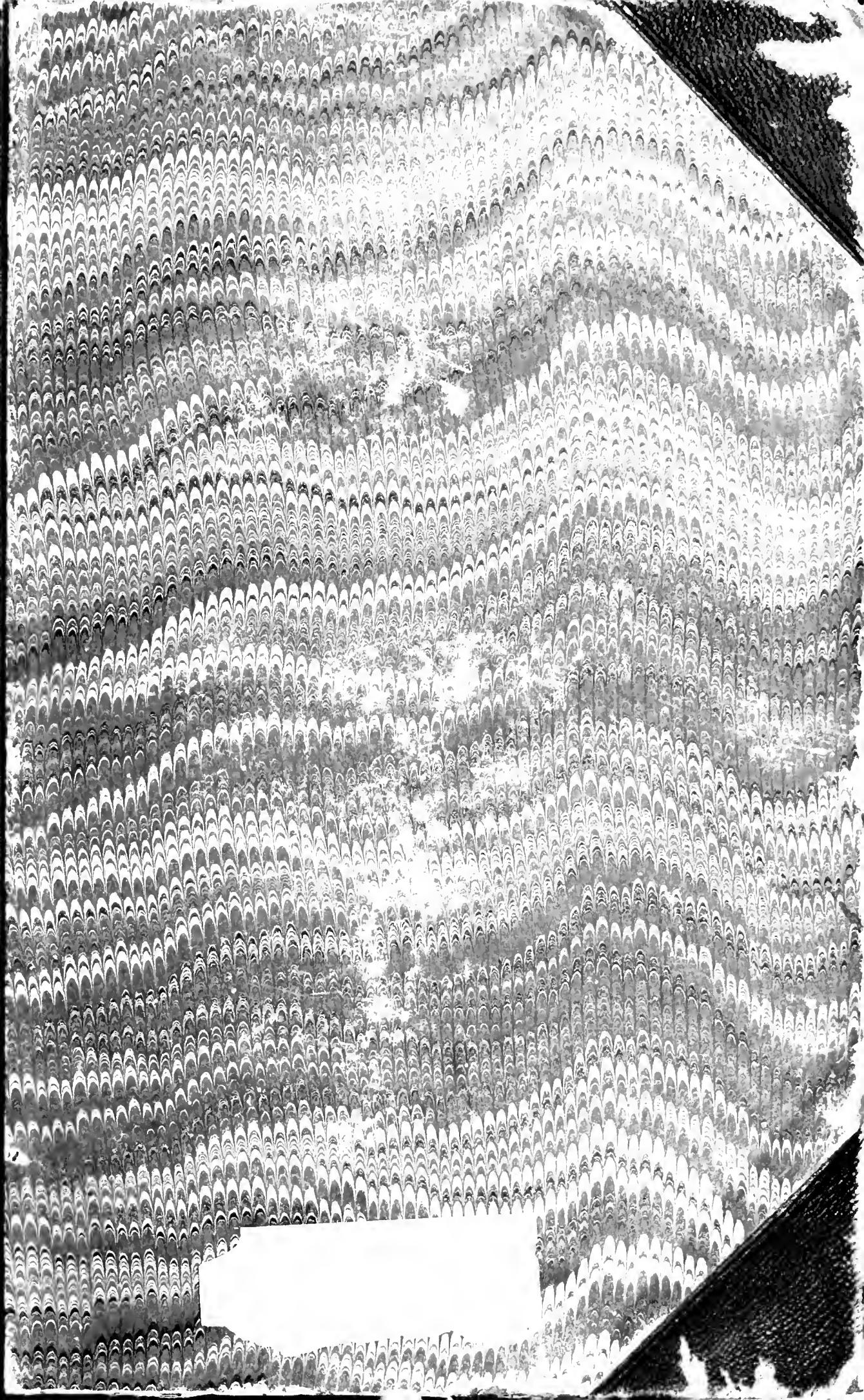


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*Le Libris*

K. OGDEN











CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

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CHILDE HAROLD'S

PILGRIMAGE.

A Romance.

BY

LORD BYRON.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1855.

LONDON :  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.



A ROMAUNT.

L'UNIVERS est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues.—LE COSMOPOLITE.\*

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\* [Par M. de Montbrun, Paris, 1798. Lord Byron elsewhere calls it "an amusing little volume, full of French flippancy."]



## PREFACE

### TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.



THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops; its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night," in the beginning of the first canto,

\* [The title was applied to both knights and squires.]

was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition."\*—Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

\* Beattie's Letters.

LONDON, *February*, 1812.

## ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.



I HAVE NOW waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe," (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage,) it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when "l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique," flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii., p. 69.\* The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse" had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far

\* ["Qu'on lise dans l'auteur du roman de Gérard de Roussillon, en Provençal, les détails très-circumstanciés dans lesquels il entre sur la réception faite par le Comte Gérard à l'ambassadeur du roi Charles; on y verra des particularités singulières, qui donnent une étrange idée des mœurs et de la politesse de ces siècles aussi corrompus qu'ignorans."—*Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, par M. de la Curne de Sainte-Palaye, Paris, 1781.]

perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar."\* By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights "sans peur," though not "sans réproche." If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honours lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste† and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon,‡ perhaps a poetical Zeluco.§

\* The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement. — [This joint production of Canning and Frere appeared in the Anti-jacobin.]

† [The compliment to Sir Joseph Banks was sportive irony. The admiration which his person excited in the females of Otaheite, during Cook's First Voyage, was long the subject of raillery both in private and public.]

‡ [In one of his early poems—"Childish Recollections"—Lord Byron compares himself to the Athenian misanthrope, many of whose bitter apophthegms are upon record, but who is best known to English readers through the Timon of Shakespeare.]

§ [It was Dr. Moore's object, in this powerful romance (now unjustly neglected), to trace the effects of a mother's compliance with the humours of an only child. With high advantages of person, birth, fortune, and ability, Zeluco is miserable, in every scene of life, from the self-indulgence pampered in infancy.]

TO IANTHE.\*

—♦—

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

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

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

\* [Lady Charlotte Harley (afterwards Lady Charlotte Bacon), second daughter of the Earl of Oxford, had not completed her eleventh year when these lines were addressed to her, in the autumn of 1812. Her juvenile beauty has been preserved in a portrait which Mr. Westall painted at Lord Byron's request.]

† [*Peri*, the Persian term for a beautiful intermediate order of beings, is generally supposed to be another form of our own word *Fairy*.]

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

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

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

\* [A species of the antelope. "You have the eyes of a gazelle," is considered all over the East as the greatest compliment that can be paid to a woman.]

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.



CANTO THE FIRST.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTOS I. AND II.

THE first Canto of Childe Harold was commenced in Albania, on the 31st of October, 1809, and the second was finished at Smyrna in the following March. Unconscious of the splendour of his performance, Lord Byron wrote to his mother in 1811, that he was content to have convinced the critics that he was more than they took him for, and that he would not risk his credit by another publication. A month afterwards he completed at Athens the "Hints from Horace," and to this effusion of the satirist he looked for the extension of a fame which he feared to hazard by the magnificent musings of the Pilgrim. If the eagles which he saw above Parnassus, and which he accepted for an omen of his future success, were a type of Childe Harold, the vultures, as Hobhouse jestingly called them, were not an unfit emblem of the Hints. The sunny skies of Spain and Greece had warmed into life the latent poetry of Byron's nature, and he undervalued the inspired products of his Muse, just because they were more spontaneous than his imitative strains. His friends convinced him of his mistake, and the two Cantos were published in the March of 1812. The copyright was presented by Lord Byron to Mr. Dallas, and sold to Mr. Murray for 600*l.* I awoke one morning, said Lord Byron, and found myself famous. For more than a century, said Sir Walter Scott, no work had produced a greater effect. The plan of the poem was entirely novel. He had put the spirit of his travels into verse, and avoiding cold descriptions, dwelt solely on the scenes which were striking in themselves, or memorable from their associations. To these vivid pictures, with their commentary of sentiments, gloomy or glowing, was added the interest from the character of the Pilgrim, who, in spite of his disclaimer, was universally believed to be Lord Byron himself. He had, indeed, called him in the MS. Childe Búrún (the Norman name of the Byron family), and every attribute assigned to the hero belonged equally to the author. The mixture of frankness and mystery, roused and piqued curiosity. With all the evil he had done, and suffered, he hinted at further deeds and woes too dark to be disclosed. This wounded, and worn out spirit, breathing a proud disdain of the world, and boldly avowing obnoxious opinions, gave character to a poem, which even otherwise was not devoid of life and passion. Lord Byron's hatred of hypocrisy, and his ambition to astonish, made him, like the Regent Orleans, "*un faufaron de crimes.*" He darkened every shadow of his self-portraiture, and instead of putting upon vice the gloss of virtue, covered native beauties with the mask of deformity. In a poem of which the topics, and, in general, the language, were entirely modern, the antique phrases were out of place, and the jesting passage on the London Sunday is still less in keeping with the ardent tenor of the surrounding verse. But these trivial defects did not diminish the conviction that the star of song, which shone dimly at its rising, was bursting forth with unrivalled brilliancy as it advanced to its height.



## CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

OH, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,  
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!  
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,  
Mine dares not eall thee from thy sacred hill:  
Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;  
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,<sup>1</sup>  
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;  
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine  
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,  
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;  
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.  
Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;  
Few earthly things found favour in his sight<sup>2</sup>  
Save concubines and carnal companie,  
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

## III.

Childe Harold was he hight :—but whence his name  
And lineage long, it suits me not to say ;  
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
And had been glorious in another day :  
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,  
However mighty in the olden time ;  
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

## IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,  
Disporting there like any other fly ;  
Nor deem'd before his little day was done  
One blast might chill him into misery.  
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,  
Worse than adversity the Childe befell ;  
He felt the fulness of satiety :  
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

## V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,  
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,<sup>a</sup>  
And that loved one, alas ! could ne'er be his.  
Ah, happy she ! to 'scape from him whose kiss  
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste ;  
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,  
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.

## VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,  
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;  
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,  
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee :  
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,  
And from his native land resolved to go,  
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;  
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,  
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

## VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall :  
It was a vast and venerable pile ;  
So old, it seem'd only not to fall,  
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.  
Monastic dome ! condemn'd to uses vile !  
Where Superstition once had made her den  
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile ;  
And monks might deem their time was come agen,  
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

## VIII.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood  
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow  
As if the memory of some deadly feud  
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below :  
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know ;  
For his was not that open, artless soul  
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,  
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,  
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

## IX.

And none did love him : though to hall and bower  
He gather'd revellers from far and near,  
He knew them flatt'ers of the festal hour ;  
The heartless parasites of present cheer.  
Yea ! none did love him—not his lemans dear—  
But pomp and power alone are woman's care,  
And where these are light Eros finds a feere ;  
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

## X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,  
Though parting from that mother he did shun ;  
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not  
Before his weary pilgrimage begun :  
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.  
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel :  
Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon  
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel  
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

## XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,  
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,<sup>s</sup>  
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,  
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,  
And long had fed his youthful appetite ;  
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,  
And all that mote to luxury invite,  
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,  
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central line.

## XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,  
As glad to waft him from his native home ;  
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,  
And soon were lost in circumambient foam :  
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come  
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,  
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

## XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea  
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,  
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,  
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening :  
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.  
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,  
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,  
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good Night."<sup>c</sup>

## 1

ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight ;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land—Good Night !

## 2.

A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth ;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;  
My dog howls at the gate.

## 3.

“Come hither, hither, my little page !”  
Why dost thou weep and wail ?  
Or dost thou dread the billows’ rage,  
Or tremble at the gale ?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;  
Our ship is swift and strong :  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along.”<sup>8</sup>

## 4.

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind :<sup>9</sup>  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee—and one above.

5.

“ My father bless'd me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain ;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again.”—  
“ Enough, enough, my little lad !  
Such tears become thine eye ;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry.”<sup>10</sup>

6.

“ Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,<sup>11</sup>  
Why dost thou look so pale ?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?  
Or shiver at the gale ? ”—  
“ Deem'st thou I tremble for my life ?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak ;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7.

“ My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake,  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make ? ”—  
“ Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay ;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.”<sup>12</sup>

8.

For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh fœres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o'er.<sup>13</sup>  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.<sup>14</sup>

9.

And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,<sup>15</sup>  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

10.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
My native Land—Good Night!



## XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,  
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.  
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,  
New shores descried make every bosom gay;  
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,  
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,  
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;  
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,  
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

## XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!  
But man would mar them with an impious hand:  
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge  
'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,  
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge  
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.<sup>16</sup>

## XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!<sup>17</sup>  
Her image floating on that noble tide,  
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,<sup>18</sup>  
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride  
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,  
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:  
A nation sworn with ignorance and pride,  
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword  
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

## XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,  
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;<sup>19</sup>  
 For hut and palace show like filthily :  
 The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt ;  
 Ne personage of high or mean degree  
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt ;  
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt.

## XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—  
 Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ?  
 Lo ! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes<sup>20</sup>  
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.  
 Ah me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,  
 To follow half on which the eye dilates  
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken  
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates,  
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates.

## XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,  
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,  
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,  
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,  
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,  
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,  
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

## XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,  
And frequent turn to linger as you go,  
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,  
And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe;"<sup>21</sup>  
Where frugal monks their little relics show,  
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:  
Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo!  
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,  
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

## XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,  
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:  
Yet deem not these devotion's offering—  
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:  
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath  
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,  
Some hand crects a cross of mouldering lath;  
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife  
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.<sup>22</sup>

## XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,  
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;  
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;  
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there.  
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:  
There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,<sup>23</sup>  
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware  
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,  
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.<sup>24</sup>

## XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,  
 Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow :  
 But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,  
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !  
 Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow  
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide :  
 Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how  
 Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;  
 Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide !

## XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened !<sup>23</sup>  
 Oh ! dome displeasing unto British eye !  
 With diadem hight foolscap, lo ! a fiend,  
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,  
 There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by  
 His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,  
 Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,  
 And sundry signatures adorn the roll,  
 Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul.

## XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled  
 That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome :  
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,  
 And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.  
 Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,  
 And Policy regain'd what arms had lost :  
 For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom !  
 Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquer'd host,  
 Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast.

## XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,  
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;  
And folks in office at the mention fret,  
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.  
How will posterity the deed proclaim!  
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,  
To view these champions elicated of their fame,  
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,  
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

## XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he  
Did take his way in solitary guise:  
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,  
More restless than the swallow in the skies:  
Though here awhile he learn'd to moralise,  
For Meditation fix'd at times on him;  
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise  
His early youth, misspent in maddest whim;  
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

## XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits<sup>56</sup>  
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:  
Again he rouses from his moping fits,  
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.  
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal  
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;  
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll  
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,  
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

## XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,  
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen;<sup>27</sup>  
And church and court did mingle their array,  
And mass and revel were alternate seen;  
Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween!  
But here the Babylonian whore hath built<sup>28</sup>  
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,  
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,  
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

## XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantie hills,  
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)  
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,  
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.  
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long leagne to trace,  
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

## XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,  
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;  
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!  
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,  
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend  
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—  
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:  
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,  
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

## XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,  
 Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?  
 Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,  
 Doth Tago interpose his mighty tide?  
 Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?  
 Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—<sup>49</sup>  
 Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,  
 Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,  
 Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul:

## XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,  
 And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,  
 Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides,  
 Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,  
 And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,  
 That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;  
 For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:  
 Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know  
 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.<sup>50</sup>

## XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,  
 Dark Guadiana rolls his power along<sup>51</sup>  
 In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,  
 So noted ancient roundelays among.  
 Whilome upon his banks did legions throng  
 Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest:  
 Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong;  
 The Paynim turban and the Christian crest  
 Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

## XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!  
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,  
 When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band  
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?<sup>32</sup>  
 Where are those bloody banners which of yore  
 Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,  
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?  
 Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,  
 While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

## XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?  
 Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!  
 When granite moulders and when records fail,  
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.  
 Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,  
 See how the Mighty shrink into a song!  
 Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?  
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,  
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

## XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!  
 Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,  
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,  
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:  
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,  
 And speaks in thunder through you engine's roar:  
 In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"  
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,  
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?



## XXXVIII.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?  
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?  
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,  
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath  
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,  
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock  
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;  
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,<sup>23</sup>  
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

## XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,  
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,  
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
And eye that scorseth all it glares upon;  
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon  
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet  
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;  
For on this morn three potent nations meet,  
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

## XL.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see  
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)  
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,  
Their various arms that glitter in the air!  
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,  
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!  
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;  
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,  
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

## XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;  
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;  
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;  
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !  
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally  
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,  
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—  
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,  
 And fertilise the field that each pretends to gain.<sup>31</sup>

## XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools !<sup>32</sup>  
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay !  
 Vain Sophistry ! in these behold the tools,  
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way  
 With human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone.  
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway ?  
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,  
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

## XLIII.

Oh, Albuera ! glorious field of grief !  
 As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,  
 Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,  
 A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed !  
 Peace to the perish'd ! may the warrior's need  
 And tears of triumph their reward prolong !  
 Till others fall where other chieftains lead  
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,  
 And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.<sup>33</sup>

## XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play  
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:  
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,  
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.  
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim  
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,  
And die, that living might have proved her shame;  
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,  
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

## XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way  
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:  
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for prey!  
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,  
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.  
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive  
Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood  
Is vain, or Bion, Tyre might yet survive,  
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

## XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,  
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;  
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,  
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds;  
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds;<sup>37</sup>  
Here Folly still his votaries intralls;  
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds;  
Girt with the silent eimes of Capitals,  
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tottering walls.

## XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate  
 He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,  
 Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,  
 Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.  
 No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star  
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet :  
 Ah, monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,  
 Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret ;  
 The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet !

## XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer ?  
 Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,  
 As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,  
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way ?  
 No ! as he speeds, he chants " Vivā el Rey ! " <sup>38</sup>  
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,  
 The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day  
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,  
 And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

## XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd  
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,  
 Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground ;  
 And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darken'd vest  
 Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest :  
 Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,  
 Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest ;  
 Still does he mark it with triumphant boast ;  
 And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

## I.

And whomso'er along the path you meet  
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,  
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet :  
Woe to the man that walks in public view  
Without of loyalty this token true :  
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke ;  
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,  
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,  
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

## II.

At every turn Morena's dusky height  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load ;  
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,  
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,  
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,  
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,  
The magazine in rocky duranee stow'd,  
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,  
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match, \*

## III.

Portend the deeds to come :—but he whose nod  
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,  
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod ;  
A little moment deigneth to delay :  
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way ;  
The West must own the Scourger of the world.  
Ah ! Spain ! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,  
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfur'd,  
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd.

## LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,  
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?  
No step between submission and a grave?  
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?  
And doth the Power that man adores ordain  
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?  
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?  
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,  
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel?

## LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,  
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,  
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?  
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar  
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,  
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,  
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead  
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

## LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,  
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,  
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,  
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

## LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ;  
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post ;  
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career ;  
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host :  
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ?  
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ?  
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost ?  
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall ?<sup>41</sup>

## LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,  
 But form'd for all the witching arts of love :  
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,  
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,  
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
 Peeking the hand that hovers o'er her mate :  
 In softness as in firmness far above  
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate ;  
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

## LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd  
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch :<sup>42</sup>  
 Her lips, whose kisses poult to leave their nest,  
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such :  
 Her glance how wildly beautiful ! how much  
 Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,  
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch !  
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek ?  
 How poor their forms appear ! how languid, wan, and weak !

## LIX.

Match me, ye climes ! which poets love to laud ;  
 Match me, ye harems of the land ! where now<sup>43</sup>  
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud  
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow ;<sup>41</sup>  
 Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow  
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,  
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,<sup>45</sup>  
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,  
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

## LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus ! whom I now survey,<sup>46</sup>  
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,  
 In the wild pomp of mountain-majesty !  
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing ?  
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by  
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,  
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing.

