jetoit, et ce n'étoit qu'avec peine qu'ils s'en retiroient. On appliquoit le fer et le feu sur leurs membres. On les faisoit passer à travers les flammes."

The aspirants were often in considerable danger, and Pythagoras, we are told, nearly lost his life in the trials. Vide *Recherches sur les Initiations*, par *Robin*.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

ts, that, after a few mi-  
brow strike against the  
nt, my feet were on the

from that perilous flood,  
ther the stairway led, I  
eps. But this feeling of  
e duration. I had not  
y horror, I perceived, that  
my foot left it, broke  
leaving me in mid-air,  
than that of still mount-  
ury footing, and with the  
it would even endure my

few seconds, continue to  
neath me but that awful  
quil had it now become —  
the falling fragments, as  
gave way from under my  
rful moment — but even  
now found the balustrade,  
ng my ascent, and which  
to be firm, growing tre-  
mble the step, to which I  
E, tottered under my foot.  
flash, as if of lightning,  
saw, hanging out of the  
within my reach, a huge  
ly I stretched forth my

At the same moment, a light of the most delicious softness filled the whole air. Music, such as I heard in dreams, came floating at a distance; and as my eyes gradually recovered their powers of vision, a scene of glory was revealed to them, almost too bright for imagination, and yet living and real. As far as the sight could reach, enchanting gardens were seen, opening away through long tracts of light and verdure, and sparkling everywhere with fountains, that circulated, like streams of life, among the flowers. Not a charm was here wanting, that the fancy of poet or prophet, in their warmest pictures of Elysium, have ever yet dreamed of promised. Vistas, opening into scenes of indistinct grandeur — streams, shining out at intervals in their shadowy course — and labyrinths of flower leading, by mysterious windings, to green, spacious glades full of splendour and repose. Over all this too, there fell a light, from some unseen source resembling nothing that illumines our upper world — a sort of golden moonlight, mingling the warm radiance of day with the calm and melancholy lustre of night.

Nor were there wanting inhabitants for this sunless Paradise. Through all the bright gardens were seen wandering, with the serene air and step of happy spirits, groups both of young and old, of venerable and of lovely forms, bearing, most of them, the Nile's white flowers on their heads, and branches of the eternal palm in their hands; while

of slumber seemed to preside, and, pointing to a bed of dried poppy-leaves, left me to

## CHAPTER VIII.

At the sight of that splendid scene, whose opened upon me like a momentary glimpse of another world, had, for an instant, re-animated my strength and spirit, yet, so completely was my frame subdued by fatigue, that, even had the young Priestess herself then stood before me, my limbs would have sunk in the effort to rise. No sooner had I fallen on my leafy couch than sleep, like a sudden death, came over me. I lay, for hours, in that deep and motionless state, which not even a shadow of life disturbs. On awaking, I saw, beside me, the same venerable personage, who had welcomed me to this Elysian world on the preceding night. At the foot of my couch stood a statue, of Grecian workmanship, representing a boy, with wings, gracefully on a lotus-flower, and having the finger of his right hand pressed to his lips. In his left hand, together with the glory round his head, he denoted, as I already knew, the God of Silence and Light.<sup>1</sup>

Attentive to know what further trials awaited me, I attempted to speak, when the Priest exclaimed, slyly, "Hush!"—and, pointing to the statue at the foot of the couch, said,— "Let the spell of silence be upon thy lips, young stranger, till the wisdom of thy instructors shall think fit to remove it. Not unaptly doth the same deity prefer Silence and Light; since it is only out of the depth of contemplative silence, that the light of the soul, Truth, can arise!"

He used to the language of dictation or inspiration, I was now preparing to rise, when he again restrained me; and, at the same moment, two boys, beautiful as the young Genii of the Elysian pavilion. They were habited in garments of the purest white, and bore each a golden chalice in his hand.<sup>2</sup> Advancing towards me, they stopped on opposite sides of the couch, and one of them, presenting to me his chalice

of gold, said, in a tone between singing and speaking, —

"Drink of this cup—O'er its sips  
The same in his halls below;  
And the same he gives, to cool the lips  
Of the Dead who downward go.

"Drink of this cup—the water within  
Is fresh from Lethe's stream;  
'Twill make the past, with all its sin,  
And all its pain and sorrows, seem  
Like a long-forgotten dream!

"The pleasure, whose charms  
Are steep'd in woe;  
The knowledge, that harms  
The soul to know;

"The hope, that, bright  
As the lake of the waste,  
Allures the sight,  
But mocks the taste;

"The love, that binds  
Its innocent wreath,  
Where the serpent winds,  
In venom, beneath;—

"All that, of evil or false, by thee  
Hath ever been known or seen,  
Shall melt away in this cup, and be  
Forgot, as it never had been!"

Unwilling to throw a slight on this strange ceremony, I leaned forward, with all due gravity, and tasted the cup; which I had no sooner done than the young cup-bearer, on the other side,<sup>3</sup> invited my attention; and, in his turn, presenting the chalice which he held, sung, with a voice still sweeter than that of his companion, the following strain:—

"Drink of this cup—when Isis led  
Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky,  
She mingled a draught divine, and said—  
'Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!'

"Thus do I say and sing to thee,  
Heir of that boundless heaven on high,  
Though frail, and fall'n, and lost thou be,  
Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!"

Well as I had hitherto kept my philosophy on its guard against the illusions with which, I knew, this region abounded, the young cup-bearer had here touched a spring of imagination, over which my philosophy, as has been seen, had but little control. No sooner had the words, "thou shalt never die," struck on my ear, than the dream of the Garden came fully to my mind; and, starting half-way from the couch, I stretched forth my

<sup>1</sup> In Harpocrate étoit assis sur le lotus, qui est la plante du paradis.—*Hist. des Juifs*.

<sup>2</sup> He two cups used in the mysteries, see *L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. 16.

<sup>3</sup> Isis, under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the Elysian world; and performed the office of Pluto, in the Elysian fields. "They believed," says Dr. Frichard, "that she presided over the region of departed souls, during their absence, when languishing without bodies, and that they were deposited in his palace."—*Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology*.

<sup>4</sup> Idem illam squam post mortem, tanquam Hebes poculum,

expetiam." *Zoepe*.—The Lethe of the Egyptians was called Ameles. See *Dupuis*, tom. viii. p. 661.

<sup>5</sup> "Enfin on disoit qu'il y avoit deux coupes, l'une en haut et l'autre en bas. Celui qui buvoit de la coupe d'en bas, avoit toujours soif, ses desirs s'augmentoient au lieu de s'eteindre; mais celui qui buvoit de la coupe en haut, étoit rempli et content. Cette première coupe étoit la connoissance de la Nature, qui ne satisfait jamais pleinement ceux qui en sondent les mystères; et la seconde coupe, dans laquelle on devoit boire pour n'avoir jamais soif, étoit la connoissance des mystères du Ciel."—*Hist. des Juifs*, liv. ix. chap. 16.

<sup>6</sup> The *τὴν ἀθανάτων φάρμακον*, which, according to Diodorus Siculus, Isis prepared for her son Orus.—*Lib. I.*

MOORE'S WORKS.

recollecting myself in-  
had betrayed to others  
y own secret indulgence,  
smile of affected indif-  
fide the young minstrel,  
ny movement, still con-  
n I heard but the con-

er dreams shall come,  
ppier day.  
he Spirit's home,  
yet fallen away ;  
orgot,  
n a sunset sea,  
at now is not,  
all brightly be."

of immortality contained  
ny other moment—vain  
at them—have sent my  
eries of the future, the  
l just made enabled me  
ence.

the form of tasting his  
anxiously to the Hiero-  
r I might be permitted to  
been given, the young  
uch a robe and tunic,  
e of linen of the purest  
d to clothe me in this  
laced upon my head a  
h the symbol of Initia-

might haply be found the young maiden I sought  
now returned with increased strength. I had  
little doubt that my guide was leading me to the  
same Elysian scene, and that the form, so fit to  
inhabit it, would again appear before my eyes.

But far different, I found, was the region to  
which he now conducted me;—nor could the  
whole world have produced a scene more gloomy  
or more strange. It wore the appearance of  
small, solitary valley, enclosed, on every side, by  
rocks, which seemed to rise, almost perpendi-  
cularly, till they reached the very sky;—for I  
was, indeed, the blue sky that I saw shining be-  
tween their summits, and whose light, dimmed thus  
and nearly lost in its long descent, formed the  
melancholy daylight of this nether world.<sup>4</sup> Down  
the side of these rocky walls descended a cataract  
whose source was upon earth, and on whose  
waters, as they rolled glassily over the edge above,  
a gleam of radiance rested, showing how brilliant  
and pure was the sunshine they had left behind.  
From thence, gradually growing darker, and fre-  
quently broken by alternate chasms and projec-  
tions, the stream fell, at last, in a pale and thin  
mist—the phantom of what it had been on earth  
—into a small lake that lay at the base of the rock  
to receive it.

Nothing was ever so bleak and saddening as the  
appearance of this lake. The usual ornaments of  
the waters of Egypt were not wanting to it; the

earth, even so, to the sad and self-humiliated many a mystery of heaven reveal which they, who walk in the light of the lid, know not!"

led me towards a rustic seat or alcove, which stood an image of that dark Deity<sup>1</sup>, without a smile, who presides over the domain of the Dead.<sup>2</sup> The same livid and ghastly was upon his features, that hung over me in this dim valley; and, with his right hand pointed directly downwards, to denote the melancholy kingdom lay there. A plant, a favourite tree of the genii of Death—around the statue, and spread its branches over the alcove, in which the Priest now seated himself, made a sign that I should take my side.

A long pause, as if of thought and preparation—"Nobly," said he, "young Greek, hastened in the first trials of Initiation. What hast thou, though of vital import to the soul, which it neither pain nor peril to the body. How proved and chastened thy mortal part by the three ordeals of Fire, of Water, and of Earth;—the next task to which we are called is the purification of thy spirit—the effectual cleansing of the mortal and immortal part, so as to render thee worthy of the reception of the last luminous revelation—the Veils of the Sanctuary shall be removed, and the Great Secret of Secrets unshrouded from thy view!—Towards this object, the next and most important step is, instruction in the three purifying elements thou hast undergone for—"

"Behold a lovely maiden!" I exclaimed, bursting my silence, having fallen, during his discourse, into a deep reverie, in which I had forgotten myself, the Great Secret, everything

was forgotten by this profane interruption, he cast his arm towards the statue, as if fearful lest she should have heard my words. Then, turning to me, in a tone of mild solemnity, "It is vain," said he, "that thoughts of the upper world are of its vain, shadowy delights, still to be far too much, to allow the lessons of the sink profitably into thy heart. A few repetitions amid this solemn scenery—of some meditation, which purifies, by sadness, may happily dispose thee to receive, with reverence, the holy and imperishable pledge we have in store for thee. With

this hope I now leave thee to thy own thoughts, and to that God, before whose calm and mournful eye all the vanities of the world, from which thou comest, wither!"

Thus saying, he turned slowly away, and passing behind the statue, towards which he had pointed during the last sentence, suddenly, and, as if by enchantment, disappeared from my sight.

## CHAPTER IX.

BEING now left to my own solitary thoughts, I was fully at leisure to reflect, with some degree of coolness, upon the inconveniences, if not dangers, of the situation into which my love of adventure had hurried me. However prompt my imagination was always to kindle, in its own ideal sphere, I have ever found that, when brought into contact with reality, it has suddenly cooled;—like those meteors, that appear to be stars while in the air, but the moment they touch earth are extinguished. And such was the feeling of disenchantment that now succeeded to the wild dreams in which I had been indulging. As long as Fancy had the field of the future to herself, even immortality did not seem too distant a race for her. But when human instruments interposed, the illusion all vanished. From mortal lips the promise of immortality seemed a mockery, and even imagination had no wings that could carry beyond the grave.

Nor was this disappointment the only feeling that pained and haunted me;—the imprudence of the step, on which I had ventured, now appeared in its full extent before my eyes. I had here thrown myself into the power of the most artful priesthood in the world, without even a chance of being able to escape from their toils, or to resist any machinations with which they might beset me. It appeared evident, from the state of preparation in which I had found all that wonderful apparatus, by which the terrors and splendours of Initiation are produced, that my descent into the pyramid was not unexpected. Numerous, indeed, and active as were the spies of the Sacred College of Memphis, it could little be doubted that all my movements, since my arrival, had been watchfully tracked; and the many hours I had employed in wandering and exploring around the pyramid, betrayed a curiosity and spirit of adventure which might well

<sup>1</sup> le passage des étoiles."—*Sithos*. Strabo mentions or pits, constructed for the purpose of astronomical which lay in the Heliopolitan prefecture, beyond

loI Inferus.—Athenodorus, scriptor vetustus, apud Alexandrinum in *Protreptico*, ait "simulacra Serapidis e colore caruleo et nigricante." Macrobius, in verbis

descriptis, § 6. docet nos apud Ægyptios "simulacra solis infera fingi colore caruleo."—*Jablonowski*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ostris*. This tree was dedicated to the Genii of the Shades, from its being an emblem of repose and cooling airs. "Cui imminet nubes folium, quod ab Iside infera genicque et addictis manu peris solitum; umbram requiesque et auras frigidæ subindigitare videtur."—*Zoege*.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

the hope of inveigling  
s.

for hatred to the sect of  
t they considered the  
Christians, the most for-  
raft and power. "How  
aimed, "to have placed  
e I am equally helpless  
and must either pretend  
stures, or else submit to  
vengeance!" Of these  
both were, the latter  
welcome. It was with a  
ack upon the mockeries  
and the prospect of  
her ceremonials, and of  
to by hypocrites whom  
ed to me, in my present  
patience, compared to  
rlwinds I had already

did I look up, between  
right sky that appeared  
s, as, pacing round and  
of the valley, I endea-  
t from its gloomy pre-  
my endeavours;—that  
d to end but in heaven,  
ere. Neither did the  
n, though constantly in

felt. I almost fancied myself already in the dark vestibule of the grave—removed, for ever, from the world above, and with nothing but the blank of an eternal sleep before me. It had happened, I knew, frequently, that the visitants of this mysterious realm were, after their descent from earth, never seen or heard of;—being condemned, for some failure in their initiatory trials, to pine away their lives in those dark dungeons, with which, as well as with altars, this region abounded. Such, I shuddered to think, might probably be my own destiny; and so appalling was the thought, that even the courage by which I had been hitherto sustained died within me, and I was already giving myself up to helplessness and despair.

At length, after some hours of this gloomy musing, I heard a rustling in the sacred grove behind the statue; and, soon after, the sound of the Priest's voice—more welcome than I had ever thought such voice could be—brought the assurance that I was not yet wholly abandoned. Finding his way to me through the gloom, he now led me to the same spot, on which we had parted so many hours before; and, addressing me in a voice that retained no trace of displeasure, bespoke my attention, while he should reveal to me some of those divine truths, by whose infusion, he said, into the soul of man, its purification can alone be effected.

The valley had now become so dark, that we

the souls that have never lost their high, heavenly rank, still soar, without a stain, above the shadowless stars, and there dwell together in infinite perfection and bliss!"

As he spoke these words, a burst of pure, brilliant light, like a sudden opening of heaven, broke through the valley; and, as soon as my eyes were able to endure the splendour, such a vision of glory and loveliness opened upon them, as took even my sceptical spirit by surprise, and made it yield, at once, to the potency of the spell.

Suspended, as I thought, in air, and occupying the whole of the opposite region of the valley, there appeared an immense orb of light, within which, through a haze of radiance, I could see distinctly fair groups of young female spirits, who, in silent, but harmonious movement, like that of the stars, wound slowly through a variety of fanciful evolutions; seeming, as they linked and unlinked each other's arms, to form a living labyrinth of beauty and grace. Though their feet appeared to glide along a field of light, they had also wings, of the most brilliant hue, which like rainbows over waterfalls, when played with by the breeze, reflected, every moment, a new variety of glory.

As I stood, gazing with wonder, the orb, with all its ethereal inmates, began gradually to recede into the dark void, lessening, as it went, and becoming more bright, as it lessened;—till, at length, distant, to all appearance, as a retiring comet, this little world of Spirits, in one small point of intense radiance, shone its last and vanished. "Go," exclaimed the rapt Priest, "ye happy souls, of whose dwelling a glimpse is thus given to our eyes,—go, wander, in your orb, through the boundless heaven, nor ever let a thought of this perishable world come to mingle its dross with your divine nature, or allure you down earthward to that mortal fall by which spirits, no less bright and admirable, have been ruined!"

A pause ensued, during which, still under the influence of wonder, I sent my fancy wandering after the inhabitants of that orb—almost wishing myself credulous enough to believe in a heaven, of which creatures, so much like those I had worshipped on earth, were inmates.

At length, the Priest, with a mournful sigh at the sad contrast he was about to draw between the happy spirits we had just seen and the fallen

ones of earth, resumed again his melanchol History of the Soul. Tracing it gradually, from the first moment of earthward desire<sup>2</sup> to its final eclipse in the shadows of this world, he dwelt upon every stage of its darkening descent, with pathos that sent sadness into the very depths of the heart. The first downward look of the spirit towards earth—the tremble of her wings on the edge of Heaven—the giddy slide, at length down that fatal descent—and the Lethæan cup midway in the sky, of which when she has once tasted, Heaven is forgot—through all these gradations he traced mournfully her fall, to that last stage of darkness, when wholly immersed in this world, her celestial nature becomes changed, she no longer can rise above earth, nor even remember her former home, except by glimpses so vague, that, at length, mistaking for hope what is only, alas! recollection, she believes those gleams to be a light from the Future, not the Past.

"To retrieve this ruin of the once-blessed Soul—to clear away from around her the clouds of earth, and, restoring her lost wings<sup>3</sup>, facilitate their return to Heaven—such," said the reverent man, "is the great task of our religion, and such the triumph of those divine Mysteries, in whose inmost depths the life and essence of that holy religion lie treasured. However sunk, and changed, and clouded may be the Spirit, yet, as long as a single trace of her original light remains, there is still hope that—"

Here the voice of the Priest was interrupted by a strain of mournful music, of which the low distant breathings had been, for some minutes audible, but which now gained upon the ear to thrillingly to let it listen to any more earthly sound. A faint light, too, at that instant broke through the valley—and I could perceive, not far from the spot where we sat, a female figure veiled, and crouching to earth, as if subdued by sorrow, or under the influence of shame.

The feeble light by which I saw her, came from a pale, moonlike meteor which had gradually formed itself in the air as the music approached and now shed over the rocks and the lake glimmer as cold as that by which the Dead, in their own kingdom, gaze upon each other. The music, too, which appeared to rise from out of the lake, full of the breath of its dark waters, spoke despondency in every note which no language could express;—and as I listened to its tones, an

*ἀσκήσαντες ἢ ἀσκήσαντες ἀνορθώσαντες*), the abode of divinity, of innocence, and of life."

<sup>1</sup> The power of producing a sudden and dazzling effusion of light, which was one of the arts employed by the contrivers of the ancient Mysteries, is thus described in a few words by Apuleius, who was himself admitted to witness the Isiac ceremonies at Corinth:—"Nocte mediâ vidi solem candido coruscantem lumine."

<sup>2</sup> In the original construction of this work, there was an episode introduced here (which I have since published in a more extended

form), illustrating the doctrine of the fall of the soul by the Oriental fable of the Loves of the Angels.

<sup>3</sup> In the language of Plato, Hierocles, &c., to "restore to us its wings," is the main object both of religion and philosophy.

*Damastricus*, in his *Life of Ildorus*, says, "Ex antiquissima philosophia Pythagoram et Platonem Ildorus ut Deos coluit, et coram animas alatas esse dixit, quas in locum supercelestem inque casti pum veritatis et pratum elevatas, divinis putavit idelis pasci." *Apsid Phot. Bibliothec.*

---

MOORE'S WORKS.

---

rit, (for such, the holy form before us,) so the scene take possession of my soul. Most painful anxiety, I

before that form rose in vision;—the air around the pale meteor overhead and living light. The rounded face of the deity more transparent, she, gradually disclosed and I continually watched the form now started from my vision. "It is she!" In another moment a thin mist, melted away, and the brightness of the Moon revealed before my eyes! As she rose her was my first impression. The Priest held me firmly and I had begun to flow myself in a flood of glory and she stood. Instead of the most exalted of the young maiden, of the fairy orb, amid a light fell upon her in the to the air.

"Say!" I exclaimed, as, of the Priest, I flung

back to my heart all the hopes and fancies in which, during my descent from earth, I had indulged. I had now seen once more that matchless creature, who had been my guiding star into this mysterious realm; and that she was destined to be, in some way, connected with the further revelations that awaited me, I saw no reason to doubt. There was a sublimity, too, in the doctrines of my reverend teacher, and even a hope in the promises of immortality held out by him, which, in spite of reason, won insensibly both upon my fancy and my pride.

The Future, however, was now but of secondary consideration;—the Present, and that deity of the Present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. It was, indeed, for the sake of such beings alone that I considered immortality desirable, nor, without them, would eternal life have appeared to me worth a single prayer. To every further trial of my patience and faith, I now made up my mind to submit without a murmur. Some kind chance, I fondly persuaded myself, might yet bring me nearer to the object of my adoration, and enable me to address, as mortal woman, one who had hitherto been to me but as a vision, a shade.

The period of my probation, however, was nearly at an end. Both frame and spirit had now stood the trial; and as the crowning test of the purification of the latter was that power of seeing into the world of spirits, with which I had proved myself, in the Valley of Visions, to be endowed,



crees of the stars from the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets, both of heaven and earth, which would have been,

<sup>1</sup> but for this key,  
Lost in the Universal Sea."

Returning to the region from which we had descended, we next visited, in succession, a series of small shrines representing the various objects of adoration throughout Egypt, and thus furnishing to the Priest an occasion for explaining the mysterious nature of animal worship, and the refined doctrines of theology that lay veiled under its forms. Every shrine was consecrated to a particular faith, and contained a living image of the deity which it adored. Beside the goat of Mendes<sup>1</sup>, with his refulgent star upon his breast, I saw the crocodile, as presented to the eyes of its idolater at Arsinoë, with costly gems<sup>2</sup> in its loathsome ears, and rich bracelets of gold encircling its feet. Here, floating through a tank in the centre of a temple, the sacred carp of Lepidotum showed its silvery scales; while, there, the Isiac serpents<sup>3</sup> trailed languidly over the altar, with that sort of movement which is thought most favourable to the aspirations of their votaries. In one of the small chapels we found a beautiful child, employed in feeding and watching over those golden beetles, which are adored for their brightness, as emblems of the sun; while, in another, stood a sacred ibis upon its pedestal, so like, in plumage and attitude, to the bird of the young Priestess, that most gladly would I have knelt down and worshipped it for her sake.

After visiting all these various shrines, and hearing the reflections which they suggested, I was next led by my guide to the great Hall of the Zodiac, on whose ceiling was delineated, in bright and undying colours, the map of the firmament, as it appeared at the first dawn of time. Here, in pointing out the track of the sun among the spheres, he spoke of the analogy that exists between moral and physical darkness—of the sympathy with which all spiritual creatures regard the sun, so as to sadden and decline when he sinks into his wintry hemisphere, and to rejoice when he resumes his own empire of light. Hence, the festivals and hymns, with which most of the nations of the earth are wont to welcome the resurrection of his orb in spring, as an emblem and pledge of the re-ascent of the soul to heaven. Hence, the songs of sorrow, the mournful ceremonies—like those Mysteries

of the Night<sup>4</sup>, upon the Lake of Saïs—in which they brood over its autumnal descent into the shades, as a type of the Spirit's fall into this world of death.

In discourses such as these the hours passed away; and though there was nothing in the light of this sunless region to mark to the eye the decline of day, my own feelings told me that the night drew near;—nor, in spite of my incredulity, could I refrain from a slight flutter of hope, as that promised moment of revelation drew nigh, when the Mystery of Mysteries was to be made all my own. This consummation, however, was less near than I expected. My patience had still further trials to encounter. It was necessary, I now found, that, during the greater part of the night, I should keep watch in the Sanctuary of the Temple, alone and in utter darkness—thus preparing myself, by meditation, for the awful moment, when the irradiation from behind the sacred Veils was to burst upon me.

At the appointed hour, we left the Hall of the Zodiac, and proceeded through a long line of marble galleries, where the lamps were more thinly scattered as we advanced, till, at length, we found ourselves in total darkness. Here the Priest, taking me by the hand, and leading me down a flight of steps, into a place where the same deep gloom prevailed, said, with a voice trembling, as if from excess of awe,—“Thou art now within the Sanctuary of our goddess, Isis, and the veils, that conceal her sacred image, are before thee!”

After exhorting me earnestly to that train of thought, which best accorded with the spirit of the place where I stood, and, above all, to that full and unhesitating faith, with which alone, he said, the manifestation of such mysteries should be approached, the holy man took leave of me, and re-ascended the steps;—while, so spell-bound did I feel by that deep darkness, that the last sound of his footsteps died upon my ear, before I ventured to stir a limb from the position in which he had left me.

The prospect of the long watch I had now to look forward to was dreadful. Even danger itself, if in an active form, would have been far preferable to this sort of safe, but dull, probation, by which patience was the only virtue put to the proof. Having ascertained how far the space around me was free from obstacles, I endeavoured to beguile the time by pacing up and down within those limits, till I became tired of the monotonous echoes of my own tread. Finding my way, then, to what I felt to be

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the animal worship of the Egyptians, see *De Pansæ*, tom. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Herodotus (*Enterp.*) tells us that the people about Thebes and Lake Meris kept a number of tame crocodiles, which they worshipped, and dressed them out with gems and golden ornaments in their ears.

<sup>3</sup> “On auguroit bien de serpens isiaques, lorsqu'ils gôtoient l'offrande et se traînoient lentement autour de l'autel.”—*De Pansæ*.

<sup>4</sup> For an account of the various festivals at the different periods of the sun's progress, in the spring, and in the autumn, see *Dupuis* and *Prichard*.

<sup>5</sup> Vide *Athenag. Leg. pro Christ.*, p. 136.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

ing wearily against it, I gain of thoughts and feelings with which the good inspire me.

I thought I, "possess really they themselves the vic into the grave with the air hands? But no, safely so lavishly promise is ture world—that ready omises—that depository creeds. Another world? e? or, what spirit hath is there?"

ch, half sadly, half pas—that, life being but a rer to come again, every for hereafter ought to nan here. And, as no of from these visionary certainty of happiness as last night—"Let me," striking the massy pillar at make that beautiful here willingly exchange mortality, that the com Twelve Temples can

ed these words, than a of thunder rolled over

under them; resembling that border which encircles a cloud at sunset, when the rich radiance from behind is escaping at its edges.

This indication of concealed glories grew ever instant more strong; till, at last, vividly marked as it was upon the darkness, the narrow fringe of lustre almost pained the eye—giving promise of fulness of splendour too bright to be endured. My expectations were now wound to the highest pitch, and all the scepticism, into which I had been cooling down my mind, was forgotten. The wonders that had been presented to me since my descent from earth—that glimpse into Elysium on the first night of my coming—those visitants from the land of Spirits in the mysterious valley—al led me to expect, in this last and brightest revelation, such visions of glory and knowledge as might transcend even fancy itself, nor leave a doubt that they belonged less to earth than heaven.

While, with an imagination thus excited, I stood waiting the result, an increased gush of light still more awakened my attention; and I saw with an intenseness of interest, which made my heart beat aloud, one of the corners of the mighty Veil raised slowly from the floor. I now felt that the Great Secret, whatever it might be, was at hand. A vague hope even crossed my mind—so wholly had imagination now resumed her empire—that the splendid promise of my dream was on the very point of being realised!

d seen. Casting a look towards the Veil, seemed bursting with its luminous secret, I lost doubting to which of the two chances I commit myself, when I felt the riband in my hand pulled softly at the other extremity. Movement, like a touch of magic, at once came to me. Without any further deliberation, I obeyed the silent summons, and following my guide who was already at some distance before me, I found myself led up the same flight of marble steps which the Priest had conducted me into the sanctuary. Arrived at their summit, I felt the speed of my conductress quicken, and giving her a look to the Veiled Shrine, whose glories were burning uselessly behind us, hastened on into the gloom, full of confidence in the fate that she, who now held the other end of the thread, was one whom I was ready to follow blindly through the world.

## CHAPTER XL

such rapidity was I hurried along by my guide, full of wonder at the speed with which she ventured through these labyrinths, that but little time left for reflection upon the mysteriousness of the adventure to which I had committed myself. My knowledge of the character of the Memphian priests, as well as some fearful reports that had reached me, concerning the fate of those who attended unbelievers in their hands, had created a momentary suspicion of treachery in my mind. But, when I recalled the face of my guide as I had seen it in the small chapel, with its serene and ivine look, the very memory of which I carried into my heart, I found my suspicions vanish, and felt shame at having harshly treated her but an instant. In the meanwhile, our rapid course continued without any interruption, through windings even more mysteriously intricate than any I had yet seen, and whose thick gloom seemed never to be broken by a single glimmer of light. My conductress was still at some distance before me, and the slight clue, to which I clung

as if it were Destiny's own thread, was still kept, by the speed of her course, at full stretch between us. At length, suddenly stopping, she said, in a breathless whisper, "Seat thyself here;" and, at the same moment, led me by the hand to a sort of low car, in which, obeying her brief command, I lost not a moment in placing myself, while the maiden, no less promptly, took her seat by my side.

A sudden click, like the touching of a spring, was then heard, and the car—which, as I had felt in entering it, leaned half-way over a steep descent—on being let loose from its station, shot down, almost perpendicularly, into the darkness, with a rapidity which, at first, nearly deprived me of breath. The wheels slid smoothly and noiselessly in grooves, and the impetus, which the car acquired in descending, was sufficient, I perceived, to carry it up an eminence that succeeded—from the summit of which it again rushed down another declivity, even still more long and precipitous than the former. In this manner we proceeded, by alternate falls and rises, till, at length, from the last and steepest elevation, the car descended upon a level of deep sand, where, after running for a few yards, it by degrees lost its motion, and stopped.

Here the maiden, alighting again, placed the riband in my hands—and again I followed her, though with more slowness and difficulty than before, as our way now led up a flight of damp and time-worn steps, whose ascent seemed to the wearied and insecure foot interminable. Perceiving with what languor my guide advanced, I was on the point of making an effort to assist her progress, when the creak of an opening door above, and a faint gleam of light which, at the same moment, shone upon her figure, apprised me that we were at last arrived within reach of sunshine.

Joyfully I followed through this opening, and, by the dim light, could discern, that we were now in the sanctuary of a vast, ruined temple—having entered by a secret passage under the pedestal, upon which an image of the idol of the place once stood. The first movement of the young maiden, after closing again the portal under the pedestal, was, without even a single look towards me, to cast her-

allusion to the accounts which the ancients have left us of glorious excavations in all parts of Egypt—the fifteen numbers under the Labyrinth—the subterranean stables of the king, containing a thousand horses—the crypts of Upper Egypt lying under the bed of the Nile, &c. &c.—the stories and legends current among the Arabs still preserve the memory of wonderful substructions. "Un Arabe," says Paul Lucas, "il avec nous, m'assura qu'étant entré autrefois dans le tombeau, il avoit marché dans les chambres souterraines jusqu'en ce lieu où il y avoit une grande place environnée de plusieurs petites boutiques, d'où l'on entroit dans les salles et dans les chambres, sans pouvoir en trouver la fin." It is, too, of the arcades along the Nile, near Cosseir, "Ils

me dirent même que ces souterraines étoient si profondes qu'il y en avoit qui alloient à trois jours de là, et qu'ils conduisoient dans un pays où l'on voyoit de beaux jardins, qu'on y trouvoit de belles maisons." &c. &c.

See also in *M. Quatremère's Mémoires sur l'Égypte*, tom. I. p. 142, an account of a subterranean reservoir, said to have been discovered at Kals, and of the expedition undertaken by a party of persons, in a long narrow boat, for the purpose of exploring it. "Leur voyage avoit été de six jours, dont les quatre premiers furent employés à pénétrer les bords; les deux autres à revenir au lieu d'où ils étoient partis. Pendant tout cet intervalle ils ne purent atteindre l'extrémité du bassin. L'émir Ala-eddin-Tamboos, gouverneur de Behnes, écrivit ces détails au sultan, qui en fut extrêmement surpris."

## MOORE'S WORKS.

with her hands clasped giving or prayer. But to sustain herself in this could hold out no longer. Fatigue, she sunk sense-

less, by the strange events of the minutes looking upon her with alarm. But, refreshing sensations, of the kind raised her gently in my arms, and I carried her to the outer vestibule, where I closed her eyes from the light, and laid her upon the steps, where she lay breathing freely between the cool draught, over her

head. I saw, with certainty— a mysterious girl, who had fallen into that subterranean passage, such strange and unaccountable as my guide back again led me around to discover such a scene of grandeur. I had been then attracted to the form reclining at my feet, and I led them to dwell on its beauties, and on the small island

of the stellated halls, having left nothing now behind but a few frowning ruins, which, contrasted with the soft groves of acacia and olive around them, seemed to rebuke the luxuriant smiles of nature, and threw a melancholy grandeur over the whole scene.

The effects of the air, in reanimating the young Priestess, were less speedy than I had expected;—her eyes were still closed, and she remained pale and insensible. Alarmed, I now rested her head (which had been, for some time, supported by my arm) against the base of one of the columns, with my cloak for its pillow, while I hastened to procure some water from the Lake. The temple stood high, and the descent to the shore was precipitous. But, my Epicurean habits having but little impaired my activity, I soon descended, with the lightness of a desert deer, to the bottom. Here, plucking from a lofty bean-tree, whose flowers stood, shining like gold, above the water, one of those large hollowed leaves that serve as cups for the Hebes of the Nile, I filled it from the Lake, and hurried back with the cool draught towards the Temple. It was not, however, without some difficulty that I at last succeeded in bearing my rustic chalice steadily up the steep; more than once did an unlucky slip waste all its contents, and as often did I return impatiently to refill it.

During this time, the young maiden was fast recovering her animation and consciousness; and, at the moment when I appeared above the edge of

ing her — “behold him still by thy side — the same, the very same, who saw thee steal from under the Veils of the Sanctuary, whom thou hast guided by a clue through those labyrinths below, and who now only waits his command from those lips, to devote himself through life and death to thy service.” As I spoke these words, she turned slowly round, and looking timidly in my face, while her own burned with blushes, said, in a tone of doubt and wonder, “Thou!” and then hid her eyes in her hands.

I knew not how to interpret a reception so unexpected. That some mistake or disappointment had occurred was evident; but so inexplicable did the whole adventure appear to me, that it was in vain to think of unravelling any part of it. Weak and agitated, she now tottered to the steps of the Temple, and there seating herself, with her forehead against the cold marble, seemed for some moments absorbed in the most anxious thought; while silent and watchful I awaited her decision, though, at the same time, with a feeling which the result proved to be prophetic — that my destiny was, from thenceforth, linked inseparably with hers.

The inward struggle by which she was agitated, though violent, was not of long continuance. Starting suddenly from her seat, with a look of terror towards the Temple, as if the fear of immediate pursuit had alone decided her, she pointed eagerly towards the East, and exclaimed, “To the Nile, without delay!” — clasping her hands, after she had thus spoken, with the most suppliant fervour, as if to soften the abruptness of the mandate she had given, and appealing to me at the same time, with a look that would have taught Stoics themselves tenderness.

I lost not a moment in obeying the welcome command. With a thousand wild hopes naturally crowding upon my fancy, at the thoughts of a voyage, under such auspices, I descended rapidly to the shore, and hailing one of those boats that ply upon the Lake for hire, arranged speedily for a passage down the canal to the Nile. Having learned, too, from the boatmen, a more easy path up the rock, I hastened back to the Temple for my fair charge; and, without a word or look, that could alarm, even by its kindness, or disturb the innocent confidence which she now evidently reposed in me, led her down by the winding path to the boat.

Everything around looked sunny and smiling as we embarked. The morning was in its first freshness, and the path of the breeze might clearly be traced over the Lake, as it went wakening up the waters from their sleep of the night. The

gay, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores were, in every direction, skimming along the Lake; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave. To add to the liveliness of the scene, there came, at intervals, on the breeze, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters<sup>1</sup>, that allow themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

The vessel I had selected for our voyage was one of those small pleasure-boats or yachts<sup>2</sup> — so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile — in the centre of which rises a pavilion of cedar or cypress wood, adorned richly on the outside, with religious emblems, and gaily fitted up, within, for feasting and repose. To the door of this pavilion I now led my companion, and after a few words of kindness — tempered cautiously with as much reserve as the deep tenderness of my feeling towards her would admit — led her to court that restoring rest, which the agitation of her spirits so much required.

For myself, though repose was hardly less necessary to me, the state of ferment in which I had been so long kept, appeared to render it hopeless. Having thrown myself on the deck of the vessel under an awning which the sailors had raised for me, I continued, for some hours, in a sort of vague day-dream — sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama, and some times, with my eyes fixed in drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stooping its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves there shone a small temple or pleasure-house while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those palmy sweet roses<sup>3</sup>, for which this district of Egypt is celebrated.

The activity of the morning hour was visible in every direction. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves; and the white heron, which had been roosting all night in some date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water

<sup>1</sup> *Elian*, lib. vi. 32.

<sup>2</sup> Called Thalamegos, from the pavilion on the deck. — *Vide Strabo*.

<sup>3</sup> As April is the season for gathering these roses (see *Mah Bruin's Economical Calendar*), the Epicurean could not, of course mean to say that he saw them actually in flower.

---

MOORE'S WORKS.

---

wakened;—and, most of which, having risen along wave, was now holding draught of his light.

as that now successively mingled with the vague rough my mind, as our precious sail, swept along the succurrences of the last few year to me one continued y far the greatest marvel those first look had sent —whom I had thought of lessness of passion, that anger and wrong to obtain y at this moment resting pavilion, while guarding I lay motionless at its

had reached his meridian of the morning had died around was sleeping in

The Nile-geese, having wings, was lying motionless sycamores in the water. upon the bank<sup>1</sup> appeared he light fell on their gold ome as I was with watch-ought, it was not long calming influence of the

of the waters, and the drowsy song of the boatmen at the prow, were the only sounds that disturb the deep silence which prevailed.

The sun, indeed, had nearly sunk behind the Libyan hills, before the sleep, into which the sounds had contributed to lull me, was broken; at the first object on which my eyes rested, in waking, was that fair young Priestess — seated within a porch which shaded the door of the pavilion, an bending intently over a small volume that lay unrolled on her lap.

Her face was but half-turned towards me; and as she, once or twice, raised her eyes to the warr sky, whose light fell, softened through the trellis over her cheek, I found all those feelings of reverence, which she had inspired me with in the chapel, return. There was even a purer and holier charm around her countenance, thus seen by the natural light of day, than in those dim and unhallowed regions below. She was now looking too, direct to the glorious sky, and her pure eyes and that heaven, so worthy of each other, met.

After contemplating her for a few moments, with little less than adoration, I rose gently from my resting-place, and approached the pavilion. But the mere movement had startled her from her devotion, and, blushing and confused, she covered the volume with the folds of her robe.

In the art of winning upon female confidence, I had long, of course, been schooled; and, now that

daughters of the Ptolemies<sup>1</sup>, when far away, sign thrones, have been known to sigh in the splendour of their splendour. As our boat, with its sail, was gliding into the current, and from the boatmen, whether they should be for the night in the Nile, first reminded me of the ignorance in which I still remained, with the motive or destination of our voyage. Passed by their question, I directed my eyes to the Priestess, whom I saw waiting for me with a look of anxiety, which this silence rendered to her wishes at once dispelled. Reading eagerly the volume with which I had been so much occupied, she took from between her fingers a small leaf of papyrus, on which there were to be some faint lines of drawing, and looking upon it thoughtfully for a few moments, she placed it, with an agitated hand, in mine. In the meantime, the boatmen had taken in sail, and the yacht drove slowly down the Nile with the current; while, by a light which was kindled at sunset on the deck, I stood reading the leaf that the Priestess had given me, her dark eyes fixed anxiously on my countenance all the while. The lines traced upon the leaf were so faint as to be almost invisible, and for some time wholly unable to form a picture as to their import. At length, however, I succeeded in making out that they were of a map, or outlines—traced slightly and delicately with a Memphian reed—of a part of the mountainous ridge by which Upper Egypt is bounded to the east, together with the names, or emblems, of the chief towns in its immediate neighbourhood. As I looked thither, I now saw clearly, that the young girl wished to pursue her course. Without delay, therefore, I ordered the boatmen to be ready to start the yacht before the wind, and ascend the current. My command was promptly obeyed: the yacht again rose into the region of the breeze, and I felt a satisfaction that beamed in every feature of her fair Egyptian showed that the quickness with which I had attended to her wishes was not by her. The moon had now risen; and the current was against us, the Etesian wind of the season blew strongly up the river, and

we were soon floating before it, through the rich plains and groves of the Said.

The love with which this simple girl had inspired me, was partly, perhaps, from the mystic scenes and situations in which I had seen her, not unmingled with a tinge of superstitious awe, under the influence of which I felt the natural buoyancy of my spirit repressed. The few words that had passed between us on the subject of our route had somewhat loosened this spell; and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence was more than compensated by the tone of deep sensibility which love had awakened in their place.

We had not proceeded far, before the glittering of lights at a distance, and the shooting up of fireworks, at intervals, into the air, apprised us that we were then approaching one of those night-fairs, or *maras*, which it is the custom, at this season, to hold upon the Nile. To me the scene was familiar; but to my young companion it was evidently a new world; and the mixture of alarm and delight with which she gazed, from under her veil, upon the busy scene into which we now sailed, gave an air of innocence to her beauty, which still more heightened its every charm.

It was one of the widest parts of the river; and the whole surface, from one bank to the other, was covered with boats. Along the banks of a green island, in the middle of the stream, lay anchored the galleys of the principal traders—large floating bazaars, bearing each the name of its owner<sup>2</sup>, emblazoned in letters of flame, upon the stern. Over their decks were spread out, in gay confusion, the products of the loom and needle of Egypt—rich carpets of Memphis, and likewise those variegated veils, for which the female embroiderers of the Nile are so celebrated, and to which the name of Cleopatra lends a traditional charm. In each of the other galleys was exhibited some branch of Egyptian workmanship—vases of the fragrant porcelain of On—cups of that frail crystal<sup>3</sup>, whose hues change like those of the pigeon's plumage—enamelled amulets graven with the head of Anubis, and necklaces and bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia.<sup>4</sup>

While Commerce was thus displaying her various luxuries in one quarter, in every other, the spirit

clennement on portoit les eaux du Nil jusqu'à des contrées sèches, et surtout chez les princesses du sang des Ptolomées, dans des familles étrangères."—*De Passu*.  
 water thus conveyed to other lands was, as we may collect from the text, chiefly intended for the use of the Temples of Isis, and in those countries.

Si candida jussit Io,  
 Ibit ad Ægypti sinem, calidæque petitas  
 A Meret portabit aquas, ut spargat in œde  
 Iadidæ, antiquo que proxima surgit ovill.

Sat. vi.

nom du maître y étoit écrit, pendant la nuit, en lettres de feuillet.

<sup>2</sup> Called *Alasontes*. For their brillianess *Martial* is an authority:

Tolle, puer, callosæ, tepidique torrensatis Nil,  
 Et mihi securâ pocula trade manu.

"Sans parler ici des coupes d'un verre porté jusqu'à la pureté du crystal, ni de celles qu'on appelloit *Alasontes*, et qu'on suppose avoir représenté des figures dont les couleurs changeoient suivant l'aspect sous lequel on les regardoit, à peu près comme ce qu'on nomme vulgairement *gorge-de-pigeon*," &c.—*De Passu*.

<sup>4</sup> The bean of the *Glycine*, which is so beautiful as to be strung into necklaces and bracelets, is generally known by the name of the black bean of Abyssinia.—*Nesbiter*.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

countless shapes, swarmed  
er was the festivity confined  
along the banks of the island  
aminated mansions were seen  
e trees, from whence sounds  
ent came. In some of the  
minstrels, who, from time to  
other, like echoes, across the  
of the lyre, the flageolet, and  
l flute', were heard, in the  
ing along the waters.

her boats stationed in the least  
orkers of fire sent forth their

Bursting out suddenly from  
a the very exuberance of joy,  
appeared to reach the sky, and  
shower of sparkles, shed such  
as brightened even the white  
ing them shine as doth the  
at night', when the fire from  
ying around its snows.

is mart afforded us, of provid-  
some less remarkable habili-  
which we had escaped from  
as too seasonable not to be  
age of by both. For myself,  
arb which I wore was suffi-  
my Grecian mantle, which I  
wn round me on the night of  
thin veil of my companion

river. The sounds and the lights we had left  
hind died gradually away, and we now flo  
along in moonlight and silence once more. S  
dews, worthy of being called "the tears of Is  
fell refreshingly through the air, and every  
and flower sent its fragrance to meet them.

wind, just strong enough to bear us smot  
against the current, scarce stirred the shado  
the tamarisks on the water. As the inhabi  
from all quarters were collected at the night  
the Nile was more than usually still and soft  
Such a silence, indeed, prevailed, that, as we gl  
near the shore, we could hear the rustling of  
acacias', as the chameleons ran up their stems.  
was, altogether, such a night as only the clif  
of Egypt can boast, when the whole scene ar  
lies lulled in that sort of bright tranquillity, w  
may be imagined to light the slumbers of t  
happy spirits, who are said to rest in the Valle  
the Moon', on their way to heaven.

By such a light, and at such an hour, seated,  
by side, on the deck of that bark, did we pu  
our course up the lonely Nile—each a myster  
the other—our thoughts, our objects, our v  
names a secret;—separated, too, till now,  
destinies so different; the one, a gay voluptu  
of the Garden of Athens; the other, a seclu  
Priestess of the Temples of Memphis;—and  
only relation yet established between us being  
dangerous one of love, passionate love, on ones



ing back, and letting my eyes wander over the monument, as if seeking to disengage them from fascination which they dreaded—"To the sky," I exclaimed, "for ages, of skies like this, the pensive and mystic character of your life may be traced. That mixture of pride and melancholy which naturally arises at the sight of the eternal lights shining out of darkness;—sublime, but saddened, anticipation of a life, which steals sometimes over the soul in silence of such an hour, when, though Death seems to reign in the deep stillness of earth, are yet those beacons of Immortality burning in the sky."

Using, as I uttered the word "immortality," a sigh to think how little my heart echoed to the words, I looked in the face of my companion, and saw that it had lighted up, as I spoke, into a glow of holy animation, such as Faith alone gives; such as Hope herself wears, when she is dream-  
ing of heaven. Touched by the contrast, and leaning upon her with mournful tenderness, I raised my arms half opened, to clasp her to myself, while the words died away inaudibly upon my lips,— "Thou, too, beautiful maiden! must thou, too, die for ever?"

By a self-command, I felt, had nearly deserted. Rising abruptly from my seat, I walked to the middle of the deck, and stood, for some moments, unconsciously gazing upon one of those figures which—according to the custom of all who sail by night on the Nile—our boatmen had placed, to scare away the crocodiles from the vessel. But it was in vain that I endeavoured to disperse my spirit. Every effort I made but more fully convinced me, that, till the mystery which surrounded that maiden should be solved—till the secret, with which my own bosom laboured, should be disclosed—it was fruitless to attempt to obtain a semblance of tranquillity.

My resolution was therefore taken;—to lay down, at once, the feelings of my own heart, as far as such revelation might be hazarded, without troubling the timid innocence of my companion. I resolved, I resumed my seat, with more confidence, by her side; and taking from my pocket the small mirror which she had dropped in the Temple, and which I had ever since worn around my neck, presented it with a smiling hand to her view. The boatmen had kindled one of their night-fires near us, and the light, as she leaned forward to look at the fire, fell upon her face.

Her quick blush of surprise with which she received it to be hers, and her look of bashful yet anxious inquiry, in raising her eyes to mine, were signals to which I was not, of course, tardy, in responding. Beginning with the first moment when I saw her in the Temple, and passing hastily,

but with words that burned as they went, over the impression which she had then left upon my heart and fancy, I proceeded to describe the particulars of my descent into the pyramid—my surprise and adoration at the door of the chapel—my encounter with the Trials of Initiation, so mysteriously prepared for me, and all the various visionary wonders I had witnessed in that region, till the moment when I had seen her stealing from under the Veils to approach me.

Though, in detailing these events, I had said but little of the feelings they had awakened in me—though my lips had sent back many a sentence, unuttered, there was still enough that could neither be subdued nor disguised, and which, like that light from under the veils of her own Isis, glowed through every word that I spoke. When I told of the scene in the chapel—of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living—the maiden leaned down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen; and, when she looked at me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighbouring are the fountains of Love and of Sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams.

Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design, in my manner and conduct towards this innocent girl, not all the most experienced gallantry of the Garden could have dictated a policy half so seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The same ardour which, if shown at once, and without reserve, might probably have startled a heart so little prepared for it, being now checked and softened by the timidity of real love, won its way without alarm, and, when most diffident of success, was then most surely on its way to triumph. Like one whose slumbers are gradually broken by sweet music, the maiden's heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the course of the charm, unconscious whither it led, nor was even aware of the flame she had lighted in another's bosom, till startled by the reflection of it glimmering in her own.

Impatient as I was to appeal to her generosity and sympathy, for a similar proof of confidence to that which I had just given, the night was now too far advanced for me to impose upon her such a task. After exchanging a few words, in which, though little met the ear, there was, on both sides, a tone and manner that spoke far more than language, we took a lingering leave of each other for the night, with every prospect, I fondly hoped, of being still together in our dreams.

MOORE'S WORKS.

BOOK XIII.

of day when we parted  
aking westward when we  
he smile, so frankly cor-  
et me, might have been  
a long-mellowed friend-  
nd the cast-down eyelid  
ptoms of a feeling newer  
self, lightened as I was,  
rowth which I had made,  
of the new aspect thus  
not to feel some little  
returning to the theme.  
y, alike willing to allow  
erted, by the variety of  
ented themselves on the  
at evidently both were  
ch.

stirring with commerce  
we met with boats de-  
wholly independent of aid  
mariners sat idly on the  
either singing or playing  
ed pipes. The greater  
ne laden with those large  
e in the desert, whose  
ightest at the full of the  
ght cargoes of frankin-

It was near sunset, when, in passing a small temple on the shore, whose porticoes were now filled with the evening light, we saw issuing from a thick grove of acanthus near it, a train of young maidens gracefully linked together in the dance by staves of the lotus held at arms' length between their hands. Their tresses were also wreathed with this gay emblem of the season, and in such profusion were their white flowers twisted around their waists and arms, that they might have been taken, as the Nymphs of the Nile, then freshly risen from their bright garden under the wave.

After looking for a few minutes at this sacred dance, the maiden turned away her eyes, with a look of pain, as if the remembrances it recalled were of no welcome nature. This momentary retrospect, this glimpse into the past, appeared to offer a sort of clue to the secret for which I panted;—and accordingly I proceeded, as gradually and delicately as my impatience would allow, to avail myself of the opening. Her own frankness, however, relieved me from the embarrassment of much questioning. She appeared even to feel that the confidence I sought was due to me; and beyond the natural hesitation of maidenly modesty, not a shade of reserve or evasion appeared.

To attempt to repeat, in her own touching words, the simple story which she now related to me, would be like endeavouring to note down

of his fame both among Pagans and Christians. Endowed richly with the learning of both he brought the natural light of philosophy to treat the mysteries of faith, and was then proud of his knowledge of the wisdom of this when he found it minister usefully to the light of divine truth.

though he had courted in vain the crown of glory, it was held, through his whole life, over his head; and, in more than one occasion, he had shown himself cheerfully ready for that holy faith which he lived but to uphold. On one of these occasions, however, having habited him like an Egyptian, placed him upon the steps of the temple of Serapis, and commanded that he should, in the manner of the Pagan ministers, present himself to the multitude who went up into the temple. But the courageous Christian displayed their views. Holding forth the branches in an unshrinking hand, he cried aloud, 'Come and take the branch,—not of an Idol, but of Christ.'

Indefatigable was this learned Father in his task, that, while composing his Commentary on the Scriptures, he was attended by seven scribes or notaries, who relieved each other in writing the dictates of his eloquent tongue; the same number of young females, selected for their beauty of their penmanship, were employed in arranging and transcribing the precious

Among the scribes so selected, was the fair Theora, whose parents, though attached to Pagan worship, were not unwilling to profit by the accomplishments of their daughter, thus employed in a task, which they looked on as purely secular. To the maid herself, however, her employment brought far other feelings and consequences. She read anxiously as she wrote, and the vine truths, so eloquently illustrated, found their way, by degrees, from the page to her heart. It was, too, as the written words affected her, the words resounded from the lips of the great teacher himself, which she had frequent opportunities of hear—she sank still more deeply into her mind. There it remained, a sublimity and gentleness in his teaching of religion, which, to the tender hearts and imaginations of women, never failed to speak with convincing power. Accordingly, the number of his female pupils was numerous; and the names of Barbara, Juliana, Heraïs, and others, afforded honourable testimony to his influence over

Theora the feeling, with which his discourses inspired her, was like a new soul—a con-

sciousness of spiritual existence, never before felt. By the eloquence of the comment she was awakened into admiration of the text; and when, by the kindness of a Catechumen of the school, who had been struck by her innocent zeal, she, for the first time, became possessor of a copy of the Scriptures, she could not sleep for thinking of her sacred treasure. With a mixture of pleasure and fear she hid it from all eyes, and was like one who had received a divine guest under her roof, and felt fearful of betraying its divinity to the world.

"A heart so awake would have been with ease secured to the faith, had her opportunities of hearing the sacred word continued. But circumstances arose to deprive her of this advantage. The mild Origen, long harassed and thwarted in his labours by the tyranny of Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, was obliged to relinquish his school and fly from Egypt. The occupation of the fair scribe was, therefore, at an end: her intercourse with the followers of the new faith ceased; and the growing enthusiasm of her heart gave way to more worldly impressions.

"Among other earthly feelings, love conducted not a little to wean her thoughts from the true religion. While still very young, she became the wife of a Greek adventurer, who had come to Egypt as a purchaser of that rich tapestry, in which the needles of Persia are rivalled by the looms of the Nile. Having taken his young bride to Memphis, which was still the great mart of this merchandise, he there, in the midst of his speculations, died—leaving his widow on the point of becoming a mother, while, as yet, but in her nineteenth year.