## LXI.

Oft have I dream'd of Thee ! whose glorious name  
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore :  
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas, with shame  
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.  
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore  
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee ;  
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,  
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee !<sup>47</sup>



## LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,  
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,  
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,  
Which others rave of, though they know it not?  
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,  
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,  
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,  
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,  
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

## LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain  
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;  
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;  
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;  
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.  
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt  
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;  
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,<sup>4</sup>  
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

## LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece was young,  
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,  
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung  
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,  
Behold a train more fitting to inspire  
The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,  
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:  
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades  
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

## LXV.

Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast  
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days ;<sup>49</sup>  
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,  
 Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.  
 Ah, Vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous ways !  
 While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape  
 The fascination of thy magic gaze ?<sup>50</sup>  
 A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,  
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

## LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time !  
 The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—  
 The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime ;  
 And Venus, constant to her native sea,  
 To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee,  
 And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white ;  
 Though not to one dome circumscribeth she  
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
 A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.<sup>51</sup>

## LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn  
 Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,  
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn ;  
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,  
 Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu  
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns :  
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu  
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,  
 And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.<sup>52</sup>

## LXXIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest :  
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore ?  
 Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn feast :  
 Hark ! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar ?  
 Crashing the lance, he smul's the spouting gore  
 Of man and steel, o'erthrown beneath his horn ;  
 The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more ;  
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,  
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

## LXXIV.

The seventh day this ; the jubilee of man.  
 London ! right well thou know'st the day of prayer :  
 Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,  
 And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air :  
 Thy coach of Hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,  
 And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl ;  
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair ;  
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

## LXXV.

Some o'er thy Themis row the ribbon'd fair,  
 Others along the safer turnpike fly ;  
 Some Richmond-hill ascend, some send to Ware,  
 And many to the steep of Highgate hie.  
 Ask ye, Bacotian shades ! the reason why ?  
 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn.  
 Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,  
 In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,  
 And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.<sup>31</sup>

## LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,  
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea !  
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth mine,  
Thy saint adorers count the rosary :  
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free  
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)  
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be ;  
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare :  
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

## LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,  
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round ;  
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,  
No vacant space for lated wight is found :  
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,  
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;  
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,  
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

## LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,  
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,  
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
And lowly bending to the lists advance ;  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance :  
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,  
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,  
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

## LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,  
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore  
Stands in the centre, eager to invade  
The lord of lowing herds ; but not before  
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,  
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :  
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—  
Alas ! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

## LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the signal falls,  
The den expands, and Expectation mute  
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.  
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,  
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,  
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :  
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit  
His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

## LXXVI.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fix'd : away,  
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :  
Now is thy time to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad career.  
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer ;<sup>55</sup>  
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;  
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear :  
He ties, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;  
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak his woes.

## LXXVII.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,  
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;  
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.  
 One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;  
 Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,  
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;  
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;  
 Slaggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

## LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,  
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,  
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,  
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray :  
 And now the Matadores around him play,  
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand :  
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—  
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conyuge hand,  
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand !<sup>56</sup>

## LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,  
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.  
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline :  
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,  
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
 The decorated car appears—on high  
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—<sup>57</sup>  
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

## LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites  
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.  
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights  
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.  
 What private feuds the troubled village stain !  
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,  
 Enough, alas ! in humble homes remain,  
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,  
 For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream must flow.<sup>58</sup>

## LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled : his bars, his bolts,  
 His wither'd centinel, Duenna sage !  
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,  
 Which the stern dotard deem'd he could encage,  
 Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age.  
 Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen,  
 (Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage,)  
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,  
 While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving Queen ?

## LXXXII.

Oh ! many a time and oft, had Harold loved,  
 Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a dream ;  
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,  
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream ;  
 And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem  
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings :  
 How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,  
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs<sup>59</sup>  
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom things.

## LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,  
 Though now it moved him as it moves the wise;  
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind  
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes:  
 But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;  
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,  
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:  
 Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-abhorring gloom  
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

## LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;  
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate.  
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song;  
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?  
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:  
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,  
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,  
 Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,  
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

## TO INEZ.



1.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow;  
 Alas! I cannot smile again:  
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou  
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.



2.

And dost thou ask what secret woe  
I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,  
That bids me loathe my present state,  
And fly from all I prized the most:

4.

It is that weariness which springs  
From all I meet, or hear, or see:  
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;  
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;  
That will not look beyond the tomb,  
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What Exile from himself can flee?<sup>69</sup>  
To zones though more and more remote,  
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,  
And taste of all that I forsake;  
Oh! may they still of transport dream,  
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
 With many a retrospection curst;  
 And all my solace is to know,  
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst? Nay do not ask—  
 In pity from the search forbear:  
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
 Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!  
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?  
 When all were changing thou alone wert true,  
 First to be free and last to be subdued:  
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,  
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,  
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud:<sup>61</sup>  
 Here all were noble, save Nobility;  
 None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!  
 They fight for freedom who were never free,  
 A Kingless people for a nerveless state;  
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,  
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery:  
 Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,  
 Pride points the path that leads to Liberty;  
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,  
 War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"<sup>62</sup>

## LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spauiards know,  
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife :  
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe  
Can act, is acting there against man's life :  
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,  
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—  
So may he guard the sister and the wife,  
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed—  
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed !

## LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead ?  
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain ;  
Look on the hands with female slaughter red ;  
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,  
Then to the vulture let each corpse remain,  
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw ;  
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,  
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe :  
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw !

## LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas ! the dreadful work is done ;  
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees :  
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,  
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.  
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain ; if freed, she frees  
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd :  
Strange retribution ! now Columbia's case  
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,  
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrain'd.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,  
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,  
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead,  
 Have won for Spain her well asserted right.  
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?  
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?  
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,  
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,  
 And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

XCI.

And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe<sup>43</sup>  
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—  
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low  
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:  
 But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,  
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,  
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,  
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!  
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!<sup>44</sup>  
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!  
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,  
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!  
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear  
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,  
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,  
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,  
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

## XCIII.

Here is one fyttē of Harold's pilgrimage :  
Ye who of him may further seek to know,  
Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
If he that rhymeth now may scribble noc.  
Is this too much? stern Critic! Say not so :  
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld  
In other lands, where he was doom'd to go :  
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,  
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quell'd.<sup>6</sup>



CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.



CANTO THE SECOND.





## CANTO THE SECOND.



i.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!  
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—  
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,  
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,<sup>1</sup>  
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:  
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,  
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire  
Of men who never felt the sacred glow  
That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.<sup>2</sup>

ii.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,  
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?  
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:  
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,  
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?  
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!  
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole  
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,  
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

## III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here :  
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn :  
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre !  
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.  
 Even gods must yield—religions take their turn :  
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds  
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn  
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds ;  
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.<sup>3</sup>

## IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—  
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing ! to know  
 Thou art ? Is this a boon so kindly given,  
 That being, thou would'st be again, and go,  
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so  
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies ?  
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe ?  
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies :  
 That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

## V.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound ;  
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :  
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around ;  
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,  
 Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps  
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.  
 Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps :  
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell ?  
 Why ev'n the worm at last disdain's her shatter'd cell !

## VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :  
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul :  
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit  
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control :  
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ?

## VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !  
" All that we know is, nothing can be known."  
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ?  
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan  
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.  
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;  
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :  
There no forced banquet claims the satiated guest,  
But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

## VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be  
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,  
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee  
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;  
How sweet it were in concert to adore  
With those who made our mortal labours light !  
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !  
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,  
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right !'

## IX.

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,  
 Have left me here to love and live in vain—  
 Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead  
 When busy Memory flashes on my brain?  
 Well—I will dream that we may meet again,  
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast:  
 If aught of young Remembrance then remain,  
 Be as it may Futurity's behest,  
 For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!<sup>4</sup>

## X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,  
 The marble column's yet unshaken base;  
 Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne:<sup>5</sup>  
 Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace  
 The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.  
 It may not be: nor ev'n ean Fancy's eye  
 Restore what time hath labour'd to deface.  
 Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;  
 Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

## XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane  
 On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee  
 The latest relic of her ancient reign;  
 The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?  
 Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!  
 England! I joy no child he was of thine:  
 Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;  
 Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,  
 And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.<sup>6</sup>

## XII.

But most the modern Piet's ignoble boast,  
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared :<sup>9</sup>  
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,<sup>10</sup>  
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,  
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,  
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains :  
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,  
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,<sup>11</sup>  
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

## XIII.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,  
Albion was happy in Athena's tears ?  
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,  
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears ;  
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears  
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land :  
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,  
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,  
Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

## XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appall'd  
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way ?<sup>12</sup>  
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain enthrall'd,  
His shade from Hades upon that dread day  
Bursting to light in terrible array!  
What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,  
To scare a second robber from his prey?  
Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,  
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

## xv.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,  
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;  
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see  
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed  
By British hands, which it had best behoved  
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.  
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,  
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,  
And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern climes abhorr'd!

## xvi.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget  
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?  
Little reck'd he of all that men regret;  
No loved-one now in feign'd lament could rave;  
No friend the parting hand extended gave,  
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes;  
Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;  
But Harold felt not as in other times,  
And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

## xvii.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea  
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;  
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,  
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;  
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,  
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,  
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,  
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,  
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

## XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within !  
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,<sup>13</sup>  
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,  
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high :  
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry !  
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides ;  
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,  
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,  
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

## XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks :  
Look on that part which sacred doth remain  
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,  
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks  
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve  
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks  
Conquest and fame : but Britons rarely swerve  
From law, however stern,<sup>14</sup> which tends their strength to nerve.

## XX.

Blow ! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale  
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray ;  
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,  
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.  
Ah ! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,  
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze !  
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,  
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,  
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these !

## XXI.

The moon is up ; by Heaven, a lovely eve !  
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand ;  
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe :  
Such be our fate when we return to land !  
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand  
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love ;  
A circle there of merry listeners stand,  
Or to some well-known measure featly move,  
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

## XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore ;  
Europe and Afric on each other gaze !  
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor  
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze :  
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,  
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,  
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase ;  
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,  
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

## XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel  
We once have loved, though love is at an end :  
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.<sup>15</sup>  
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy ?  
Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
Death hath but little left him to destroy !  
Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ?



## XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,  
The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,  
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.  
None are so desolate but something dear,  
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd  
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;  
A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast  
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

## XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;  
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

## XXVI.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;  
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,  
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;  
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

## XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,  
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,  
Watching at eve upon the giant height,  
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,  
That he who there at such an hour hath been  
Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot ;<sup>16</sup>  
Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,  
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,  
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

## XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track  
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind ;  
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,  
And each well known caprice of wave and wind ;  
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel ;  
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,  
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land ! and all is well :

## XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,<sup>17</sup>  
The sister tenants of the middle deep ;  
There for the weary still a haven smiles,  
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,  
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep  
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride :  
Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap  
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ;  
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sigh'd.

## XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone :  
But trust not this ; too easy youth, beware !  
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,  
And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.  
Sweet Florence !<sup>19</sup> could another ever share  
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine :  
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare  
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,  
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

## XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd,<sup>19</sup> as on that lady's eye  
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought  
Save admiration glancing harmless by :  
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,  
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,  
But knew him as his worshipper no more,  
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought :  
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,  
Well deem'd the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

## XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,  
One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,  
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,  
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,  
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law,  
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims :  
And much she marvel'd that a youth so raw  
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,  
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

## XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,  
Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,  
Was not unskillful in the spoiler's art,  
And spread its snares licentious far and wide ;  
Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,  
As long as aught was worthy to pursue :  
But Harold on such arts no more relied ;  
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,  
Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.

## XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,  
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs ;  
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd ?  
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes ;  
But not too humbly, or she will despise  
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes :  
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise ;  
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes :  
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy hopes.

## XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson ; Time approves it true,  
And those who know it best, deplore it most ;  
When all is won that all desire to woo,  
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost :  
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,  
These are thy fruits, successful Passion ! these !  
If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,  
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,  
Not to be cured when love itself forgets to please.

## XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,  
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,  
And many a varied shore to sail along,  
By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—  
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head  
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;  
Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,  
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;  
If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

## XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,  
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;  
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,  
Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.  
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,  
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path:  
To me by day or night she ever smiled,  
Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,  
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

## XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,  
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,  
And he his namesake, whose oft-battled foes  
Shrink from his deeds of chivalrous emprise:  
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes<sup>29</sup>  
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!  
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,  
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,  
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

## XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot,  
 Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave :<sup>21</sup>  
 And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,  
 The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.  
 Dark Sappho ! could not verse immortal save  
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire ?  
 Could she not live who life eternal gave ?  
 If life eternal may await the lyre,  
 That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

## XL.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve  
 Childe Harold hail'd Lencadia's cape afar ;<sup>22</sup>  
 A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave :  
 Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,  
 Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar ;<sup>23</sup>  
 Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight  
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star)  
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,  
 But loathed the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at martial wight.

## XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above  
 Lencadia's far-projecting rock of woe,  
 And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,  
 He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow :  
 And as the stately vessel glided slow  
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,  
 He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,  
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,  
 More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.<sup>24</sup>

## XLII.

Morn dawns ; and with it stern Albania's hills,  
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,  
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,  
Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,  
Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,  
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer :  
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,  
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,  
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

## XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,  
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;  
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,  
Which all admire, but many dread to view :  
His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few ;  
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet :  
The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;  
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,  
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat.

## XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,  
Though sadly scoff'd at by the circuncised,  
Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear ;  
Churchman and votary alike despised.  
Foul Superstition ! howsoe'er disguised,  
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,  
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,  
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss !  
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross ?

## XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost  
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing !  
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host  
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian king <sup>25</sup>  
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring :  
 Look where the second Caesar's trophies rose : <sup>26</sup>  
 Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering :  
 Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes !  
 God ! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose ?

## XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,  
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,  
 Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,  
 Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales ;  
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales  
 Are rarely seen ; nor can fair Tempe boast  
 A charm they know not ; loved Parnassus fails,  
 Though classic ground and consecrated most,  
 To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

## XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake, <sup>27</sup>  
 And left the primal city of the land,  
 And onwards did his further journey take  
 To greet Albania's chief, <sup>28</sup> whose dread command  
 Is lawless law ; for with a bloody hand  
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold :  
 Yet here and there some daring mountain-band  
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold  
 Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold. <sup>29</sup>



## XLVIII.

Monastic Zitzä ! from thy shady brow,<sup>21</sup>  
Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground !  
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found !  
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole :  
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound  
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll  
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

## XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,  
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh  
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,  
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high :  
Here dwells the enoyer,<sup>22</sup> nor rude is he,  
Nor niggard of his cheer ; the passer by  
Is welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee  
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

## L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,  
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;  
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,  
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze :  
The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize  
Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching ray  
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :  
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,  
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

## LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,  
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,<sup>30</sup>  
 Chimæra's alps extend from left to right :  
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir—  
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir  
 Nodding above ; behold black Acheron !<sup>31</sup>  
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.  
 Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,  
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

## LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;  
 Unseen is Yamina, though not remote,  
 Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are few,  
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot :  
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat  
 Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,  
 The little shepherd in his white capote<sup>31</sup>  
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,  
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

## LIII.

Oh ! where, Dodona ! is thine aged grove,  
 Prophetic fount, and oracle divine ?  
 What valley echo'd the response of Jove ?  
 What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine ?  
 All, all forgotten—and shall man repine  
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?  
 Cease, fool ! the fate of gods may well be thine :  
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ?  
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the stroke !

## LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail ;  
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye  
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale  
As ever Spring yelad in grassy dye :  
Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,  
Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,  
And woods along the banks are waving high,  
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,  
Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

## LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,<sup>55</sup>  
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;<sup>56</sup>  
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,  
When, down the steep banks winding warily,  
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,  
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,  
Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing nigh,  
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men  
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the lengthening glen.

## LVI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,  
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate  
Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,  
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.  
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,  
While busy preparation shook the court,  
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait ;  
Within, a palace, and without, a fort :  
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

## LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row  
 Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,  
 Circled the wide extending court below ;  
 Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore ;  
 And oft-times through the area's echoing door,  
 Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away :  
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,  
 Here mingled in their many-hued array,  
 While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

## LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,  
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,  
 And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see ;  
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon ;  
 The Delhi with his eap of terror on,  
 And crooked glaive ; the lively, supple Greek ;  
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son ;  
 The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,  
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

## LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous : some recline in groups,  
 Seaming the motley scene that varies round ;  
 There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,  
 And some that smoke, and some that play, are found ;  
 Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground ;  
 Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate ;  
 Hark ! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,  
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,  
 "There is no god but God !—to prayer—lo ! God is great !" <sup>37</sup>

## LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast<sup>38</sup>  
Through the long day its penance did maintain :  
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,  
Revel and feast assumed the rule again :  
Now all was bustle, and the menial train  
Prepared and spread the plenteous board within ;  
The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,  
But from the chambers came the mingling din,  
As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

## LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard : apart,  
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,  
She yields to one her person and her heart,  
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove :  
For, not unhappy in her master's love,  
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,  
Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !  
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,  
Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares.

## LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring  
Of living water from the centre rose,  
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,  
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,  
ALI reclined, a man of war and woes :<sup>39</sup>  
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws  
Along that aged venerable face,  
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.<sup>40</sup>

## LXIII.

It is not that you hoary lengthening beard  
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth ;  
 Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,  
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—  
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,  
 Becoming all men ill, but most the man  
 In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth ;  
 Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,  
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.<sup>41</sup>

## LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye  
 The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,  
 And gazed around on Moslem luxury,<sup>42</sup>  
 Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat  
 Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choise retreat  
 Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise :  
 And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet ;  
 But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,  
 And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys.

## LXV.

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

## LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower  
Thronging to war in splendour and success ;  
And after view'd them, when, within their power,  
Himself awhile the victim of distress ;  
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press :  
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,  
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,  
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—<sup>43</sup>  
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof.

## LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark  
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,  
When all around was desolate and dark ;  
To land was perilous, to sojourn more ;  
Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,  
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk :  
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore  
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk  
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

## LXVIII.

Vain fear ! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome hand,  
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,  
Kinder than polish'd slaves though not so bland,  
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,  
And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,  
And spread their fare ; though homely, all they had :  
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp :  
To rest the weary and to sooth the sad,  
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

## LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address  
 Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,  
 Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,  
 And wasted far and near with glaive and brand ;  
 And therefore did he take a trusty band  
 To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,  
 In war well-season'd, and with labours tam'd,  
 Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,  
 And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.

## LXX.

Where lone Utraikay forms its circling cove,  
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,  
 How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,  
 Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,  
 As winds come lightly whispering from the west,  
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene :—  
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest ;  
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,  
 For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

## LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,  
 The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,<sup>41</sup>  
 And he that unawares had there ygzazed  
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast ;  
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,  
 The native revels of the troop began ;  
 Each Palikar<sup>42</sup> his sabre from him cast,  
 And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,  
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.<sup>43</sup>



## LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood  
 And view'd, but not displeas'd, the revelrie,  
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude :  
 In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see  
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee ;  
 And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,  
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,  
 The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,  
 While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half scream'd :—<sup>47</sup>

## 1.

TAMBOURGI !<sup>48</sup> Tambourgi ! thy 'larum afar  
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war ;  
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,  
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote !<sup>49</sup>

## 2.

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,  
 In his snowy eanese and his shaggy capote ?  
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,  
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

## 3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive  
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?  
 Let those guns so merrring such vengeance forego ?  
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ?

## 4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;  
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chase :

But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before  
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,  
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,  
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,  
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,  
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy ;  
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair  
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,  
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall sooth ;  
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,  
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,<sup>50</sup>  
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors' yell ;  
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,  
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spared.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear ;  
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier :  
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw  
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,  
Let the yellow-hair'd<sup>51</sup> Giaours<sup>52</sup> view his horsetail with dread ;<sup>53</sup>

When his Delhis<sup>34</sup> come dashing in blood o'er the banks,  
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks !

## 11.

Seliatar !<sup>35</sup> unsheathe then our chief's scimitar ;  
Tambourgi ! thy 'larum gives promise of war.  
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,  
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more !

## LXXIII.

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !<sup>36</sup>  
Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !  
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,  
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate ?  
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,  
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,  
In bleak Thermopylae's sepulchral strait—  
Oh ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,  
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb ?

## LXXIV.

Spirit of freedom ! when on Phyle's brow<sup>37</sup>  
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,  
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now  
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ?  
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,  
But every earle can lord it o'er thy land ;  
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,  
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand ;<sup>38</sup>  
From birth till death enslaved ; in word, in deed, unmann'd.

## LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who  
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,  
 Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew  
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!  
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh  
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage:  
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,  
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,  
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

## LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not  
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?  
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?  
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!  
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,  
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.  
 Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!  
 Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;  
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

## LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,  
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;  
 And the Sera's impenetrable tower  
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;<sup>59</sup>  
 Or Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest  
 The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,<sup>60</sup>  
 May wind their path of blood along the West;  
 But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,  
 But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

## LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,  
That penance which their holy rites prepare  
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,  
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer ;  
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,  
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,  
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,  
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,  
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

## LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,  
Oh Stamboul !<sup>a</sup> once the empress of their reign ?  
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,  
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain :  
(Alas ! her woes will still pervade my strain !)  
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,  
All felt the common joy they now must feign,  
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,  
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

## LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,  
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,  
And timely echo'd back the measured oar,  
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan :  
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,  
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,  
'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,  
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,  
Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.

## LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caïque along the foam,  
 Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,  
 No thought had man or maid of rest or home,  
 While many a languid eye and thrilling hand  
 Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,  
 Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still :  
 Oh Love ! young Love ! bound in thy rosy band,  
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
 These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill !

## LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,  
 Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,  
 Even through the closest scarment half betray'd ?  
 To such the gentle murmurs of the main  
 Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain ;  
 To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd  
 Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain :  
 How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,  
 And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud !

## LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,  
 If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast :  
 Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,  
 The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,  
 Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,  
 And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword :  
 Ah ! Greece ! they love thee least who owe thee most—  
 Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record  
 Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde !

## LXXXIV.

When riseth Laedemon's hardihood,  
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,  
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,  
When Greecian mothers shall give birth to men,  
Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.  
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;  
An hour may lay it in the dust; and when  
Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,  
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

## LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,  
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!  
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,<sup>62</sup>  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now:  
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,  
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,  
Broke by the share of every rustie plough:  
So perish monuments of mortal birth,  
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

## LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns  
Above its prostrate brethren of the eave;<sup>63</sup>  
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns  
Colonna's cliff,<sup>64</sup> and gleams along the wave;  
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,  
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass  
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave;  
While strangers only not regardless pass,  
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

## LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;  
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,  
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
 And still his honied wealth Ilymettus yields ;  
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,  
 The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air ;  
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,  
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;  
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.<sup>65</sup>

## LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground ;  
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon ;  
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold  
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone :  
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

## LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;  
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord ;  
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame  
 The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde  
 First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,  
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,  
 When Marathon became a magic word ;<sup>66</sup>  
 Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear  
 The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,



xc.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;  
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;  
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;  
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !  
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?  
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,  
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?  
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,  
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around.

xci.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past  
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;  
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,  
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;  
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue  
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;  
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !  
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,  
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

xcii.

The parted bosom elings to wonted home,  
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;  
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,  
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.  
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth :  
 But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,  
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,  
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,  
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.<sup>67</sup>

## XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,  
 And pass in peace along the magic waste ;  
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand  
 Deface the scenes, already how defaced !  
 Not for such purpose were these altars placed :  
 Revere the remnants nations once revered :  
 So may our country's name be undisgraced,  
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,  
 By every honest joy of love and life endear'd !

## XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song  
 Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,  
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng  
 Of louder minstrels in these later days :  
 To such resign the strife for fading bays :  
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move  
 Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise,  
 Since eold each kinder heart that might approve,  
 And none are left to please when none are left to love.

## XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one !  
 Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me ;  
 Who did for me what none beside have done,  
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.  
 What is my being? thou hast ceased to be !  
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,  
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—  
 Would they had never been, or were to come !  
 Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam !

## XCVI.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!  
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,  
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!  
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.  
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;  
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend:  
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,  
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,  
Hath snatek'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

## XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,  
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?  
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,  
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,  
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;  
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,  
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique?  
Smiles from the channel of a future tear,  
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

## XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?  
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,  
And be alone on earth, as I am now.<sup>66</sup>  
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,  
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:  
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,  
Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,  
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.



CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.



CANTO THE THIRD.

“Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose ; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps.”

*Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.*

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO III.



IN a month from the appearance of "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parasina," Lord Byron wrote to Moore (March 8, 1816) that his poetical feelings began and ended with eastern countries, and that, having exhausted the subject, he could make nothing of any other. When a restless spirit, satiated with the monotony of a stationary life, and, above all, anguish at the marriage of his early love, Miss Chaworth, sent him to rove in 1809, the effect was to inspire the two first Cantos of Childe Harold—the earliest poem worthy of his present name. Another domestic catastrophe—the refusal of his wife in Jan. 1816, to live with him any longer—and the consequent clamour which was raised against him, drove him, at the end of April, into a second and final exile. The poetical result was the same as before. The soil which, on the eve of starting, he declared to be exhausted, immediately threw out the richest vintage it had hitherto produced. He travelled through Flanders and the Rhine country to Switzerland, and there completed, before the end of June, the third canto of Childe Harold. "It is a fine indistinct piece of poetical desolation," he wrote to Moore, "and my favourite. I was half mad during the time of its composition, between metaphysics, mountains, lakes, love inextinguishable, thoughts unutterable, and the nightmare of my own delinquencies." All these subjects are depicted in his stanzas, which may be considered the poetical autobiography of what was perhaps the most sorrowful period of his melancholy life. The notes of woe were extorted by his domestic misery; the metaphysics which imparted an occasional mysticism to his strains, he owed to Shelley, whom he met at Geneva; and the admiration of this companion for Wordsworth, was also the cause why Lord Byron wrote of the lakes and mountains in a spirit akin to that of the Rydal bard, though expressed in nobler and more animating terms. The third canto was bought by Mr. Murray for 1500 guineas, and published in August, 1816. Since the appearance of its precursors, the mind of Lord Byron had gained in depth and energy. The descriptions of nature are grander, the reflections profounder and more impassioned, the words more burning and concise. The stanzas upon Waterloo, those on the thunder-storm in the mountains, and the characters of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Gibbon, are among the very finest passages in English verse. Yet so difficult is it to rekindle by a continuation the original enthusiasm, that many gave the palm to the previous cantos, and even so discriminating a critic as Jeffrey did no more than express his confidence, that it would not be thought *inferior* and might *probably* be preferred. A generous article, however, by Sir Walter Scott, in the Quarterly Review, did justice both to the poem and its author—turned back the tide of obloquy which had set in against Lord Byron, and convinced the world that his genius was still on the ascendant.

### CANTO THE THIRD.



I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child !  
ADA ! sole daughter of my house and heart ?<sup>1</sup>  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,  
And then we parted,—not as now we part,  
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me ; and on high  
The winds lift up their voices : I depart,  
Whither I know not ;<sup>2</sup> but the hour's gone by,  
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar !  
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead !  
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,  
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on ; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

## III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind ;  
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,  
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind  
Bears the cloud onwards : in that Tale I find  
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,  
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

## IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,  
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,  
And both may jar : it may be, that in vain  
I would essay as I have sung to sing,  
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling  
So that it wean me from the weary dream  
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling  
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem  
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

## V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,  
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,  
So that no wonder waits him ; nor below  
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,  
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife  
Of silent, sharp endurance : he can tell  
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife  
With airy images, and shapes which dwell  
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.



## VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live  
A being more intense that we endow  
With form our fancy, gaining as we give  
The life we image, even as I do now.  
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,  
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,  
Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,  
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

## VII.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I *have* thought  
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,  
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,  
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:  
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,  
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!  
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same  
In strength to bear what time can not abate,  
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

## VIII.

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,  
And the spell closes with its silent seal.  
Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;  
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,  
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;  
Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him  
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;  
And life's enchanted eup but sparkles near the brim.

## IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found  
The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,  
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,  
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!  
Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,  
And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with pain,  
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,  
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

## X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd  
Again in fancied safety with his kind,  
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd  
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,  
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;  
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand  
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find  
Fit speculation; such as in strange land  
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

## XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek  
To wear it? who can curiously behold  
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,  
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?  
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold  
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?  
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd  
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,  
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

## XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
Of men to herd with Man ; with whom he held  
Little in common ; untaught to submit  
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd  
In youth by his own thoughts ; still uncompell'd,  
He would not yield dominion of his mind  
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd ;  
Proud though in desolation ; which could find  
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

## XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;  
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home ;  
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,  
He had the passion and the power to roam ;  
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
Were unto him companionship ; they spake  
A mutual language, clearer than the tone  
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake  
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

## XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams ; and earth, and earth-born jars,  
And human frailties, were forgotten quite :  
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight  
He had been happy ; but this clay will sink  
Its spark immortal, envying it the light  
To which it mounts, as if to break the link  
That keeps us from you heaven which woos us to its brink.

## XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing<sup>a</sup>  
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,  
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with elipt wing,  
 To whom the boundless air alone were home :  
 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,  
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat  
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome  
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat  
 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

## XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,  
 With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom ;  
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,  
 That all was over on this side the tomb,  
 Had made Despair a smilingness assume,  
 Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plunder'd wreck  
 When mariners would madly meet their doom  
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—  
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

## XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !  
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !  
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?  
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?  
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,  
 As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !  
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

## XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!  
How in an hour the power which gave annals  
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!  
In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,<sup>4</sup>  
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,  
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;  
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;  
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

## XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit  
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?  
Did nations combat to make *Oue* submit;  
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?  
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be  
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?  
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we  
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze  
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise!

## XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!  
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears  
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before  
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years  
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord  
Of roused-up millions; all that most endears  
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword  
Such as Harmodius<sup>5</sup> drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

## XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;<sup>6</sup>  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

## XXII.

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

## XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;  
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;  
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.<sup>7</sup>

## XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

## XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

## XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills<sup>a</sup>  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's<sup>b</sup> fame rings in each clansman's ears!

## XXVII.

And Ardennes<sup>10</sup> waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

## XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it,<sup>11</sup> which when rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

## XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;  
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,  
 Partly because they blend me with his line,  
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,<sup>12</sup>  
 And partly that bright names will hallow song;  
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd  
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,  
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,  
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!<sup>13</sup>



## xxx.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,  
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;  
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,  
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,  
 And saw around me the wide field revive  
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring  
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.<sup>11</sup>

## xxxI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each  
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make  
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach  
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;  
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake  
 Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound of Fame  
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake  
 The fever of vain longing, and the name  
 So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

## xxxII.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling, mourn :  
 The tree will wither long before it fall ;  
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;  
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall  
 In massy hoariness ; the ruin'd wall  
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone ;  
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;  
 The day drags through though storms keep out the sun ;  
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on :

## XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
In every fragment multiplies; and makes  
A thousand images of one that was,  
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;  
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,  
Living in shatter'd guise; and still, and cold,  
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,  
Yet withers on till all without is old,  
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

## XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,  
Vitality of poison,—a quick root  
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were  
As nothing did we die; but Life will suit  
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,  
Like to the apples<sup>16</sup> on the Dead Sea's shore,  
All ashes to the taste: Did man compute  
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er  
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name threescore?

## XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man:  
They are enough; and if thy tale be *true*,  
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,  
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!  
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew  
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—  
“Here, where the sword united nations drew,  
Our countrymen were warring on that day!”  
And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

## XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,  
Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,  
One moment of the mightiest, and again  
On little objects with like firmness fixt ;  
Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been betwixt,  
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been ;  
For daring made thy rise as fall : thou seek'st  
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,  
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene !

## XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou !  
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name  
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now  
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,  
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became  
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert  
A god unto thyself ; nor less the same  
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

## XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,  
Battling with nations, flying from the field ;  
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now  
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield ;  
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,  
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,  
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,  
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,  
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

## XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide  
 With that untaught innate philosophy,  
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,  
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.  
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,  
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled  
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—  
 When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,  
 He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

## XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them  
 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show  
 That just habitual scorn, which could contemn  
 Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so  
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,  
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use  
 Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow;  
 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;  
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

## XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,  
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,  
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock;  
 But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,  
*Their* admiration thy best weapon shone;  
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then  
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)  
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;  
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.<sup>16</sup>

## XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
And *there* hath been thy bane ; there is a fire  
And motion of the soul which will not dwell  
In its own narrow being, but aspire  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;  
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,  
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,  
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

## XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad  
By their contagion ; Conquerors and Kings,  
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add  
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things  
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,  
And are themselves the fools to those they fool ;  
Envi'd, yet how unenviable ! what stings  
Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a school  
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule :

## XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,  
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,  
That should their days, surviving perils past,  
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast  
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;  
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste  
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,  
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

## XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,  
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,  
*Round* him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

## XLVI.

Away with these ! true Wisdom's world will be  
Within its own creation, or in thine,  
Maternal Nature ! for who seems like thee,  
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine ?  
There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
And chieftless castles breathing stern farewells  
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

## XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenantless, save to the cramping wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
There was a day when they were young and proud ;  
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below ;  
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

## XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,  
 Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud state  
 Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date.  
 What want these outlaws<sup>17</sup> conquerors should have  
 But History's purchased page to call them great ?  
 A wider space, an ornamented grave ?  
 Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

## XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !  
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,  
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride,  
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide ;  
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on  
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won,  
 Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

## L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river !  
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow  
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever  
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see  
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
 Earth paved like Heaven ; and to seem such to me,  
 Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it should Lethe be.

## LII.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,  
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,  
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks ;  
Their very graves are gone, and what are they ?  
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,  
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream  
Glass'd, with its dancing light, the sunny ray ;  
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream  
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

## LIII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,  
Yet not insensible to all which here  
Awoke the jocund birds to early song  
In glens which might have made even exile dear :  
Though on his brow were graven lines austere,  
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en the place  
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,  
Joy was not always absent from his face,  
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

## LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days  
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.  
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
On such as smile upon us ; the heart must  
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust  
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings : thus he felt,  
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust  
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,  
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.



## LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,  
For this in such as him seems strange of mood, —  
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,  
Even in its earliest nurture ; what subdued,  
To change like this, a mind so far imbued  
With scorn of man, it little boots to know ;  
But thus it was ; and though in solitude  
Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,  
In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased to glow.

## LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,  
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties  
Than the church links withal ; and, though unwed,  
*That* love was pure, and, far above disguise,  
Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
Still undivided, and cemented more  
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes ;  
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore  
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour !

## L.

The castled crag of Drachenfels<sup>17</sup>  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,

And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see  
With double joy wert *thou* with me.<sup>19</sup>

2.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray ;  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

3.

I send the lilies given to me ;  
Though long before thy hand they touch,  
I know that they must wither'd be,  
But yet reject them not as such ;  
For I have cherish'd them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,  
And offer'd from my heart to thine !

## L.

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round :  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here ;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

## LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,  
There is a small and simple pyramid,  
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound ;  
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,  
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid  
Honour to Marceau ! o'er whose early tomb  
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,  
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,  
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

## LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—  
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;  
And fitly may the stranger lingering here  
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;  
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,  
The few in number, who had not o'erstept  
The charter to chastise which she bestows  
On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.<sup>29</sup>

## LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein,<sup>21</sup> with her shatter'd wall  
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her height  
 Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball  
 Rebounding idly on her strength did light :  
 A tower of victory ! from whence the flight  
 Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain :  
 But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,  
 And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—  
 On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

## LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted  
 The stranger fain would linger on his way !  
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united  
 Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;  
 And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey  
 On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,  
 Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,  
 Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,  
 Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

## LX.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !  
 There can be no farewell to scene like thine ;  
 The mind is colour'd by thy every hue ;  
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
 Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine !<sup>22</sup>  
 'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise ;  
 More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,  
 But none unite in one attaching maze  
 The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days,

## LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom  
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,  
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,  
The wild rocks shaped, as they had turrets been,  
In mockery of man's art ; and these withal  
A race of faces happy as the scene,  
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,  
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall.

## LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, as to show  
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

## LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,  
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—  
Morat ! the proud, the patriot field ! where man  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain ;  
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,  
A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
Themselves their monument ;—the Stygian coast  
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.<sup>23</sup>

## LXIV.

While Waterloo with Canne's carnage vies,  
 Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;  
 They were true Glory's stainless victories,  
 Won by the unambitious heart and hand  
 Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,  
 All unbought champions in no princely cause  
 Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land  
 Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws  
 Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

## LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
 A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;  
 'Tis the last remnant of the rack of years,  
 And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd gaze  
 Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
 Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands  
 Making a marvel that it not decays,  
 When the coeval pride of human hands,  
 Level'd Avenicum,<sup>24</sup> hath strew'd her subject lands.

## LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—  
 Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave  
 Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim  
 Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.  
 Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave  
 The life she lived in; but the judge was just,  
 And then she died on him she could not save.  
 Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,  
 And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.<sup>25</sup>

## LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,  
And names that must not wither, though the earth  
Forgets her empires with a just decay,  
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth;  
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth  
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,  
And from its immortality look forth  
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,<sup>26</sup>  
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

## LXVIII.

Lake Lemán woos me with its crystal face,  
The mirror where the stars and mountains view  
The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:  
There is too much of man here, to look through  
With a fit mind the might which I behold;  
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew  
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,  
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

## LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:  
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil  
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil  
Of our infection, till too late and long  
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,  
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong  
Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

## LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years  
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
 Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,  
 And colour things to come with hues of Night ;  
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
 To those that walk in darkness : on the sea,  
 The boldest steer but where their ports invite ;  
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

## LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake ?  
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,<sup>27</sup>  
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make  
 A fair but froward infant her own care,  
 Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—  
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear ?

## LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become  
 Portion of that around me ; and to me  
 High mountains are a feeling,<sup>28</sup> but the hum  
 Of human cities torture : I can see  
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be  
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,  
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain  
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.



## LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life ;  
I look upon the peopled desert past,  
As on a place of agony and strife,  
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,  
To aet and suffer, but remount at last  
With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to spring,  
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast  
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,  
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

## LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free  
From what it hates in this degraded form,  
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be  
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—  
When elements to elements conform,  
And dust is as it should be, shall I not  
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?  
The bodiless thought ? the Spirit of each spot ?  
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot ?

## LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?  
Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
With a pure passion ? should I not contemn  
All objects, if compared with these ? and stem  
A tide of suffering, rather than forego  
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm  
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,  
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow ?

## LXXVI.

But this is not my theme ; and I return  
To that which is immediate, and require  
Those who find contemplation in the urn,  
To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,  
A native of the land where I respire  
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,  
Where he became a being,—whose desire  
Was to be glorious ; 'twas a foolish quest,  
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest

## LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,  
The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
Enchantment over passion, and from woe  
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew  
The breath which made him wretched ; <sup>29</sup> yet he knew  
How to make madness beautiful, and cast  
O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue  
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past  
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

## LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence :—as a tree  
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame  
Kindled he was, and blasted ; for to be  
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.  
But his was not the love of living dame,  
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,  
But of ideal beauty, which became  
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems  
Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

## LXXXIX.

*This* breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*  
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;  
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss<sup>31</sup>  
Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,  
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet ;  
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast  
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat ;  
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest  
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

## LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,  
Or friends by him self-banish'd ; for his mind  
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,  
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,<sup>32</sup>  
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.  
But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may know ?  
Since cause might be which skill could never find ;  
But he was phrensied by disease or woe,  
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

## LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,  
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,  
Those oracles which set the world in flame,  
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more :  
Did he not this for France ? which lay before  
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years ?  
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,  
Till by the voice of him and his compeers,  
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears ?

## LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument !  
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,  
Breathed from the birth of time : the veil they rent,  
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.  
But good with ill they also overthrew,  
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild  
Upon the same foundation, and renew  
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refill'd,  
As heretofore, because ambition was self-wil'd.

## LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured !  
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.  
They might have used it better, but, allured  
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt  
On one another ; pity ceased to melt  
With her once natural charities. But they,  
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,  
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day ;  
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey ?

## LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a sear ?  
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
That which disfigures it ; and they who war  
With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear  
Silence, but not submission : in his lair  
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour  
Which shall atone for years ; none need despair :  
It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power  
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.

## LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,<sup>32</sup>  
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing  
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction; once I loved  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,  
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

## LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear  
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

## LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

## LXXXVIII.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !  
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,  
 That in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are  
 A beauty and a mystery, and create  
 In us such love and reverence from afar,  
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

## LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,  
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;  
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—  
 All heaven and earth are still : From the high host  
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,  
 All is concenter'd in a life intense,  
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
 But hath a part of being, and a sense  
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

## xc.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;  
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt,  
 And purifies from self : it is a tone,  
 The soul and source of music, which makes known  
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm  
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
 Binding all things with beauty ;—'twould disarm  
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

## XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
 His altar the high places, and the peak  
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains,<sup>33</sup> and thus take  
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
 The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,  
 Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare  
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,  
 With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,  
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

## XCII.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,<sup>34</sup>  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

## XCIII.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

xciv.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between  
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted  
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted ;  
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,  
 Love was the very root of the fond rage  
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed :—  
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage :

xcv.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,  
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :  
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,  
 Flashing and cast around : of all the band,  
 The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd  
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,  
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

xcvi.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye !  
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll  
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.<sup>45</sup>  
 But where of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ?  
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?  
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?



## xcvii.

Could I embody and unbosom now  
That which is most within me,—could I wreak  
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,  
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,  
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,  
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak ;  
But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

## xcviii.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—  
And glowing into day : we may resume  
The march of our existence : and thus I,  
Still on thy shores, fair Lemn ! may find room  
And food for meditation, nor pass by  
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

## xcix.

Clarens ! sweet Clarens<sup>35</sup> birthplace of deep Love !  
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought ;  
Thy trees take root in Love ; the snows above  
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,  
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought<sup>37</sup>  
By rays which sleep there lovingly : the rocks,  
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought  
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,  
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

c.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—  
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne  
To which the steps are mountains ; where the god  
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown  
Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower  
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,  
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power  
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

ct.

All things are here of *him* ; from the black pines,  
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar  
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines  
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,  
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,  
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,  
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,  
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,  
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

ctt.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,  
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,  
And innocently open their glad wings,  
Fearless and full of life : the gush of springs,  
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings  
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,  
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

## ciii.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that love,  
 And make his heart a spirit; he who knows  
 That tender mystery, will love the more;  
 For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,  
 And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,  
 For 'tis his nature to advance or die;  
 He stands not still, but or decays, or grows  
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

## civ.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
 Peopling it with affections;<sup>37</sup> but he found  
 It was the scene which passion must allot  
 To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground  
 Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,  
 And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,  
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
 And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone  
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

## cv.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes  
 Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;<sup>38</sup>  
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,  
 A path to perpetuity of fame:  
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim  
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
 Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame  
 Of Heaven again assail'd, if Heaven the while  
 On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

## CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child  
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
 A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—  
 Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;  
 He multiplied himself amoung mankind,  
 The Proteus of their talents : But his own  
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,  
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—  
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

## CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,  
 And living wisdom with each studious year,  
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,  
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;  
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,  
 And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,  
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

## CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,  
 If merited, the penalty is paid ;  
 It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn ;  
 The hour must come when such things shall be made  
 Known unto all, or hope and dread allay'd  
 By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,  
 Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd ;  
 And when it shall revive, as is our trust,  
 'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

cix.

But let me quit man's works, again to read  
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend  
This page, which from my reveries I feed,  
Until it seems prolonging without end.  
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,  
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er  
May be permitted, as my steps I bend  
To their most great and growing region, where  
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

cx.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,  
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,  
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages  
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;  
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still,  
The fount at which the panting mind assuages  
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her till,  
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

cxi.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel  
We are not what we have been, and to deem  
We are not what we should be, and to steel  
The heart against itself; and to conceal,  
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—  
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—  
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,  
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.

## CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,  
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—  
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,  
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile  
My breast, or that of others, for a while.  
Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot ;  
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

## CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me ;  
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee,  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud  
In worship of an echo ; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such ; I stood  
Among them, but not of them ; in a shroud  
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could  
Had I not filed <sup>up</sup> my mind, which thus itself subdued.

## CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—  
But let us part fair foes ; I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that there may be  
Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive,  
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
Snares for the failing ; I would also deem  
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve ;<sup>41</sup>  
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,  
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

## CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun ;  
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end ;  
I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee ; thou art the friend  
To whom the shadows of far years extend :  
Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,  
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,  
And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold,  
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.<sup>42</sup>

## CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development, to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch  
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee !  
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—  
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me ;  
Yet this was in my nature : as it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

## CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,  
I know that thou wilt love me ; though my name  
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught  
With desolation, and a broken claim :  
Though the grave closed between us,—'twere the same,  
I know that thou wilt love me ; though to drain  
*My* blood from out thy being were an aim,  
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—  
Still thou would'st love me, still that more than life retain.

## cxviii.

The child of love, though born in bitterness,  
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire  
These were the elements, and thine no less.  
As yet such are around thee, but thy fire  
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.  
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea  
And from the mountains where I now respire,  
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,  
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!<sup>43</sup>



CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

— ♦ —

CANTO THE FOURTH.

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“Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,  
Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra  
Italia, e un mare e l'altro, che la bagna.”

*Ariosto, Satira iii.*

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## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO IV.



THE first Canto of *Childe Harold* treats chiefly of Spain, the second of Greece, the third of the Rhine and Switzerland. In the autumn of 1816 Lord Byron removed to Italy, and it is to Italy that he devoted the fourth Canto,—which in the opinion of many is the noblest effort of his genius. It was begun at Venice in June, 1817, and there finished in January, 1818; and having been bought for 2000 guineas, and shortly afterwards published, carried the author's fame to its utmost height. The decaying prisons and palaces of Venice, the ruins and relics of ancient Rome, the contrast between what they were and what they had been, were eminently adapted for majestic description and mournful moralising. His contemplations had gone on increasing in power, and the fourth Canto—the most thoughtful, and the most solemn of all his pieces—would alone justify the inscription on his tombstone—"Here lies the Author of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*." The defects of the poem, taken as a whole, are not very serious. In places it is obscure; the language is sometimes a little laboured and exaggerated; a few of the sentiments are repeated; and for all its conciseness of phrase, the incidents are occasionally dwelt on too long. There was one subject to which his perpetual recurrence only kept alive interest. As the lyre of Anacreon, whatever topic he tried reverted to love, so every theme conducted Lord Byron to his sorrows and wrongs. He often alludes to the pride of a heart which would rather break than reveal its woes, but in truth his passions found vent in verse, and he confided them to the public, even while daring its decrees. The most general objection made to the poem was its sombre misanthropy. He held, with Horace Walpole, that life is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel. Man was but miserable dust and ashes; honour and friendship but a name; all pursuits but vanity and vexation, and he argued that Solomon and a host of divines had declared the same. But Lord Byron did not show the emptiness of earth that he might lead to the skies, nor expose the frailty of our natures that we might tolerate it in others and subdue it in ourselves. His was that dreary, blighting philosophy

"Which will not look beyond the tomb,  
And cannot hope for rest before."

A multitude of imitators borrowed his creed and personated his character. They imagined they became more interesting by seeming to be miserable, and that pretending to despise the world was to place themselves above it. These affectations have long since passed away, and however much his readers may still be carried along by the dark heavings of his tempestuous soul, they stand safe at the conclusion upon the firm-set shore.

TO  
JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S.,

&c. &c. &c.

VENICE, *January 2, 1818.*

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of *Childe Harold*, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to *Childe Harold*, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting ;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth ; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery ; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship ; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,\* but which cannot

\* His marriage.

poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject are *now* a matter of indifference: the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections: and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us,—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—“Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l'antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima.” Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that “La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova.” Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched “longing after immortality,”—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers' chorus, “Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima,” it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,—

“Non movero mai corda  
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda.”

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to enquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus ; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, "Verily they *will have* their reward," and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state ; \* and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged

And affectionate friend,

BYRON.

\* [Besides the notes from the pen of this wisest and truest of Lord Byron's friends, which are appended to the poem, Mr. Hobhouse published a volume entitled "Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold." The volume and the notes are both written with unusual elegance, and for their substance we have the testimony of Lord Byron, that Mr. Hobhouse had greater knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman since Gibbon.]

## CANTO THE FOURTH.



I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
A palace and a prison on each hand :  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Look'd to the winged Lion's<sup>2</sup> marble piles,  
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,<sup>3</sup>  
Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
A ruler of the waters and their powers :  
And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

## III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,<sup>4</sup>  
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear :  
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.  
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

## IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
Her name in story, and her long array  
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;  
Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,  
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—  
The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,  
For us re-peopled were the solitary shore.

## V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray  
And more beloved existence ; that which Fate  
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,  
First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;  
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,  
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.



## VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,  
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy ;  
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,  
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye :  
Yet there are things whose strong reality  
Outshines our fairy-land ; in shape and hues  
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,  
And the strange constellations which the Muse  
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse :

## VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go,—  
They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams ;  
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so :  
I could replace them if I would ; still teems  
My mind with many a form which aptly seems  
Such as I sought for, and at moments found ;  
Let these too go—for waking Reason deems  
Such over-weening phantasies unsound,  
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

## VIII.

I've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes  
Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind  
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise ;  
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find  
A country with—ay, or without mankind ;  
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,—  
Not without cause ; and should I leave behind  
The inviolate island of the sage and free,  
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

## IX.

Perhaps I loved it well; and should I lay  
 My ashes in a soil which is not mine,  
 My spirit shall resume it—if we may  
 Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine  
 My hopes of being remember'd in my line  
 With my land's language: if too fond and far  
 These aspirations in their scope incline,—  
 If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
 Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

## X.

My name from out the temple where the dead  
 Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—  
 And light the laurels on a loftier head!  
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
 "Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."  
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;  
 The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree  
 I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed:  
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

## XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;  
 And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,  
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,  
 Neglected garment of her widowhood!<sup>6</sup>  
 St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood?  
 Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,  
 Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,  
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour  
 When Venice was a queen with an unequal'd dower.

## XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—<sup>9</sup>  
 An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt;  
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains  
 Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt  
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt  
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go  
 Like lawine loosen'd from the mountain's belt;  
 Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!<sup>9</sup>  
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

## XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,  
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;  
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass?<sup>10</sup>  
 Are they not *bridled*?—Venice, lost and won,  
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,  
 Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!<sup>11</sup>  
 Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,  
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,  
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

## XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre;  
 Her very by-word sprung from victory,  
 The “Planter of the Lion,”<sup>12</sup> which through fire  
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;  
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,  
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;  
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia!<sup>13</sup> Vouch it, ye  
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!  
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

## xv.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file  
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust ;  
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile  
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ;  
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,  
 Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,  
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must  
 Too oft remind her who and what enthral,"  
 Have hung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

## xvi.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,  
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,  
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,"  
 Her voice their only ransom from afar :  
 See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car  
 Of the o'er-master'd victor stops, the reins  
 Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar  
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,  
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

## xvii.

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

## XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood ; she to me  
Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
Rising like water-columns from the sea,  
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;  
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,<sup>14</sup>  
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,  
Although I found her thus, we did not part ;  
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,  
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

## XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of  
The present there is still for eye and thought,  
And meditation chasten'd down, enough ;  
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought ;  
And of the happiest moments which were wrought  
Within the web of my existence, some  
From thee, fair Venice ! have their colours caught :  
There are some feelings Time can not benumb,  
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

## XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow<sup>17</sup>  
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,  
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below  
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks  
Of eddying storms ; yet springs the trunk, and mocks  
The howling tempest, till its height and frame  
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks  
Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,  
And grew a giant tree ;—the mind may grow the same.

## XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root  
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode  
In bare and desolated bosoms : mute  
The camel labours with the heaviest load,  
And the wolf dies in silence ; not bestow'd  
In vain should such example be ; if they,  
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,  
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay  
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

## XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,  
Even by the sufferer ; and, in each event,  
Ends : Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd,  
Return to whence they came—with like intent,  
And weave their web again ; some, bow'd and bent,  
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,  
And perish with the reed on which they leant ;  
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or erime,  
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.

## XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued  
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
Scarcely seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued ;  
And slight withal may be the things which bring  
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
Aside for ever : it may be a sound—  
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—  
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,  
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound ;

## XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace  
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,  
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface  
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,  
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,  
When least we deem of such, calls up to view  
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—  
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead—*anew*,  
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many ! yet how few !

## XXV.

But my soul wanders ; I demand it back  
To meditate amongst decay, and stand  
A ruin amidst ruins ; there to track  
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land  
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,  
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be  
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand ;  
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,  
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea,

## XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome !  
And even since, and now, fair Italy !  
Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree ;  
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee ?  
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility ;  
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

## XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night ;  
Sunset divides the sky with her ; a sea  
Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
Of blue Friuli's mountains ; Heaven is free  
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—  
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—  
Where the Day joins the past Eternity ;  
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
Floats through the azure air, an island of the blest !<sup>18</sup>

## XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still  
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,  
As Day and Night contending were, until  
Nature reclaim'd her order : gently flows  
The deep-dyed Brenta,—where their hues instil  
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,—

## XXIX.

Fil'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,  
Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
Their magical variety diffuse :  
And now they change ; a paler shadow strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new colour as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.



## XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—rear'd in air,  
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose  
The bones of Laura's lover : here repair  
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :  
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name<sup>49</sup>  
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

## XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ;  
The mountain-village where his latter days  
Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their pride—  
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,  
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze  
His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain  
And venerably simple, such as raise  
A feeling more accordant with his strain  
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.<sup>50</sup>

## XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt  
Is one of that complexion which seems made  
For those who their mortality have felt,  
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd<sup>51</sup>  
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,  
Which shows a distant prospect far away  
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,  
For they can lure no further ; and the ray  
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

## XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,  
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,  
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours  
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye  
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.  
If from society we learn to live,  
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;  
It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give  
No hollow aid ; alone —man with his God must strive :

## XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair<sup>22</sup>  
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey  
In melancholy bosoms, such as were  
Of moody texture from their earliest day,  
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,  
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom  
Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;  
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,  
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

## XXXV.

Ferrara !<sup>23</sup> in thy wide and grass-grown streets,  
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,  
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats  
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood  
Of Este, which for many an age made good  
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore  
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood  
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore  
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

## XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.  
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!  
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame:  
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:  
The miserable despot could not quell  
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend  
With the surrounding manias, in the hell  
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end  
Scatter'd the clouds away; and on that name attend

## XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time; while thine  
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink  
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line  
Is shaken into nothing—but the link  
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think  
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn:  
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink  
From thee! if in another station born,  
Scarcely fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn:

## XXXVIII.

*Thou!* form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,  
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou  
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty:  
*He!* with a glory round his furrow'd brow,  
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,  
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,  
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow<sup>21</sup>  
No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,  
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!

## XXXIX.

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

## XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,  
 Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,  
 The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose  
 The Tuscan father's comedy divine;  
 Then, not unequal to the Florentine,  
 The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth  
 A new creation with his magic line,  
 And, like the Ariosto of the North,<sup>26</sup>  
 Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

## XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust<sup>26</sup>  
 The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves;  
 Nor was the ominous element unjust,  
 For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves  
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,<sup>27</sup>  
 And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;  
 Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,  
 Know, that the lightning sanctifies below<sup>28</sup>  
 Whate'er it strikes;—you head is doubly sacred now.

## XLII.

Italia! oh, Italia! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,  
And annals graved in characters of flame.  
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

## XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal; or, less desired,  
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord  
For thy destructive charms; then, still untired,  
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd  
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde  
Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po  
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.<sup>29</sup>

## XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,<sup>30</sup>  
The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,  
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim  
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,  
Came Megara before me, and behind  
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,  
And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined  
Along the prow, and saw all these unite  
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight;

## XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd  
 Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,  
 Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd  
 The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,  
 And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.  
 The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,  
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite  
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page  
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

## XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine  
*His* country's ruin added to the mass  
 Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,  
 And I in desolation: all that *was*  
 Of then destruction *is*; and now, alas!  
 Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,  
 In the same dust and blackness, and we pass  
 The skeleton of her Titanic form,<sup>31</sup>  
 Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

## XLVII.

Yet, Italy! through every other land  
 Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;<sup>32</sup>  
 Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy hand  
 Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;  
 Parent of our Religion! whom the wide  
 Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!  
 Europe, repentant of her parricide,  
 Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,  
 Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

## XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,  
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps  
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls.  
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
 Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps  
 To laughing life, with her redundant horn.  
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps  
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,  
 And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

## XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills<sup>33</sup>  
 The air around with beauty; we inhale  
 The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils  
 Part of its immortality; the veil  
 Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale  
 We stand, and in that form and face behold  
 What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;  
 And to the fond idolaters of old  
 Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould:

## L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart<sup>34</sup>  
 Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—  
 Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,  
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.  
 Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,  
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,  
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:  
 Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dardan Shepherd's prize.

## LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?  
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,  
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies  
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War?  
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,  
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,  
Feeding on thy sweet cheek!<sup>39</sup> while thy lips are  
With lava kisses melting while they burn,  
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn!

## LII.

Glowing, and circumsufused in speechless love,  
Their full divinity inadequate  
That feeling to express, or to improve,  
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate  
Has moments like their brightest; but the weight  
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!  
We can recall such visions, and create,  
From what has been, or might be, things which grow  
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

## LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,  
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell  
How well his connoisseurship understands  
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:  
Let these describe the undescribable:  
I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream  
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;  
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream  
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.



## LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie<sup>36</sup>  
 Ashes which make it holier, dust which is  
 Even in itself an immortality,  
 Though there were nothing save the past, and this,  
 The particle of those sublimities  
 Which have relapsed to chaos : here repose  
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,<sup>37</sup>  
 The starry Galileo, with his woes ;  
 Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose.<sup>38</sup>

## LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,  
 Might furnish forth creation :—Italy !  
 Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents  
 Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,  
 And hath denied, to every other sky,  
 Spirits which soar from ruin : thy decay  
 Is still impregnate with divinity,  
 Which gilds it with revivifying ray ;  
 Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

## LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—  
 Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,  
 The Bard of Prose, creative spirit ! he  
 Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay  
 Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay  
 In death as life ? Are they resolved to dust,  
 And have their country's marbles nought to say ?  
 Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust ?  
 Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust ?

## LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,<sup>39</sup>  
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore :<sup>40</sup>  
 Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,  
 Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore  
 Their children's children would in vain adore  
 With the remorse of ages ; and the crown<sup>41</sup>  
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,  
 Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,  
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

## LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd<sup>42</sup>  
 His dust,—and lies it not her great among,  
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed  
 O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?  
 That music in itself, whose sounds are song,  
 The poetry of speech? No ;—even his tomb  
 Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,  
 No more amidst the meaner dead find room,  
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom*!

## LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust ;  
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore  
 The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,  
 Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more :<sup>43</sup>  
 Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,  
 Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps  
 The immortal exile ;—Arqua, too, her store  
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,  
 While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

## LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones,  
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues  
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones  
Of merchant-dukes?—<sup>44</sup> the momentary dews  
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse  
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,  
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,  
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread  
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

## LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes  
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,  
Where sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;  
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;  
For I have been accustom'd to entwine  
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,  
Than Art in galleries: though a work divine  
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields  
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

## LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam  
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles  
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;  
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles  
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles  
The host between the mountains and the shore,<sup>45</sup>  
Where courage falls in her despairing files,  
And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,  
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er,

## LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;  
And such the storm of battle on this day,  
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds  
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,  
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away !<sup>46</sup>  
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,  
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet ;  
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !

## LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark  
Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw  
The Ocean round, but had no time to mark  
The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,  
In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe  
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds  
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw  
From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds  
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

## LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;  
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;  
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain  
Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—  
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—  
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;  
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

## LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave<sup>47</sup>  
Of the most living crystal that was e'er  
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave  
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear  
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer  
Grazes; <sup>48</sup> the purest god of gentle waters!  
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;  
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—  
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

## LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a temple still,  
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,  
Upon a mild declivity of hill,  
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps  
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps  
The finny darter with the glittering scales,  
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;  
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails  
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.<sup>49</sup>

## LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!  
If through the air a zephyr more serene  
Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace  
Along his margin a more eloquent green,  
If on the heart the freshness of the scene  
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust  
Of weary life a moment lave it clean  
With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must  
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

## LXIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
 The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
 The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
 And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

## LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,<sup>50</sup>  
 Is an eternal April to the ground,  
 Making it all one emerald:—how profound  
 The gulf! and how the giant element  
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

## LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
 More like the fountain of an infant sea  
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
 Of a new world, than only thus to be  
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
 With many windings, through the vale: <sup>51</sup>—Look back!  
 Lo! where it comes like an eternity,  
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,<sup>52</sup>

## LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,  
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,  
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,<sup>33</sup>  
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
 By the distracted waters, bears serene  
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:  
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

## LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,  
 The infant Alps, which—had I not before  
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine  
 Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar<sup>34</sup>  
 The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd more;  
 But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear  
 Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar  
 Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and near,  
 And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

## LXXIV.

Th' Aeroceraunian mountains of old name;  
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly  
 Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,  
 For still they soar'd unutterably high:  
 I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;  
 Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made  
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,  
 All, save the lone Soracte's height,<sup>35</sup> display'd  
 Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

## LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain  
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,  
 And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain  
 May he, who will, his recollections rake,  
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake  
 The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorr'd  
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,  
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word<sup>56</sup>  
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

## LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd  
 My sickening memory; and, though Time hath taught  
 My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,  
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought  
 By the impatience of my early thought,  
 That, with the freshness wearing out before  
 My mind could relish what it might have sought,  
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
 Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

## LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,  
 Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse  
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,  
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse;  
 Although no deeper Moralist rehearse  
 Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,  
 Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,  
 Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,  
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.



## LXXVIII.

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

## LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,<sup>7</sup>  
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;  
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,  
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;  
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;<sup>8</sup>  
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,  
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?  
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

## LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,  
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;<sup>9</sup>  
 She saw her glories star by star expire,  
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,  
 Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide  
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:  
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,  
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
 And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

## LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,  
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap  
 All round us ; we but feel our way to err :  
 The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,  
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap ;  
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer  
 Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap  
 Our hands, and cry " Eureka ! " it is clear—  
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

## LXXXII.

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas !  
 The trebly hundred triumphs ! <sup>60</sup> and the day  
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !  
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
 And Livy's pictured page !— but these shall be  
 Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.  
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see  
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free !

## LXXXIII.

Oh, thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,  
 Triumphant Sylla ! Thou, who didst subdue  
 Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel  
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due  
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew  
 O'er prostrate Asia ;—thou, who with thy frown  
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,  
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down  
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown,

## LXXXIV.

Thy dictatorial wreath<sup>a</sup>—couldst thou divine  
To what would one day dwindle that which made  
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine  
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?  
She who was named Eternal, and array'd  
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd  
Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,  
Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,  
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hail'd!

## LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own,  
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell!—he  
Too swept off senates while he hew'd the throne  
Down to a block—immortal rebel! See  
What crimes it costs to be a moment free,  
And famous through all ages! but beneath  
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;  
His day of double victory and death  
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.<sup>a</sup>

## LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course  
Had all but crown'd him, on the selfsame day  
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,  
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.  
And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway,  
And all we deem delightful, and consume  
Our souls to compass through each arduous way,  
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?  
Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

## LXXXVII

And thou, dread statue ! yet existent in<sup>63</sup>  
 The ansterest form of naked majesty,  
 Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,  
 At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,  
 Folding his robe in dying dignity,  
 An offering to thine altar from the queen  
 Of gods and men, great Nemesis ! did he die,  
 And thou, too, perish, Pompey ? have ye been  
 Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene ?

## LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome !<sup>64</sup>  
 She-wolf ! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart  
 The milk of conquest yet within the dome  
 Where, as a monument of antique art,  
 Thou standest :—Mother of the mighty heart,  
 Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,  
 Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,  
 And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet  
 Guard thine immortal eubs, nor thy fond charge forget !

## LXXXIX.

Thou dost ; but all thy foster-babes are dead—  
 The men of iron ; and the world hath rear'd  
 Cities from out their sepulchres : men bled  
 In imitation of the things they fear'd,  
 And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd,  
 At apish distance ; but as yet none have,  
 Nor could, the same supremacy have rear'd,  
 Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,  
 But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind  
 Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old  
 With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind  
 Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,<sup>65</sup>  
 With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,  
 And an immortal instinct which redeem'd  
 The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,  
 Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd  
 At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd! But the man  
 Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,  
 Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,  
 Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,  
 With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be  
 A listener to itself, was strangely framed;  
 With but one weakest weakness—vanity,  
 Coquettish in ambition, still he aim'd—  
 At what? can he avouch, or answer what he claim'd?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait  
 For the sure grave to level him; few years  
 Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,  
 On whom we tread: For *this* the conqueror rears  
 The arch of triumph! and for *this* the tears  
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,  
 An universal deluge, which appears  
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,  
 And ebbs but to reflow!—Renew thy rainbow, God!

## xciii.

What from this barren being do we reap?  
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,<sup>56</sup>  
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,  
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;  
 Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil  
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right  
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale  
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright,  
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light.

## xciv.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,  
 Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,  
 Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,  
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage  
 To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage  
 War for their chains, and rather than be free,  
 Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage  
 Within the same arena where they see  
 Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

## xcv.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between  
 Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,  
 Averr'd, and known, and daily, hourly seen—  
 The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,  
 And the intent of tyranny avow'd,  
 The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown  
 The apes of him who humbled once the proud,  
 And shook them from their slumbers on the throne:  
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

## xcvi.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,  
 And Freedom find no champion and no child  
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
 Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefil'd ?  
 Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,  
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar  
 Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled  
 On infant Washington? Has Earth no more  
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore ?

## xcvii.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,  
 And fatal have her Saturnalia been  
 To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime ;  
 Because the deadly days which we have seen,  
 And vile Ambition, that built up between  
 Man and his hopes an adamant wall,  
 And the base pageant last upon the scene,  
 Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall  
 Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

## xcviii.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,  
 Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,  
 The loudest still the tempest leaves behind ;  
 Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,  
 Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,  
 But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find  
 Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North ;  
 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,<sup>66</sup>  
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,  
 Such as an army's baffled strength delays,  
 Standing with half its battlements alone,  
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,  
 The garland of eternity, where wave  
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown ;—  
 What was this tower of strength ? within its cave  
 What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid ?—A woman's grave.

c.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,  
 Tomb'd in a palace ? Was she chaste and fair ?  
 Worthy a king's or more—a Roman's bed ?  
 What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear ?  
 What daughter of her beauties was the heir ?  
 How lived, how loved, how died she ? Was she not  
 So honour'd—and conspicuously there,  
 Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,  
 Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot ?

ci.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they  
 Who love the lords of others ? such have been  
 Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.  
 Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,  
 Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,  
 Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,  
 Inveterate in virtue ? Did she lean  
 To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar  
 Love from amongst her griefs ?—for such the affections are.



## cii.

Perchance she died in youth : it may be, bow'd  
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb  
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud  
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom  
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom  
Heaven gives its favourites—early death ; yet shed<sup>o</sup>  
A sunset charm around her, and illum'd  
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,  
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

## ciii.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,  
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray  
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,  
It may be, still a something of the day  
When they were braided, and her proud array  
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed  
By Rome—But whither would Conjecture stray ?  
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,  
The wealthiest Roman's wife : Behold his love or pride !

## civ.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee  
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,  
Thou Tomb ! and other days come back on me  
With recollected music, though the tone  
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan  
Of dying thunder on the distant wind ;  
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone  
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind  
Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind ;

## CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the rocks,  
 Built me a little bark of hope, once more  
 To battle with the ocean and the shocks  
 Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar  
 Which rushes on the solitary shore  
 Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear :  
 But could I gather from the wave-worn store  
 Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer ?  
 There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

## CVI.

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

## CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown  
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd  
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown  
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steep'd  
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,  
 Deeming it midnight :—Temples, baths, or halls ?  
 Pronounce who can : for all that Learning reap'd  
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—  
 Behold the Imperial Mount ! 'tis thus the mighty falls.<sup>79</sup>

## CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales ;<sup>1</sup>  
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,  
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,  
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.  
 And History, with all her volumes vast,  
 Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,  
 Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd  
 All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,  
 Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask— Away with words ! draw near,

## CIX.

Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep,—for here  
 There is such matter for all feeling :— Man !  
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,  
 Ages and realms are crowded in this span,  
 This mountain, whose obliterated plan  
 The pyramid of empires pinnacled,  
 Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van  
 Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd !  
 Where are its golden roofs ? where those who dared to build ?

## CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,  
 Thou namless column with the buried base !  
 What are the laurels of the Caesar's brow ?  
 Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.  
 Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,  
 Titus or Trajan's ? No—'tis that of Time :  
 Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace  
 Scoffing ; and apostolic statues climb  
 To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,<sup>2</sup>

## CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,  
 And looking to the stars: they had contain'd  
 A spirit which with these would find a home,  
 The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,  
 The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,  
 But yielded back his conquests:—he was more  
 Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd  
 With household blood and wine, serenely wore  
 His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore.<sup>73</sup>

## CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place  
 Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep  
 Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,  
 The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap  
 Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap  
 Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,  
 A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—  
 The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,  
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

## CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:  
 Here a proud people's passions were exhale'd,  
 From the first hour of empire in the bud  
 To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd;  
 But long before had Freedom's face been veil'd,  
 And Anarchy assumed her attributes;  
 Till every lawless soldier who assail'd  
 Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,  
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

## CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,  
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,  
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—  
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—  
Rienzi! last of Romans!<sup>54</sup> While the tree  
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,  
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—  
The forum's champion, and the people's chief—  
Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

## CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart<sup>55</sup>  
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art  
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common votary there  
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

## CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled  
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face  
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,  
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase  
Art's works;<sup>56</sup> nor must the delicate waters sleep,  
Prison'd in marble; bubbling from the base  
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap  
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep

## CXVII.

Fantastically tangled : the green hills  
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass  
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills  
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;  
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,  
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes  
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;  
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,  
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its skies.

## CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,  
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;  
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting  
With her most starry canopy, and seating  
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel ?  
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting  
Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell  
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

## CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,  
Blend a celestial with a human heart ;  
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,  
Share with immortal transports ? could thine art  
Make them indeed immortal, and impart  
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,  
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—  
The dull satiety which all destroys—  
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy's ?

## cxxx.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,  
Or water but the desert! whence arise  
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,  
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,  
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,  
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants  
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion lies  
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants  
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

## cxxxi.

Oh, Love! no habitant of earth thou art;  
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—  
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,—  
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see  
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;  
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,  
Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
And to a thought such shape and image given,  
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd, wearied, wrung, and riven.

## cxxxii.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,  
And fevers into false creation: where,  
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?  
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?  
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare  
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,  
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,  
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,  
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

## cxxxiii.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure  
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds  
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure  
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's  
Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds  
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,  
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;  
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,  
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most undone.

## cxxxiv.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—  
Sick—sick ; unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,  
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,  
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first --  
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.  
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,  
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—  
For all are meteors with a different name,  
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

## cxxxv.

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,  
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong  
Necessity of loving, have removed  
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,  
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong ;  
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god  
And miscreator, makes and helps along  
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,  
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod.



## CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature : 'tis not in  
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree,  
 This uneradicable taint of sin,  
 This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,  
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be  
 The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—  
 Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see,  
 And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through  
 The inmedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

## CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base  
 Abandonment of reason to resign  
 Our right of thought—our last and only place  
 Of refuge ; this, at least, shall still be mine :  
 Though from our birth the faculty divine  
 Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,  
 And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine  
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind,  
 The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

## CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,  
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
 Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine  
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine  
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine  
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine  
 Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom  
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

cxxxix

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,  
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,  
And shadows forth its glory. There is given  
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,  
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power  
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

cxxx.

Oh, Time! the beautifier of the dead,  
Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
And only healer when the heart hath bled;  
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,  
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,  
For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,  
Which never loses though it doth defer—  
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift  
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift:

cxxxI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine  
And temple more divinely desolate,  
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,  
Ruins of years, though few, yet full of fate:  
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,  
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne  
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate  
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn  
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

## CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong  
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis !<sup>7</sup>  
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—  
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,  
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss  
For that unnatural retribution—just,  
Had it but been from hands less near—in this  
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust !  
Dost thou not hear my heart ?—Awake ! thou shalt, and must.

## CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd  
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound  
I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd  
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound ;  
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground,  
To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take  
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,  
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake——  
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

## CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now  
I shrink from what is suffer'd : let him speak  
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,  
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak ;  
But in this page a record will I seek.  
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,  
Though I be ashes ; a far hour shall wreak  
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,  
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse !

cxxxv.

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

cxxxvi.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
 Have I not seen what human things could do?  
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few,  
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,  
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,  
 Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,  
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,  
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.<sup>79</sup>

cxxxvii.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:  
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,  
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain;  
 But there is that within me which shall tire  
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;  
 Something unearthly, which they deem not of,  
 Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,  
 Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move  
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

## CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!  
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here  
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour  
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;  
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear  
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear  
That we become a part of what has been,  
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

## CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,  
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.  
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because  
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?  
What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?  
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

## CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow—  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

## EXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;<sup>80</sup>  
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play,  
*There* was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,  
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—<sup>81</sup>  
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire  
 And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

## EXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam ;  
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,  
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream  
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;  
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise  
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,<sup>82</sup>  
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays  
 On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—  
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

## EXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass  
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd ;  
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.  
 Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd ?  
 Alas! developed, opens the decay,  
 When the colossal fabric's form is near'd :  
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

## CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb  
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;  
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,  
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air  
 The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,  
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ;<sup>83</sup>  
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,  
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead :  
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

## CXLV.

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;<sup>84</sup>  
 “ When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;  
 “ And when Rome falls—the World.” From our own land  
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall  
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call  
 Ancient ; and these three mortal things are still  
 On their foundations, and unalter'd all ;  
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,  
 The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

## CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—  
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,  
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time ;<sup>85</sup>  
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods  
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods  
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome !  
 Shalt thou not last ? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods  
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
 Of art and piety—Pantheon !—pride of Rome !

## CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts !  
 Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads  
 A holiness appealing to all hearts—  
 To art a model ; and to him who treads  
 Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds  
 Her light through thy sole aperture ; to those  
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads ;  
 And they who feel for genius may repose  
 Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close.<sup>66</sup>

## CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light <sup>67</sup>  
 What do I gaze on ? Nothing : Look again !  
 Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—  
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain :  
 It is not so ; I see them full and plain—  
 An old man, and a female young and fair,  
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein  
 The blood is nectar :—but what doth she there,  
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare ?

## CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,  
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took  
 Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,  
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook  
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives  
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook  
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—  
 What may the fruit be yet ? I know not—Cain was Eve's.



CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,  
 The milk of his own gift : it is her sire  
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood  
 Born with her birth. No ; he shall not expire  
 While in those warm and lovely veins the fire  
 Of health and holy feeling can provide  
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher  
 Than Egypt's river : from that gentle side  
 Drink, drink and live, old man ! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

CLL.

The starry fable of the Milky Way  
 Has not thy story's purity ; it is  
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,  
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this  
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss  
 Where sparkle distant worlds :—Oh, holiest nurse !  
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss  
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source  
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLLII.

Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on high,<sup>99</sup>  
 Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,  
 Colossal copyist of deformity,  
 Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's  
 Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils  
 To build for giants, and for his vain earth,  
 His shrunken ashes, raise this dome : How smiles  
 The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,  
 To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth !

## CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,<sup>90</sup>  
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—  
 Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!  
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle;<sup>91</sup>  
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell  
 The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;  
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell  
 Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd  
 Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;<sup>92</sup>

## CLIV.

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

## CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
 And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

## CLVI.

Thou movest, but increasing with the advance,  
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,  
Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;  
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonise—  
All musical in its immensities ;  
Rich marbles, richer painting—shrines where flame  
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies  
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame  
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim.

## CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,  
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;  
And as the ocean many bays will make  
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul  
To more immediate objects, and control  
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart  
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
In mighty graduations, part by part,  
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

## CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine : Our outward sense  
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is  
That what we have of feeling most intense  
Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this  
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great  
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,  
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.



## CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlighten'd ; there is more  
 In such a survey than the sat'ing gaze  
 Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore  
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise  
 Of art and its great masters, who could raise  
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan ;  
 The fountain of sublimity displays  
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man  
 Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

## CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see  
 Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—  
 A father's love and mortal's agony  
 With an immortal's patience blending : Vain  
 The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain  
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,  
 The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd chain  
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp  
 Enforces pang on pang, and stiles gasp on gasp.

## CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
 The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
 The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;  
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright  
 With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye  
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might  
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
 Developing in that one glance the Deity.

## CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,  
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast  
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,  
And madden'd in that vision—are exprest  
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd  
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,  
When each conception was a heavenly guest—  
A ray of immortality—and stood,  
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!

## CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven  
The fire which we endure,<sup>99</sup> it was repaid  
By him to whom the energy was given  
Which this poetic marble hath array'd  
With an eternal glory—which, if made  
By human hands, is not of human thought;  
And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid  
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught  
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought.

## CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,  
The being who upheld it through the past?  
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.  
He is no more—these breathings are his last;  
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,  
And he himself as nothing:—if he was  
Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd  
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—  
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

## CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all  
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,  
And spreads the dim and universal pall  
Through which all things grow phantoms ; and the cloud  
Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,  
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays  
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd  
To hover on the verge of darkness ; rays  
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

## CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,  
To gather what we shall be when the frame  
Shall be resolved to something less than this  
Its wretched essence ; and to dream of fame,  
And wipe the dust from off the idle name  
We never more shall hear,—but never more,  
Oh, happier thought ! can we be made the same :  
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore  
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was gore.

## CLXVII.

Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,  
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,  
Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
With some deep and immedicable wound ;  
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,  
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief  
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,  
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief  
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

## CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?  
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?  
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,  
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
Death hush'd that pang for ever : with thee fled  
The present happiness and promised joy  
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

## CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,  
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !  
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,  
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard  
Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had pour'd  
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,  
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !  
The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

## CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;  
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust  
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,  
The love of millions ! How we did entrust  
Futurity to her ! and, though it must  
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd  
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd  
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd  
Like stars to shepherd's eyes :—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

## CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her ;<sup>94</sup> for she sleeps well :  
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue  
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung  
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung  
 Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate<sup>95</sup>  
 Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung  
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight  
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

## CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny ; but no,  
 Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,  
 Good without effort, great without a foe ;  
 But now a bride and mother—and now *there* !  
 How many ties did that stern moment tear !  
 From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast  
 Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,  
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest  
 The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

## CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi !<sup>96</sup> navell'd in the woody hills  
 So far, that the uprooting wind which tears  
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills  
 The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears  
 Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares  
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;  
 And calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears  
 A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,  
 All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.



## CLXXIV.

And near, Albano's scarce divided waves  
 Shine from a sister valley ;—and afar  
 The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves  
 The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,  
 "Arms and the man," whose re-ascending star  
 Rose o'er an empire :—but beneath thy right  
 Tully reposed from Rome ;—and where you bar  
 Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight  
 The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.<sup>97</sup>

## CLXXV.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,  
 And he and I must part,—so let it be,—  
 His task and mine alike are nearly done ;  
 Yet once more let us look upon the sea ;  
 The midland ocean breaks on him and me,  
 And from the Alban Mount we now behold  
 Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we  
 Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold  
 Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

## CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades :<sup>98</sup> long years—  
 Long, though not very many— since have done  
 Their work on both ; some suffering and some tears  
 Have left us nearly where we had begun :  
 Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run ;  
 We have had our reward, and it is here,—  
 That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,  
 And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear  
 As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

## CLXXVII.

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

## CLXXVIII.

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

## CLXXIX.

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

## CLXXX.

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

## CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

## CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,<sup>o</sup>  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—  
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

## CLXXXIII.

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

## CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight; <sup>100</sup> and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

## CLXXXV.

My task is done, my song hath ceased, my theme  
Has died into an echo; it is fit  
The spell should break of this protracted dream.  
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit  
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ;  
Would it were worthier! but I am not now  
That which I have been—and my visions flit  
Less palpably before me—and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

## CLXXXVI.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—  
A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell !  
Ye ! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene  
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell  
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell  
A single recollection, not in vain  
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell ;  
Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,  
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain.