"For single and unprotected females, it has been, at all times, a favourite resource, to seek for employment in the service of some of those great temples by which so large a portion of the wealth and power of Egypt is absorbed. In most of these institutions there exists an order of Priestesses, which, though not hereditary, like that of the Priests, is provided for by ample endowments, and confers that dignity and station, with which, in a government so theocratic, Religion is sure to invest even her humblest handmaids. From the general policy of the Sacred College of Memphis, we may take for granted, that an accomplished female, like Theora, found but little difficulty in being elected one of the Priestesses of Isis; and it was in the service of the subterranean shrines that her ministry chiefly lay.

"Here, a month or two after her admission, she gave birth to Alethea, who first opened her eyes among the unholy pomps and specious miracles of

2 During the composition of his great critical work, the learned Origen employed these female scribes.

2 Non ego prestulerim Babylonica picta superbe  
Tuxta, Samramit que variantur scilicet. Martialis.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

Though Theora, as we  
ed by other feelings from  
e Christian faith, she had  
pression then made upon  
, which the pious Cate-  
was still treasured with  
eldom opened its pages,  
ea of sanctity associated  
nd often would she sit to  
ential pleasure, recalling  
s when it was first made

ew retreat, and the lone  
l, led her still more fre-  
h thoughts, and to recur  
which she had heard in  
ia. She now began to  
d vplume, drinking deep  
he before but tasted, and  
s of mourners, since her  
nity is the true and only

secret hours became still  
from the peril with which,  
attended, as from the ne-  
nder of concealing from  
ious light that had been  
heart. Too timid to en-  
tution, which awaited all

and provide for their use that purest water, which  
alone these delicate birds will touch. This em-  
ployment was the delight of her childish hours  
and that ibis, which Alciphron (the Epicurean  
saw her dance round in the Temple, was, of all  
the sacred flock, her especial favourite, and has  
been daily fondled and fed by her from infancy.

"Music, as being one of the chief spells of this  
enchanted region, was an accomplishment required  
of all its ministrants; and the harp, the lyre, and  
the sacred flute, sounded nowhere so sweetly as  
through these subterranean gardens. The chief  
object, indeed, in the education of the youth of  
the Temple, was to fit them, by every grace of art  
and nature, to give effect to the illusion of those  
shows and phantasms, in which the entire charm  
and secret of Initiation lay.

"Among the means employed to support the old  
system of superstition, against the infidelity and,  
still more, the new faith that menaced it, was an  
increased display of splendour and marvels in  
those mysteries for which Egypt has so long been  
celebrated. Of these ceremonies so many imita-  
tions had, under various names, multiplied through-  
out Europe, that at length the parent superstition  
ran a risk of being eclipsed by its progeny; and,  
in order still to rank as the first Priesthood in the  
world, it became necessary for those of Egypt to  
remain still the best impostors.

her fair companions, as the most worthy representative of spiritual loveliness, in those pictures of Elysium—those scenes of another world—by which not only the fancy, but the reason, of the excited Aspirants was dazzled.

“To the innocent child herself these shows were pastime. But to Theora, who knew too well the imposition to which they were subservient, this profanation of all that she loved was a perpetual source of horror and remorse. Often would she—when Alethe stood smiling before her, arrayed, perhaps, as a spirit of the Elysian world—turn away, with a shudder, from the happy child, almost fancying she saw already the shadows of sin descending over that innocent brow, as she gazed upon it.

“As the intellect of the young maid became more active and inquiring, the apprehensions and difficulties of the mother increased. Afraid to communicate her own precious secret, lest she should involve her child in the dangers that encompassed it, she yet felt it to be no less a cruelty than a crime to leave her wholly immersed in the darkness of Paganism. In this dilemma, the only resource that remained to her was to select, and disengage from the dross that surrounded them, those pure particles of truth which lie at the bottom of all religions;—those feelings, rather than doctrines, of which God has never left his creatures destitute, and which, in all ages, have furnished, to those who sought after it, some clue to his glory.

“The unity and perfect goodness of the Creator; the fall of the human soul into corruption, its struggles with the darkness of this world, and its final redemption and re-ascension to the source of all spirit;—these natural solutions of the problem of our existence, these elementary grounds of all religion and virtue, which Theora had heard illustrated by her Christian teacher, lay also, she knew, veiled under the theology of Egypt; and to impress them, in their abstract purity, upon the mind of her susceptible pupil, was, in default of more heavenly lights, her sole ambition and care.

“It was generally their habit, after devoting their mornings to the service of the Temple, to pass their evenings and nights in one of those small mansions above ground, allotted, within the precincts of the Sacred College, to some of the most favoured Priestesses. Here, out of the reach of those gross superstitions, which pursued them, at every step, below, she endeavoured to inform, as far as she could venture, the mind of her beloved girl; and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth, as plants long shut up in darkness will, when light is let in upon them, incline themselves to its rays.

“Frequently, as they sat together on the terrace at night, admiring that glorious assembly of stars,

whose beauty first misled mankind into idolatry, she would explain to the young listener by what gradations of error it was that the worship, thus transferred from the Creator to the creature, sunk still lower and lower in the scale of being, till man, at length, presumed to deify man, and by the most monstrous of inversions, heaven was made the mere mirror of earth, reflecting back all its most earthly features.

“Even in the Temple itself, the anxious mother would endeavour to interpose her purer lessons among the idolatrous ceremonies in which they were engaged. When the favourite ibis of Alethe took its station upon the shrine, and the young maiden was seen approaching, with all the gravity of worship, the very bird which she had played with but an hour before—when the acacia-bough, which she herself had plucked, seemed to acquire a sudden sacredness in her eyes, as soon as the priest had breathed upon it—on all such occasions Theora, though with fear and trembling, would venture to suggest to the youthful worshipper the distinction that should be drawn between the sensible object of adoration, and that spiritual, unseen Deity, of which it was but the remembrancer or type.

“With sorrow, however, she soon discovered that, in thus but partially letting in light upon a mind far too ardent to rest satisfied with such glimmerings, she but bewildered the heart which she meant to guide, and cut down the feeble hope around which its faith twined, without substituting any other support in its place. As the beauty, too, of Alethe began to attract all eyes, new fears crowded upon the mother's heart;—fears, in which she was but too much justified by the characters of some of those around her.

“In this sacred abode, as may easily be conceived, morality did not always go hand in hand with religion. The hypocritical and ambitious Orcus, who was, at this period, High Priest of Memphis, was a man, in every respect, qualified to preside over a system of such splendid fraud. He had reached that effective time of life, when enough of the warmth and vigour of youth remains to give animation to the counsels of age. But, in his instance, youth had left only the baser passions behind, while age but brought with it a more refined maturity of mischief. The advantages of a faith appealing almost wholly to the senses, were well understood by him; nor had he failed either to discover that, in order to render religion subservient to his own interests, he must shape it adroitly to the interests and passions of others.

“The state of anxiety and remorse in which the mind of the hapless Theora was kept by the scenes, however artfully veiled, which she daily witnessed around her, became at length intolerable. No perils that the cause of truth could bring with it

---

---

MOORE'S WORKS.

---

ful as this endurance of  
er child was, as yet, pure  
out that sentinel of the  
might she continue so?  
e decided her: all other  
She resolved instantly to  
sole secret of her soul; to  
her only hope on earth,  
s in heaven, and then fly  
ble, from this unhallowed  
to the mountains—to any  
where God and the con-  
might be with them.  
h which her young pupil  
e truths was even beyond  
as like the lighting of one  
red was Alethe's mind for  
r, indeed, was the anxious  
her misery, by this per-  
and faith, and by the  
aw her beloved child—  
when first led by her dam-  
stily by her side, at the  
h.  
as not long to last. The  
d suffered began to prey  
felt her strength daily  
s of leaving, alone and  
that treasure which she  
en, gave her a feeling of

last breath, the venerable man, to whom, unde  
Heaven, she looked for the protection and salva  
tion of her child.

“The first violence of feeling to which Alethe  
gave way was succeeded by a fixed and tearful  
grief, which rendered her insensible, for some time  
to the dangers of her situation. Her sole comfort  
consisted in visiting that monumental chapel  
where the beautiful remains of Theora lay. There  
night after night, in contemplation of those placid  
features, and in prayers for the peace of the de-  
parted spirit, did she pass her lonely and—how-  
ever sad they were—happiest hours. Though  
the mystic emblems that decorated that chapel  
were but ill-suited to the slumber of a Christian,  
there was one among them, the Cross, which, by  
a remarkable coincidence, is an emblem alike  
common to the Gentile and the Christian—being,  
to the former, a shadowy type of that immortality,  
of which, to the latter, it is a substantial and  
assuring pledge.

“Nightly, upon this cross, which she had often  
seen her lost mother kiss, did she breathe forth a  
solemn and heartfelt vow, never to abandon the  
faith which that departed spirit had bequeathed to  
her. To such enthusiasm, indeed, did her heart  
at such moments rise, that, but for the last injunc-  
tions from those pallid lips, she would, at once,  
have avowed her perilous secret, and boldly pro-  
nounced the words, ‘I am a Christian,’ among

noxious. The accomplishments of Alciphron, his popularity, wherever he went, and the bold freedom with which he indulged his wit at the expense of religion, were all faithfully reported to the High Priest by his spies, and awakened in his mind no kindly feelings towards the stranger. In dealing with an infidel, such a personage as Orcus could know no other alternative but that of either converting or destroying him; and though his spite, as a man, would have been more gratified by the latter proceeding, his pride, as a priest, led him to prefer the triumph of the former.

"The first descent of the Epicurean into the pyramid became speedily known, and the alarm was immediately given to the priests below. As soon as they had discovered that the young philosopher of Athens was the intruder, and that he not only still continued to linger round the pyramid, but was observed to look often and wistfully towards the portal, it was concluded that his curiosity would impel him to try a second descent; and Orcus, blessing the good chance which had thus brought the wild bird into his net, resolved not to suffer an opportunity so precious to be wasted.

"Instantly, the whole of that wonderful machinery, by which the phantasms and illusions of Initiation are produced, were put in active preparation throughout that subterranean realm; and the increased stir and vigilance awakened among its inmates, by this more than ordinary display of the resources of priestcraft, rendered the accomplishment of Alethe's purpose, at such a moment, peculiarly difficult. Wholly ignorant of the important share which it had been her own fortune to take in attracting the young philosopher down to this region, she but heard of him vaguely, as the Chief of a great Grecian sect, who had been led, by either curiosity, or accident, to expose himself to the first trials of Initiation; and whom the priests, she could see, were endeavouring to ensnare in their toils, by every art and lure with which their dark science had gifted them.

"To her mind, the image of a philosopher, such as Alciphron had been represented to her, came associated with ideas of age and reverence; and, more than once, the possibility of his being made instrumental to her deliverance flashed a hope across her heart in which she could not refrain from indulging. Often had she been told by Theora of the many Gentile sages, who had laid their wisdom down humbly at the foot of the Cross; and though this Initiate, she feared, could hardly be among the number, yet the rumours which she had gathered from the servants of the Temple, of his undisguised contempt for the errors of Heathenism, led her to hope she might find tolerance, if not sympathy, in her appeal to him.

"Nor was it solely with a view to her own chance of deliverance that she thus connected him

in her thoughts with the plan which she meditated. The look of proud and self-gratulating malice, with which the High Priest had mentioned this 'Infidel,' as he styled him, when giving her instructions in the scene she was to act before the philosopher in the valley, too plainly informed her of the dark destiny that hung over him. She knew how many were the hapless candidates for Initiation who had been doomed to a duration worse than that of the grave, for but a word, a whisper, breathed against the sacred absurdities that they witnessed; and it was evident to her that the venerable Greek (for such her fancy represented Alciphron) was no less interested in escaping from the snares and perils of this region than herself.

"Her own resolution was, at all events, fixed. That visionary scene, in which she had appeared before Alciphron—little knowing how ardent were the heart and imagination over which her beauty, at that moment, exercised its influence—was, she solemnly resolved, the very last unholy service, that superstition or imposture should ever command of her.

"On the following night the Aspirant was to watch in the Great Temple of Isis. Such an opportunity of approaching and addressing him might never come again. Should he, from compassion for her situation, or a sense of the danger of his own, consent to lend his aid to her flight, most gladly would she accept it—well assured that no danger or treachery she might risk could be half so odious and fearful as those which she left behind. Should he, on the contrary, reject the proposal, her determination was equally fixed—to trust to that God whose eye watches over the innocent, and go forth alone.

"To reach the island in Lake Mœris was her first great object; and there occurred fortunately, at this time, a mode of effecting her purpose, by which both the difficulty and dangers of the attempt would be much diminished. The day of the annual visitation of the High Priest to the Place of Weeping<sup>1</sup>—as that island in the centre of the Lake is called—was now fast approaching; and Alethe knew that the self-moving car, by which the High Priest and one of the Hierophants are conveyed down to the chambers under the Lake, stood then waiting in readiness. By availing herself of this expedient, she would gain the double advantage both of facilitating her own flight, and retarding the speed of her pursuers.

"Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there, long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle—having paused, too, to give a kiss to her favourite ibis, which, although too much a Christian to worship, she was still child enough to love—she

<sup>1</sup> Vide *Wilford, Asiatic Researches*, vol. II. p. 340.

---

MOORE'S WORKS.

---

step, to the Sanctuary, of the recesses of the to steal out from thence yet dark, and before at Statue behind the fears delayed her till ready was the image remained trembling in

the mighty Veils would ne glories of that scene—when, at length, sum'd taking advantage of ose employed in prey, she stole from under y, through the gloom, was then no time for to trust to the simple ent;' and the implicit and them obeyed filled than the philosopher hem.

ey were on their way windings, leaving the heir splendours on va-of miracles and visions—unconscious that he, h pains to dazzle, was e of the young Chris-the reach of their de-

interested, would but have more powerfully stimulated my imagination and pride. But, when I recollected the austerity of the faith she had embraced—the tender and sacred tie, associated with it in her memory, and the devotion of woman's heart to objects thus consecrated—her very perfections but widened the distance between us, and all that most kindled my passion at the same time chilled my hopes.

Were we to be left to each other, as on this silent river, in such undisturbed communion of thoughts and feelings, I knew too well, I thought, both her sex's nature and my own, to feel a doubt that love would ultimately triumph. But the severity of the guardianship to which I must resign her—that of some monk of the desert, some stern Solitary—the influence such a monitor would gain over her mind—and the horror with which, ere long, he might teach her to regard the reprobate infidel upon whom she now smiled—in all this prospect I saw nothing but despair. After a few short hours, my dream of happiness would be at an end, and such a dark chasm must then open between our fates, as would dis sever them, wide as earth from heaven, asunder.

It was true, she was now wholly in my power. I feared no witnesses but those of earth, and the solitude of the desert was at hand. But though I acknowledged not a heaven, I worshipped her who was, to me, its type and substitute. If, at any



its outlines with the course of the river, as well as with the forms of the rocky hills by which we were passing. She looked pale and troubled, and rose eagerly to meet me, as if she had long and impatiently waited for my waking.

Her heart, it was plain, had been disturbed from its security, and was beginning to take alarm at its own feelings. But, though vaguely conscious of the peril to which she was exposed, her reliance, as is usual in such cases, increased with her danger, and upon me, far more than on herself, did she seem to depend for saving her. To reach, as soon as possible, her asylum in the desert, was now the urgent object of her entreaties and wishes; and the self-reproach which she expressed at having, for a single moment, suffered her thoughts to be diverted from this sacred purpose, not only revealed the truth, that she *had* forgotten it, but betrayed even a glimmering consciousness of the cause.

Her sleep, she said, had been broken by ill-omened dreams. Every moment the shade of her mother had stood before her, rebuking, with mournful looks, her delay, and pointing, as she had done in death, to the eastern hills. Bursting into tears at this accusing recollection, she hastily placed the leaf, which she had been examining, in my hands, and implored that I would ascertain, without a moment's delay, what portion of our voyage was still unperformed, and in what space of time we might hope to accomplish it.

I had, still less than herself, taken note of either place or distance; and could we have been left to glide on in this dream of happiness, should never have thought of pausing to ask where it would end. But such confidence was far too sacred to be deceived; and, reluctant as I naturally felt, to enter on an inquiry, which might soon dissipate even my last hope, her wish was sufficient to supersede even the selfishness of love, and on the instant I proceeded to obey her will.

There stands on the eastern bank of the Nile, to the north of Antinoë, a high and steep rock, impending over the flood, which has borne, for ages, from a prodigy connected with it, the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine, of which this rocky mountain forms one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting each its beak into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their number, when all the rest of the birds take wing, and leave the selected victim to die.

Through the ravine, rendered famous by this

charm—for such the multitude consider it—there ran, in ancient times, a canal from the Nile, to some great and forgotten city, now buried in the desert. To a short distance from the river this canal still exists, but, after having passed through the defile, its scanty waters disappear, and are wholly lost under the sands.

It was in the neighbourhood of this place, as I could collect from the delineations on the leaf—where a flight of birds represented the name of the mountain—that the abode of the Solitary, to whom Alethe was about to consign herself, was situated. Little as I knew of the geography of Egypt, it at once struck me, that we had long since left this mountain behind<sup>1</sup>; and, on inquiring of our boatmen, I found my conjecture confirmed. We had, indeed, passed it, on the preceding night; and, as the wind had been, ever since, blowing strongly from the north, and the sun was already sinking towards the horizon, we must be now, at least, a day's sail to the southward of the spot.

This discovery, I confess, filled my heart with a feeling of joy which I found it difficult to conceal. It seemed as if fortune was conspiring with love in my behalf, and, by thus delaying the moment of our separation, afforded me a chance at least of happiness. Her look and manner, too, when informed of our mistake, rather encouraged than chilled this secret hope. In the first moment of astonishment, her eyes opened upon me with a suddenness of splendour, under which I felt my own wink as though lightning had crossed them. But she again, as suddenly, let their lids fall, and, after a quiver of her lip, which showed the conflict of feeling then going on within, crossed her arms upon her bosom, and looked down silently upon the deck; her whole countenance sinking into an expression, sad, but resigned, as if she now felt that fate was on the side of wrong, and saw Love already stealing between her soul and heaven.

I was not slow, of course, in availing myself of what I fancied to be the irresolution of her mind. But, still, fearful of exciting alarm by any appeal to feelings of regard or tenderness, I but addressed myself to her imagination, and to that love of novelty and wonders, which is ever ready to be awakened within the youthful breast. We were now approaching that region of miracles, Thebes. "In a day or two," said I, "we shall see, towering above the waters, the colossal Avenue of Sphinxes, and the bright Obelisks of the Sun. We shall visit the plain of Memnon, and behold

<sup>1</sup> The voyages on the Nile are, under favourable circumstances, performed with considerable rapidity. "En cinq ou six jours," says *Nalles*, "on pourroit aisément remonter de l'embouchure du Nil à ses cataractes, ou descendre des cataractes jusqu'à la mer." The

great uncertainty of the navigation is proved by what *Belzoni* tells us:—"Nous ne mîmes cette fois que deux jours et demi pour faire le trajet du Caire à Melawi, auquel, dans notre second voyage, nous avions employés dix-huit jours."

MOORE'S WORKS.

ing their shadows ' at  
ls. We shall hear the  
morning responding to  
From thence, in a few  
I transport us to those  
tracts; there, to wander  
ves of Phila, or sit, at  
bl alcoves<sup>2</sup>, which the  
s under its arch. Oh,  
nes of such loveliness  
ldly away to the bleak  
world, with all its en-  
and unenjoyed? At  
tenderly her hand in  
ays be stolen from the  
hast devoted thyself,

st few words — the rest  
tartled by the tone of  
despite of all my  
voice to soften, she  
passionate earnestness  
pping upon her knees  
praised, exclaimed, —  
me of God I implore  
erve from my sacred  
antly to that desert  
nee for ever."  
not be resisted — even  
break for it. Having

to be manageable by myself alone, and requiring, with the advantage of the current, little more than a hand to steer it. This boat I succeeded, without much difficulty, in purchasing, and, after a short delay, we were again afloat down the current; — the sun just then sinking, in conscious glory, over his own golden shrines in the Libyan waste.

The evening was calmer and more lovely than any that had yet smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the shore, a strain of sweet melody came soothingly over our ears. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling before an acacia, upon the bank, and singing, while her companions stood around, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enchanted tree: —

" Oh! Abyssinian tree,  
We pray, we pray to thee;  
By the glow of thy golden fruit,  
And the violet hue of thy flower,  
And the greeting mute  
Of thy bough's salute  
To the stranger who seeks thy bower."

" Oh! Abyssinian tree,  
How the traveller blesses thee,  
When the night no moon allows,  
And the sunset hour is near,  
And thou bend'st thy boughs  
To kiss his brows,  
Saying, ' Come, rest thee here.'  
Oh! Abyssinian tree  
Thus bow thy head to me!"

and even affectionate, unreserve of her manner, while it rendered my trust more sacred, made it also far more difficult.

It was only, however, upon subjects unconnected with our situation or fate, that she yielded to such interchange of thought, or that her voice ventured to answer mine. The moment I alluded to the destiny that awaited us, all her cheerfulness fled, and she became saddened and silent. When I described to her the beauty of my own native land—its fountains of inspiration and fields of glory—her eyes sparkled with sympathy, and sometimes even softened into fondness. But when I ventured to whisper, that, in that glorious country, a life full of love and liberty awaited her; when I proceeded to contrast the adoration and bliss she might command, with the gloomy austerities of the life to which she was hastening—it was like the coming of a sudden cloud over a summer sky. Her head sunk, as she listened;—I waited in vain for an answer; and when, half playfully reproaching her for this silence, I stooped to take her hand, I could feel the warm tears fast falling over it.

But even this—feeble as was the hope it held out—was still a glimpse of happiness. Though it foreboded that I should lose her, it also whispered that I was loved. Like that lake, in the land of *Roses*<sup>1</sup>, whose waters are half sweet, half bitter<sup>2</sup> I felt my fate to be a compound of bliss and pain—but its very pain well worth all ordinary bliss.

And thus did the hours of that night pass along; while every moment shortened our happy dream, and the current seemed to flow with a swifter pace than any that ever yet hurried to the sea. Not a feature of the whole scene but lives, at this moment, freshly in my memory;—the broken starlight on the water;—the rippling sound of the boat, as, without oar or sail, it went, like a thing of enchantment, down the stream;—the scented fire, burning beside us upon the deck, and then that face, on which its light fell, revealing, at every moment, some new charm—some blush or look, more beautiful than the last!

Often, while I sat gazing, forgetful of all else in this world, our boat, left wholly to itself, would drive from its course, and bearing us away to the bank, get entangled in the water flowers, or be caught in some eddy, ere I perceived where we were. Once, too, when the rustling of my oar among the flowers had startled away from the bank some wild antelopes, that had stolen, at that still hour, to drink of the Nile, what an emblem did I think it of the young heart then beside me—tasting, for the first time, of hope and love, and so soon, alas, to be scared from their sweetness for ever!

## CHAPTER XV.

THE night was now far advanced—the bend of our course towards the left, and the closing in of the eastern hills upon the river, gave warning of our approach to the hermit's dwelling. Every minute now appeared like the last of existence; and I felt a sinking of despair at my heart, which would have been intolerable, had not a resolution that suddenly, and as if by inspiration, occurred to me, presented a glimpse of hope, which, in some degree, calmed my feelings.

Much as I had, all my life, despised hypocrisy—the very sect I had embraced being chiefly recommended to me by the war they continued to wage upon the cant of all others—it was, nevertheless, in hypocrisy that I now scrupled not to take refuge from that calamity which to me was far worse than either shame or death, my separation from *Alethe*. In my despair, I adopted the humiliating plan—deeply humiliating as I felt it to be, even amid the joy with which I welcomed it—of offering myself to this hermit, as a convert to his faith, and thus becoming the fellow-disciple of *Alethe* under his care!

From the moment I resolved upon this plan my spirit felt lightened. Though having fully before my eyes the mean labyrinth of imposture into which it would lead me, I thought of nothing but the chance of our continuing still together. In this hope, all pride, all philosophy, was forgotten, and everything seemed tolerable, but the prospect of losing her.

Thus resolved, it was with somewhat less reluctant feelings that I now undertook, at the anxious desire of my companion, to ascertain the site of that well-known mountain in the neighbourhood of which the anchoret's dwelling lay. We had already passed one or two stupendous rocks, which stood, detached, like fortresses, over the river's brink, and which in some degree corresponded with the description on the leaf. So little was there of life now stirring along the shores, that I had begun almost to despair of any assistance from inquiry, when, on looking to the western bank, I saw a boatman among the sedges, towing his small boat, with some difficulty, up the current. Hailing him as we passed, I asked,—"Where stands the Mountain of the Birds?"—and he had hardly time, as he pointed above us, to answer "There," when we perceived that we were just then entering into the shadow, which this mighty rock flings across the whole of the flood.

In a few moments we had reached the mouth of the ravine, of which the Mountain of the Birds

<sup>1</sup> The province of Arsinoë, now Floum.

<sup>2</sup> *Paul Lucas*.

<sup>3</sup> There has been much controversy among the Arabian writers,

with respect to the site of this mountain, for which see *Quatremère*, tom. i. art. *Amoon*.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

the sides, and through which the Nile flows. At the sight of me, within some of whose dreary reaches (rightly interpreted the leaf) the Solitary was to be found, our voices fell into a low whisper, while Alethea looked upon me with a look of awe and eagerness, not without some doubt as to whether I had not already discovered her side. A quick movement of her hand towards the ravine, told too plainly that her purpose was still unchanged. In making, therefore, with my oars, the boat, I succeeded, after no small effort, in turning it out of the current of the river, and bringing it into this bleak and stagnant

place, far from life and bloom to the very verge of desolation was immediate. While the side of the ravine lay buried in the white skeleton-like crags of the other side, the pale glare of moonlight. The darkness through which we moved yielded to a pale bar, and the shriek of a few water-fowls had roused from their fastnesses, by a silence, so dead and awful, that I was afraid to disturb it by a breath; and my only exclamations, "How dreary!" "How dreary!"—were almost the only words that reached our ears.

It was not long before we had needed for some time through this

and powerlessly on my arm. The light of the boat-fire shone upon her face. I saw which she had closed for a moment, again upon me with the same tenderness, and—Providence, how I remember that moment on the point of bending down my lips towards her, suddenly, in the air above us, as if direct from heaven, there burst forth a choral music, that with its solemn sweetness pervaded the whole valley.

Breaking away from my caress at the natural sounds, the maiden threw herself upon her knees, and, not daring to look up, she exclaimed wildly, "My mother, oh my mother!"

It was the Christian's morning hymn she heard;—the same, as I learned afterwards, which she had heard her mother sing to the rising sun.

Scarcely less startled than my companion, I looked up, and saw, at the very summit of the rock above us, a light, appearing to come from a small opening or window, through which a pale light shone likewise, that had appeared to me as a supernatural issued. There could be no doubt that we had now found—if not the dwelling of the anchoret—at least, the haunt of some Christian brotherhood of these rocks, to the assistance we could not fail to find the place of retreat.

The agitation, into which Alethea had

grottoes, into some of which, human beings might find an entrance; while others appeared of no larger dimensions than those tombs of the Sacred Birds which are seen ranged around Lake Mœris.

I was still, I found, but half-way up the ascent, nor was there visible any further means of continuing my course, as the mountain from hence rose, almost perpendicularly, like a wall. At length, however, on exploring more closely, I discovered behind the shade of a fig-tree a large ladder of wood, resting firmly against the rock, and affording an easy and safe ascent up the steep.

Having ascertained thus far, I again descended to the boat for Alethe, whom I found trembling already at her short solitude; and having led her up the stairway to this quiet garden, left her lodged there securely, amid its holy science, while I pursued my way upward to the light upon the rock.

At the top of the long ladder I found myself on another ledge or platform, somewhat smaller than the first, but planted in the same manner, with trees, and, as I could perceive by the mingled light of morning and the moon, embellished with flowers. I was now near the summit;—there remained but another short ascent, and, as a ladder against the rock supplied, as before, the means of scaling it, I was in a few minutes at the opening from which the light issued.

I had ascended gently, as well from a feeling of awe at the whole scene, as from an unwillingness to disturb rudely the rites on which I intruded. My approach, therefore, being unheard, an opportunity was, for some moments, afforded me of observing the group within, before my appearance at the window was discovered.

In the middle of the apartment, which seemed to have been once a Pagan oratory, there was collected an assembly of about seven or eight persons, some male, some female, kneeling in silence round a small altar;—while, among them, as if presiding over their solemn ceremony, stood an aged man, who, at the moment of my arrival, was presenting to one of the female worshippers an alabaster cup, which she applied, with profound reverence, to her lips. The venerable countenance of the minister, as he pronounced a short prayer over her head, wore an expression of profound feeling that showed how wholly he was absorbed in that rite; and when she had drunk of the cup—which I saw had engraven on its side the image of a head<sup>1</sup>, with a glory round it—the holy man bent down and kissed her forehead.<sup>2</sup>

After this parting salutation, the whole group

rose silently from their knees; and it was then, for the first time, that, by a cry of terror from one of the women, the appearance of a stranger at the window was discovered. The whole assembly seemed startled and alarmed, except him, that superior person, who, advancing from the altar, with an unmoved look, raised the latch of the door adjoining to the window, and admitted me.

There was, in this old man's features, a mixture of elevation and sweetness, of simplicity and energy, which commanded at once attachment and homage; and half hoping, half fearing, to find in him the destined guardian of Alethe, I looked anxiously in his face, as I entered, and pronounced the name "Melanius!"—"Melanius is my name, young stranger," he answered; "and whether in friendship or in enmity thou comest, Melanius blesses thee." Thus saying, he made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

"Let this volume," I replied, "answer for the peacefulness of my mission"—at the same time placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures which had been his own gift to the mother of Alethe, and which her child now brought as the credential of her claims on his protection. At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he instantly recognised, the solemnity that had at first marked his reception of me softened into tenderness. Thoughts of other times appeared to pass through his mind; and as, with a sigh of recollection, he took the book from my hands, some words on the outer leaf caught his eye. They were few—but contained, most probably, the last wishes of the dying Theora; for, as he read them over eagerly, I saw tears in his aged eyes. "The trust," he said, with a faltering voice, "is precious and sacred, and God will enable, I hope, his servant to guard it faithfully."

During this short dialogue, the other persons of the assembly had departed—being, as I afterwards learned, brethren from the neighbouring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before daybreak<sup>3</sup>, to join in worshipping their God. Fearful lest their descent down the rock might alarm Alethe, I hurried briefly over the few words of explanation that remained, and leaving the venerable Christian to follow at his leisure, hastened anxiously down to rejoin the young maiden.

<sup>1</sup> There was usually, Tertullian tells us, the image of Christ on the communion-cups.

<sup>2</sup> "We are rather disposed to infer," says the late Bishop of Lincoln, in his very sensible work on Tertullian, "that, at the conclusion of all their meetings for the purpose of devotion, the early

Christians were accustomed to give the kiss of peace, in token of the brotherly love subsisting between them."

<sup>3</sup> It was among the accusations of Celsus against the Christians, that they held their assemblies privately, and contrary to law; and one of the speakers, in the curious work of Mésenius Felix, calls the Christians "latebrosæ et lucifugæ natio."

MOORE'S WORKS.

R XVI.

The first of those zealous  
following the recent ex-  
bade farewell to all the  
, and betook themselves  
in the desert. Less  
ety, than most of these  
not the world in leaving  
not born to live wholly  
on to human kind was  
hain, and that even his  
to the advantage of others.  
the din and disturbance  
face himself beyond the  
but selected a retreat  
l the advantages of soli-  
ies of being useful to his  
bourhood to their popu-

of subterranean recesses,  
inherit from their Ethi-  
ollowing out all Egypt  
supplied these Christian  
choice of retreats. Ac-  
shelter in the grottos of  
the royal tombs of the  
of the Seven Valleys',  
s, a few have fixed their

faith. Placed, as he was, in the neighbourhood  
of the rich city, Antinoë<sup>3</sup>, though he mingled no  
with its multitude, his name and his fame were  
ever among them, and, to all who sought after in-  
struction or consolation, the cell of the hermit was  
always open.

Notwithstanding the rigid abstinence of his own  
habits, he was yet careful to provide for the com-  
forts of others. Content with a rude pallet of straw,  
himself, he had always for the stranger a less  
homely resting-place. From his grotto, the way-  
faring and the indigent never went unrefreshed;  
and, with the aid of some of his brethren, he had  
formed gardens along the ledges of the mountain,  
which gave an air of life and cheerfulness to his  
rocky dwelling, and supplied him with the chief  
necessaries of such a climate—fruit and shade.

Though the acquaintance he had formed with  
the mother of Alethe, during the short period of  
her attendance at the school of Origen, was soon  
interrupted, and never afterwards renewed, the  
interest which he had then taken in her fate was  
far too lively to be forgotten. He had seen the  
zeal with which her young heart welcomed in-  
struction; and the thought that so promising a  
candidate for heaven should have relapsed into  
idolatry, came often, with disquieting apprehension,  
over his mind.

It was, therefore, with true pleasure, that, but a  
year or two before Theophrastus's death, he had learned

The full light of day had now risen upon the desert, and our host, reminded, by the faint looks of Alethe, of the many anxious hours we had passed without sleep, proposed that we should seek, in the chambers of the rock, such rest as a hermit's dwelling could offer. Pointing to one of the largest of these openings, as he addressed me—"Thou wilt find," he said, "in that grotto a bed of fresh doum leaves, and may the consciousness of having protected the orphan sweeten thy sleep!"

I felt how dearly this praise had been earned, and already almost repented of having deserved it. There was a sadness in the countenance of Alethe, as I took leave of her, to which the forebodings of my own heart but too faithfully responded; nor could I help fearing, as her hand parted lingeringly from mine, that I had, by this sacrifice, placed her beyond my reach for ever.

Having lighted for me a lamp, which, in these recesses, even at noon, is necessary, the holy man led me to the entrance of the grotto. And here, I blush to say, my career of hypocrisy began. With the sole view of obtaining another glance at Alethe, I turned humbly to solicit the benediction of the Christian, and, having conveyed to her, while bending reverently down, as much of the deep feeling of my soul as looks could express, I then, with a desponding spirit, hurried into the cavern.

A short passage led me to the chamber within—the walls of which I found covered, like those of the grottoes of Lycopolis, with paintings, which, though executed long ages ago, looked as fresh as if their colours were but laid on yesterday. They were, all of them, representations of rural and domestic scenes; and, in the greater number, the melancholy imagination of the artist had called in, as usual, the presence of Death, to throw his shadow over the picture.

My attention was particularly drawn to one series of subjects, throughout the whole of which the same group—consisting of a youth, a maiden, and two aged persons, who appeared to be the father and mother of the girl—were represented in all the details of their daily life. The looks and attitudes of the young people denoted that they were lovers; and, sometimes, they were seen sitting under a canopy of flowers, with their eyes fixed on each other's faces, as though they could never look away; sometimes, they appeared walking along the banks of the Nile,—

— on one of those sweet nights  
When Isis, the pure star of lovers', lights  
Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream—  
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam,  
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,  
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vide *Plutarch. de Isid.*

<sup>2</sup> "Conjunctio solis cum luna, quod est veluti utriusque connubium." — *Jakobson.*

Through all these scenes of endearment the two elder persons stood by;—their calm countenances touched with a share of that bliss, in whose perfect light the young lovers were basking. Thus far, all was happiness;—but the sad lesson of mortality was yet to come. In the last picture of the series, one of the figures was missing. It was that of the young maiden, who had disappeared from among them. On the brink of a dark lake stood the three who remained; while a boat, just departing for the City of the Dead, told too plainly the end of their dream of happiness.

This memorial of a sorrow of other times—of a sorrow, ancient as death itself—was not wanting to deepen the melancholy of my mind, or to add to the weight of the many bodings that pressed upon it.

After a night, as it seemed, of anxious and un-sleeping thought, I rose from my bed and returned to the garden. I found the Christian alone—seated, under the shade of one of his trees, at a small table, on which there lay a volume unrolled, while a beautiful antelope was sleeping at his feet. Struck by the contrast which he presented to those haughty priests, whom I had seen surrounded by the pomp and gorgeousness of temples, "Is this, then," thought I, "the faith before which the world now trembles—its temple the desert, its treasury a book, and its High Priest the solitary dweller of the rock?"

He had prepared for me a simple, but hospitable repast, of which fruits from his own garden, the white bread of Olyra, and the juice of the honey-cane, formed the most costly luxuries. His manner to me was even more cordial and fatherly than before; but the absence of Alethe, and, still more, the ominous reserve, with which he not only, himself, refrained from all mention of her name, but eluded the few inquiries, by which I sought to lead to it, seemed to confirm all the apprehensions I had felt in parting from her.

She had acquainted him, it was evident, with the whole history of our flight. My reputation as a philosopher—my desire to become a Christian—all was already known to the zealous anchorite, and the subject of my conversion was the very first on which he entered. Oh, pride of philosophy, how wert thou then humbled, and with what shame did I stand in the presence of that venerable man, not daring to let my eyes encounter his, while, with unhesitating trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and imprinted the Kiss of Charity on my infidel brow!

Embarrassed as I could not but feel by the humiliating consciousness of hypocrisy, I was even still more perplexed by my almost total ignorance of the real tenets of the faith to which I professed myself a convert. Abashed and confused, and

MOORE'S WORKS.

sick at its own deceit, I listened to  
 and eloquent gratulations of the  
 though they were words in a dream,  
 link or meaning; nor could disguise  
 mockery of a reverent bow, at every  
 total want of self-possession, and even  
 under which I laboured.

minutes more of such trial, and I must  
 and my imposture. But the holy man  
 embarrassment;—and, whether mis-  
 aware, or knowing it to be ignorance,  
 from my perplexity by, at once,  
 the theme. Having gently awakened  
 from its sleep, "You have doubtless,"  
 heard of my brother-anchoret, Paul,  
 his cave in the marble mountains, near  
 a, sends hourly the blessed 'sacrifice  
 'ring' to heaven. Of his walks, they  
 n is the companion'; but, for me," he  
 a playful and significant smile, "who  
 ers of taming but on the gentler ani-  
 ble child of the desert is a far fitter  
 Then, taking his staff, and putting  
 n volume which he had been perusing  
 e goat-skin pouch, that hung by his  
 now," said he, "conduct thee over  
 ndom, that thou mayest see in what  
 arren places that 'sweet fruit of the  
 e, may be gathered."

tive tastes, between the living luxur-  
 world on one side, and the dead, pale  
 of the desert on the other. When w  
 the river, what a picture of animatic  
 itself! Near us to the south, were  
 colonnades of Antinoë, its proud, pop  
 and triumphal monuments. On t  
 shore, rich plains, all teeming with c  
 the water's edge, seemed to offer up, s  
 dant altars, their fruits to the sun; w  
 us, the Nile

— the glorious stream.

That late between its banks was seen to gl  
 With shrines and marble cities, on each sid  
 Glittering, like jewels strung along a chain  
 Had now sent forth its waters, and o'er pla  
 And valley, like a giant from his bed  
 Rising with outstretch'd limbs, superbly st

From this scene, on one side of the m  
 had but to turn round our eyes to th  
 it was as if Nature herself had becom  
 extinct;—a wide waste of sands, ble  
 minable, wearying out the sun with  
 of desolation;—black, burnt-up rock  
 as barriers, at which life stopped;  
 only signs of animation, past or pres  
 footprints, here and there, of an antelo  
 or the bones of dead camels, as they l  
 at a distance, marking out the track of  
 over the waste.

After listening while he contrasted



a region around, to which light only lent  
 d horror. The dead whiteness of the rocks,  
 tood, like ghosts, in the sunshine;—that  
 ly pool, half lost in the sands;—all gave  
 nd the idea of a wasting world. To dwell  
 e so desolate seemed to me a living death;  
 n the Christian, as we entered the cave,  
 ere is to be thy home," prepared as I had  
 the worst, all my resolution gave way;—  
 ling of disappointed passion and humbled  
 rich had been gathering round my heart  
 ust few hours, found a vent at once, and I  
 o tears.

omed to human weakness, and perhaps  
 at some of the sources of mine, the good  
 without appearing to take any notice of  
 tion, proceeded to expatiate, with a cheer-  
 n, what he called, the comforts of my  
 . Sheltered from the dry, burning wind  
 uth, my porch would inhale, he said, the  
 eeze of the Dog-star. Fruits from his  
 untain-garden should furnish my repast.  
 l of the neighbouring rock would supply  
 rage; and, "here," he continued—lower-  
 voice into a more solemn tone, as he placed  
 table the volume which he had brought  
 ; my son, is that 'well of living waters,'  
 alone thou wilt find lasting refreshment  
 !" Thus saying, he descended the rock  
 out; and, after a few splashes of his oar  
 i upon my ear, the solitude and silence  
 ned around me was complete.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ate was mine!—but a few weeks since,  
 g over that gay Festival of the Garden,  
 the luxuries of existence tributary in my  
 nd now—self-humbled into a solitary out-  
 re hypocritical pupil of a Christian an-  
 —without even the excuse of religious  
 m, or any other madness, but that of love,  
 re, to extenuate my fall! Were there a  
 ut, by this humiliating waste of existence,  
 purchase now and then a momentary  
 of Alethe, even the depths of the desert,  
 h a chance, would be welcome. But to  
 ad live thus—*without* her, was a misery  
 neither foresaw nor could endure.

s dans le désert des hirondelles d'un gris clair comme le  
 quel elles volent." — *Denon*.

rding to Whiston's idea of a comet having caused the  
*Givard*, having remarked that the word Typhon means  
 adda, "On ne peut entendre par le sens du règne de

Hating even to look upon the den to which I  
 was doomed, I hurried out into the air, and found  
 my way, along the rocks, to the desert. The sun  
 was going down, with that blood-red hue, which  
 he so often wears, in this climate, at his setting.  
 I saw the sands, stretching out, like a sea to the  
 horizon, as if their waste extended to the very  
 verge of the world—and, in the bitterness of my  
 feelings, rejoiced to see so large a portion of crea-  
 tion rescued, even by this barren liberty, from the  
 encroaching grasp of man. The thought seemed  
 to relieve my wounded pride, and, as I wandered  
 over the dim and boundless solitude, to be thus  
 free, even amidst blight and desolation, appeared  
 to me a blessing.

The only living thing I saw was a restless swal-  
 low, whose wings were of the same hue with the  
 grey sands over which he fluttered.<sup>1</sup> "Why  
 (thought I) may not the mind, like this bird,  
 partake of the colour of the desert, and sympathise  
 in its austerity, its freedom, and its calm?"—thus  
 vainly endeavouring, between despondence and  
 defiance, to encounter with some degree of forti-  
 tude what yet my heart sickened to contemplate.  
 But the effort was unavailing. Overcome by that  
 vast solitude, whose repose was not the slumber of  
 peace, but rather the sullen and burning silence of  
 hate, I felt my spirit give way, and even love  
 itself yielded to despair.

Taking my seat on a fragment of a rock, and  
 covering my eyes with my hands, I made an effort  
 to shut out the overwhelming prospect. But all  
 in vain—it was still before me, with every addi-  
 tional horror that fancy could suggest; and  
 when, again looking forth, I beheld the last red  
 ray of the sun, shooting across the melancholy  
 and lifeless waste, it appeared to me like the light  
 of that comet which once desolated this world<sup>2</sup>,  
 and thus luridly shone out over the ruin that it  
 had made!

Appalled by my own gloomy imaginations, I  
 turned towards the ravine; and, notwithstanding  
 the disgust with which I had fled from my dwell-  
 ing, was not ill pleased to find my way, over the  
 rocks, to it again. On approaching the cave, to  
 my astonishment, I saw a light within. At such  
 a moment, any vestige of life was welcome, and I  
 hailed the unexpected appearance with pleasure.  
 On entering, however, I found the chamber all as  
 lonely as I had left it. The light I had seen came  
 from a lamp that burned brightly on the table;  
 beside it was unfolded the volume which Melanius  
 had brought, and upon the open leaves—oh, joy

Typhon que celui pendant lequel le déluge inonda la terre, tems  
 pendant lequel on dut observer la comète qui l'occasionna, et dont  
 l'apparition fut, non seulement pour les peuples de l'Égypte, et de  
 l'Éthiopie, mais encore pour tous peuples le présage funeste de leur  
 destruction presque totale." — *Description de la Vallée de l'Égarement*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

well-known cross of  
n, could have prepared  
The very thought sent a  
which all despondency  
he desert was forgotten,  
brightened into a bower.  
e, by this sacred memo-  
ad pledged to her under  
now scrupled not to re-  
omise, though conscious  
one I could fulfil it.  
for my task of imposture,  
which I now found to be  
nd the first sentence, on  
- "The Lord hath com-  
en Life for evermore!"  
which it appeared to me  
n had again pronounced  
raised my eyes from the  
ence over and over, as if  
nds there lay any charm  
aded illusion in my soul.  
of the Memphian priest-  
trust in the promises of  
again relapsed into its  
to the word of "Life,"  
ek was, "Death!"  
r, to possess myself of the  
ich — whatever it might

Hour after hour, with the same eager and dis-  
sultory curiosity, did I turn over the leaves;—and  
when, at length, I lay down to rest, my fancy was  
still haunted by the impressions it had received.  
I went again through the various scenes of which  
I had read; again called up, in sleep, the bright  
images that had passed before me; and when  
I awakened at early dawn by the solemn Hymn  
from the chapel, imagined that I was still listening  
to the sound of the winds, sighing mournfully  
through the harps of Israel on the willows.

Starting from my bed, I hurried out upon the  
rock, with a hope that, among the tones of the  
morning choir, I might be able to distinguish the  
sweet voice of Alethe. But the strain had ceased  
— I caught only the last notes of the Hymn, an-  
echoing up that lonely valley, they died away into  
the silence of the desert.

With the first glimpse of light I was again  
eagerly at my study, and, notwithstanding the  
frequent distraction both of my thoughts and look  
towards the distant, half-seen grottoes of the An-  
choret, continued my task with unabating perse-  
verance throughout the day. Still alive, however  
only to the eloquence, the poetry of what I studied  
of its claims to authority, as a history, I never once  
paused to consider. My fancy alone being inter-  
ested by it, to fancy alone I referred all that it con-  
tained; and, passing rapidly from annals to pro-  
phesy, from narration to song, regarded the whole

over the desert, and was by the side of one of those hollows in the rock, those natural reservoirs, in which are treasured the dews of night for the refreshment of the dwellers in the wilderness. Having learned from me how far I had advanced in my study—"In yonder light," said he, pointing to a small cloud in the east, which had been formed on the horizon by the haze of the desert, and was now faintly reflecting the splendours of sunset—"in the midst of that light stands Mount Sinai, of whose glory thou hast read; upon whose summit was the scene of one of those awful revelations, in which the Almighty has renewed from time to time his communication with Man, and kept alive the remembrance of his own Providence in this world."

After a pause, as if absorbed in the immensity of the subject, the holy man continued his sublime theme. Looking back to the earliest annals of time, he showed how constantly every relapse of the human race into idolatry has been followed by some manifestation of Divine power, chastening the strong and proud by punishment, and winning back the humble by love. It was to preserve, he said, unextinguished upon earth, that great and vital truth—the Creation of the world by one Supreme Being—that God chose, from among the nations, an humble and enslaved race—that he brought them out of their captivity "on eagles' wings," and, still surrounding every step of their course with miracles, has placed them before the eyes of all succeeding generations, as the depositaries of his will and the ever-during memorials of his power.<sup>1</sup>

Passing, then, in review the long train of inspired interpreters, whose pens and whose tongues were made the echoes of the Divine voice<sup>2</sup>, he traced throughout the events of successive ages, the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of Providence—darkness without, but all light and glory within. The glimpses of a coming redemption, visible even through the wrath of Heaven;—the long series of prophecy through which this hope runs, burning and alive, like a spark along a chain;—the slow and merciful preparation of the hearts of mankind for the great trial of their faith and obedience that was at hand, not only by miracles that appealed to the living, but by prophecies launched into the future to carry conviction to the yet unborn;—

<sup>1</sup> The brief sketch here given of the Jewish dispensation agrees very much with the view taken of it by Dr. Sumner, in the first chapters of his eloquent work, the "Records of the Creation."

<sup>2</sup> In the original, the discourses of the Hermit are given much more at length.

<sup>3</sup> "It is impossible to deny," says Dr. Sumner, "that the sanctions of the Mosaic Law are altogether temporal. . . . It is, indeed, one of the facts that can only be explained by acknowledging that he really acted under a Divine commission, promulgating a temporary law for a peculiar purpose."—a much more candid and sensible way of treating this very difficult point, than by either endeavouring, like Warburton, to escape from it into a paradox, or,

"through all these glorious and beneficent gradations we may track," said he, "the manifest foot-steps of a Creator, advancing to his grand, ultimate end, the salvation of his creatures."

After some hours devoted to these holy instructions, we returned to the ravine, and Melani left me at my cave; praying, as he parted from me—with a benevolence which I but ill, alas! deserved—that my soul might, under these lessons be "as a watered garden," and, ere long, "be fruit unto life eternal."

Next morning, I was again at my study, and ever more eager in the awakening task than before. With the commentary of the Hermit freshly in memory, I again read through, with attention, the Book of the Law. But in vain did I seek the promise of immortality in its pages. "It telleth me," said I, "of a God coming down to earth, but of the ascent of Man to heaven it speaks not. The rewards, the punishments it announces, lie all on this side of the grave; nor did even the Omnipotent offer to his own chosen servants a hope beyond the impassable limits of this world. Where, then, is the salvation of which the Christian spoke? Can if Death be at the root of the faith, can Life spring out of it?"

Again, in the bitterness of disappointment, did I mock at my own willing self-delusion—again rise at the arts of that traitress, Fancy, ever ready, like the Delilah of this wondrous book, to steal upon the slumbers of Reason, and deliver him up, shorn and powerless, to his foes. If deception, thought necessary, at least let me not practise it on myself;—in the desperate alternative before me, I would rather be even hypocrite than dupe.

These self-accusing reflections, cheerless as they rendered my task, did not abate, for a single moment, my industry in pursuing it. I read on and on with a sort of sullen apathy, neither charmed by style, nor transported by imagery—the fatal blight in my heart having communicated itself to my imagination and taste. The curses and the blessings of the glory and the ruin, which the historian records and the prophet had predicted, seemed all of the world—all temporal and earthly. That mortality of which the fountain-head had tasted, tinged the whole stream; and when I read the words, "we are of the dust, and all turn to dust again"<sup>4</sup> a feeling, like the wind of the desert, came withering

still worse, contriving, like Dr. Graves, to increase its difficulty of explanation.—Vide "On the Pentateuch." See also *Horne's Introduction*, &c., vol. I. p. 376.

<sup>4</sup> While Voltaire, Volney, &c., refer to the Ecclesiastes, abounding with tenets of materialism and Epicurism, M. De Vire and others find in it strong proofs of belief in a future state. The chief difficulty lies in the chapter from which this text is quoted and the mode of construction by which some writers attempt to get rid of it—namely, by putting these texts into the mouth of a foolish reasoner—appears forced and gratuitous.—Vide Dr. *Hale's Analogy*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ory, everything most earth, appeared to be for this dreadful doom, ruption and silence. desolation I had thus upon the book, in a path, in all his most fore me; and I had as under the influence touch of a hand upon looking up, I saw the de;—his countenance tranquillity, which a he can bestow. How

to the seat upon the my own mind making gloomy. Forgetting I proceeded at once of all the doubts and the morning had awak-

he answered, "but on Thou hast seen but the e plan;—its full and not yet opened upon as that manifestation it was but the fore- glorious, which, in first upon the world;

traced, through all its wonders and mercies, the great work of Redemption, dwelling in detail upon every miraculous circumstance connected with it—the exalted nature of the Being, by whose ministry it was accomplished, the noblest and first created of the Sons of God<sup>1</sup>, inferior only, to the one, self-existent Father;—the mysterious incarnation of this heavenly messenger;—the miracles that authenticated his divine mission;—the example of obedience to God and love to man, which he set, as a shining light, before the world for ever;—and, lastly and chiefly, his death and resurrection, by which the covenant of mercy was sealed, and "life and immortality brought to light."

"Such," continued the Hermit, "was the Mediator, promised through all time, to 'make reconciliation for iniquity,' to change death into life, and bring 'healing on his wings' to a darkened world. Such was the last crowning dispensation of that God of benevolence, in whose hands sin and death are but instruments of everlasting good, and who, through apparent evil and temporary retribution, bringing all things 'out of darkness into his marvellous light,' proceeds watchfully and unchangingly to the great, final object of his providence—the restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness!"<sup>2</sup>

With a mind astonished, if not touched, by these discourses, I returned to my cave, and found the lamp, as before, ready lighted, to receive me

utters', that it was the very Book of Life which the Hermit had spoken!

The midnight hymn of the Christians had I heard through the valley, before I had yet turned my eyes from that sacred volume; and the hour of the sun found me again over its

### CHAPTER XVIII.

mode of existence I had now passed some — my mornings devoted to reading, my evenings to listening, under the wide canopy of heaven, to the holy eloquence of Melanius. The fervour with which I inquired, and the success with which I learned, soon succeeded in giving my benevolent instructor, who misanthropic for zeal, and knowledge for belief, cold, and barren, and earthly was that edge—the word without the spirit, the shape without the life. Even when, as a relief from study, I persuaded myself that I believed, it was but a brief delusion, a faith, whose hope faded at the touch—like the fruit of the fig-tree, shining and empty!

Though my soul was still dark, the good Hermit saw not into its depths. The very facility of belief, which might have suggested some of its sincerity, was but regarded by his stern zeal, as a more signal triumph of the flesh.

His own ingenuousness led him to a ready confidence in others; and the examples of such conversions that of the philosopher, Justin, who, during his exile by the sea-shore, received the light into his soul, had prepared him for illuminations of the even more rapid than mine.

During all this time, I neither saw nor heard of the Hermit—nor could my patience have endured so long a privation, had not those moments of her presence, that welcomed me every day on my return, made me feel that I was still under her gentle influence, and that her smile hung round every step of my progress. It was too, when I ventured to speak her name to Melanius, though he answered not my inquiry, by a smile, I thought, of promise upon my maintenance, which love, far more alive than duty, was ready to interpret as it desired.

It was length—it was on the sixth or seventh day of my solitude, when I lay resting at the mouth of my cave, after the study of the day—I was startled by hearing my name called loudly

from the opposite rocks; and looking up, saw, upon the cliff near the deserted grotto, Melanius and—oh! I could not doubt—my Alethe by his side!

Though I had never, since the first night of my return from the desert, ceased to flatter myself with the fancy that I was still living in her presence, the actual sight of her once more made me feel for what a long age we had been separated. She was clothed all in white, and, as she stood in the last remains of the sunshine, appeared to my too prophetic fancy like a parting spirit, whose last footsteps on earth that pure glory encircled.