## NOTES TO CANTO THE FIRST.

<sup>1</sup> THE little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock:—"One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cowhouse. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie."

[The opening stanza is not in the original MS.]

<sup>2</sup> ["He cheer'd the bad and did the good affright,  
With concubines," &c.—MS.]

<sup>3</sup> [Mrs. Musters. Before leaving Eugland Lord Byron addressed to her some stanzas which had for their burthen,

"And I must from this land be gone,  
Because I cannot love but one."]

<sup>4</sup> [The old housekeeper at Newstead told Washington Irving, that the licentious life, and the paramours, were mainly a fiction. The interior at Newstead was often loose and irregular, but it never exhibited the profuse luxury and Satanic revelry which he here seems to indicate.]

<sup>5</sup> ["His house, his home, his vassals, and his lands,  
The Dalilabs," &c.—MS.]

The last line of the stanza is an allusion to Lord Byron's original intention to extend his travels to India.]

<sup>6</sup> [In the original draught these two stanzas stood in the place of the lyric "Adieu, adieu! my native shore:"]—

"And of his train there was a henchman page,  
A peasant boy, who served his master well;  
And often would his pranksome prate engage  
Childe Harold's ear, when his proud heart did swell  
With sable thoughts that he disdain'd to tell.  
Then would he smile on him, and Alwin smiled,  
When aught that from his young lips archly fell  
The gloomy frown from Harold's eye beguiled;  
And pleased for a glimpse appear'd the woeful Childe.

Him and one yeoman only did he take  
 To travel eastward to a far countrie ;  
 And, though the boy was griev'd to leave the lake  
 On whose fair banks he grew from infancy,  
 Eftsoons his little heart beat merrily  
 With hope of foreign nations to behold,  
 And many things right marvellous to see,  
 Of which our vaunting voyagers oft have told,  
 In many a tome as true as Mandeville's of old."

After the twenty-fourth stanza was a passage which the poet omitted at the entreaty of his friends :—

"In golden characters right well design'd,  
 First on the list appeareth one 'Junot :'  
 Then certain other glorious names we find,  
 Which rhyme compelleth me to place below :  
 Dull victors ! baffled by a vanquish'd foe,  
 Wheel'd by conyng tongues of laurels due,  
 Stand, worthy of each other, in a row—  
 Sir Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew  
 Dalrymple, scely wight, sore dupe of t'other tew.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styl'd  
 That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome :  
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,  
 And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.  
 For well I wot, when first the news did come,  
 That Vinjera's field by Gaul was lost,  
 For paragraph ne paper scarce had room,  
 Such Peans teen'd for our triumphant host,  
 In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post :

But when Convention sent his handy-work,  
 Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar ;  
 Mayor, aldermen, laid down the uplifed fork ;  
 The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore :  
 Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forebore  
 To question aught, once more with transport leapt,  
 And bit his devilish quill agen, and swore  
 With foe such treaty never should be kept,  
 Then burst the blatant \* beast, and roar'd, and raged, and —slept !

Thus unto Heaven appeal'd the people : Heaven,  
 Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,  
 Decreed, that, ere our generals were forgiven,  
 Inquiry should be held about the thing.  
 But Mercy cloak'd the babes beneath her wing ;  
 And as they spared our foes, so spared we them ;  
 (Where was the pity of our sires for Byng ! †)  
 Yet knaves, not idiots, should the law condemn ;  
 Then live, ye gallant knights ! and bless your Judges' phlegm !"

\* "Blatant beast"—a figure for the mob, I think first used by Smollet in his "Adventures of an Atom." Horace has the "bellua multorum capitum:" in England, fortunately enough, the illustrious mobility have not even *one*.

† By this query it is not meant that our foolish generals should have been shot, but that Byng might have been spared, though the one suffered, and the others escaped, probably for Candide's reason, "pour encourager les autres."



The Canto, in the MS., concludes with another satiric passage, which there follows stanza eighty-six.

“Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,  
Sights, Saints, Antiques, Arts, Anecdotes, and War,  
Go! hie ye hence to Paternoster Row—  
Are they not written in the Book of Carr,\*  
Green Erin’s Knight and Europe’s wandering star!  
Then listen, readers, to the Man of Ink,  
Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar;  
All these are coop’d within one Quarto’s brink,  
This borrow, steal,—don’t buy—and tell us what you think.

There may you read, with spectacles on eyes,  
How many Wellesleys did embark for Spain,  
As if therein they meant to colonize,  
How many troops y-cross’d the laughing main  
That ne’er beheld the said return again:  
How many buildings are in such a place,  
How many leagues from this to yonder plain,  
How many relics each cathedral grace,  
And where Giralda stands on her gigantic base.

There may you read (Oh, Phœbus, save Sir John!  
That these my words prophetic may not err)  
All that was said, or sung, or lost, or won,  
By vaunting Wellesley or by blundering Frere,  
He that wrote half the ‘Needy Knife-Grinder.’ †  
Thus poesy the way to grandeur paves—  
Who would not such diplomatists prefer?  
But cease, my Muse, thy speed some respite craves,  
Leave Legates to their house, and armies to their graves.

Yet here of *Vulpes* mention may be made,  
Who for the Junta modell’d sapient laws,  
Taught them to govern ere they were obey’d:  
Certes, fit teacher to command, because  
His soul Socratic no Xantippe awes;  
Blest with a dame in Virtue’s bosom nurst,—  
With her let silent admiration pause!—  
True to her second husband and her first:  
On such unshaken fame let Satire do its worst.”

The melancholy song to *huez*, at the eighty-fourth stanza, replaced one in a gayer and far inferior strain:—

1.

“Oh never talk again to me  
Of northern climes and British ladies;  
It has not been your lot to see,  
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.

\* Porphyry said, that the prophecies of Daniel were written after their completion, and such may be my fate here; but it requires no second sight to foretel a tome; the first glimpse of the knight was enough. [In a letter written August 6, 1800, Lord Byron says, “I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz; and, like Swift’s barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white.”]

† [The “Needy Knife-grinder,” in the *Anti-Jacobin*, was a joint production of Messrs. Frere and Canning.]

Although her eye be not of blue,  
 Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,  
 How far its own expressive hue  
 The languid azure eye surpasses !

2.

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole  
 The fire, that through those silken lashes  
 In darkest glances seems to roll,  
 From eyes that cannot hide their flashes :  
 And as along her bosom steal  
 In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,  
 You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,  
 And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

3.

Our English maids are long to woo,  
 And frigid even in possession ;  
 And if their charms be fair to view,  
 Their lips are slow at Love's confession .  
 But born beneath a brighter sun,  
 For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,  
 And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—  
 Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz ?

4.

The Spanish maid is no coquette,  
 Nor joys to see a lover tremble,  
 And if she love, or if she hate,  
 Alike she knows not to dissemble.  
 Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—  
 Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely ;  
 And, though it will not bend to gold,  
 'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

5.

The Spanish girl that meets your love  
 Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,  
 For every thought is bent to prove  
 Her passion in the hour of trial.  
 When thronging foemen menace Spain,  
 She dares the deed and shares the danger ;  
 And should her lover press the plain,  
 She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

6.

And when, beneath the evening star,  
 She mingles in the gay Bolero,  
 Or sings to her attuned guitar  
 Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,  
 Or counts her beads with fairy hand  
 Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,  
 Or joins devotion's choral band,  
 To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper ;—

7.

In each her charms the heart must move  
 Of all who venture to behold her ;  
 Then let not maids less fair reprove  
 Because her bosom is not colder :

Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam  
 Where many a soft and melting maid is,  
 But none abroad, and few at home,  
 May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz."]

<sup>7</sup> [This "little page" was Robert Rushton, the son of one of Lord Byron's tenants. "Robert I take with me," says the poet, in a letter to his mother; "I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal." The boy being sickly, Lord Byron, on reaching Gibraltar, sent him back to England.]

[“Our best goss-hawk can hardly fly  
 So merrily along.”—MS.]

[“Oh, master dear ! I do not cry  
 From fear of wave or wind.”—MS.]

<sup>10</sup> [Here follows in the original MS. :—

“My Mother is a high-born dame,  
 And much misliketh me ;  
 She saith my riot bringeth shame  
 On all my ancestry :  
 I had a sister once I ween,  
 Whose tears perhaps will flow ;  
 But her fair face I have not seen  
 For three long years and moe.”]

<sup>11</sup> [William Fletcher, his faithful valet. Notwithstanding that he is made in this stanza to disclaim being timid, Lord Byron says in his letters that he was the reverse of valiant, and that he sighed for home comforts,—beef, beer, and tea, as well as for his wife.]

<sup>12</sup> [“Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
 All this is well to say ;  
 But if I in thy sandals stood,  
 I'd laugh to get away.”—MS.]

<sup>13</sup> [“For who would trust a paramour,  
 Or e'en a wedded freere,  
 Though her blue eyes were streaming o'er,  
 And torn her yellow hair !”—MS.]

<sup>14</sup> [“I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation ; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab.”—*Lord Byron to Mr. Hodgson.*]

<sup>15</sup> [“I do not mean,” Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Dallas, “to exchange the ninth verse of the ‘Good Night.’ I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind ; and Argus we know to be a fable.” In *Don Juan*, also, one of the felicities that are said to await “an honest gentleman” on his return, after a lengthened absence,

“Is that *his* Argus bites him by—the breeches.”

Byron had reason for his rhyme, for he had experienced the treatment from a dog of his own. In the original MS. the ninth stanza was succeeded by what follows :—

“Methinks it would my bosom glad  
 To change my proud estate,  
 And be again a laughing lad  
 With one beloved playmate.  
 Since youth I scarce have pass'd an hour  
 Without disgust or pain,  
 Except sometimes in Lady's bower,  
 Or when the bowl I drain.”]

<sup>16</sup> ["These Lusian brutes, and earth from worst of wretches purge."—MS.]

<sup>17</sup> [On the submission of *Lusitania* to the Moors, they changed the name of the capital, which till then had been Ulisipo, or Lispo; because, in the Arabic alphabet, the letter *p* is not used. Hence, I believe, Lisboa; whence, again, the French Lisbonne, and our Lisbon.—*Byron*, MS.]

<sup>18</sup> ["Which poets, prone to lie, have paved with gold."—MS.]

<sup>19</sup> ["Mid many things that grieve both nose and ee."—MS.]

<sup>20</sup> ["To make amends for the filthiness of Lisbon, and its still filthier inhabitants, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps, in every respect, the most delightful in Europe. It contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial: palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights; a distant view of the sea and the Tagus. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western Highlands with the verdure of the south of France."—*Lord B. to Mrs. Byron*, 1809.]

<sup>21</sup> The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Señora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.—*Note to 1st Edition*. Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed [by Walter Scott] of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Señora de Pena*. It was owing to the want of the *tilde* or mark over the *ñ*, which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Peña* signifies a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted. I do not think it necessary to alter the passage; as though the common acceptation affixed to it is "Our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there.—*Note to 2nd Edition*.

<sup>22</sup> It is a well known fact that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen; but that Englishmen were daily butchered: and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend: had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have "adorned a tale" instead of telling one.

<sup>23</sup> [William Beckford, Esq., son of the once-celebrated alderman, and heir to his enormous wealth, published, at the early age of eighteen, "Memoirs of extraordinary Painters;" and in the following year the romance "Vathek." After sitting for Hindon in several Parliaments, this gifted person fixed for a time his residence in Portugal, where the memory of his magnificence was fresh at the period of Lord Byron's pilgrimage. Returning to England, he realised all the outward shows of Gothic grandeur in his unsubstantial pageant of Fonthill Abbey; and later indulged his fancy with another monument of architectural caprice in the vicinity of Bath, which has been converted since his death into the chapel of a cemetery.]

<sup>24</sup> ["When Wealth and Taste their worst and best have done,  
Meek Peace pollution's lure voluptuous still must shun."—MS.]

<sup>25</sup> The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva. [This is a mistake. "The armistice, the negotiations, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions, were all," says Napier, "commenced, conducted, and concluded at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connection, political, military, or local."]

<sup>26</sup> ["After remaining ten days in Lisbon, we travelled on *horseback* to Seville; a distance of nearly four hundred miles. The horses are excellent: we rode seventy miles a-day."—*B. Letters*, 1809.]

<sup>27</sup> "Her luckless Majesty went subsequently mad; and Dr. Willis, who so dexterously cudgelled kingly perieraniums, could make nothing of hers."—*Byron*, MS. [Willis was accustomed to strike his patients to render them submissive, and disease being, like death, a leveller, he treated kings the same as their subjects. The Queen, after many years of insanity, died at the Brazils in 1816.]

<sup>28</sup> The extent of Mafra is prodigious; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration: we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal. ["About ten miles to the right of Cintra," says Lord Byron in a letter to his mother, "is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence, without elegance. There is a convent annexed: the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin; so that we had a long conversation. They have a large library, and asked me if the English had *any books* in their country."—Mafra was erected by John V., in pursuance of a vow, made in a dangerous fit of illness, to found a convent for the use of the poorest friary in the kingdom. Upon inquiry, this poorest was found at Mafra; where twelve Franciscans lived together in a hut.]

<sup>29</sup> ["Or art's vain fence, like China's vasty wall?"—MS.]

<sup>30</sup> As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has, perhaps, changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors.—1812. [In the Peninsular War the "Lusian slave" proved greatly superior to the "Spanish hind." When commanded by English officers, and brigaded with English troops, the Portuguese made excellent soldiers.]

<sup>31</sup> ["But ere the bounds of Spain have far been pass'd,  
For ever famed in many a noted song."—MS.]

Lord Byron seems to have thus early acquired enough of Spanish to understand the grand body of ancient popular poetry,—unequaled in Europe,—which must ever form the pride of that magnificent language. Of one of the best of the ballads of the Grenada war—the "Romance muy doloroso del sitio y toma de Alhama,"—he has given a beautiful version.]

<sup>32</sup> Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Grenada. [Count Julian's daughter, called Cava by the Moors, is called Florinda by the Spaniards. She is said to have been violated by Roderick, the King of the Goths, and her father, in revenge, invited the Moors to invade Spain. The Goths were defeated, (A.D. 711,) Roderick was killed, and the Moors remained masters of the greater part of the Peninsula, but Pelagius kept them at bay, and even recovered from them portions of the territory they had won.]

<sup>33</sup> [—————"from rock to rock  
Blue columnus soar aloft in sulphurous wreath,  
Fragments on fragments in confusion knock."—MS.]

<sup>34</sup> [The following note was reluctantly suppressed by Lord Byron at the urgent request of a friend. It alludes, *inter alia*, to the then recent publication of Sir Walter Scott's "Vision of Don Roderick," the profits of which had been devoted to the cause of Portuguese patriotism:—"We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately, and their gallantry. Pray Heaven it continue; yet 'would it were bed-time, Ha!, and all were well!' They must fight a great many hours, by 'Shrewsbury clock,' before the number of their slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into 'caçadores,' and what not. I merely state a fact, not confined to Portugal; for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of pro-

tection is disgraceful to our government and governors; for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them. The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the 'Forlorn Hope,'—if the cowards are become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner), pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these 'θρασυ-δειλοι,' (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans); and all the charitable patronymies, from ostentatious A. to diffident Z., and *U. l. s. od.* from 'An Admirer of Valour,' are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd's, and the honour of British benevolence. Well! we have fought, and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes; and, lo! all this is to be done over again! Like Lien Chi (in Goldsmith's Citizen of the World), as we 'grow older, we grow never the better.' It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine* out of *ten*), in the 'bed of honour;' which, as Serjeant Kite says, is considerably larger and more commodious than 'the bed of Ware.' Then they must have a poet to write the 'Vision of Don Perceval,' and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely printed quarto, to rebuild the 'Backwynd' and the 'Canongate,' or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels; and so did his Oriental brother, whom I saw chariotteering over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this 'best of all possible worlds.' Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talavera; and a victory it surely was somewhere, for everybody claimed it. The Spanish despatch and mob called it Cuesta's, and made no great mention of the Viscount; the French called it theirs (to my great discomfiture,—for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris gazette, just as I had killed Sebastiani 'in buckram,' and King Joseph 'in Kendal green'),—and we have not yet determined *what* to call it, or *whose*; for, certes, it was none of our own. Howbeit, Massena's retreat is a great comfort; and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past, no wonder we are a little awkward at first. No doubt we shall improve; or, if not, we have only to take to our old way of retrograding, and there we are at home." ]

35 [“There let them rot—while rhymers tell the fools  
How honour decks the turf that wraps their clay;  
Liars avaunt!”—MS.]

36 [This stanza is not in the original MS. It was written at Newstead, in August, 1811, shortly after the battle of Albuera, which took place on the 16th of May.]

37 [A kind of fiddle, with only two strings, played on by a bow, said to have been brought by the Moors into Spain. “The Spanish women,” wrote Lord Byron in August, 1809, “are certainly fascinating, but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue.”]

38 “Vivā el Rey Fernando!” Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards; till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alendia, &c. &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

39 The red cockade, with “Fernando Septimo,” in the centre.

40 All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

<sup>41</sup> Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta. [At the time when she first attracted notice, by mounting a battery where her lover had fallen, and working a gun in his room, she was in her twenty-second year, exceedingly pretty, and in a soft feminine style of beauty.]

<sup>42</sup>                   “*Sigilla in mento impressi Amoris digitulo  
Vestigio demonstrant molitudinem.*”—AUL. GEL.

<sup>43</sup> This stanza was written in Turkey.

<sup>44</sup> [“*Beauties that need not fear a broken vow.*”—MS.]

<sup>45</sup> [“*In my opinion the Spanish women are by no means inferior to the English in charms, and are certainly superior in fascination. Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexion, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman, used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible.*”—*Lord Byron's Letters*, Aug. 1809.]

<sup>46</sup> These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called *Λιακούρα* (Liakura), Dec. 1809.

<sup>47</sup> [“*Upon Parnassus, going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri) in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles (Hobhouse says they were vultures—at least in conversation), and I seized the omen. On the day before, I composed the lines to Parnassus (in Childe Harold), and on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a poet, during the poetical period of life (from twenty to thirty);—whether it will last is another matter: but I have been a votary of the deity and the place, and am grateful for what he has done in my behalf, leaving the future in his hands, as I left the past.*”—*B. Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>48</sup> [“*Some glorious thought to my petition grant.*”—MS.]

<sup>49</sup> Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

<sup>50</sup> [“*The lurking lures of thy enchanting gaze.*”—MS.]

<sup>51</sup> [“*Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. It is a complete Cythera, full of the finest women in Spain; the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land.*”—*Lord Byron's Letters*, 1809.]

<sup>52</sup>                   [“*— monkish temples share  
The hours misspent, and all in turns is love and prayer.*”—MS.]

<sup>53</sup> This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Beotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

<sup>54</sup> [Lord Byron alludes to a ridiculous custom which formerly prevailed at the public-houses in Highgate, of administering a burlesque oath to all travellers of the middling rank who stopped there. The party was sworn on a pair of horns, fastened, “*never to kiss the maid when he could kiss the mistress; never to eat brown bread when he could get white; never to drink small beer when he could get strong;*” with many other injunctions of the like kind,—to all which was added the saving clause,—“*unless you like it best.*”]

<sup>55</sup> [“*The croupe is a particular leap taught in the manège.*”—MS.]

<sup>56</sup> [So inveterate was, at one time, the rage of the people for this amusement, that even boys mimicked its features in their play. In the slaughter-house itself the pro-

fessional bull-fighter gave public lessons; and such was the force of depraved custom, that ladies of the highest rank were not ashamed to appear amidst the filth and horror of the shambles. The Spaulards received this sport from the Moors, among whom it was celebrated with great pomp and splendour.]

57 ["The trophy corse is rear'd—disgusting prize"—  
Or, "The corse is rear'd—sparkling the chariot dies."—MS.]

58 ["The Spaniards are as revengeful as ever. At Santa Otella I heard a young peasant threaten to stab a woman (an old one, to be sure, which mitigates the offence), and was told, on expressing some small surprise, that this ethic was by no means uncommon."—MS.]

59 "Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat."—Luc.

["Full from the heart of Joy's delicious springs  
Some bitter bubbles up, and e'en on roses stings."—MS.]