With a delight only to be imagined, I saw them descend the rocks, and, placing themselves in the boat, proceed directly towards my cave. To disguise from Melanius the mutual delight with which we again met was impossible;—nor did Alethe even attempt to make a secret of her joy. Though blushing at her own happiness, as little could her frank nature conceal it, as the clear waters of Ethiopia can hide their gold. Every look, every word, bespoke a fulness of affection, to which, doubtful as I was of our tenure of happiness, I knew not how to respond.

I was not long, however, left ignorant of the bright fate that awaited me; but, as we wandered or rested among the rocks, learned everything that had been arranged since our parting. She had made the Hermit, I found, acquainted with all that had passed between us; had told him, without reserve, every incident of our voyage—the avowals, the demonstrations of affection on one side, and the deep sentiment that gratitude had awakened on the other. Too wise to regard affections so natural with severity—knowing that they were of heaven, and but made evil by man—the good Hermit had heard of our attachment with pleasure; and, fully satisfied as to the honour and purity of my views, by the fidelity with which I had delivered my trust into his hands, saw, in my affection for the young orphan, but a providential resource against that friendless solitude in which his death must soon leave her.

As, listening eagerly, I collected these particulars from their discourse, I could hardly trust my ears. It seemed a happiness too great to be true, to be real; nor can words convey any idea of the joy, the shame, the wonder with which I listened, while the holy man himself declared that he awaited but the moment, when he should find me worthy of becoming a member of the Christian Church, to give me also the hand of Alethe in that sacred union, which alone sanctifies love, and makes the faith, which it pledges, holy. It was but yesterday, he added, that his young charge, herself, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, had been admitted, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into the bosom of the

s Codex Cottonianus of the New Testament is written in letters on a purple ground. The Codex Cottonianus of the first version of the Old Testament is supposed to be the oldest copy that belonged to Origen.  
See Hamilton's *Ægyptiaca*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

ment she wore, and the  
er', "were symbols," he  
into which she had been

s as he spoke, but with-  
and confused. Even her  
, seemed to have under-  
ange; and the contrast  
ppy countenance, and the  
that stood before her,  
of unworthiness, and  
e.

I look back, as an epoch  
ed that sorrow is not the  
but that joy may some-  
rk into life. Returning  
ull, even to oppression,  
nd no other relief to my  
that of throwing myself  
, for the first time in my  
at if, indeed, there were  
er mankind, he would  
ruth into my darkened  
of the blessings, both  
ed to it!

in a perfect dream of  
the morning was wel-  
und nearer the blest time  
and Alethe never failed  
cave, where her smile

their dry mockery of ornament to the desert. I  
all these pursuits and pleasures the good Herm  
took a share — mingling occasionally with the  
the reflections of a benevolent piety, that lent i  
own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, an  
saw the consoling truth, "God is Love," writte  
legibly everywhere.

Such was, for a few weeks, my blissful life  
Oh, mornings of hope! oh, nights of happiness  
with what melancholy pleasure do I retrace you  
flight, and how reluctantly pass to the sad event  
that followed!

During this time, in compliance with the wishe  
of Melanius, who seemed unwilling that I should  
become wholly estranged from the world, I used  
occasionally to pay a visit to the neighbouring  
city, Antinoë<sup>1</sup>, which, being the capital of the  
Thebaïd, is the centre of all the luxury of Upper  
Egypt. But here, so changed was my every feel-  
ing by the all-absorbing passion which now pos-  
sessed me, that I sauntered along, wholly unin-  
terested by either the scenes or the people that  
surrounded me, and, sighing for that rocky soli-  
tude where my Alethe breathed, felt *this* to be the  
wilderness, and *that* the world.

Even the thoughts of my own native Athens,  
that at every step were called up, by the light  
Grecian architecture of this imperial city, did not  
awaken one single regret in my heart—one wish  
to exchange even an hour of my desert for the

The toleration and even favour which the Christians enjoyed, during the first four years of the reign of Valerian, had removed from them all fear of a renewal of those horrors, which they had experienced under the rule of his predecessor, Decius. Of late, however, some less friendly dispositions had manifested themselves. The bigots of the court, taking alarm at the rapid spread of the new faith, had succeeded in filling the mind of the monarch with that religious jealousy, which is the ever-ready parent of cruelty and injustice. Among these counsellors of evil was Macrianus, the Prætorian Prefect, who was, by birth, an Egyptian, and had long made himself notorious—so akin is superstition to intolerance—by his addiction to the dark practices of demon-worship and magic.

From this minister, who was now high in the favour of Valerian, the new measures of severity against the Christians were expected to emanate. All tongues, in all quarters, were busy with the news. In the streets, in the public gardens, on the steps of the temples, I saw, everywhere, groups of inquirers collected, and heard the name of Macrianus upon every tongue. It was dreadful, too, to observe, in the countenances of those who spoke, the variety of feeling with which the rumour was discussed, according as they feared or desired its truth—according as they were likely to be among the torturers or the victims.

Alarmed, though still ignorant of the whole extent of the danger, I hurried back to the ravine, and, going at once to the grotto of Melanius, detailed to him every particular of the intelligence I had collected. He listened to me with a composure, which I mistook, alas! for confidence in his own security; and, naming the hour for our evening walk, retired into his grotto.

At the accustomed time, accompanied by Alethe, he came to my cave. It was evident that he had not communicated to her the intelligence which I had brought, for never hath brow worn such happiness as that which now played around hers:—it was, alas! *not* of this earth. Melanius, himself, though composed, was thoughtful; and the solemnity, almost approaching to melancholy, with which he placed the hand of Alethe in mine—in the performance, too, of a ceremony that *ought* to have filled my heart with joy—saddened and alarmed me. This ceremony was our betrothment, the act of plighting our faith to each other, which we now solemnised on the rock before the door of my cave, in the face of that calm, sunset heaven, whose one star stood as our witness. After a blessing from the Hermit upon our spousal pledge, I placed the ring—the earnest of our future union

—on her finger; and, in the blush, with which she surrendered to me her whole heart at that instant, forgot everything but my happiness, and felt secure even against fate!

We took our accustomed walk, that evening, over the rocks and on the desert. So bright was the moon—more like the daylight, indeed, of other climes—that we could plainly see the tracks of the wild antelopes in the sand; and it was not without a slight tremble of feeling in his voice, as if some melancholy analogy occurred to him as he spoke, that the good Hermit said, “I have observed, in the course of my walks<sup>1</sup>, that wherever the track of that gentle animal appears, there is, almost always, found the foot-print of a beast of prey near it.” He regained, however, his usual cheerfulness before we parted, and fixed the following evening for an excursion, on the other side of the ravine, to a point looking, he said, “towards that northern region of the desert, where the hosts of the Lord encamped in their departure out of bondage.”

Though, when Alethe was present, all my fears even for herself were forgotten in that perpetual element of happiness, which encircled her like the air that she breathed, no sooner was I alone, than vague terrors and bodings crowded upon me. In vain did I endeavour to reason away my fears, by dwelling only on the most cheering circumstances—on the reverence with which Melanius was regarded, even by the Pagans, and the inviolate security with which he had lived through the most perilous periods, not only safe himself, but affording sanctuary in the depths of his grottoes to others. Though somewhat calmed by these considerations, yet, when at length I sunk off to sleep, dark, horrible dreams took possession of my mind. Scenes of death and of torment passed confusedly before me; and, when I awoke, it was with the fearful impression that all these horrors were real.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

At length, the day dawned—that dreadful day! Impatient to be relieved from my suspense, I threw myself into my boat—the same in which we had performed our happy voyage—and, as fast as oars could speed me, hurried away to the city. I found the suburbs silent and solitary, but, as I approached the Forum, loud yells, like those of barbarians in combat, struck on my ear, and, when I entered it—great God, what a spectacle presented itself! The imperial edict against the Christians had arrived during the night, and already the wild fury of bigotry was let loose.

<sup>1</sup> “Je remarquai, avec une réflexion triste, qu’un animal de proie accompagne presque toujours les pas de ce joli et frêle individu.”

---

---

MOORE'S WORKS.

---

middle of the Forum, in the Forum. Two statues—of Osiris—stood at the entrance to his judgment-seat. The flames, to which the damned were driven from all quarters, and there compelled to enter into the flame, or, on pain of torture and death. The consternation, the pallor—the pale, silent resolute shouts of laughter and weeping, when the dropping altar proclaimed some god-like triumph with its professors, who avowed to the flames;—never seen at an assemblage of

few minutes, in those moments, enough for years. Alas! they appear to flit before my eyes; I heard them shout in my ear; and the very horror, that I stood fixed

the fearful preciousness—perhaps, at this very moment, of blood might be on my face, rushed wildly out of

too, I heard of Orcus—Orcus, the High Priest of Memphis—as one of the principal instigators of this sanguinary edict, and as here present in Antinoë, animating and directing its execution.

In this state of torture I remained till the arrival of the Tribune. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had not perceived his entrance;—till, hearing a voice, in a tone of friendly surprise, exclaim, "Alciphron!" I looked up, and in this legionary Chief recognised a young Roman of rank, who had held a military command, the year before, at Athens, and was one of the most distinguished visitors of the Garden. It was no time, however, for courtesies:—he was proceeding with all cordiality to greet me, but, having heard him order my instant release, I could wait for no more. Acknowledging his kindness but by a grasp of the hand, I flew off, like one frantic, through the streets, and, in a few minutes, was on the river.

My sole hope had been to reach the Grotto before any of the detached parties should arrive, and, by a timely flight across the desert, rescue, at least, Alethe from their fury. The ill-fated delay that had occurred rendered this hope almost desperate; but the tranquillity I found everywhere as I proceeded down the river, and my fond confidence in the sacredness of the Hermit's retreat, kept my heart from sinking altogether under its terrors.

Between the current and my oars, the boat flew.



Would I had then died!—Yet, no, Almighty Being—I should have died in darkness, and I have lived to know Thee!

On returning to my senses, I found myself reclined on a couch, in a splendid apartment, the whole appearance of which being Grecian, I, for a moment, forgot all that had passed, and imagined myself in my own home at Athens. But too soon the whole dreadful certainty flashed upon me; and, starting wildly—disabled as I was—from my couch, I called loudly, and with the shriek of a maniac, upon Alethe.

I was in the house, I then found, of my friend and disciple, the young Tribune, who had made the Governor acquainted with my name and condition, and had received me under his roof, when brought, bleeding and insensible, to Antinoë. From him I now learned at once—for I could not wait for details—the sum of all that had happened in that dreadful interval. Melanius was no more—Alethe still alive, but in prison!

“Take me to her”—I had but time to say—“take me to her instantly, and let me die by her side”—when, nature again failing under such shocks, I relapsed into insensibility. In this state I continued for near an hour, and, on recovering, found the Tribune by my side. The horrors, he said, of the Forum were, for that day, over,—but what the morrow might bring he shuddered to contemplate. His nature, it was plain, revolted from the inhuman duties in which he was engaged. Touched by the agonies he saw me suffer, he, in some degree, relieved them, by promising that I should, at nightfall, be conveyed to the prison, and, if possible, through his influence, gain access to Alethe. She might yet, he added, be saved, could I succeed in persuading her to comply with the terms of the edict, and make sacrifice to the Gods.—“Otherwise,” said he, “there is no hope;—the vindictive Orcus, who has resisted even this short respite of mercy, will, to-morrow, inexorably demand his prey.”

He then related to me, at my own request—though every word was torture—all the harrowing details of the proceeding before the Tribunal. “I have seen courage,” said he, “in its noblest forms, in the field; but the calm intrepidity with which that aged hermit endured torments—which it was hardly less torment to witness—surpassed all that I could have conceived of human fortitude!”

My poor Alethe, too—in describing to me her conduct, the brave man wept like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at first by her apprehensions for my safety, she had given way to a full burst of womanly weakness. But no sooner was she

brought before the Tribunal, and the declaration of her faith was demanded of her, than a spirit almost supernatural seemed to animate her whole form. “She raised her eyes,” said he, “calmly, but with fervour, to heaven, while a blush was the only sign of mortal feeling on her features:—and the clear, sweet, and untrembling voice, with which she pronounced her own doom, in the words, ‘I am a Christian!’” sent a thrill of admiration and pity throughout the multitude. Her youth, her loveliness, affected all hearts, and a cry of ‘Save the young maiden!’ was heard in all directions.”

The implacable Orcus, however, would not hear of mercy. Resenting, as it appeared, with all his deadliest rancour, not only her own escape from his toils, but the aid with which she had, so fatally to his views, assisted mine, he demanded loudly and in the name of the insulted sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It was but by the firm intervention of the Governor, who shared the general sympathy in her fate, that the delay of another day was granted to give a chance to the young maiden of yet recalling her confession, and thus affording some pretext for saving her.

Even in yielding, with evident reluctance, to this respite, the inhuman Priest would yet accompany it with some mark of his vengeance. Whether for the pleasure (observed the Tribune) of mingling mockery with his cruelty, or as a warning to her of the doom she must ultimately expect, he gave orders that there should be tied round her brow one of those chaplets of coral<sup>1</sup>, with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom;—“and, thus fearfully adorned,” said he, “she was led away, amidst the gaze of the pitying multitude, to prison.”

With these harrowing details the short interval till nightfall—every minute of which seemed an age—was occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter—my wound, though not dangerous, requiring such a conveyance—and, under the guidance of my friend, I was conducted to the prison. Through his interest with the guard, we were without difficulty admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her.

She was half reclining, with her face hid beneath her hands, upon a couch—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha, that hung from the ceiling, shed a wild

<sup>1</sup> The merit of the confession “Christianus sum,” or “Christiana sum,” was considerably enhanced by the clearness and distinctness with which it was pronounced. *Eusebius* mentions the martyr *Vetius* as making it *λαμπρῶς φωνῶν*.

<sup>2</sup> “Une de ces couronnes de grain de corail, dont les vierges martyres ornent leurs cheveux en allant à la mort.”—*Les Martyrs*.

MOORE'S WORKS.

able before the image  
all vessel of incense  
ch, thrown voluntarily  
now, save that precious  
was the whole scene,  
reality. Althe! my  
, I thought, be thou

difficulty, raised her  
observing which, the  
l we were left alone.  
death, over her features;  
last I saw them, were  
for this world, looked  
ng herself up, she put  
p her forehead, whose  
more death-like from  
awfully across it.

nute vaguely, her eyes  
—and, with a shriek,  
rung from the couch,  
y my side. She had  
now, scarcely trusted  
! my love!" she ex-  
t to call me from this  
y!" In saying thus,  
ominous wreath, and  
upon my knee, as if  
fied to the new soul

Shrinking from me, as I spoke—but with a  
look more of sorrow than reproach—"What,  
thou, too!" she said mournfully—"thou, into  
whose inmost spirit I had fondly hoped the same  
light had entered as into my own! No, never be  
thou leagued with them who would tempt me to  
'make shipwreck of my faith!' Thou, who  
couldst alone bind me to life, use not, I entreat  
thee, thy power; but let me die, as He I serve  
hath commanded—die for the Truth. Remember  
the holy lessons we heard together on those nights,  
those happy nights, when both the present and  
future smiled upon us—when even the gift of  
eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from  
the glad conviction that thou wert to be a sharer  
in its blessings;—shall I forfeit now that divine  
privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we  
then learned to love?

"No, my own betrothed," she continued—  
pointing to the two rings on her finger—"behold  
these pledges—they are both sacred. I should  
have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven,  
—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall  
our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire,  
through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me  
worthy to be heard before the throne of Grace,  
I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that  
it may yet share with mine that 'inheritance,  
immortal and undefiled,' which Mercy offers,  
and that thou— and my dear mother— and

was—oh horrible!—a compound of the most deadly poison—the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath—but it would not come away—it would not come away!

Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and, seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away;—there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.

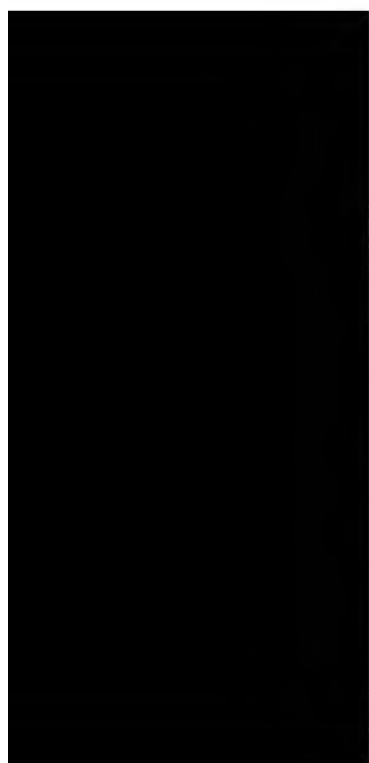
—◆—

*Here ends the Manuscript; but, on the outer cover is found, in the handwriting of a much later*

*period, the following Notice, extracted, as it appears, from some Egyptian martyrology:—*

“ALCIPHON—an Epicurean philosopher, converted to Christianity, A. D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden, who suffered martyrdom in that year. Immediately upon her death he betook himself to the desert, and lived a life, it is said, of much holiness and penitence. During the persecution under Dioclesian, his sufferings for the faith were most exemplary; and being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labour, for refusing to comply with an Imperial edict, he died at the Brass Mines of Palestine, A. D. 297.—

“As Alciphron held the opinions maintained since by Arius, his memory has not been spared by Athanasian writers, who, among other charges, accuse him of having been addicted to the superstitions of Egypt. For this calumny, however, there appears to be no better foundation than a circumstance, recorded by one of his brother monks, that there was found, after his death, a small metal mirror, like those used in the ceremonies of Isis, suspended around his neck.”





ALCIPHON.



2000年10月1日

# ALCIPHRON:

A FRAGMENT.

## LETTER I.

FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS.

WELL may you wonder at my flight  
From those fair Gardens, in whose bowers  
Lingers whate'er of wise and bright,  
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,  
Is left to grace this world of ours.  
Well may my comrades, as they roam,  
On such sweet eyes as this, inquire  
Why I have left that happy home  
Where all is found that all desire,  
And Time hath wings that never tire;  
Where bliss, in all the countless shapes,  
That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,  
Comes clustering round, like road-side grapes  
That woo the traveller's lip, at even;  
Where Wisdom flings not joy away —  
As Pallas in the stream, they say,  
Once flung her flute — but smiling owns  
That woman's lip can send forth tones  
Worth all the music of those spheres  
So many dream of, but none hears;  
Where Virtue's self puts on so well  
Her sister Pleasure's smile, that, loth  
From either nymph apart to dwell,  
We finish by embracing both.

Yes, such the place of bliss, I own,  
From all whose charms I just have flown;  
And even while thus to thee I write,  
And by the Nile's dark flood recline,  
Fondly, in thought, I wing my flight  
Back to those groves and gardens bright,  
And often think, by this sweet light,  
How lovelily they all must shine;  
Can see that graceful temple throw  
Down the green slope its lengthen'd shade,  
While, on the marble steps below,  
There sits some fair Athenian maid,

Over some favourite volume bending;  
And, by her side, a youthful sage  
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,  
Would else o'ershadow all the page.  
But hence such thoughts! — nor let me grieve  
O'er scenes of joy that I but leave,  
As the bird quits awhile its nest  
To come again with livelier zest.

And now to tell thee — what I fear  
Thou'lt gravely smile at — *why* I'm here.  
Though through my life's short, sunny dream,  
I've floated without pain or care,  
Like a light leaf, down pleasure's stream,  
Caught in each sparkling eddy there;  
Though never Mirth awak'd a strain  
That my heart echoed not again;  
Yet have I felt, when even most gay,  
Sad thoughts — I knew not whence or why —  
Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,  
Like clouds, that, ere we've time to say  
"How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.  
Sometimes so vague, so undefin'd,  
Were these strange dark'nings of my mind —  
While nought but joy around me beam'd —  
So causelessly they've come and flown,  
That not of life or earth they seem'd,  
But shadows from some world unknown.  
More oft, however, 'twas the thought  
How soon that scene, with all its play  
Of life and gladness, must decay —  
Those lips I prest, the hands I caught —  
Myself — the crowd that mirth had brought  
Around me — swept like weeds away!

This thought it was that came to shed  
O'er rapture's hour its worst alloys;  
And, close as shade with sunshine, wed  
Its sadness with my happiest joys.  
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice,  
Stealing amid our mirth to say

MOORE'S WORKS.

ch we most rejoice,  
 y be the earth-worm's prey ;  
 er—only this—  
 d is brimm'd with bliss,  
 feels my soul  
 ts dregs the whole,  
 rth to heav'n, and be,  
 ods, a Deity !

hat night—the very last  
 Garden friends I pass'd —  
 ol held its feast of mirth  
 r founder's birth,  
 e in dreams but saw  
 Pleasure on the throne  
 world, and wrote her law  
 arts, was felt and known —  
 reams, but true  
 as pulse e'er knew —  
 osoms, that each felt  
 where Pleasure dwelt.

en all our mirth was o'er,  
 s silent, and the feet  
 idens heard no more —  
 the time, so sweet,  
 n came o'er that scene,  
 revel late had been —  
 et of some bay,

While thoughts like these absorb'd my mi  
 That weariness which earthly bliss,  
 However sweet, still leaves behind,  
 As if to show how earthly 'tis,  
 Came lulling o'er me, and I laid  
 My limbs at that fair statue's base —  
 That miracle, which Art hath made  
 Of all the choice of Nature's grace —  
 To which so oft I've knelt and sworn,  
 That, could a living maid like her  
 Unto this wondering world be born,  
 I would, myself, turn worshipper.

Sleep came then o'er me—and I seem'd  
 To be transported far away  
 To a bleak desert plain, where gleam'd  
 One single, melancholy ray,  
 Throughout that darkness dimly shed  
 From a small taper in the hand  
 Of one, who, pale as are the dead,  
 Before me took his spectral stand,  
 And said, while, awfully, a smile  
 Came o'er the wanness of his cheek—  
 “Go, and beside the sacred Nile  
 “You'll find the Eternal Life you seek

Soon as he spoke these words, the hue  
 Of death o'er all his features grew,  
 Like the pale morning, when o'er night



thinking of such creeds as thou  
 ll our Garden sages think,  
 ere something, I allow,  
 ams like this—a sort of link  
 rids unseen, which, from the hour  
 could lisp my thoughts till now,  
 ster'd me with spell-like power.

o can tell, as we're combin'd  
 is atoms—some refin'd,  
 se that scintillate and play  
 c'd stars—some, gross as they  
 wn in clouds or sleep in clay—  
 be sure, but 'tis the best  
 rightest atoms of our frame,  
 most akin to stellar flame,  
 ne out thus, when we're at rest;—  
 he stars themselves, whose light  
 at but in the silent night.  
 hat there lurks, indeed,  
 th in Man's prevailing creed,  
 our Guardians, from on high,  
 in that pause from toil and sin,  
 he senses' curtain by,  
 n the wakeful soul look in!

ught!—but yet, howe'er it be,  
 more than once, hath prov'd to me  
 truer far than Oak,  
 , or Tripod, ever spoke.  
 is the words—thou'lt hear and smile—  
 ords that phantom seem'd to speak—  
 l beside the sacred Nile  
 ll find the Eternal Life you seek—"  
 anting me by night, by day,  
 gth, as with the unseen hand  
 itself, urg'd me away  
 Athens to this Holy Land;  
 mong the secrets, still untaught,  
 yst'ries that, as yet, nor sun  
 hath reach'd—oh, blessed thought!—  
 eep this everlasting one.

— when to our Garden friends  
 k'et of the wild dream that sends  
 st of their School thus far,  
 ng beneath Canopus' star,  
 a that, wander where he will,  
 wsoe'er they now condemn  
 e and vain pursuit, he still  
 thy of the School and them;—  
 their own—nor e'er forgets,  
 hile his heart and soul pursue  
 nal Light which never sets,  
 any meteor joys that *do*,  
 s them, hails them with delight,  
 they meet his longing sight.  
 is life *must* wane away,  
 r lives, at least the day,

The hour it lasts shall, like a fire  
 With incense fed, in sweets expire.

## LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Memphis.*

'Tis true, alas—the myst'ries and the lore  
 I came to study on this wondrous shore,  
 Are all forgotten in the new delights,  
 The strange, wild joys that fill my days and nights.  
 Instead of dark, dull oracles that speak  
 From subterranean temples, those *I* seek  
 Come from the breathing shrines where Beauty  
 lives,

And Love, her priest, the soft responses gives.  
 Instead of honouring Isis in those rites  
 At Coptos held, I hail her, when she lights  
 Her first young crescent on the holy stream—  
 When wandering youths and maidens watch her  
 beam,

And number o'er the nights she hath to run,  
 Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.  
 While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly lends  
 A clue into past times, the student bends,  
 And by its glimmering guidance learns to tread  
 Back through the shadowy knowledge of the  
 dead—

The only skill, alas, *I* yet can claim  
 Lies in deciphering some new lov'd-one's name—  
 Some gentle missive, hinting time and place,  
 In language, soft as Memphian reed can trace.  
 And where—oh where's the heart that could with-  
 stand

The' unnumber'd witcheries of this sun-born land,  
 Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,  
 And Love hath temples ancient as the world!  
 Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,  
 Hides but to win, and shades but to adorn;  
 Where that luxurious melancholy, born  
 Of passion and of genius, sheds a gloom  
 Making joy holy;—where the bower and tomb  
 Stand side by side, and Pleasure learns from Death  
 The instant value of each moment's breath.

Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream  
 This lovely land now looks!—the glorious stream,  
 That late, between its banks, was seen to glide  
 'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side  
 Glitt'ring like jewels strung along a chain.  
 Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain  
 And valley, like a giant from his bed  
 Rising with outstretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread;  
 While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear  
 And blue a heaven as ever bless'd our sphere,

MOORE'S WORKS.

, and porphyry domes,  
to be the homes  
birds, whose hour  
waters tower!

pp and joy, that make  
pled lake,  
on, Commerce gives  
ves and lives.  
s from the wave  
ow and grave,  
o, with sacred wands  
g in their hands;  
esh from those sunny

g cataracts —  
ding to the sea,  
oceros ivory,  
e, and those grains  
byssinian rains.  
d into a bay  
grims, on their way  
of beds  
bove their heads,  
here, as in a bower,  
e sultry hour;  
n faint with heat,  
ers drink most sweet.—  
eath a bank  
t a prank

Then, canst thou wonder if, 'mid scenes like these  
I should forget all graver mysteries,  
All lore but Love's, all secrets but that best  
In heaven or earth, the art of being blest!  
Yet are there times—though brief, I own, their stay,  
Like Summer clouds that shine themselves away—  
Moments of gloom, when even these pleasures fall  
Upon my sadd'ning heart, and I recall  
That Garden dream—that promise of a power—  
Oh, were there such!—to lengthen out life's hour,  
On, on, as through a vista, far away  
Opening before us into endless day!  
And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought  
Come on that evening—bright as ever brought  
Light's golden farewell to the world—when first  
The' eternal pyramids of Memphis burst  
Awfully on my sight—standing sublime  
'Twixt earth and heaven, the watch-towers of Time,  
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past  
From earth for ever, he will look his last!

There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round  
Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound  
In the still air that circled them, which stole  
Like music of past times into my soul.  
I thought what myriads of the wise, and brave,  
And beautiful, had sunk into the grave,  
Since earth first saw these wonders—and I said,  
“Are things eternal only for the Dead?  
“Hath man no loftier hope than this, which dooms

se, the giant homes they still possess,  
 whose depths, hid from the world above,  
 where they wander, with the few they love,  
 in subterranean gardens, by a light  
 on earth, which hath nor dawn nor  
 night!

[grand  
 by those deathless structures? why the  
 hidden halls, that undermine this land?  
 hath none of earth e'er dared to go  
 to the dark windings of that realm below,  
 that from heav'n itself, except the God  
 alone, through those endless labyrinths  
 descend?"

I dream—wild, wandering dreams, I own,  
 as haunt me ever, if alone,  
 pause, 'twixt joy and joy I be,  
 as hush'd between two waves at sea.  
 these spirit whisperings, like the sound  
 of Future, come appalling round;  
 break the trance that holds me then,  
 o'er Pleasure's surge I mount again!

for new adventure, new delight,  
 is on the wing;—this very night,  
 gleam on that Island, half-way o'er  
 Memphis' gardens to the eastern shore,  
 its annual rite to her, whose beams  
 sweet time of night-flowers and dreams;  
 she, who dips her urn in silent lakes,  
 to silvery dew each drop it takes;—  
 or Dian of the North, who chains  
 the current of young veins,  
 who haunts the gay Bubastian<sup>1</sup> grove,  
 she sees, from her bright heaven above,  
 on earth to match that heaven but Love.  
 then, what bliss will be abroad to-night!—  
 those sparkling nymphs, who meet the sight  
 of day, familiar as the sun,  
 of beauty, yet unbreath'd upon,  
 in hidden loveliness, that lies,  
 as are the beams of sleeping eyes,  
 these twilight shrines—to-night shall be  
 like birds, for this festivity!

'tis nigh; already the sun bids  
 adieu farewell to the Pyramids,  
 and done, age after age, till they  
 earth seem ancient as his ray;  
 great shadows, stretching from the light,  
 the first colossal steps of Night,  
 across the valley, to invade  
 the hills of porphyry with their shade.  
 the signals of the setting beam,  
 and flags on every house-top gleam:  
 look!—from all the temples a rich swell  
 of the Moon—farewell—farewell.

## LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Memphis.*

THERE is some star—or it may be  
 That moon we saw so near last night—  
 Which comes athwart my destiny  
 For ever, with misleading light.  
 If for a moment, pure and wise  
 And calm I feel, there quick doth fall  
 A spark from some disturbing eye,  
 That through my heart, soul, being flies,  
 And makes a wildfire of it all.  
 I've seen—oh, Cleon, that this earth  
 Should e'er have giv'n such beauty birth!—  
 That man—but, hold—hear all that pass'd  
 Since yester-night, from first to last.

The rising of the Moon, calm, slow,  
 And beautiful, as if she came  
 Fresh from the Elysian bowers below,  
 Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim,  
 Welcom'd from every breezy height,  
 Where crowds stood waiting for her light.  
 And well might they who view'd the scene  
 Then lit up all around them, say,  
 That never yet had Nature been  
 Caught sleeping in a lovelier ray,  
 Or rivall'd her own noon-tide face,  
 With purer show of moonlight grace.

Memphis—still grand, though not the same  
 Unrivall'd Memphis, that could seize  
 From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame,  
 And wear it bright through centuries—  
 Now, in the moonshine, that came down  
 Like a last smile upon that crown,—  
 Memphis, still grand, among her lakes,  
 Her pyramids and shrines of fire,  
 Rose, like a vision, that half breaks  
 On one who, dreaming still, awakes,  
 To music from some midnight choir:  
 While to the west—where gradual sinks  
 In the red sands, from Libya roll'd,  
 Some mighty column, or fair sphynx,  
 That stood in kingly courts, of old—  
 It seem'd as, 'mid the pomps that shone  
 Thus gaily round him, Time look'd on,  
 Waiting till all, now bright and blest,  
 Should sink beneath him like the rest.

No sooner had the setting sun  
 Proclaim'd the festal rite begun,  
 And, 'mid their idol's fullest beams,  
 The Egyptian world was all afloat,

<sup>1</sup> The great Festival of the Moon.<sup>2</sup> Bubastis, or Isis, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology.

MOORE'S WORKS.

pon these streams,  
 le-bird, turn'd my boat  
 on whose shores,  
 ns and sycamores,  
 moving lights  
 ing to the rites.  
 like ruby sparks  
 ghted barks,  
 kind — from those  
 e's cataract shoot,  
 ed barge, that rows  
 at and breath of flute,  
 t, in words of flame,  
 its master's name; —  
 a made this sea  
 s a hill  
 aught suddenly  
 ng of a rill.

sle, I soon  
 e alleys and small groves  
 us palm she loves,  
 temple of the Moon;  
 wly through the last  
 ule I pass'd —  
 rry pillars, twin'd  
 ivy, I could see  
 l maidens wind,  
 k, half dancingly,

And yet to me, there seem'd to dwell  
 A charm about that unseen face —  
 A something in the shade that fell  
 Over that brow's imagin'd grace,  
 Which won me more than all the best  
 Outshining beauties of the rest.  
 And *her* alone my eyes could see,  
 Enchain'd by this sweet mystery;  
 And *her* alone I watch'd, as round  
 She glided o'er that marble ground,  
 Stirring not more the' unconscious air  
 Than if a Spirit were moving there.  
 Till suddenly, wide open flew  
 The Temple's folding gates, and threw  
 A splendour from within, a flood  
 Of glory, where these maidens stood.  
 While, with that light — as if the same  
 Rich source gave birth to both — there came  
 A swell of harmony, as grand  
 As e'er was born of voice and hand,  
 Filling the gorgeous aisles around  
 With luxury of light and sound.

Then was it, by the flash that blaz'd  
 Full o'er her features — oh 'twas then  
 As startingly her eyes she rais'd,  
 But quick let fall their lids again,  
 I saw — not Psyche's self, when first  
 Upon the threshold of the skies

Where'er I sought to pass, their wands  
 Motion'd me back, while many a file  
 Of sacred nymphs — but ah, not they  
 Whom my eyes look'd for — throng'd the way.  
 Perplex'd, impatient, 'mid this crowd  
 Of faces, lights — the o'erwhelming cloud  
 Of incense round me, and my blood  
 Full of its new-born fire — I stood,  
 Nor mov'd, nor breath'd, but when I caught  
 A glimpse of some blue, spangled zone,  
 Or wreath of lotus, which, I thought,  
 Like those she wore at distance shone.

But no, 'twas vain — hour after hour,  
 Till my heart's throbbing turn'd to pain,  
 And my strain'd eyesight lost its power,  
 I sought her thus, but all in vain.  
 At length, hot — wilder'd — in despair,  
 I rush'd into the cool night-air,  
 And, hurrying (though with many a look  
 Back to the busy Temple), took  
 My way along the moonlight shore,  
 And sprang into my boat once more.

There is a Lake, that to the north  
 Of Memphis stretches grandly forth,  
 Upon whose silent shore the Dead  
 Have a proud City of their own<sup>1</sup>,  
 With shrines and pyramids o'erspread —  
 Where many an ancient kingly head  
 Slumbers, immortalis'd in stone;  
 And where, through marble grots beneath,  
 The lifeless, rang'd like sacred things,  
 Nor wanting aught of life but breath,  
 Lie in their painted coverings,  
 And on each new successive race,  
 - That visit their dim haunts below,  
 Look with the same unwithering face,  
 They wore three thousand years ago.  
 There, Silence, thoughtful God, who loves  
 The neighbourhood of death, in groves  
 Of asphodel lies hid, and weaves  
 His hushing spell among the leaves —  
 Nor ever noise disturbs the air,  
 Save the low, humming, mournful sound  
 Of priests, within their shrines, at prayer  
 For the fresh Dead entomb'd around.

'Twas tow'rd this place of death — in mood  
 Made up of thoughts, half bright, half dark —  
 I now across the shining flood  
 Unconscious turn'd my light-wing'd bark,  
 The form of that young maid, in all  
 Its beauty, was before me still;  
 And oft I thought, if thus to call  
 Her image to my mind at will,

<sup>1</sup> Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the south of Memphis.

If but the memory of that one  
 Bright look of hers, for ever gone,  
 Was to my heart worth all the rest  
 Of woman-kind, beheld, possess'd —  
 What would it be, if wholly mine,  
 Within these arms, as in a shrine,  
 Hallow'd by Love, I saw her shine —  
 An idol, worshipp'd by the light  
 Of her own beauties, day and night —  
 If 'twas a blessing but to see  
 And lose again, what would *this* be?

In thoughts like these — but often crost  
 By darker threads — my mind was lost,  
 Till, near that City of the Dead,  
 Wak'd from my trance, I saw o'erhead —  
 As if by some enchanter bid  
 Suddenly from the wave to rise —  
 Pyramid over pyramid  
 Tower in succession to the skies;  
 While one, aspiring, as if soon  
 'Twould touch the heavens, rose o'er all;  
 And, on its summit, the white moon  
 Rested, as on a pedestal!

The silence of the lonely tombs  
 And temples round, where nought was heard  
 But the high palm-tree's tufted plumes,  
 Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,  
 Form'd a deep contrast to the scene  
 Of revel, where I late had been;  
 To those gay sounds, that still came o'er  
 Faintly, from many a distant shore,  
 And the unnumber'd lights, that shone  
 Far o'er the flood, from Memphis on  
 To the Moon's Isle and Babylon.

My oars were lifted, and my boat  
 Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream;  
 While my vague thoughts, alike afloat,  
 Drifted through many an idle dream,  
 With all of which, wild and unfix'd  
 As was their aim, that vision mix'd,  
 That bright nymph of the Temple — now,  
 With the same innocence of brow  
 She wore within the lighted fane —  
 Now kindling, through each pulse and vein,  
 With passion of such deep-felt fire  
 As Gods might glory to inspire; —  
 And now — oh Darkness of the tomb,  
 That must eclipse even light like hers!  
 Cold, dead, and blackening, 'mid the gloom  
 Of those eternal sepulchres.

Scarce had I turn'd my eyes away  
 From that dark death-place, at the thought,  
 When by the sound of dashing spray  
 From a light oar my ear was caught,

MOORE'S WORKS.

rough the moonlight, sail'd  
 bark that bore  
 es, closely veil'd  
 towards that funeral shore.  
 and the boat again  
 watery plain.

to thee I may —  
 hath come the chance  
 a new ray  
 voice, from woman's glance,  
 and me how it might,  
 — I did not bless,  
 as a light  
 dreamt happiness.  
 when hopes so vain  
 my heart and brain,  
 allur'd my soul  
 vague and far  
 who fix'd his goal  
 or some star —  
 t, that brought  
 h my high-flown thought —  
 ose of joy, less pure,  
 avenly, but more sure,  
 and was then to me  
 every isle must be  
 blown out to sea.

Scarce had I ask'd myself, " Can aught  
 " That man delights in sojourn here? ".  
 When, suddenly, far off, I caught  
 A glimpse of light, remote, but clear —  
 Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour  
 From some alcove or cell, that ended  
 The long, steep, marble corridor,  
 Through which I now, all hope, descend  
 Never did Spartan to his bride  
 With warier foot at midnight glide.  
 It seem'd as echo's self were dead  
 In this dark place, so mute my tread.  
 Reaching, at length, that light, I saw —  
 Oh listen to the scene, now rais'd  
 Before my eyes — then guess the awe,  
 The still, rapt awe with which I gaz'd.  
 'Twas a small chapel, lin'd around  
 With the fair, spangling marble, found  
 In many a ruin'd shrine that stands  
 Half seen above the Libyan sands.  
 The walls were richly sculptur'd o'er,  
 And character'd with that dark lore,  
 Of times before the Flood, whose key  
 Was lost in the " Universal Sea. " —  
 While on the roof was pictur'd bright  
 The Theban beetle, as he shines,  
 When the Nile's mighty flow declines,  
 And forth the creature springs to light,  
 With life regenerate in his wings: —  
 Emblem of vain imaginings!

Yet did my heart—I scarce knew why—  
 Even at that shadow'd shape beat high.  
 Nor was it long, ere full in sight  
 The figure turn'd; and by the light  
 That touch'd her features, as she bent  
 Over the crystal monument,  
 I saw 'twas she—the same—the same—  
 That lately stood before me, bright'ning  
 The holy spot, where she but came  
 And went again, like summer lightning!

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast  
 Of her who took that silent rest,  
 There was a cross of silver lying—  
 Another type of that blest home,  
 Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying  
 Build for us in a world to come:—  
 This silver cross the maiden rais'd  
 To her pure lips:—then, having gas'd  
 Some minutes on that tranquil face,  
 Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,  
 Upward she turn'd her brow serene,  
 As if, intent on heaven, those eyes  
 Saw then nor roof nor cloud between  
 Their own pure orbits and the skies;  
 And, though her lips no motion made,  
 And that fix'd look was all her speech,  
 I saw that the wrapt spirit pray'd  
 Deeper within than words could reach.

Strange power of Innocence, to turn  
 To its own hue whate'er comes near,  
 And make even vagrant Passion burn  
 With purer warmth within its sphere!  
 She who, but one short hour before,  
 Had come, like sudden wild-fire, o'er  
 My heart and brain—whom gladly, even  
 From that bright Temple, in the face  
 Of those proud ministers of heaven,  
 I would have borne, in wild embrace,  
 And risk'd all punishment, divine  
 And human, but to make her mine;—  
 She, she was now before me, thrown  
 By fate itself into my arms—  
 There standing, beautiful, alone,  
 With nought to guard her, but her charms.  
 Yet did I, then—did even a breath  
 From my parch'd lips, too parch'd to move,  
 Disturb a scene where thus, beneath  
 Earth's silent covering, Youth and Death  
 Held converse through undying love?  
 No—smile and taunt me as thou wilt—  
 Though but to gaze thus was delight,  
 Yet seem'd it like a wrong, a guilt,  
 To win by stealth so pure a sight:  
 And rather than a look profane  
 Should then have met those thoughtful eyes,  
 Or voice or whisper broke the chain  
 That link'd her spirit with the skies,

I would have gladly, in that place,  
 From which I watch'd her heavenward face,  
 Let my heart break, without one beat  
 That could disturb a prayer so sweet.  
 Gently, as if on every tread,  
 My life, my more than life, depended,  
 Back through the corridor that led  
 To this blest scene I now ascended,  
 And with slow seeking, and some pain,  
 And many a winding tried in vain,  
 Emerg'd to upper air again.

The sun had freshly risen, and down  
 The marble hills of Araby,  
 Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,  
 His beams into that living sea.  
 There seem'd a glory in his light,  
 Newly put on—as if for pride  
 Of the high homage paid this night  
 To his own Isis, his young bride,  
 Now fading feminine away  
 In her proud Lord's superior ray.

My mind's first impulse was to fly  
 At once from this entangling net—  
 New scenes to range, new loves to try,  
 Or, in mirth, wine, and luxury  
 Of every sense, that night forget.  
 But vain the effort—spell-bound still,  
 I linger'd, without power or will  
 To turn my eyes from that dark door,  
 Which now enclos'd her 'mong the dead;  
 Oft fancying, through the boughs, that o'er  
 The sunny pile their flickering shed,  
 'Twas her light form again I saw  
 Starting to earth—still pure and bright,  
 But wakening, as I hop'd, less awe,  
 Thus seen by morning's natural light,  
 Than in that strange, dim cell at night.

But no, alas—she ne'er return'd:  
 Nor yet—though still I watch—nor yet,  
 Though the red sun for hours hath burn'd,  
 And now, in his mid course, hath met  
 The peak of that eternal pile  
 He pauses still at noon to bless,  
 Standing beneath his downward smile,  
 Like a great Spirit, shadowless!—  
 Nor yet she comes—while here, alone,  
 Saunt'ring through this death-peopled place,  
 Where no heart beats except my own,  
 Or 'neath a palm-tree's shelter thrown,  
 By turns I watch, and rest, and trace  
 These lines, that are to waft to thee  
 My last night's wondrous history.

Dost thou remember, in that Isle  
 Of our own Sea, where thou and I

MOORE'S WORKS.

for a while,  
 lovers went by —  
 set brought  
 yourite maids —  
 me we sought —  
 grant shades,  
 own, attune  
 to the young moon?

like a dream —  
 s holy tide  
 Stream,  
 coming bride,  
 d her charms  
 e went, ere wed)  
 arms,  
 mine, instead —  
 c she fell,  
 so well!  
 that he, who rov'd  
 mmer then,  
 er lov'd  
 lov'd again,

ound it sighs —  
 last night,  
 at the sight  
 d now  
 bs, with brow  
 uch he just

Smooth, impious school!—not all the weapons aim'd  
 At priestly creeds, since first a creed was fram'd,  
 E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield,  
 The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers  
 conceal'd.

And oh, 'twere victory to this heart, as sweet  
 As any *thou* canst boast—even when the feet  
 Of thy proud war-steed wade through Christian  
 blood,

To wrap this scoffer in Faith's blinding hood,  
 And bring him, tam'd and prostrate, to implore  
 The vilest gods even Egypt's saints adore.

What!—do these sages think, to *them* alone  
 The key of this world's happiness is known?  
 That none but they, who make such proud parade  
 Of Pleasure's smiling favours, win the maid,  
 Or that Religion keeps no secret place,  
 No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to grace?  
 Fools!—did they know how keen the zest that's  
 given

To earthly joy, when season'd well with heaven;  
 How Piety's grave mask improves the hue  
 Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through,  
 And how the Priest, set aptly within reach  
 Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,  
 Would they not, Decius—*thou*, whom the' ancient  
 tie

"Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally —  
 Would they not change their creed, their craft, for  
 ours?



urns that Heaven itself into a placed  
 nted sin and deified disgrace,  
 ring Olympus even to shame more deep,  
 it with things that earth itself holds cheap,  
 lesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sacred brood,  
 Egypt keeps for worship, not for food—  
 orthy idols of a Faith that sees  
 as, cats, owls, and apes, divinities!

e!—oh, Decius, thou, who feel'st no care  
 ings divine, beyond the soldier's share,  
 akes on trust the faith for which he bleeds,  
 d, fierce God to swear by, all he needs—  
 canst thou, whose creed around thee hangs  
 as thy summer war-cloak, guess the pangs  
 athing and self-scorn with which a heart,  
 orn as mine is, acts the zealot's part—  
 eep and dire disgust with which I wade  
 gh the foul juggling of this holy trade—  
 nud profound of mystery, where the feet,  
 ery step, sink deeper in deceit.  
 any a time, when, 'mid the Temple's blaze,  
 rostrate fools the sacred cist I raise,  
 not keep still proudly in my mind  
 ower this priestcraft gives me o'er mankind—  
 er, of more might, in skilful hand,  
 ve this world, than Archimede e'er plann'd—  
 ld, in vengeance of the shame I feel  
 'own mockery, crush the slaves that kneel  
 ed round; and—like that kindred breed  
 erend, well-drest crocodiles they feed,  
 n'd Arsinoë<sup>1</sup>—make my keepers bless,  
 their last throb, my sharp-fang'd Holiness.

s it to be borne, that scoffers, vain  
 ir own freedom from the altar's chain,  
 d mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold,  
 my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold?  
 st not be:—think'st thou that Christian sect,  
 e followers, quick as broken waves, erect  
 crests anew and swell into a tide,  
 hreats to sweep away our shrines of pride—  
 'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, even  
 they  
 d triumph thus, had not the constant play  
 it's resistless archery clear'd their way?—  
 nocking spirit, worst of all the foes,  
 lemn fraud, our mystic mummery knows,  
 e wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs  
 ast-falling creed, prelusive shines,  
 t'ning such change as do the awful freaks  
 umer lightning, ere the tempest breaks.

o my point—a youth of this vain school,  
 ce, whom Doubt itself hath fail'd to cool  
 o that freezing point where Priests despair  
 r spark from the altar catching there—

<sup>1</sup> the trinkets with which the sacred Crocodiles were ornamented—see the Epicurean, chap. x.

Hath, some nights since—it was, methinks, the night  
 That follow'd the full Moon's great annual rite—  
 Through the dark, winding ducts, that downward  
 stray

To these earth-hidden temples, track'd his way,  
 Just at that hour when, round the Shrine, and me,  
 The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see,  
 Sing their last night-hymn in the Sanctuary.  
 The clangour of the marvellous Gate, that stands  
 At the Well's lowest depth—which none but hands  
 Of new, untaught adventurers, from above,  
 Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move—  
 Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh:—  
 'Twas the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky,  
 Had been observ'd, curiously wand'ring round  
 The mighty fanes of our sepulchral ground.

Instant, the 'Initiate's Trials were prepar'd,—  
 The Fire, Air, Water; all that Orpheus dar'd,  
 That Plato, that the bright-hair'd Samian<sup>2</sup> pass'd,  
 With trembling hope, to come to—*what*, at last?  
 Go, ask the dupes of Priestcraft! question him  
 Who, 'mid terrific sounds and spectres dim,  
 Walks at Eleusis; ask of those, who brave  
 The dazzling miracles of Mithra's Cave,  
 With its seven starry gates; ask all who keep  
 Those terrible night-mysteries, where they weep  
 And howl sad dirges to the answering breeze,  
 O'er their dead Gods, their mortal Deities—  
 Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men,  
 Drown'd, hang'd, empal'd, to rise, as gods, again;—  
 Ask *them*, what mighty secret lurks below  
 This seven-fold mystery—can they tell thee? No;  
 Gravely they keep that only secret, well  
 And fairly kept—that they have none to tell;  
 And, dup'd themselves, console their humbled pride  
 By duping thenceforth all mankind beside.

And such the' advance in fraud since Orpheus'  
 time—

That earliest master of our craft sublime—  
 So many minor Mysteries, imps of fraud,  
 From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,  
 That, still to' uphold our Temple's ancient boast,  
 And seem most holy, we must cheat the most;  
 Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round  
 In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound;  
 Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind,  
 With changeful skill; and make the human mind  
 Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,  
 But by the Priest's permission, wins its way—  
 Where through the gloom as wave our wizard-rods,  
 Monsters, at will, are conjur'd into Gods;  
 While Reason, like a grave-fac'd mummy, stands,  
 With her arms swath'd in hieroglyphic bands.  
 But chiefly in that skill with which we use  
 Man's wildest passions for Religion's views,

<sup>2</sup> Pythagoras.

MOORE'S WORKS.

er car like fiery steeds,  
 n which our craft succeeds.  
 ye men of yore, whose toil  
 scoop'd out from Egypt's soil  
 ise, this mine of fanes,  
 ces, where Pleasure reigns  
 mpire of her own,  
 curies lighting up her throne;—  
 ry made, which undermines  
 and, 'neath the Twelve Great

on's holy rite,  
 byriths of unearthly light,  
 no change—its brooks that run  
 its gardens without sun,  
 nse, by turns, are charm'd, sur-


or prophet e'er devis'd  
 h, priests have realis'd.

ent—all his trials past,  
 ve unshrinking to the last—  
 ves—as yet left free  
 n this realm of mystery;  
 lusions as prepare  
 o'er waterfalls, to wear

All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying wi  
 Through every shifting aspect, vapour still  
 Vague glimpses of the Future, vistas shown  
 By scenic skill, into that world unknown,  
 Which saints and sinners claim alike their  
 And all those other witching, wildering art  
 Illusions, terrors, that make human hearts,  
 Ay, even the wisest and the hardiest, quail  
 To *any* goblin thron'd behind a veil.

Yes—such the spells shall haunt his eye, hi  
 Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmos  
 Till, if our Sage be not tam'd down, at leng  
 His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their stren  
 Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shri  
 If he become not absolutely mine,  
 Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy  
 Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,  
 Draw converts also, lure his brother wits  
 To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,  
 And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites—  
 If I effect not this, then be it said  
 The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,  
 Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath c  
 To hiss its soul out in the Theban waste.

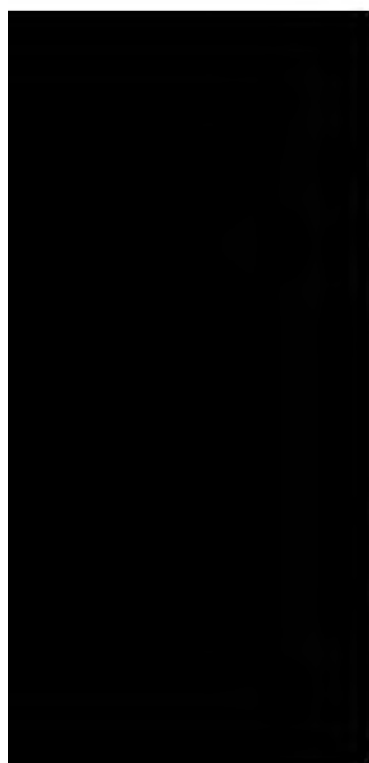
\* \* \* \* \*



---

I N D E X.