60 ["What exile from himself can flee?  
To other zones, how'er remote,  
Still, still pursuing clings to me  
The blight of life—the demon Thought."—MS.]

This song was written January 25, 1810.]

61 Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809.

62 "War to the knife." Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.

63 The Honourable John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra (May 14, 1811). I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine. In the short space of one month I have lost *hec* who gave me being, and most of those who had made that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction:—

"Insatiate archer I could not one suffice!  
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,  
And thrice ere thrice you moon had fill'd her horn."

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired; while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority. [To an objection made by Mr. Dallas to this note, Lord Byron replied: "I was so sincere in my note on the late Charles Matthews, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it. To him, all the men I ever knew were pigmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved Wingfield better: he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few one could never repent of having loved: but in ability—ah, you did not know Matthews!" Matthews was drowned while bathing in the Cam, on the 2nd of August, 1811. The two stanzas on Wingfield were added at Newstead. Lord Byron had previously drawn his portrait in one of his school-boy poems entitled "Childish Recollections." The correspondence of the poet at the period of these deaths shows that his public commemoration of his departed friends was no formal tribute.]

64 ["Beloved the most."—MS.]

65 ["Dec. 30th, 1809."—MS.]



## NOTES TO CANTO THE SECOND.

<sup>1</sup> Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.—[On the highest part of Lycabettus, as Chandler was informed by an eye-witness, the Venetians, in 1687, placed four mortars and six pieces of cannon, when they battered the Acropolis. One of the bombs was fatal to some of the sculpture on the west front of the Parthenon.]

<sup>2</sup> We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld: the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. “The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon,” were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits. The Parthenon, before its destruction, in part, by fire during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque. In each point of view it is an object of regard: it changed its worshippers; but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrifice. But—

“Man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
As make the angels weep.”

<sup>3</sup> [In the original MS. is a note to this and the five succeeding stanzas, which had been prepared for publication, but was afterwards withdrawn, “from a fear,” says the poet, “that it might be considered rather as an attack, than a defence of religion;”—“In this age of bigotry, when the puritan and priest have changed places, and the wretched Catholic is visited with ‘the sins of his fathers,’ even unto generations far beyond the pale of the commandment, the cast of opinion in these stanzas will, doubtless, meet with many a contemptuous anathema. But let it be remembered, that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism; that he who has seen the Greek and Moslem superstitions contending for mastery over the former shrines of Polytheism—who has left in his own ‘Pharisees, thanking God that they are not like publicans and sinners,’ and Spaniards in theirs, abhorring the heretics, who have holpen them in their need,—will be not a little bewildered, and begin to think, that as only one of them can be right, they may, most of them, be wrong. With regard to morals, and the effect of religion on mankind, it appears, from all historical testimony,

to have had less effect in making them love their neighbours, than inducing that cordial Christian abhorrence between sectaries and schismatics. The Turks and Quakers are the most tolerant; if an Infidel pays his heratch to the former, he may pray, how, when, and where he pleases; and the mild tenets and devout demeanour of the latter, make their lives the truest commentary on the Sermon on the Mount.]

<sup>4</sup> It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax, in particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease; and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, &c., and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

<sup>5</sup> [For the magnificent eighth stanza the MS. has the following:—

“Frown not upon me, churlish Priest! that I  
Look not for life, where life may never be;  
I am no sncerer at thy phantasy:  
Thou pitiest me,—alas! I envy thee,  
Thou bold discoverer, in an unknown sea,  
Of happy isles and happier tenants there;  
I ask thee not to prove a Sadducee;  
Still dream of Paradise, thou know'st not where,  
But lov'st too well to bid thine crying brother share.”

Two more stanzas are in the MS. after the thirteenth stanza:—

“Come then, ye classic Thames of each degree,  
Dark Hamilton and sullen Aberdeen,  
Come pillar all the Pilgrim loves to see,  
All that yet consecrates the fading scene:  
Oh! better were it ye had never been,  
Nor ye, nor Elgin, nor that lesser wight,  
The victim sad of vase-collecting spleen,  
House-furnisher withal, one Thomas light,  
Than ye should bear one stone from wrong'd Athena's site.

Or will the gentle Dilettanti crew  
Now delegate the task to digging Gell,  
That mighty limner of a bird's-eye view,  
How like to Nature let his volumes tell:  
Who can with him the folio's limits swell  
With all the Author saw, or said he saw?  
Who can topographize or delve so well?  
No beaster he, nor impudent and raw,  
His pencil, pen, and shade, alike without a flaw.”

The review which Lord Byron wrote of Gell's works in 1811, is more complimentary than these ironical lines, but he still reiterates that his engravings are inaccurate, and his books too big.]

<sup>6</sup> [Lord Byron wrote this stanza at Newstead, in October, 1811, on hearing of the death of his Cambridge friend, young Eddlestone: “making,” he says, “the sixth within four months, of friends and relations that I have lost between May and the end of August.”]

<sup>7</sup> The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive; originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

<sup>8</sup> The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.

<sup>9</sup> At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyraus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as

I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen—for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation; and like the Greek *finder* of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel, who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it!—has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium (now Cape Colonna), till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful; but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden speechifying, baronche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities: when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go farther than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

On this occasion I speak impartially: I am not a collector or admirer of collections, consequently no rival; but I have some early prepossession in favour of Greece, and do not think the honour of England advanced by plunder, whether of India or Attica.

Another noble Lord has done better, because he has done less; but some others, more or less noble, yet "all honourable men," have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and countermining, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed, and wine-shed, which almost ended in bloodshed! Lord B.'s "prig"—see Jonathan Wild for the definition of "priggism"—quarrelled with another, *Gropius*\* by name (a very good name too for his business), and muttered something about satisfaction, in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Prussian: this was stated at table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

<sup>10</sup> ["Cold and accursed as his native coast."—MS.]

<sup>11</sup> I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines:—"When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the

\* This Sr. Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excels: but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that most respectable name, been treading at humble distance in the steps of Sr. Lusieri.—A shipful of his trophies was detained, and I believe confiscated, at Constantinople in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state, that "this was not in his bond;" that he was employed solely as a painter, and that his noble patron disavows all connection with him, except as an artist. If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment's pain, I am very sorry for it: Sr. Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent: and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many, I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed, I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it.—*Note to third edition.*

triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Dirdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, Τέλος !—I was present." The Dirdar alluded to was the father of the present Dirdar.

<sup>12</sup> According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis: but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See Chandler.

<sup>13</sup> To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

<sup>14</sup> ["From Discipline's stern law," &c.—MS.]

<sup>15</sup> ["Bleeds the lone heart, once boundless in its zeal,  
And friendless now, yet dreams it had a friend."—MS.]

<sup>16</sup> [One of Lord Byron's chief delights was to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours gazing upon the sky and the waters.]

<sup>17</sup> Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.—[Some think that the poets had Goza in their eye, —others that the nymph's habitation was Malta.]

<sup>18</sup> [Mrs. Spencer Smith, an accomplished but eccentric lady, whose acquaintance the poet formed at Malta. From his other notices of her, it appears that he was more the captive of her charms than he pretends in these stanzas.]

<sup>19</sup> ["Thus Harold spoke," &c.—MS.]

<sup>20</sup> Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

Of Albania Gibbon remarks that a country "within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America." Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and with the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress, which he was then besieging: on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his highness's birthplace, and favourite Serai, only one day's distance from Berat; at this juncture the Vizier had made it his head-quarters. After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our return, barely occupied four. On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinaehi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper.

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him. But some few observations are necessary to the text. The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory—all are armed; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegroins, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous; the others

differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalonghi in Etolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When, in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery.\* I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnauts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilisation. They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; inasmuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought, however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette. Basili also was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuff'd upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stambol, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "Our church is holy, our priests are thieves;" and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papas" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed, a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the ci-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "Μ' ἀπερεί, "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for anything less than the loss of a para (about the fourth of a farthing), melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors—and I verily believe that even Sterne's "foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fish-kettle" to sympathise with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation "to a milliner's," † I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected; when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling

\* [The Albanians, in the first instance, forced Dr. Romanelli on Lord Byron, and his life was almost physicked out of him in consequence. It was when these poor fellows saw the effects of their officiousness, that they threatened to retaliate, and exact life for life.]

† [He met this friend in the street, and asked him to sit an hour with him. Mr. Dallas, who joined Lord Byron immediately afterwards, found him bursting with indignation.]

to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer:—"I *have been* a robber; I *am* a soldier; no captain ever struck me; *you* are my master, I have eaten your bread, but by *that* bread! (a usual oath) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog, your servant, and gone to the mountains." So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic: be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika, the dull round-about of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling the road* broken down by the torrents between Delvinaehi and Lichoehalo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman; my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

<sup>21</sup> Ithaca.

<sup>22</sup> Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

<sup>23</sup> Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.

<sup>24</sup> ["And roused him more from thought than he was wont,  
While Pleasure almost seem'd to smooth his pallid front."—MS.]

Galt, who met Lord Byron for the first time in these travels, was struck by the singular scowl which continually gathered on his brow, and which vanished when he was pleased.]

<sup>25</sup> It is said, that on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.—["To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manœuvre: a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory."—*Byron, Letters.*]

<sup>26</sup> Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.

<sup>27</sup> According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina: but Pouqueville is always out.

<sup>28</sup> The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.—["I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania, on a visit to the Pacha, as far as Tepalcen, his highness's country palace, where I stayed three days. He is considered a man of the first abilities: he governs the whole of Albania, Epirus, and part of Macedonia."—*Byron, Letters.*]

<sup>29</sup> Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

<sup>29</sup> The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yacina, the capital of the Paclialick. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron flows, and not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinaehi and parts of Acarnania and Etolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Fort Raphti, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad; I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made. ["The foreground of Zitza is a gentle declivity, terminating on every side in an extensive landscape of green hills and dale, enriched with vineyards, and dotted with frequent flocks."—Hobhouse.]

<sup>31</sup> The Greek monks are so called.

<sup>32</sup> The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

<sup>33</sup> Now called Kalamas.

<sup>34</sup> Albanese cloak.

<sup>35</sup> Anciently Mount Tomarus.

<sup>36</sup> The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty. ["I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen, at five in the afternoon (Oct. 11), as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of *dress*, however,) Scott's description of Branksome Castle, in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long white kilt, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers); the Tartars, with their high caps; the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans; the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups, in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it; two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment; couriers entering or passing out with despatches; the kettle-drums beating; boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque;—altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger."—*Byron, Letters.*]

<sup>37</sup> ["On our arrival at Tepaleen, we were lodged in the Palace. During the night we were disturbed by the perpetual carousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum, and the voice of the 'Muezzin,' or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret of the mosque attached to the palace. The chanter was a boy, and he sang out his hymn in a sort of loud melancholy recitative. He was a long time repeating the purport of these few words:—'God most high! I bear witness, that there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet: come to prayer; come to the asylum of salvation: great God! there is no God but God!'"—Hobhouse.]

<sup>38</sup> ["We were a little unfortunate in the time we chose for travelling, for it was during the Ramazan, or Turkish Lent. But although, during this month, the strictest abstinence is observed in the daytime, yet with the setting of the sun the feasting commences: then is the time for paying and receiving visits, and for the amusements of Turkey, puppet-shows, jugglers, dancers, and story-tellers."—Hobhouse.]

<sup>39</sup> ["The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre: the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand."—*Byron, Letters.*]

<sup>40</sup> [Lord Byron says elsewhere that Ali Pacha was one of the mildest men he ever

saw. Mr. Hobhouse describes the vizier as "a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat; possessing a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, not at all settled into a Turkish gravity." Dr. Holland happily compares the spirit which lurked under Ali's usual exterior to "the fire of a stove, burning fiercely under a smooth and polished surface."

<sup>41</sup> [Ali was assassinated in February, 1822, and his head sent to Constantinople, where it was exhibited at the gates of the seraglio. As the name of Ali had made a considerable noise in England, a merchant of Constantinople thought it would be no bad speculation to purchase the head and consign it to a London showman; but the scheme was defeated by the piety of an old servant of the Pacha, who bribed the executioner with a higher price, and bestowed decent sepulture on the relic.]

<sup>42</sup> ["Childe Harold with the chief held colloquy,  
Yet what they spake it boots not to repeat,  
Converse may little charm strange ear or eye;  
Albeit he rested in that spacious seat  
Of Moslem luxury," &c.—MS.]

<sup>43</sup> Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

<sup>44</sup> The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others.

<sup>45</sup> Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικαρι, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese, who speak Ruman; it means, properly, "a lad."

<sup>46</sup> [The following is Mr. Hobhouse's animated description of this scene—"In the evening the gates were secured, and preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. A goat was killed and roasted whole, and four fires were kindled in the yard, round which the soldiers seated themselves in parties. After eating and drinking, the greatest part of them assembled round the largest of the fires, and whilst ourselves and the elders of the party were seated on the ground, danced round the blaze, to their own songs, with astonishing energy. All their songs were relations of some robbing exploits. One of them, which detained them more than an hour, began thus:—'When we set out from Parga, there were sixty of us;' then came the burden of the verse,—

'Robbers all at Parga!  
Robbers all at Parga!'

'Κλεφτεῖς ποτε Πάργα!  
Κλεφτεῖς ποτε Πάργα!'

and as they roared out this stave they whirled round the fire, dropped, and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round, as the chorus was again repeated."]

<sup>47</sup> As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaut dialect of the Illyric, I here insert two of their most popular choral songs, which are generally chanted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,<br>Naciarura, popusa,     | 1. Lo, Lo, I come, I come; be thou<br>silent.                         |
| 2. Naciarura na civin<br>Ha pe derini ti hin.        | 2. I come, I run; open the door that<br>I may enter.                  |
| 3. Ha pe mderi eseritini<br>Ti vin ti mar servitini. | 3. Open the door by halves, that I<br>may take my turban.             |
| 4. Caliriote me surme<br>Ea ha pe pse deri tive.     | 4. Caliriotes* with the dark eyes, open<br>the gate that I may enter. |

\* The Albanese, particularly the women, are frequently termed "Caliriotes," for what reason I inquired in vain.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 5. Buo, Bò, Bò, Bò, Bò,<br>Gi egen spërta osimiro.   | 5. Lo, Lo, I hear thee, my soul.  |
| 6. Caliriote vu le funde<br>Ede vete tunde tunde.    | 6. An Armaout girl, in costly garb,<br>walks with graceful pride.                       |
| 7. Caliriote me surme<br>Ti mi put e poi mi le.      | 7. Caliriot maid of the dark eyes, give<br>me a kiss.                                   |
| 8. Se ti puta citi mora<br>Si mi ri ni veti udo gia. | 8. If I have kissed thee, what hast<br>thou gained? My soul is con-<br>sumed with fire. |
| 9. Va le ni il che cadale<br>Celo more, more celo.   | 9. Dance lightly, more gently, and<br>gently still.                                     |
| 10. Pla hari ti tirete<br>Phi haron cia pra seti.    | 10. Make not so much dust to destroy<br>your embroidered hose.                          |

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator: the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle. The Armaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Armaout is not a *written* language: the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Nli sefla tunde ulayossa<br>Vettini upri vi lofa.  | 1. I am wounded by thy love, and have<br>loved but to scorch myself.  |
| 2. Ah vaisisso mi privi l'ose<br>Si mi rini mi la vosse.  | 2. Thou hast consumed me! Ah,<br>madd! thou hast struck me to<br>the heart.   |
| 3. Uti tasa roba stua<br>Sitti eve tulati dua.  | 3. I have said I wish no dowry, but<br>thine eyes and eyelashes.  |
| 4. Roba stinori ssidua<br>Qa mi sini veti dua.  | 4. The accursed dowry I want not,<br>but thee only.   |
| 5. Quraini dua civileni<br>Roba ti siarni tildi eni.  | 5. Give me thy charms, and let the<br>portion feed the flames.  |
| 6. Utara pisa vaisisso me sini rin ti<br>hapti<br>Eti mi bire a piste si gui dendroi<br>filitati. | 6. I have loved thee, maid, with a<br>sincere soul, but thou hast left<br>me like a withered tree.                  |
| 7. Udi vara uderini udini cie va cilti<br>mora<br>Uderini talti holha u ede cainoni<br>mora.      | 7. If I have placed my hand on thy<br>bosom, what have I gained? my<br>hand is withdrawn, but retains<br>the flame. |

I believe the two last stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his "ὀποκλοπιῶν," Critobulus or Cleobulus, the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after, and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

<sup>48</sup> Drummer.

<sup>49</sup> These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romãe and Italian.

<sup>50</sup> It was taken by storm from the French.

<sup>51</sup> Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.

<sup>52</sup> Infidel.

<sup>53</sup> The insignia of a Pacha.

<sup>54</sup> Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

<sup>55</sup> Sword-bearer.

## I.

<sup>56</sup> Before I say anything about a city of which every body, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson, when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a "Disdar Aga" (who by the by is not an Aga), the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling,) out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman Empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of "Ida of Athens" nearly suffering the bastinado; and because the said "Disdar" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife: so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida." Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida to mention her birthplace.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback: rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might "damn the climate, and complain of spleen," five days out of seven.

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Beotian winter.

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a "coglioneria." It was impossible to think better of him for this; but, for a Beotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Cheronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill: at least my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and any body who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villanous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr. Chandler.

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hyettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istanbul. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the Monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitzæ in a command of country), and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

"Sternitur, et *dulcis* moriens reminiscitur Argos."

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polynices of Statius, "In mediis audit duo litora campis," did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

"Athens," says a celebrated topographer, "is still the most polished city of Greece." Perhaps it may of *Greeks*, but not of the *Greeks*; for Jeannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement,

learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with the "Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont."

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Russians, &c., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

M. Fauvel, the French consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated; reasoning on the grounds of their "national and individual depravity!" while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates.

M. Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity, "Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed in the days of *Themistocles*;" an alarming remark to the "Landator temporis acti." The ancients banished Themistocles; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque; thus great men have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, &c. of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washerwoman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel, and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "*nulla virtute redemptum*," of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular. For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude, and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit and honour, and regular common-place books: but, if I may say this, without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost everybody has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Somini have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects; but, on the other hand, De Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

The Greeks will never be independent: they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world, and such other enchain'd and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth; they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. "They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful!"—this is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks! They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them. This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

## II.

FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS, *January 23, 1811.*

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren; but the inter-

position of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous: as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after reasserting the sovereignty of Greece: but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state, with a proper guarantee:—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike; although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will, probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted. But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when that day arrives, Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans; they cannot expect it from the Giaours.

But instead of considering what they have been, and speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are.

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions; some, particularly the merchants, decriing the Greeks in the strongest language; others, generally travellers, turning periods in their eulogy, and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state, which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru.

One very ingenious person terms them the "natural allies of Englishmen;" another no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of anybody, and denies their very descent from the ancients: a third, more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realises (on paper) all the chimeras of Catharine II. As to the question of their descent, what can it import whether the Mænotes are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenious as the bees of Hymettus, or as the grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of a Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractæus?

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy; it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them: viz. their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs. Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Somini; paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera: perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal; and if Mr. Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr. Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him

the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Great's house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men of whom he can know little? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr. Thornton, who so lavishly de-praises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr. Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation, as Mr. Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature; nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence confirmed. The relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors; but till something more can be attained, we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.\*

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seen nothing of the moderns, such as De Pauw; who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans were cowards in the field, betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men. His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim to the title of "poetical." It could not be expected that he who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks; and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves.

Let us trust, then, that, in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

## III.

ATHENS, FRANCISCAN CONVENT, *March 17, 1811.*

"I must have some talk with this learned Thelau."

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city I received the thirty-first number of the Edinburgh Review as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis. In that number, Art. 3., containing the review of a French translation of Strabo, there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a short

\* A word, *en passant*, with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish.

Dr. Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of "*Suleyman Yeyen*," i.e. quoth the Doctor, "*Suleyman the eater of corrosive sublimate*." "Aha," thinks Mr. Thornton (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time), "have I caught you?"—Then, in a note, twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote, he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue, and his veracity in his own.—"Fer," observes Mr. Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than '*Suleyman the eater*,' and quite cashiers the supplementary '*sublimate*.'" Now both are right, and both are wrong. If Mr. Thornton, when he next resides "fourteen years in the factory," will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask any of his Stambouline acquaintance, he will discover that "*Suleyman yeyen*," put together discreetly, mean the "*Swallower of sublimate*," without any "*Suleyman*" in the case: "*Suleyman*" signifying "*corrosive sublimate*," and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of *n*. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism, he might have found this out before he sang such paeans over Dr. Pouqueville.