---



# INDEX.

## A.

- ABDALLA**, King of the Lesser Bucharia, 8. &c. *See* Lalla Rookh.  
**Abdallah**, 553. His Gazel, 553.  
**Abdul Fasil**, 81. s.  
 A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west, 331.  
 A broken cake, with honey sweet (Ode LXX. Anacreon), 246.  
**Egean Sea**, the, 352. 355.  
**Agnew**, Sir Andrew, 616. 617. *et passim*, 482.  
 Ah! where are they who heard in former hours, 371.  
**Albemarle**, Lord, anecdotes of, 194.  
**Album**, the, 384. 440.  
**Alciphron**, Athenian philosopher, an initiate in Egyptian Mysteries, 702. His recognition by the Roman tribune, 730. His darling, 722. He witnesses the death of the Christian martyr Aethe, 722. Account of this Epicurean philosopher, 733. 737.  
**Alciphron**, a Fragment of 'The Epicurean,' as originally commenced in verse, 737—738. Epistle I. From Alciphron at Alexandria to Cleon at Athens, 727. II. From Alciphron to Cleon, 729. III. From Alciphron to Cleon 731. IV. From Orcus, high priest of Memphis, to Decius, the Prætorian prefect, 736.  
**Aethe**, Story of the Martyr, 698—703. *et seq.*  
**Alexander**, Right Hon. H., 555.  
**Allris**, King, 8. 70. 82. His nuptials with Lalla Rookh, 82.  
 All that's bright must fade, 145.  
**Alla**, name of God in Mahometan countries, 12. (*Vide* Lalla Rookh,) 184. 193. The throne of Alla, 187. 199.  
 Alone in crowds to wander on, 165.  
**Alps**, Song of the, 420.  
**America**, Poems relating to, Preface, 318. 320. Dedication to Francis Earl of Moira, Preface, 318. The poem, 320—343.  
**Ammianus** speaking of Alexandria in Egypt, 669. s.  
**Amra tree**, 79. s.  
**Amrita**, the Immortal tree, 416.  
**Amystia**, the, a single draught of wine, 223. s.  
**Anacreon**, Odes of, 207.  
     \*<sup>o</sup> *The Odes are given in this Index in the order of the initial letter of each Ode.*  
**Anacreon**. Biographical and Critical Remarks, 209. Additional lyrics attributed to Anacreon, 248. Panegyrics in the Anthologia on Anacreon 249. 251.  
**Anacreontics**, modern, 264. 272. 274. 275. 566. 568.  
 And doth not a meeting like this make amends, 128.  
 And hast thou mark'd the pensive shade, 299.  
 And now with all thy pencil's truth (Ode xvii. Anacreon), 322.  
**Angels** and archangels of the celestial hierarchy of the primaval Syrians, 183. 197.  
**Angels**, the Fallen, 79. 187. 196.  
**Angerianus**, Latin verses of, translated, 217. s. 223. s.  
**Anglesa**, Marquis of, lord-lieutenant, 603.  
**Animal Magnetism**, 640.  
**Annual Pill**, the, 608.  
**Antelope of Erac**, 78. *See also* 719.  
**Anthology**, the Greek:—Translations of some Epigrams of, 249. 251. Songs from the Greek, 394—396.  
**Antipater**, epigram of, 250.  
**Antique**, a Study from the, 331.  
**Antiquity**, a Dream of, 328.  
**Apollo**, the god of poetry, 157.  
**Apollo**, the High-Priest of, to a virgin of Delphi, 289.  
**Apricots**, the 'Seed of the Sun,' 78.  
**Arab**, the tyrant, Al Hassan, (*vide* Lalla Rookh, the Story of The Fire-worshippers), 47. *et seq.*  
**Arab Maid**, the, 48. 78. 79.  
**Arabia**, 47. 48.  
**Arabian Shepherd**, his camel, 374. s.  
**Ararat**, Mount, 48.  
**Archangels**, 184, 188. 197.  
**Ariadne**, dance so named, 375.  
**Ariel**, 328. 422. 588.  
**Aristippus**, to a Lamp given by Lais, 376.  
**Arm'd** with hyacinthine rod (Ode xxxi. Anacreon), 229.  
 Around the tomb, O bard divine! (Anthologia), 249.  
**Arranmore!** loved Arranmore! 133.  
**Array** thee, love, 250.  
**Art**, 373.  
 As by his Lemnian forge's flame (Ode xxviii. Anacreon), 228.  
 As by the shore, at break of day, 369.  
 As down in the sunless retreats, 169.  
 Ask not if still I love, 416.  
 As late I sought the spangled bowers (Ode vi. Anacreon), 216.  
 As o'er the lake, in evening's glow, 667.  
 As o'er her loom the Lesbian maid, 587.  
 As once a Grecian maiden wove, 374.  
**Aspasia**, 296.  
**Aspen-tree**, the, 72.  
 As slow our ship, 119.  
 As vanquish'd Erin wept, 123.  
**Atalantis**, Island of, 672.  
**Athens**, and the Sectaries of the Garden, 665, 666. Alciphron, 703. 727. 738.  
**Pyrrho**, 542. *et seq.* The mother of art, 373.  
**A' hul**, Duke of, 579. s.  
**Atkinson**, Joseph, Epistle to, 293. Epistle from Bermuda to, 331. Tribute to his memory, 439.  
 At the mid hour of night, 110.  
 At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight (Anthologia), 250.  
 At night, when all is still around, 453.  
**Attar Gul**, or (vulgarly) Otto of Rose, 81.  
**Augustine** to his Sister, 169.  
**Aurora Borealis**, 81.  
**Aurungzebe**, Mogul Emperor of Delhi, 8. 70.  
**Austrians**, their entry into Naples, 434.  
**Autumn** and Spring, 161.  
**Avenging** and bright fall the swift sword of Erin, 109.  
**Awake**, arise, thy light is come, 173.  
**Awake** to life, my sleeping shell (Ode Lx. Anacreon), 243.  
**Away**, away, ye men of rules (Ode lxi. Anacreon), 238.

INDEX.

	Boy statesman, the, 642.	Castlereagh, Lord, satirized, 575. 645. <i>et seq.</i> (See <i>The Fudge Family</i> , 445. <i>et passim.</i> ) His departure for the Continent, 637. See <i>Satirical Poems</i> , &c.
(Ode	Boy with a watch, to a, 261.	Catholic Question, the, 606. 608. &c.
	Boyle Farm, the seat of Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Summer Fête at, 363. 348.	Catholics, the Roman, 187. 592.
porce-	Boyne, river, 129.	Catullus, 291. 430.
	Box, the song of the, 640.	Caulbul, or Caboul, gardens of, 78.
	Bright be thy dreams, 152.	Cecilia, Saint, 621.
	Bright moon, that high in heaven art shining, 419.	Cephalus and Procris, 387.
	Brighton, the Pavillon at, 575.	Ceres, Ode to the Goddess, by Sir Thomas L., 581.
lusion	Bring hither, bring thy lute, 355.	Chabuk, the, 82.
&c. et	Bring me the slumbering souls of flowers, 484.	Chaldeans, astronomical notions of the ancient, 189. n.
	Bring the bright garlands hither, 158.	Chantrey, Sir Francis. His admiration of Canova, 510.
	Brougham, Lord, 581.	Character, a, 644.
overn-	Bruce, James, esq., the traveller, 516.	Charity, Angel of, 170. (Handel.)
	Brummel, Beau, 506.	Charles X., king of France, 444.
	Brunswick Club, the, 619.	Chatsworth, the Derbyshire ducal mansion of, 92.
et pas-	Brunswickers,' Incantation from the Tragedy of 'The, 612.	Cherries, a conserve in the East, 78.
	Bucharia, Abdalla, king of (in Lalla Rookh), 8. 70. 81. 82. &c.	Cherries, the, 606.
	Buds of roses, virgin flowers (Ode XLIV. Anacreon), 235.	Cherubim, 199.
3.	Bull, John, 421. A pastoral ballad by, 598.	Child's song: I have a garden of my own, 412.
	Bunting, Mr., 87. 89. 326. n. 364.	China, butterfly of, 78.
8. 337.	Burns, Robert, 135. 363.	Chindara's warbling fount, 75.
	But who shall see the glorious day (Stevenson), 169.	Chinese, peculiar porcelain painting of the, 80.
uchess	Butterflies denominated <i>flying leaves</i> in China, 78.	Chinese Bird of Royalty, the, or 'Fum,' 575.
	Byron, Lord, his love of music, 361. Is	

- Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish, 171.  
 Comet, poetically described, 190. The mad Tory and the, 624.  
 Common Sense and Genius, 149.  
 Condolence, Epistle of:—From a Slave-Lord to a Cotton-Lord, 614.  
 Connor, Phelim, his patriotic Poetical Letters, 450. 456. 466.  
 Consultation, the, 630.  
 Cookery, art of domestic; to the Reverend —, 611.  
 Coolbarga, or Koolbarga, city of the Deccan, 82.  
 Corn Question, the, 562. 560. 592.  
 Correspondence between a Lady and Gentleman respecting *Law*, 571.  
 Corruption, an Epistle, by an Irishman, 532—537.  
 Corry, Mr., his merit as an amateur comedian, 496. 510. To James Corry, esq., on the present of a wine-strainer, 437.  
 Cotton and Corn, a dialogue, 589.  
 Count me, on the summer trees (Ode xiv. Anacreon), 319.  
 Country Dance and Quadrille, 438.  
 Court Journal, the, 486.  
 Cousins, Country, News for, 587.  
 Crabbe, the Poet, Verses on the Ink-stand of, 432.  
 Crib, Tom, Epistle from, to Big Ben, 577.  
 Critias of Athens, his verses on Anacreon, 231. s.  
 Criticism, the genius of, 440.  
 Cross, the, an emblem of future life in Egyptian hieroglyphics, 677. 702. 738. 758.  
 Crowe, Rev. William, his poetic vein, 361. 364.  
 Crown of virgin martyrs, poisoned, 772. s.  
 Crystal Hunters, the, 152.  
 Cupid arm'd, 414.  
 Cupid once upon a bed (Ode xxxv. Anacreon), 231.  
 Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray Anacreontic), 248.  
 Cupid, poetical allusions to, 101. 146. 248. 303. 309. 396. 404. 418. *Vide Love*.  
 Cupid, Sale of, by Meleager, 394.  
 Cupid's Lottery, 393.  
 Curious Fact, a, 611.  
 Curran, John Philpot, his pleasantry, 443.  
 Curran, Miss, 89.
- D.
- Dacre, Lady, Epilogue to her Tragedy of *Ina*, 433.  
 Damascus, the Green Mosque at, 71. s.  
 Dan, some account of the late dinner to, 652.  
 Dandies, 348. 351.  
 Danes, the, 101. 131. 134. The Scandinavian poetry, 511.  
 Dante, his *Inferno*, imitation of, 604. The *Dream of the Two Sisters*, 430. His contrition of mind, 563.  
 David, the harp of, 171.  
 Davidson, Lucretia, 93.  
 Davy, Sir Humphrey, his lamp, 429.  
 Dawn is breaking o'er us, 416.  
 Day, 165. 350.  
 Day-dream, the, 435.  
 Dead-man's Isle:—Romance, 343.  
 Dear Fanny, 400.  
 Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee, 118.  
 Dear? Yes, tho' mine no more, 416.  
 Death, emblem of, 677. Opening of the Gates of Oblivion, 678. The upright bodies in catacombs, 679.  
 Death and the dead, allusions to, 166. 170. 385. 686.  
 Debt, National, 627.  
 Decius Prætorian prefect, Orcus, high priest of Memphis, to, 736.  
 Delatorian Cohort, the, 445.  
 Delhi, visit of Abdalla to Aurungzebe at, 8. Splendours of the court and city, 8. Mogul emperors of, 77. s.  
 Delphi, transport of laurel to, 272. The shrine, 414. To a virgin of, 289.  
 Deluge, tablets saved by Seth from the, 199.  
 Deluge, the, Whiston's notion of its being caused by a comet, 713. s.  
 Dens, Doctor, 488. 490.  
 Derbyshire, Mr. Moore's residence in, 180.  
 Desmond's Song, and tradition relating to that chieftain, 129.  
 Destiny, the island of, 133.  
 Devil among the Scholars, the, 308.  
 Dewan Khafs, built by Shah Allum, its inscription, 79. s.  
 Dialogue, a recent, 644.  
 Dick —, a character, 623.  
 Dictionary, Revolution in the, headed by Mr. Galt, 615.  
 Did not, 264.  
 Dissolution of the Holy Alliance; a *Dream*, 496.  
 Doctors, the Three, 585.  
 Dodsworth, Mr. Roger (anno 1826), 583.  
 Donegal, Marchioness of, Letter to, 137. Poetical Epistle from Bermuda to her Ladyship, 323. Dedication to, 94.  
 Donkey and Panners, 591.  
 Dost thou remember, 147.  
 Dove, the, 169.  
 Dove of Mahomet, the, 197. 589.  
 Drama, Sketch of the First Act of a new Romantic, 638.  
 Dream of Hindostan, a, 619.  
 Dream of Home, the, 408.  
 Dream of the Two Sisters, from Dante, 420.  
 Dream of those days, the, 135.  
 Dream of Turtle, by *Sir W. Curtis*, 591.  
 Dream, Sir Andrew's, 616.  
 Dream, the Limbo, &c., 603.  
 Dreaming for ever, vainly dreaming, 419.  
 Dreams, poetical mention of, 152. 156. 157. 268. 622.  
 Drinking Songs, &c., 96. 99. 100. 111. 128. 131. 134. &c.  
 Drink of this cup, 123.  
 Drink of this cup, Osiris sips, 683.  
 Drink to her, who long, 102.  
 Druids, and Druidical superstitions, 132, 133.  
 Duigenan, Doctor, 91.  
 Duke is the lad to frighten a lass, the, 636.
- E.
- East, poetical romances of the (*Lalla Rookh*), 9. 70. 82.  
 Ebils, the evil spirit, 12. 187.  
 Echo, 13. 125. 147. 202. 355.  
 Echoes, New-fashioned, 619.  
 Eden, some allusions to, 43. 134. 181. 188.  
 Egerton, Lord Francis, 348.  
 Egypt's dark sea, 168. The desolation of, 168.  
 Egyptians, the ancient; of the countenance of the women, 675. s. Their hieroglyphics, 609.  
 Eldon, Lord Chancellor, conservative tears of, 60. 583. Nightcap of, 587. A wizard, 587. His hat and wig, 595. His Lordship on the Umbrella Question, 997. His conscientious conservatism (*after Horace, Ode xxii. lib. l.*), 570. His wig, 568.  
 Eloquence, 577.  
 Emmett, Robert; his eloquence, 87. His enthusiasm, 89. His offence, 90.  
 Emmett, Thomas Addis, 89.  
 Enchanted tree, the, 706.  
 Enigma, 600.  
 Epicure's dream, 576.  
 Epicurean, the, 665.  
 Epicureans, busts of the most celebrated philosophers of their sect at Athens, 666.  
 Epicurus, 307. 328. 656.  
 Epigrams, by Mr. Moore, 292. 437. 567. 569. 574.  
 Epigrams of the Anthologia in praise of Anacreon, 249—251.  
 Epilogue, occasional, spoken by Mr. Corry in the character of Vapid, after the play of the Dramatist, at the Killenny theatre, 428. To the tragedy of *Ina*, 435.  
 Erasmus on earth, to Cicero in the shades; an Epistle, 636.  
 Erin, oh Erin, 102.  
 Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes, 95.  
 Erin, poetical allusions to, 115. 116. 129. 131. 135.  
 Erin, some political allusions to, 598. *et passim*. See Ireland.  
 Essex, the late Earl of, 363.

INDEX.

677. Fly to the desert, fly with me, 79.  
 Flying fish, to the, 321.  
 Follies, the book of, — an album, 278.  
 Fontenelle, M., consistency of, 430.  
 Fool's Paradise: Dream the First, 632.  
 For thee alone I brave the boundless  
 deep, 407.  
 Forbes, Lady Adelaide, portrait of, 44.  
 300.  
 648. Forbes, to Lord; from the city of  
 490. Washington, 333.  
 Forget not the field where they perished,  
 121.  
 Formosa, island of, 515.  
 Fortune-Teller, the, 123.  
 Fox, Right Hon. Charles James, 569.  
 Fragment, a, 290. 300.  
 Fragment of a Character, 437.  
 Freedom, 352. 400. 402.  
 Friend, on the death of a, 437. 439.  
 Friends, on leaving some, 304.  
 Friendship, a temple to, 145.  
 Friendship and Love, 161.  
 From dread Leucadia's frowning steep  
 (Anacreontic), 248.  
 582. From the land beyond the sea, 341.  
 From this hour the pledge is given, 135.  
 Fruit, varieties of eastern, 78.  
 322. Fudge Family in Paris, the, 445.  
 Fudges, the, in England, being a Sequel  
 to the 'Fudge Family in Paris,' 473.  
 Fudge, Phil., esq., his political conduct  
 and *penchant*, 445—469. His Poetical  
 Letter to Lord C—st—r—gh, 447. To  
 Prince's Plume, 566. Ich Dien, 565.  
 The Old Yellow Chariot, 567. The  
 Privy Purse, 567. King Crack and  
 his Idols, 567. Prince of Wales's  
 Feathers, 564. 577. The Prince's  
 Day, 106. Bird of Royalty, 562. 375.  
 Georgian Maid, the, 79.  
 Geramb, Baron, and mustachios, 565.  
 Gheber, the, 51. *et seq.*  
 Ghost Story, a, 445.  
 Give me the harp of epic song (Ode to  
 Anacreon), 214.  
 Glees, set of, 422—424.  
 Gnomes, doctrine of, 194.  
 Go forth to the meunt, 174.  
 Go, let me weep, there's bliss in tears,  
 168.  
 Go now, and dream, 155.  
 Go, then! 'tis vain to hover, 152.  
 Go where glory waits thee, 95.  
 Gondolas and gondoliers, 147. 152. 155.  
 352.  
 Goose of the river Nile, 694.  
 Government, financial, 578.  
 Grammont, Count de, 308.  
 Grattan, on the death of, 125.  
 Grecian girl's dream of the Blessed  
 Islands: to her lover, 257.  
 Grecian Maiden, the—Song, 374.  
 Grecian Youth, the, 380. *et seq.*  
 Greece, Isles of, 352. 365. Zea made,  
 209. *et seq.* Allusions to Greece in  
 Lalla Rookh, 11. *et seq.* Evenings in  
 Greece:—First Evening, Zea, 309.



- Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee, 118.  
Harp, the origin of the, 105.  
Harp, Farewell to the, 93.  
Harp that ouce through Tara's halls The, 96.  
Harut and Marut, the Angels, 186.  
Has sorrow thy young days shaded, 114.  
Hassan, Al, the Prophet Chief of Arabia, 44. 56. 58. See Story of the Fire-worshippers, 47. *et seq.*  
Haute thee, nymph, whose well-aimed spear (Ode LXIV. Anacreon), 244.  
Hastings, Marquis of (Earl Moira), and visit to his mansion at Donington, 43. His library, 43. 241. Dedication to Francis Earl of Moira, 318.  
Hat. Ode to a, 586.  
Hat versus Wig, 595.  
Have you not seen the timid tear, 263.  
He who instructs the youthful crew (Ode LVI. Anacreon), 211.  
Headfort, Marchioness of, Dedication to, 142.  
Hear me but once, while o'er the grave, 151.  
Heard, Sir Isaac, and the Peerrage, 586.  
Heart and lute, My, 405.  
Heart to rest, No, leave my, 157.  
Heathcote, to Lady:—on a ring found at Tunbridge Wells, 208.  
Hebe, The Fall of:—a dithyrambic ode, 201.  
Henley, Lord, and St. Cecilia, 621.  
Henry to Lady Emma, 625.  
Her last words at parting, how can I forget? 407.  
Hercules to his daughter, song of, 408.  
Here, take my heart, 397.  
Here recline you, gentle maid (Ode XIX. Anacreon), 224.  
Here sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade (Anthologia), 249.  
Here sleeps the Bard, 157.  
Here, while the moonlight dim, 371.  
Here's the bower she lov'd so much, 400.  
Hero and Leander, 396.  
High-born Ladye, the, 388.  
Hinda, the Arabian maid. See the Story of the Fire-worshippers, 46. *et seq.*  
Hither, gentle Muse of mine (Ode LXXXVI. Anacreon), 247.  
Holland, Lord, regret for the death of, 562. Translations by, 562.  
Holland, to Lady, on a legacy by Napoleon, 434.  
Holy Alliance, Fables for the, 495.  
Hooker, Bishop, on *s:* and *se*, 588.  
Hope comes again, to this heart long a stranger, 159.  
Hope, poetical allusions to, 148. 156. 174. 392.  
Horace, free translations of some Odes of:—Come, Yarmouth, my boy never trouble your brains (Ode XI. lib. 2.), 59. The man who keeps a con- science pure (Ode XXII. lib. 1.), 570. I hate thee, oh Mob, as my Lady hates delf (Ode I. lib. 3.), 574. Boy tell the cook that I hate all nick-nackeries (Ode XXXVIII. lib. 1.), 574. Parody of 'Donec gratus eram tibi,' or Horace's return to Lydia, 354.  
Horn, the, 158.  
How am I to punish thee (Ode X. Anacreon), 217.  
How dear to me the hour, 99.  
How happy once, tho' wing'd with sighs, 404.  
How I love the festive boy (Ode XXXIX. Anacreon), 233.  
How lightly mounts the Muse's wing, 173.  
How shall I woo? 161.  
How sweetly does the moonbeam smile, 49.  
Hudson, Edward, recollections of him and of his musical taste, 90. 93.  
Hume, David, History of England by, 545.  
Hume, Joseph, esq., 581. 581. *n. et passim.*  
Hume, to Thomas, esq., M. D.; written at Washington, 355.  
Humorous and Satirical Poems, 477—660.  
Hunt, Henry, esq., his spurious coffee, 581.  
Hunter boy, the, 150. 158.  
Hush, hush!—a Glee; 423.  
Hush, sweet lute, 419.  
Hussun Abdaul, valley of, 70. Royal gardens near, 71.  
Hymn, poetical allusions to, 163.  
Hymn of a Virgin of Delphi, at the Tomb of her Mother, 272.  
Hyperborean, song of a, 414.
- I.
- I care not for the idle state (Ode VIII. Anacreon), 216.  
I dreamt that in the Paphian groves, 269.  
I had, last night, a dream of thee, 176.  
I fear that love disturbs my rest (Anacreontic), 243.  
I found her not—the chamber seem'd, 289.  
I know that heaven hath sent me here (Ode XL. Anacreon), 234.  
I know thou lov'st a brimming measure (Anacreontic), 248.  
I often wish this languid lyre (Ode XXXII. Anacreon), 226.  
I pray thee, by the gods above! (Ode IX. Anacreon), 217.  
I pray you, let us roam no more, 327.  
I saw, from yonder silent cave, 370.  
I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining, 117.  
I saw the moon rise clear, 400.  
I saw the smiling bard of pleasure (Ode I. Anacreon), 214.  
I saw thy form in youthful prime, 107.  
I stole along the flowery bank, 330.  
I thought this heart enkindled lay, 271.  
I've a secret to tell thee, 132.  
I will, I will, the conflict's past (Ode XIII. Anacreon), 218.  
I wish I was by that dim lake, 130.  
Linthe, 348. Before her glass, 349.  
I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, 114.  
Idols in the house of Azor, 80. Of King Crack, 567. Of Jaghernaut, 9.  
If boarded gold possess'd the power (Ode XXXVI. Anacreon), 232.  
If I swear by that eye, you'll allow, 261.  
If I were yonder wave, my dear, 329.  
If in loving, singing, night and day, 158.  
If thou'lt be mine, 120.  
If thou wouldst have me sing and play, 410.  
If to see thee be to love thee, 357.  
Ill omens:—Young Kitty, &c., 103.  
Imagination, 352.  
Imitation, from the French, 431. See also Anthologia, Horace, &c.  
Immortality, stars the beacons of, 697.  
Impromptu, 271. 304. 343. 574.  
In myrtle wreaths my votive sword, 206.  
In the morning of life, 118.  
In wedlock a species of lottery lies, 271.  
Ina, by Lady Dacre, 435.  
Incantation, an, 590.  
Inconstancy, 270.  
India, poetical allusions to, 8. 70. 77. 78. *et seq.*  
Indian boat, the, 389.  
Indian maid, the young, 409.  
Indian tree, the, 433.  
Inkstand, the poet's, 432.  
Innisfall, Song of, 132.  
Innisfallen, isle of, 126.  
Insurrection of the Papers; a Dream, 564.  
Intercepted Despatch, Diabolo's, 594.  
Intercepted Letters, the, of the Two-penny Post-Bag, 548, &c.  
Intolerance, a Satire: Account of "Corruption" and "Intolerance." See 529. Preface to Intolerance and Corruption, 532. 533. The Satire, 541.  
Invisible Girl, the, 280.  
Invitation to dinner; addressed to Lord Lansdowne, 431.  
Iran, Land of, 78. See Lalla Rookh, *passim.*  
Ireland, and her national music, 88, 93.  
Ireland, certain traditions and romances respecting, 95. 100. 107. 109. 110. 112. 124. 129. 131. 139. 133. 135.  
Ireland, politics and political sensibility of the kingdom of (see the Fudge Family), 416. 469. 475. The penal code 584. The outbreak of 1798, 314. *et seq.* Romanism in, 654. Thoughts on the present government of (1828), 602.  
Irish antiquities, 611.

INDEX.

574. *n.*  
 addressed to an  
 53—541.  
 dedication to the  
 ger of Donegal,  
 he Melodies, 95.  
 to the first and  
 to the third, 136.  
 sic, 137. Adver-  
 rth, fifth, sixth,  
 0, 142. Dedicac-  
 ess of Headfort,  
 Mrs., 143. *et sey.*  
 tress, 105.  
 128.  
 ink, hereafter,  
 e mind? 264.  
 sic, 79. 83.  
 s moment shed,  
 the author's visit  
 guire, Emperor  
 stan, 72. His  
 early name of  
 , 78, 80.  
 . St. Jerome's  
 59. His second

Kilkenny amateur actors, talent of the,  
 41. 510. Extract from a Prologue, &c.,  
 43.  
 Killarney, lakes and traditions of, 124.  
 127.  
 King, Lord, an Expostulation to, 579.  
 Kishma, wine of, 78.  
 Kiss, the, 290. 325.  
 Kublai Khan, 78.

L.

Labyrinth, in Egypt, 691. *n.*  
 Lahore, description of the city of, and  
 the midland districts of India, 45, &c.  
 Lake of the Dismal Swamp, 323.  
 Lake of the Temples, 667.  
 Lalla Rookh, an Eastern Romance;  
 history of this poem, 2. *et sey.*  
 Representation of it as a dramatic  
 pageant of the Château Royal, Ber-  
 lin, in 1822, when the emperor and  
 empress of Russia personated Aliris  
 and Lalla Rookh, 7. 'The veiled  
 prophet of Khorassan,' 10—35. The  
 criticisms by Fadlaeen on this story,  
 35. Paradise and the Peri, 38. Fad-  
 ladeen renews his criticism, 43. The  
 Fire-worshippers, 47—70. The Light  
 of the Haram, 71. Design of this  
 poetic undertaking related, 3. 314.  
 Lama, the Little Grand, 502.  
 Lansdowne, Lord, invitation to dinner,  
 addressed to, 451.

Like morning, when her early  
 171.  
 Like one who doom'd o'er distan-  
 160.  
 Like some wanton filly sporting  
 LXV. Anacreon), 245.  
 Like the bright lamp that sh-  
 Kildare's holy fane, 102.  
 Lilla, 197.  
 Lily of the Nile, the white, 678.  
 Limbo of lost reputations, 603.  
 Lion, dead, and the living dog, 60  
 Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa, 2  
 Listen to the Muse's lyre (Od-  
 Anacreon), 215.  
 Literary advertisement, to *author*  
 Literati, sick, 633.  
 Literature, speed of, 651.  
 Little Grand Lama, the, 502.  
 Little Man and Little Soul, a b  
 particulars respecting it, 531.  
 poem, 873.  
 Lizard (*Stellio*), account of the, 7  
 Long years have passed, old fr  
 since we, 419.  
 Looking-glasses, the, 497.  
 Lord, who shall bear that day, 170  
 Lotus wreath, 78.  
 Lotus branch, and the bird taking t  
 mythos of the, 678.  
 Lotus flower, 302. Statue of the w  
 boy seated on a, 683. The spell  
 An emblem of beauty, 48. *n.*  
 Louis Philippe, King, account of

- : thee, 180. 403.  
 ay, 403.  
 ght summer cloud, 401.  
 ictory, 408.  
 oung dream, 106.  
 he, 161. 191. 193. 350. 370. 386. a.  
 he Persian, 553.  
 he Russian, 420.  
 f the Angels, 181. Preface to  
 oms, 182. The poem, 183. First  
 's Story, 188. Second Angel's  
 188. Third Angel's Story, 199.  
 he Sale of, 269.  
 ir Hudson, to, 577.  
 an war-song, 403.  
 e, 78. 392.  
 75.  
 e poet's, 160.  
 e tell-tale, 294.
- M.
- vellan policy, condemned, 515.  
 us, prætorian prefect, 719.  
 Patrick, Esq., his Epistles to  
 ate in Ireland, 473. 479. 490.  
 rror, the, 387.  
 , woman a, 194.  
 et, religion of (*see* Lalla Rookh),  
 seg.  
 et, the *Seal* of preceding pro-  
 . 194. The familiar dove o',  
 90.  
 ctans, belief of the, 183. 185. 188.  
 99. The chief angels, 183. 184.  
 49. 196.  
 med Shaw, feast and throne of,  
  
 , the sleeping, 158.  
 s of *Zea*, 371. *et passim*.  
 s, allusions to, 421. 478. 600.  
 l nor heed those arms that hold  
 380.  
 s, the, 173. 719. 721., *et seq.*; the  
 of martyrdom, 723. 723.  
 07.  
 star of the sea, 372.  
 beller'd thee true, 293.  
 rs, Mr. Charles, 642  
 tion, scene from a play acted  
 :ford, called, 631.  
 pa-Sims, or the sunken island,  
  
 on, the young, 111.  
 as, the hermit, 711. 713. 717. 721.  
 er: — Here at thy tomb these  
 I shed, 304. Various imitations  
 . 379. 394. 396.  
 es, Irish, 94—142. Succeeded by  
 tional Airs, 145. *et seq.*  
 abilla of last week (March 13.  
 , 582.  
 y, poetical allusions to, 148. 184.
- Merou, city of Khorassan, 10. 32.  
 Methinks the pictur'd bull we see (*Ode*  
 LIV. Anacreon), 239.  
 Miguel, Don, *Ode* to, 602.  
 Milesius and the Milesians, 133.  
 Millennium, the — and the Rev. Mr.  
 Irving, 584.  
 Miltiades, the Ghost of, 614.  
 Minaret, chancs from an illuminated,  
 72. a.  
 Minerva, or Pallas, and Love, 377.  
 Minerva's thimble, 404.  
 Ministers, the new costume of the, 570.  
 The Sale of the Tools, 573.  
 Ministers, wreaths for the, 568.  
 Minstrel Boy, the, 111.  
 Miriam's Song, 168.  
 Miscellaneous Poems, 428. 433. 436.  
 Mischief, thoughts on, by Lord St—  
 —y, his first attempt, 659.  
 Missing, Lord de \* \* \*, 618.  
 Mix me, child, a cup divine (*Anacreon-*  
*tic*), 248.  
 Morris, island of the lake, 692.  
 Mohawk River, lines written at the  
 Cohos or Falls of the, 337.  
 Mokanna, the prophet-chief of Kho-  
 rassan, 10. 12. *et seq.*  
 Monarch Love, resistless boy (*Ode*  
 LXXIV. Anacreon), 247.  
 Monopoly, present spirit of, 581.  
 Mont-Blanc, sublime prospect of, 514.  
 Montaigne quoted, 511.  
 Montpensier, Duke of, to the, 300.  
 Moon, poetical mention of the, 370. 371.  
 379. *et passim*.  
 Moon, that high in heav'n art shining,  
 419.  
 Moore, Mrs., xxxi. To my mother,  
 433.  
 Moore, to Miss, from Norfolk in Vir-  
 ginia, 321.  
 Moral positions, a dream, 624.  
 Morality, an epistle, 293.  
 Morgan, George, Esq. (of Norfolk, Vir-  
 ginia), epistle to, from Bermuda, 325.  
 Morning, 117. 171.  
 Morning Herald, the, 585.  
 Morning Post, the, 483.  
 Morris, Capt., his song, 'My Muse, too,  
 when her wings are dry,' 346.  
 Moschus, his first *Idyl*, quoted, 224. a.  
 Moses, 171.  
 Mountain Sprite, the, 128.  
 "Mum" to the editor of the *Morning*  
*Chronicle*, 575.  
 Murray, Mr.; his contemplated Mail-  
 coach edition of *Rokeby*, 551.  
 Muse, the, 356.  
 Music, Angel of, 418. a.  
 Music and Melodies, an account of some  
 of our modern poets who had a taste  
 for, and a knowledge of, 361. *et seq.*  
 Music, the Prefatory Letter on Irish,  
 137.  
 Music, on: — Song, 106. 415.  
 Music, poetical allusions to, 130. 135.  
 137. 158. 202.
- Music, a Melologue upon National, 390.  
 391.  
 Music of the spheres, 190.  
 Musical Box, the: — Rose and the Poet,  
 415.  
 My gentle harp, 118.  
 My harp has one unchanging theme,  
 149.  
 Mythology, Egyptian and Greek, 666.  
*et passim*.
- N.
- Nama, 199. 201.  
 Namouna, the enchantress, 74. Calls  
 down sleep on Nourmahal, 76.  
 Naples, lines on the entry of the Aus-  
 trians into, in 1821, 434.  
 Napoleon, the Emperor, consigned to  
 the rock of St. Helena, 577. Allu-  
 sions to his fallen fortunes, 369. 393.  
 437. 465.  
 Natal Genius, the, a Dream: to —,  
 the morning of her birthday, 370.  
 National Airs, 145. &c.  
 National Music, a Melologue upon,  
 290. 291.  
 Nature's Labels, a fragment, 266.  
 Nay, do not weep, my Fanny dear, 296.  
 Nay, look not there, my love, 194.  
 Nay, tempt me not to love again, 227.  
 Nea, Odes to: — Written at Bermuda,  
 327—331.  
 Necropolis, and lake near Memphis,  
 676. *et seq.*  
 Nets and Cages, 154.  
 Ne'er ask the hour, what is it to us?  
 122.  
 Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools,  
 156.  
 Never mind how the pedagogue proses,  
 270.  
 Night Dance, the, 133.  
 Night-thought, a, 290.  
 Nightingales, song of, 72. 403. 410. 412.  
 Nights, such as Eden's calm recall, 254.  
 Nile, river, 694; the Isle of Gardens, or  
 Antirrhodus, near Alexandria, 684.  
 Nile, navigation of the, 673. 694. 698.  
 698.  
 Nile, nymphs of the, 698.  
 Nile, the Garden of the, 78. Sources  
 of the river, 516.  
 No life is like the mountaineer's, 375.  
 No, not more welcome the fairy num-  
 bers, 114.  
 Noble and illustrious authors, 609, 612.  
 Nonsense, 291.  
 Nora Creina, 107.  
 Not from thee the wound should come,  
 417.  
 Nourjehan, 'the Light of the World,'  
 71. a.  
 Nourmahal, the Light of the Haram,  
 71. 73. 74. Her spells, 75. Her  
 sleep, 76. She is regretted by Selim,  
 77. Her disguise, 79, 80. The Geor-  
 gian maid's song, 79. Succeeded by

INDEX.

79. Her	Oh thou! of all creation blest (Ode xxxiv. Anacreon), 231.	Peers, batch the first, 557.
deforms	Oh! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear, 166.	Perceval, Night Hon. Spencer, on the death of, 573.
Ode xviii.	Oh, tidings of freedom! Oh accents of hope, 608.	Perfumes for the hair and beard, 217.
s, 88.	Oh! where art thou dreaming? 355.	Peri. Paradise and the, 38—43.
	Oh! where's the slave so lowly, 116.	Peris, and fairies, 78. 514. <i>Vide</i> Lalla Rookh, &c.
	Oh woman, if through sinful wile, 291.	Periwinkles, fiscal, 596.
	Oh, ye dead! 124.	Periwinkles and Locusts, 396.
	Olden time, The Song of the, 406.	Persecution, the Decian, 712.
life Judy,	Olympus, latest accounts from, 656.	Persia and the Persians, 553. 554. <i>Vide</i> Lalla Rookh, 13. 81. <i>et passim</i> . So perititious notions of this eastern people, 182. 185. <i>n</i> .
Mulligan,	One dear smile, 403.	Philadelphia and the Schuylkill river 337.
are, 607.	On one of those sweet nights that oft, 355.	Phillis, to, 292.
	Once in each revolving year (Ode xxv. Anacreon), 227.	Philodemus: — "My Mopsa is little," 295.
acter of	One bumper at parting, 111.	Philosophy, a vision of, 305. <i>Vide</i> the classical notes to this poem, 305—307
attle ( <i>vide</i> ""), 489.	One day the Muses twined the hands (Ode xx. Anacreon), 224.	Philosophy: Poems relative to, treating of Philosophers, ancient and modern, 110. 189. 276. Aristotle, 307. <i>n</i> .
song of,	Oppression, memory and record of, 156.	Pythagoras, 307. Democritus, 307.
78.	Orangemen of Ireland, their Petition, 588.	Plato, 307. <i>n</i> . Epicurus, 667. <i>n</i> .; 703. <i>et seq</i> . Alciphron, 542. <i>et seq</i> . Pyrho, 276. Aristippus, 294. Zeno, 277
try (Ode	Orcus, the heathen priest, 728. 736.	Maupertuis, 2.
ow pale,	Orcus, High Priest, to the Prefect Decius, 726.	Philostratus, a thought of, imitated by Ben Jonson, 214. <i>n</i> .
shining	Ormuzd, of the ancient Persians, and his angels, 183.	Pictures, Italian galleries of, 239.
	Osiris, or Serapis, 683.	Pigeons, carrier, 155.
	Ossian, allusions to, 134. 136.	Pilgrim, Man a, 172.
	Ossian, fragments in imitation of, 89.	
	Our home is on the sea, boy, 359.	

- of the Moon, the, 689.  
 , spoken at the opening of the  
 ny Theatre, October, 1809, 428.  
 ow to write by, 603.  
 his birds taught to pronounce  
 re, 516.  
 88, 299, 436.  
 ng of old, 648.  
 digate Londoners, 617.  
 y, 193.  
 e vestal veil, nor, oh, 384.  
 of Memphis, 672. Rhodope,  
 dy of the Pyramid, 678.
- Q.
- es, 438. Episcopal, 622.  
 486.  
 y Review, the, 616. 654. Re-  
 is addressed to the Author of  
 ticle of "the Church" in the,  
 re have but a second, 128.
- R.
- uckler, polse the lance, 369.  
 his Fornarina, 518.  
 to the Lady Charlotte, from  
 aka of the St. Lawrence, 341.  
 ice of the Indian Spirit, 342.  
 113. 146. 297. 394. 400.  
 Folly, and Beauty, 146.  
 , the, 89.  
 st, the, in December, 146.  
 nd his curate, the, 633.  
 notions on, 627.  
 , the "Sacred Songs," 165.  
 and trade, 653.  
 in the East, Brahma, &c., 11.  
 alla Rookh.)  
 ; emblems and types, 169. "In-  
 ce" satirized, 538, *et seq.* On  
 tion, 553. *et passim.*  
 er him thou leav'st behind,  
 er the time in La Mancha's  
 402.  
 er thee! 119.  
 rance: addressed to Lord John  
 l, after a conversation in which  
 intimated some idea of giving  
 olitical pursuits, 429.  
 nce, the: Yes, if 'twere any  
 n love, 279.  
 nd Rose, 265.  
 declimating, — and decimal  
 tic, 595.  
 Pamphleteer, the, 643.  
 s and Right Reverends, reso-  
 passed at a meeting of, 615.  
 , Mr. Thomas, 445.  
 678. Fable of the Lady of  
 amid, 678.  
 on the Road, extracted from  
 rnal of a Travelling Member  
 'oco-Curante Society, in 1819,
- Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
 97.  
 Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn (Ode  
 LXVII. Anacreon), 243.  
 Ring, the; a tale of Rupert, 261.  
 Ring, the: — The happy day at length  
 arriv'd, 282.  
 Ring, the: — No, Lady! Lady! keep  
 the ring, 390.  
 Rings and Seals, 303.  
 Ripen'd by the solar beam (Ode LX.  
 Anacreon), 242.  
 Rival Topics: — An Extravaganza, 641.  
 Roche, Sir Boyle, his blunders, 601.  
 Rock, Captain, his Epistle to Lord  
 Lyndhurst, 659. His Letter to Terry  
 Alt, 660.  
 Rogers, Mr., accompanied by the author  
 to Paris, 43. See the Dedications to  
 Samuel Rogers, Esq.  
 Rome, artists at, 509. The Palatine  
 Mount, 509.  
 Rokeby, allusions to, 552. 554.  
 Romaika, the, danced in Zea, 368, *et  
 seq.*  
 Romaldirk, to the Curate of, 631.  
 Rondeau: — "Good night! good night,"  
 277.  
 Rosa, to, 373.  
 Rosa, to, written during illness, 268.  
 Rosa, to, 278. 292.  
 Rose of Cashmere, 71. /  
 Rose, the Alpine, 152.  
 Rose, the, and summer bee, 156.  
 Rose of the Desert! 406.  
 Rose and Nightingale, 413.  
 Rose, the young, 403.  
 Rose tree, the pretty, 398.  
 Rose in nettles hid, the: — Conundrum,  
 308.  
 Roses, the, Festival of the Scattering of,  
 9. 72. s. 80. Of the Garden of the  
 Nile, 78. Attar Gul, 81.  
 Roses, political, 674. s.  
 Round the world goes, by day and night,  
 415.  
 Row gently here, 152.  
 Rubi, the second Angel, 188. His Story,  
 188.  
 Ruby, magnificent, 78.  
 Russell, Lord John, remonstrance on  
 his intended retirement from politics,  
 429.  
 Russian Lover, the: — Fleetly o'er the  
 moonlit snows, 420.
- S.
- Sacred Songs, 163. Dedication to Ed-  
 ward Tuite Dalton, Esq., 165.  
 Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark, 122.  
 Sailor boy, 'tis day, 396.  
 Salmagundi, 596.  
 Sannazaro, his Gallicio nell' Arcadia,  
 quoted, 215. s.  
 Sappho, lyre of, 355. Legends of Leu-  
 cadia, 367.  
 Sarpi, Fra Paoli, 444.
- Satirical and Humorous Poems, 559.  
 Say, what shall be our sport to-day,  
 151.  
 Say, what shall we dance, 494.  
 Sceptic, the; a Philosophical Satire,  
 542. The Preface on Ancient Philo-  
 sophy, and the Pyrrhonists, 542. The  
 Satire, 543. 544.  
 Scepticism, 486.  
 Scott, Sir Walter, his musical taste,  
 361. Interesting scene at the Edin-  
 burgh theatre, 362.  
 Scriptures, the Holy, 169.  
 Sculptor, wouldst thou glad my soul  
 (Ode v. Anacreon), 215.  
 Sea, the Old Man of the, 594. A Re-  
 flection at, 267.  
 See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,  
 343.  
 See the dawn from heaven, 154.  
 Selim and Nourmahal, 74—80.  
 Sephiroths or Splendours of the Cabala,  
 301. s.  
 Sepulture, ancient Egyptian mode of,  
 679.  
 Seraphim, 199.  
 Serapis, the God, 683.  
 Seth, traditions relative to the patriarch,  
 199.  
 Shallmar Palace, the, 77. 80.  
 Shall the harp then be silent, 125.  
 Shamrock, Oh the, 110.  
 Shannon, Stanzas from the banks of  
 the, 612.  
 She is far from the land where her  
 young hero sleeps! 108.  
 She never look'd so kind before, 272.  
 She sung of Love, 130.  
 She has beauty, but still you must keep  
 your heart cool, 400.  
 Sheridan, Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley,  
 Lines on the Death of, 576. His char-  
 acter described, 577. Intended Life  
 of, 180.  
 Sheridan, Mrs., air composed by, 165.  
 Shield the, 267.  
 Shine out, stars, 399.  
 Ship a-hoy! — Song, 362.  
 Ships, and wrecks, 157. 160. 172. 320.  
 325. 326.  
 Ships, the Meeting of the, 422.  
 Shiraz wine, 78.  
 Should those fond hopes, 146.  
 Shrine, the, 265.  
 Silence, emblem of, 132.  
 Silence is in our festal halls, 135.  
 Silence, chain of, 118. s.  
 Simonides, epitaphs on Anacreon by,  
 260. s.  
 Sin, 184. 196.  
 Since first thy word, 172.  
 Sing, sweet harp, 131.  
 Sing, sing, music was given, 130.  
 Sinking Fund cried, 581.  
 Sinners, 173.  
 Sirmio, peninsula of, 431.  
 Slumber, oh slumber! if sleeping thou  
 mak'st, 158.

INDEX.

Illusions to, 148.  
 through verdant  
 No, ne'er did the  
 steep, 330.  
 146.  
 was called the Star  
 may be, so wise, or  
 occasional, inter-  
 ore's poems:—261,  
 . &c. Many early  
 n p. 94—142. 259—  
 3—357. &c. Songs  
 the "Evenings in  
 1. Songs from the  
 , 394—396. Occa-  
 —646. Songs from  
 ue Stocking," 392.  
 he Church, No. 1.  
 578.  
 ballad, 421.  
 mbrel o'er Egypt's  
 , Eso., Announce-  
 alaba, 640.  
 ed Report of some  
 R. lines addressed

Strew me a fragrant bed of leaves (Ode  
 XXXII. Anacreon), 230.  
 Sublime was the warning that Liberty  
 spoke, 101.  
 Sulpicia, Tibullus to, 431.  
 Summer clouds, 192.  
 Summer Fête, the, 348.  
 Summer webs that float and shine, 411.  
 Sunday Ethics, a Scotch Ode, 617.  
 Surprise, the, 274.  
 Susan, 392.  
 Swallow, the, 713.  
 Swans, the Muse's, 356.  
 Sweet is your kiss, my Lals dear, 326.  
 Sweet lady, look not thus again, 266.  
 Sweet spirit! if thy airy sleep, 270.  
 Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well, 126.  
 Swings, an Eastern pastime and exer-  
 cise, 72.  
 Sword, the warrior's, 121. 126. 131. 134.  
 Sylph's Ball, the, 428.  
 Sylphs and Gnomes, 194. n.  
 Syra, holy fount of, 371.

T.

Tables of Stone, the Seven, 688.  
 Take back the sigh, 295.  
 Take back the virgin page, 98.  
 Take hence the bowl, 155.  
 Tar barrels, Thoughts on, 630.  
 Tara, the halls of, 96.  
 Tear, the, 95. 105. 273.  
 Tears, 168. 170. 394. 398.  
 Tears, poetical allusions to, 150. 155.

Then first from love, 418.  
 Theocritus, in praise of  
 250. n.  
 Theora of Alexandria, and her  
 Alethe, 698. Death of a m  
 There are sounds of mirth, 13  
 There comes a time, 148.  
 There is a bleak desert, 172.  
 There's something strange  
 Song, 417.  
 They know not my heart, 129  
 They may rail at this life, 121  
 They met but once in yout  
 hour, 411.  
 They tell how Atys, wild  
 (Ode XII. Anacreon), 218.  
 They tell us of an Indian tree  
 They tell me thou'rt the  
 guest, 409.  
 They wove the lotus band to d  
 LXIX. Anacreon), 246.  
 Think on that look whose mel  
 290.  
 Those evening bells! 146.  
 Thou art, O God, the life an  
 165.  
 Thou art not dead, 376.  
 Thou lov'st no more, 139.  
 Thou, whose soft and rosy h  
 XVI. Anacreon), 221.  
 Thou bid'st me sing the lay  
 thee, 414.  
 Though humble the banquet,  
 Though sacred the tie that our  
 393.

- and Bacchus ever young,  
 he soft and blooming child  
 II. Anacreon), 244.  
 idow, 477.  
 it feel no pain, 392.  
 he queen of nymphs divine  
 I. Anacreon), 245.  
 arrest I is ours, 397.  
 every day that came, 308.  
 garland for the rose, 394.  
 alas, my doom is spoken, 159.  
 liberty, the, 438.  
 constructive propositions of the,  
 sell of Pegu, triple coloured,  
 , and the Comet, 624.  
 res, 628.  
 tor, and Dr. Whig, 630.  
 as. See Horace, Anthology,  
 ie young, 720. 722.  
 llege, Dublin, an examina-  
 tical, *et seq.* 91.  
 pour la. 600.  
 170. 416.  
 acterised, 157. 172. 722.  
 man, mountain, 72. n.  
 to be of Turkish extraction,  
 a mocking dream of night  
 c. Anacreon), 229.  
 it, and many a circling bow  
 (VII. Anacreon), 232.  
 of night, when round the  
 e XXXII. Anacreon), 230.  
 of those dreams, 127.  
 n the world was in its prime,  
 for a moment, and yet in  
 s, 343.  
 ou with lofty wreath thy  
 35.  
 Post-Bag, by Thomas  
 ie Younger, 546. Dedication  
 en Woolriche, Esq., 546.  
 ace, 546. The Intercepted  
 — From the Princess Char-  
 Wales to Lady Barbara  
 Letter I., 548. From Colonel  
 to G. F. Leckie, Esq.,  
 ., 549. Its Postscript, 550.  
 Regent to Lord Yarmouth,  
 I., 550. From the Rt. Hon.  
 Julgenan to the Rt. Hon. Sir  
 chol, Letter IV., 551. (En-  
 a 'Unanswerable Argument  
 re Papists,' 551.) From the  
 Dowager of Cork, Letter V.,  
 Postscript, 335. From Ab-  
 n London, to Mohassan in  
 Letter VI., 552. From  
 on and Co. to —, Esq.,  
 '11., 553. From Colonel  
 to — Skeffington, Esq.,  
 III., 454. Appendix to these  
 555—568.
- Tyrolese Song of Liberty: — Merrily  
 every bosom boundeth, 402.
- U.
- Unbind thee, love, 416.  
 Up and march! the timbrels sound,  
 375.  
 Up, sailor boy, 'tis day, 396.  
 Up with the sparkling brimmer, 379.
- V.
- Valerian, the emperor, 719.  
 Valletort, to Caroline Viscountess,  
 written at Lacock Abbey in the year  
 1832, 433.  
 Valley of Visions, 688.  
 Valley, the Unequalled, 81.  
 Van, The Ruthanasia of, 610.  
 Variety, 261.  
 Vell, the Silver, 321.  
 Velled Prophet of Khorassan, 11.  
 Venice, former glory of, 515. Wars  
 against the Turks, 516. Her tyran-  
 nical oligarchy, 516. Tortures, 516  
 Her fall a retribution, 516.  
 Venus, poetical allusions to the goddess,  
 130.  
 Venus, the planet, 121. 325. 421.  
 Venus Anadyomene, 518.  
 Venus Papyria, 578.  
 Virgin of Delphi, the, 272.  
 Virtue, 322. 328.  
 Vishnu, 600.  
 Vision, a, by the author of Christabel,  
 387.  
 Voice, the, 385.  
 Voiture's Kiss, rendered by Mrs. —, —,  
 277.  
 Vulcan! hear your glorious task (Ode  
 IV. Anacreon), 215.
- W.
- Wake thee, my dear — thy dreaming,  
 406.  
 Wake up, sweet melody! 409.  
 Wales, Princess Charlotte of, 549. *et  
 seq.*  
 Walton, Isaac, 71. n.  
 Waltz Duet, 354.  
 Waltzing, 439.  
 Warning, a, 304.  
 War against Babylon! 174.  
 War's high-sounding harp, 174.  
 Warrior, the Dying, 387.  
 Washington, city of, and the American  
 rivers, &c., 333. 335. *et seq.*  
 Watchman, the; a Glee, 423.  
 Waterloo coin, Advertisement of a  
 missing or lost, 621.  
 We care not; Song, 421.  
 We read the flying courser's name (Ode  
 XXVII. Anacreon), 227.  
 Weep, Children of Israel! 171.  
 Weep not for those whom the veil of  
 the tomb, 167.
- Weep on! weep on! your hour is past,  
 107.  
 Weeping for thee, my love, through  
 the long day, 367.  
 Welcome, sweet bird, through the  
 sunny air winging, 379.  
 Well! peace to thy heart, though ano-  
 ther's it be, 329.  
 Well, the Holy, alleged miraculous ap-  
 pearance of the moon night and day  
 in the, 31.  
 Wellington Spa, the, 644.  
 Wellington, Field Marshal the Duke  
 of, 93. Reinforcements for him, 573.  
 His Grace and the Ministers, 575.  
 624.  
 Wellington, Napoleon, and Waterloo,  
 437. 600.  
 Were not the sinful Mary's tears, 168.  
 What's my thought like? 567.  
 What shall I sing thee? 422.  
 What the bee is to the floweret, 109.  
 When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy  
 (Ode XLIX. Anacreon), 237.  
 When, casting many a look behind,  
 265.  
 When cold in the earth lies the Friend  
 thou hast lov'd, 119.  
 When Cupid sees how thickly now,  
 (Ode LXXXVIII. Anacreon), 218.  
 When evening shades are falling, 372.  
 When first that smile, 153.  
 When first I met thee warm and young,  
 115. 317.  
 When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinnoe  
 (Ode LVIII. Anacreon), 243.  
 When he who adores thee has left by  
 the name, 96.  
 When I behold the festive train (Ode  
 LIII. Anacreon), 239.  
 When I lov'd you, I can't but allow,  
 264.  
 When Love is kind, 160.  
 When Love, rock'd by his mother, 130.  
 When night brings the hour, 160.  
 When Love was a child, 151.  
 When my thirsty soul I steep (Ode  
 XLVIII. Anacreon), 237.  
 When Spring adorns the dewy scene  
 (Ode XLI. Anacreon), 234.  
 When o'er the silent seas alone, 422.  
 When the first summer bee, 156.  
 When the wine-cup is smiling before  
 us, 156.  
 When thou shalt wander, 153.  
 When the sad word "Adieu," 395.  
 When though art nigh, it seems, 414.  
 When to sad music silent you listen,  
 415.  
 When on the lip the sigh delays, 397.  
 When through life unblest we rove,  
 195.  
 When through the Piazzetta, 155.  
 When Time, who steals our years  
 away, 262.  
 When wearied wretches sink to sleep,  
 274.

INDEX.

fore my eyes  
 ing eyes, 120  
 e falling soft,  
 eet, 404.  
 ould not give,  
 7.  
 e sainted, 173.  
 shame? 166.  
 y, their con-  
 n's light, 103.  
 ed (Ode XLII.  
 eathed spring  
 9.  
 378.  
 t seeks, 166.  
 4? 155.  
 op, 356.  
 d that spread  
 42.  
 sky? 277.  
 ay? 395.  
 r boy, 158.  
 134.  
 ookb, 78. 80.  
 and songs, 96.  
 134. 155. 156.  
 . 136.  
 110.  
 t us part, 271.

Within this goblet, rich and deep (Ode XLV. Anacreon), 235.  
 Wo! wo unto him! 569.  
 Woman, 133. 184. 189—191. 195, 336. 374. 421.  
 Woman:— Away, away—you're all the same, 365.  
 Wonder, the, 275.  
 Woods and Forests, Ode to the, 607.  
 Woodpecker, the:— I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd, 340.  
 Word awaked my heart, Thy, 173.  
 World, the fashionable, 349.  
 World is all a fleeting show, This, 166.  
 World, When broad in the, 159.  
 Would that I were a tuneful lyre (Ode LXXVII. Anacreon), 247.  
 Wreath the bowl, 119.  
 Wreath and the Chain, the, 298.  
 Write on, write on, ye Barons dear, 609.

Y.

Y—th, Earl of, 576. Letter addressed to, by Thomas Brown the Younger, 550. Some remarks on the sunne, 565. 568. 571.  
 Years have pass'd, old friend, since we, 419.  
 Yemen, and the rest of Arabia, alluded to, 48, *et seq.*  
 Yes, be the glorious revel mine (Ode XLII. Anacreon), 234.  
 Yes— loving is a painful thrill (Ode

Yes, sad one of Zion, if closely r  
 bling, 123.  
 Yes, yes, when the bloom of I  
 boyhood is o'er, 403.  
 You read it in these spell-bound  
 327.  
 You bid me explain, my dear  
 Ma'amselle, 625.  
 You remember Ellen, our ha  
 pride, 118.  
 You, who would try (*vide* the F  
 rean), 680.  
 Young Love, 160. 387.  
 Young Love lived once in an h  
 shed, 392.  
 Youth, poetical allusions to, 151  
 358.  
 Youth's endearing charms are fled  
 LXI. Anacreon), 244.  
 Youth and Age, 387.  
 Youth and Death, 678.

Z.

Zaraph, 260. His bride, 202.  
 Zea, or Ceos, island of the Arc  
 lago:— Scene of the First Even  
 Greece, 365. *et seq.*  
 Zellan, king of, his ruby, 78. u.  
 Zelica, *see* "The Veiled Prop  
 Khorassan," 13. *et seq.*  
 Zinge, and the Zingians, 71.  
 Zion, 166. 169.  
 Zodiac, the, 195. 692.