After this, I think "*Travellers versus Factors*" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "*hoc genus omne*," for mistake and mis-representation. "*Ne Sutor ultra crepidam*," "No merchant beyond his bales." N.B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton, "*Sutor*" is not a proper name.

a count of Coray, a co-translator in the French version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations; and the spot where I now write will, I hope, be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was born at Sejo (in the Review, Smyrna is stated, I have reason to think, incorrectly), and besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the Reviewer, has published a lexicon in Romæ and French, if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris; but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zollikofoon.\* Coray has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy with M. Gail,† a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets, in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates "*Περὶ ὀδῶν*," &c., to the disparagement, and consequently displeasure, of the said Gail. To his exertions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due; but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado (merchants settled in Leghorn), who sent him to Paris and maintained him, for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient, and adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen. Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries; more particularly Dorotheus of Mitylene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius terms him "*Μετὰ τὸν Θεοκλύδιον καὶ Ξενοφάντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων*," (P. 224, Ecclesiastical History, vol. iv.)

Panagiotis Kodrïkas, the translator of Fontenelle, and Kaurarases, who translated Oedrus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodoulus, and more particularly Psdika, whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned has published in Romæ and Latin a work on "True Happiness," dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois, who is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic, if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziotes of Yanina, who has published a number of editions in Romæ, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title page, placed there to secure his property in the publication; and he was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name, however, is not uncommon, some other Polyzois may have edited the Epistles of Aristænetus.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications, particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets, are to be met with; their grammars and lexicons of two, three, and four languages are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywale of Wallachia (or Blackbey, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession; to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally displeasing to the ear of a Frank; the best is the famous "*Δεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων*," by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors, now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am intrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotouri to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Bartheleni's

\* I have in my possession an excellent lexicon "*πρωγλωσσον*," which I received in exchange from S. G—, Esq., for a small gem; my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it, or forgiven me.

† In Gail's pamphlet against Coray, he talks of "throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows." On this a French critic exclaims, "Ah, my God! throw an Hellenist out of the window! what sacrilege!" It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics: but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries; London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

Anacharsis in Romic, as he has no other opportunity, unless he dispatches the MS. to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

The Reviewer mentions a school established at Heatonesi, and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani; he means Chionies, or, in Turkish, Haivadi; a town on the continent, where that institution for a hundred students and three professors still exists. It is true that this establishment was disturbed by the Porte, under the ridiculous pretext that the Greeks were constructing a fortress instead of a college; but on investigation, and the payment of some purses to the Divan, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor, named Ueniamin (i.e. Benjamin), is stated to be a man of talent, but a freethinker. He was born in Lesbos, studied in Italy, and is master of Hellenic, Latin, and some Frank languages; besides a smattering of the sciences.

Though it is not my intention to enter further on this topic than may allude to the article in question, I cannot but observe that the Reviewer's lamentation over the fall of the Greeks appears singular, when he closes it with these words: "*The change is to be attributed to their misfortunes rather than to any physical degradation.*" It may be true that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantinople contained on the day when it changed masters as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity; but ancient history and modern politics instruct us that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a state in vigour and independence; and the Greeks, in particular, are a melancholy example of the near connexion between moral degradation and national decay.

The Reviewer mentions a plan "*à la belle*" by Potemkin for the purification of the Romic; and I have endeavoured in vain to procure any tidings or traces of its existence. There was an academy in St. Petersburg for the Greeks; but it was suppressed by Paul, and has not been revived by his successor.

There is a slip of the pen, and it can only be a slip of the pen, in p. 58, No. 31, of the "Edinburgh Review," where these words occur:—"We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman*"—It may be presumed that this last word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II.\* The "ladies of Constantinople," it seems, at that period spoke a dialect, "which would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian." I do not know how that might be, but am sorry to say the ladies in general, and the Athenians in particular, are much altered; being far from choice either in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb:—

"Ω Αθηνα, πρώτη χώρα,  
Τι γαίδαρους τρέφεις τώρα!"

In Gibbon, vol. x, p. 161, is the following sentence:—"The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models." Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the "ladies of Constantinople," in the reign of the last Caesar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena wrote, three centuries before: and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of compo-

\* In a former number of the "Edinburgh Review," 1808, it is observed: "Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland, where he might have learned that *piibroch* does not mean a *bagpipe*, any more than *duet* means a *fiddle*." Query,—Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the "Edinburgh Review" learned that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II.* any more than *criticism* means *infallibility*?—but thus it is,

"Cædimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis."

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great *similarity* of the two words, and the *total absence of error* from the former pages of the literary leviathan) that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the "Edinburgh Review" much facetious exultation on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition; and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The *gentleacn*, having enjoyed many a *triumph* on such victories, will hardly begrudge me a slight *oration* for the present.

sition, although the princess *γλωτταν ειχεν ΑΚΡΙΒΩΣ Αττικίζουσαν*. In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken: in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece: he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commener of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant among the Greeks.

The Reviewer mentions Mr. Wright, the author of the beautiful poem "Home Ionice," as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks; and also of their language: but Mr. Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romæic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic; for the Albanians speak a Romæic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanina, (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest,) although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania but Epirus; and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance) they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians. I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is Illyric, and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Vely Pacha\*) praised for their Greek, but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam of the Morea (which last governs in Vely Pacha's absence), are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolical style, but in the true antique character.

The Reviewer proceeds, after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state, to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to understand the ancient Greek, because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Romæic, as "a powerful auxiliary," not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to every body except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses; and by a parity of reasoning, our own language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by "foreigners" than by ourselves! Now, I am inclined to think, that a Dutch Tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with "Sir Tristram," or any other given "Auchinleck M.S." with or without a grammar or glossary; and to most apprehensions it seems evident that none but a native can acquire a competent, far less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lisamahago, who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Coray may err is very possible; but if he does, the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue, which is, as it ought to be, of the greatest aid to the native student.—Here the Reviewer proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks.

Sir W. Drummond, Mr. Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr. Gell, Mr. Walpole, and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt.

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feelings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the "Edinburgh Review;" not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

\* [Vely Pacha governed the Morea, and was the son of Ali Pacha.]



Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors as the Greeks of the present century. "Ay," but say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it. "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well! and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction; if he doubts he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography; and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on anything but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius' Ecclesiastical History.

<sup>57</sup> Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

<sup>58</sup> The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished, of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility very comfortable to voyagers.

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me, I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Vely Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks," than any dowager in Grosvenor-square.

On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadi of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c. &c., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse, or a shawl.

In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilisation. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country-towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism may be found in D'Ohsson's French; of their manners, &c., perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal at least to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not*: they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervises; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded as he had been entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet-printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gediddi); nor have I heard whether the Mufi and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacan and the Tetterlar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenious youth of the turban should be taught not to "pray to God their way." The Greeks also—a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth,—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges; no, let them fight their battles, and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be had Mussulmans, and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.

<sup>59</sup> When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.

<sup>60</sup> Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

<sup>61</sup> [Of Constantinople Lord Byron says:—"I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side, from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn."]

<sup>62</sup> On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.

<sup>63</sup> Of Mount Pentelion, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave, formed by the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.

<sup>64</sup> In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "Isles that crown the Ægean deep;" but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Faleoner's shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Faleoner and Campbell:—

"Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,  
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards, by one of their prisoners, subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Arnaouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

"The hirding artist plants his paltry desk,  
And makes degraded nature picturesque."

(See Hudgson's *Lady Jane Grey*, &c.)

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist; and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

<sup>65</sup> [The following passage, in Harris's *Philosophical Inquiries*, contains the pith of this stanza: "Notwithstanding the various fortunes of Athens as a city, Attica is still famous for olives, and Mount Hymettus for honey. Human institutions perish, but Nature is permanent." I once pointed out the coincidence to Lord Byron, but he assured me that he had never even seen this work of Harris.—MOORE.]

<sup>66</sup> *Siste Viator—heroa calceas!* was the epitaph on the famous Count Mercé;—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel; few or no relics, as vases, &c., were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—"Expende—quot *libras* in duce summo—invenies!"—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by *weight*.

<sup>67</sup> [The original MS. closes with this stanza. The rest was added while the canto was passing through the press.]

<sup>68</sup> [This stanza was composed October 11, 1811; upon which day the poet writes thus to a friend: "I have been again shocked with a death, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; 'but I have almost forgot the taste of grief,' and 'supped full of horrors' till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families: I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my friends. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to want of sensibility."]

## NOTES TO CANTO THE THIRD.

<sup>1</sup> [In a letter dated Verona, November 6, 1816, Lord Byron says—"By the way, *Ada's* name (which I found in our pedigree, under king John's reign), is the same with that of the sister of Charlemagne, as I recd, the other day, in a book treating of the Rhine."]

<sup>2</sup> [Lord Byron quitted England, for the second and last time, on the 25th of April, 1816, attended by William Fletcher and Robert Rushton, the "yeoman" and "page" of Canto I.; his physician, Dr. Polidori; and a Swiss valet.]

<sup>3</sup> [The reason, he used to say, why he disliked society was because the follies and passions of others excited the evil qualities of his own nature.]

<sup>4</sup> "Pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See *Macbeth*, &c. :—

"An eagle towering in his pride of place," &c.

[In the original draught of this stanza the lines stood—

"Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,  
Then tore with bloody *beak* the fatal plain"—

Mr. Reinagle, the artist, sketched an eagle, grasping the earth with his *talons*, upon which Lord Byron remarked—"Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am; eagles, and all birds of prey, attack with their talons, and not with their beaks; and I have altered the line thus :—

'Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain.'

This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice."]

<sup>5</sup> See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in Bland's Anthology, by Mr. (since Lord Chief Justice) Denman :—

"With myrtle my sword will I wreath," &c.

<sup>6</sup> On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.— [The ball was on Thursday the 15th, the night before Quatre Bras, and not on Saturday the 17th, the day before Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington ordered the general officers to appear at the ball, and at ten o'clock they slipped away quietly, and hastened after their respective divisions. He himself remained till three o'clock in the morning, that he might calm, by his apparent indifference, the fears of his supporters in Brussels, and depress the hopes of the well-wishers to the French.]

<sup>7</sup> [The Duke of Brunswick fell at Quatre Bras; his father received his death-wound at Jena.]

<sup>8</sup> [Lochiel is the chief of the Cameron clan. Albyn is the Gaelic name for Scotland.]

<sup>9</sup> Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

<sup>10</sup> The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's *Orlando*, and immortal in Shakspeare's "As you like it." It is also celebrated in Tacitus, as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter. [Shakspeare's forest of Arden was not the Ardennes of Belgium, but a woodland district of Warwickshire, of which several places, such as Henley-in-Arden, still retain the name.]

<sup>11</sup> [There was a thunder-storm on the morning of the battle.]

<sup>12</sup> [The Earl of Carlisle, by satirising him in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The sister of Admiral Byron—the poet's grandfather—was the paternal grandmother of Major Howard.]

<sup>13</sup> ["In the late battles, like all the world, I have lost a connection—poor Frederick Howard, the best of his race. I had little intercourse of late years with his family; but I never saw or heard but good of him."—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*. Major Howard, who was much beloved by his brother officers, fell at the close of the action when the French had given way in all directions.]

<sup>14</sup> My guide from Mount St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down, or shivered in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished; the guide said, "Here Major Howard lay: I was near him when wounded." I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination: I have viewed with attention those of Plateau, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Charonea, and Marathon; and the field around Mount St. Jean and Hongoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned.

<sup>15</sup> The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltites were said to be fair without, and, within, ashes. Vide Tacitus, *Histor. lib. v. 7.*

<sup>16</sup> The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.

<sup>17</sup> "What wants that knave that a king should have!" was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.

<sup>18</sup> The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river: on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross, commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

<sup>19</sup> [These verses, addressed by the poet to his sister, were written on the banks of the Rhine, in May.]

<sup>20</sup> The monument of the young and lamented General Mareau (killed by a rifle-ball at Altkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough; France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, *he* had not the good fortune to die there: his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Mareau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Mareau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing:—"The Army of the Sambre and Meuse to its Commander-in-Chief Hoche." This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Buonaparte monopolised her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

<sup>21</sup> Ehrenbreitstein, *i. e.* "the broad stone of honour," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Mareau besieged it in vain for some time, and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

<sup>22</sup> [On taking Hockheim, the Austrians, in one part of the engagement, got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: but they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Then they gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.]

<sup>23</sup> The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France; who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postillions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles; a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

<sup>24</sup> Aventium, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

<sup>25</sup> Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Anulus Cecina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago;—it is thus:—"Julia Alpinula; Hic jaceo. Infelix patris, infelix proles. Dece Aventia Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fati ille erat. Vixi annos xxiii."—I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

<sup>26</sup> This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3rd, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine.—(July 20th.) I this day observed for some time the distinct

reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the cabin of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

<sup>27</sup> The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

<sup>28</sup> ["My nature leads me to solitude, and every day adds to this disposition. I shall go over my old ground, and look upon my old seas and mountains, the only acquaintances I ever found improve upon me."—*Byron, Letters.*]

<sup>29</sup> [Rousseau was born at Geneva. The passion, woe, and madness, to which Lord Byron alludes, are those of Julie in the *Nouvelle Héloïse.*]

<sup>30</sup> This refers to the account in his "Confessions" of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation; a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

<sup>31</sup> [He used to say that he could not help hating his benefactors, and he was always imagining that their seeming friendship was a cloak for sinister designs. How far his wild political sophisms had the effect, which Lord Byron ascribes to them, of producing the French Revolution, has been much disputed. The doctrines of Rousseau were at least not sanguinary; for he declared that the blood of a single man would be too dear a price to pay for liberty.]

<sup>32</sup> [During Lord Byron's stay in Switzerland, he took up his residence at the Campagne-Diodati, in the village of Coligny. It stands at the top of a rapidly descending vineyard; the windows commanding, one way, a noble view of the lake and of Geneva; the other, up the lake. Every evening, the poet embarked on the lake; and to the feelings created by these excursions we owe these delightful stanzas.]

<sup>33</sup> It is to be recollected, that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the *Temple*, but on the *Mount*. To waive the question of devotion, and turn to human eloquence,—the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers, may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the *Iliad* at Sigæum and on the tumuli, or by the springs with Mount Ida above, and the plain and rivers and Archipelago around you; and another to trim your taper over it in a snug library—*this* I know. Were the early and rapid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed to any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement faith and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume neither to canvass nor to question), I should venture to ascribe it to the practice of preaching in the *fields*, and the unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers. The Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accustomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, wherever they may be, at the stated hours—of course, frequently in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat, (which they carry for the purpose of a bed or cushion as required); the ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally absorbed, and only living in their supplication: nothing can disturb them. On me the simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general rite which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun; including most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahometan. Many of the negroes, of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites:

some of these I had a distant view of at Patras; and, from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator.

<sup>31</sup> The thunder-storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June, 1816, at midnight. I have seen, among the Aroceraunian mountains of Chinari, several more terrible, but none more beautiful.

<sup>33</sup> [The Journal of his Swiss tour, which Lord Byron kept for his sister, closes with the following mournful passage:—"In the weather, for this tour, of thirteen days, I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion (Mr. Hobhouse)—fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue, and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this,—the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, has preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity, in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me."]

<sup>36</sup> [Stanzas xcix. to cxv. are exquisite. They have every thing which makes a poetical picture of local and particular scenery perfect. They exhibit a miraculous brilliancy and force of fancy; but the very fidelity causes a little constraint and labour of language. The poet seems to have been so engrossed by the attention to give vigour and fire to the imagery, that he both neglected and disdained to render himself more harmonious by diffusor words, which, while they might have improved the effect upon the ear, might have weakened the impression upon the mind.—SIR E. BRYDGES.]

<sup>37</sup> Rousseau's *Héloïse*, Lettre 17, Part IV., note. "Ces montagnes sont si hautes qu'une demi-heure après le soleil couche, leurs sommets sont éclairés de ses rayons; dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes blanches une belle couleur de rose, qu'on aperçoit de fort loin."—This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie.—"J'allai à Vevay loger à la Clef, et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirais volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles: Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas."—*Les Confessions*, livre iv., p. 306, Lyon, ed. 1796.—In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva: and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his "*Héloïse*," I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Boveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Eivan, and the entrances of the Rhone) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all; the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole.—If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them.—I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo during a lake storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of



St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore at St. Ginga, I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height of Clarens is a château. The hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the "Bosquet de Julie;" and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the "local habitations" he has given to "airy nothings." The Prior of Great St. Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one; but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made, that "La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs."

<sup>38</sup> ["I have traversed all Rousseau's ground with the 'Héloïse' before me, and am struck to a degree that I cannot express with the force and accuracy of his descriptions, and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie, Clarens, and Vevay, and the Château de Chillon, are places of which I shall say little; because all I could say must fall short of the impressions they stamp."—*Byron, Letters.*]

<sup>39</sup> Voltaire and Gibbon. [Voltaire resided at Ferney during the last twenty years of his life, and Gibbon at Lausanne from 1783 till within a twelvemonth of his death in 1794. It was there that he wrote the second half of his immortal history.]

<sup>40</sup> ——— "If it be thus,  
For Banquo's issue have I *fil'd* my mind,"—MACBETH.

<sup>41</sup> It is said by Rochefoucault, that "there is *always* something in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them."

<sup>42</sup> [Lord Byron never saw his daughter after she was two or three months old, but he spoke of her to his latest hour with fondness and pride, and appeared to have nothing nearer his heart than that she should regard him with affection when he was dead.]

<sup>43</sup> ["Byron, July 4th, 1816, Di. dati."—MS.]

## NOTES TO CANTO THE FOURTH.

—♦—

<sup>1</sup> THE communication between the ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons called *puzzi*, or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace: and the prisoner, when taken out to die, was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up; but the passage is still open, and is still known by the name of the "Bridge of Sighs." The *puzzi* are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. They were formerly twelve; but on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half-choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may, perhaps, owe something to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body, not only from their signatures, but from the churches and bellries which they have scratched upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a specimen of the records prompted by so terrific a solitude. As nearly as they could be copied by more than one pencil, three of them are as follows:—

1. NON TI FIDAR AD ALCUNO PENZA e TACI  
SE FUGIR VUOI DE SPIONI IN-SIDE e LACCI  
IL PENTIRTI PENTIRTI NULLA GIOVA  
MA BEN DI VALOR TUO LA VERA PROVA

1607. ADI 2. GENARO. FUI RE-  
TENTO P' LA BESTEMMA P' AVER DATO  
DA MANZAR A UN MORTO  
IACOMO . GRITTI . SCRISSE.

2. UN PARLAR POCO et  
NEGARE PRONTO et  
UN PENSAR AL FINE PUO DARE LA VITA  
A NOI ALTRI MESCHINI

1605.  
EGO IOHN BAPTISTA AD  
ECCLESIAM CORTELLIARIUS.

3. DE CHI MI FIDO GUARDAMI DIO  
 DE CHI NON MI FIDO MI GUARDARO IO  
 A TA R A NA  
 V . LA S . C . R . R .

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

<sup>2</sup> [The winged lion was asserted to be the ensign of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice.]

<sup>3</sup> Sabellicus, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true.—“*Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere.*”

<sup>4</sup> I cannot forbear mentioning a custom in Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds but he will be answered by somebody else that overhears him; so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them.—ADDISON, A.D. 1700.

The well-known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas from Tasso's “*Jerusalem*,” has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original in one column, and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found. The following extract will serve to show the difference between the Tuscan epic and the “*Canta alla Barenziola* :”—

## ORIGINAL.

Canto l' arme pietose, e l' capitano  
 Che l' gran Sepolero liberò di Cristo  
 Molto egli oprò col semo, e con la mano  
 Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto;  
 E in van l' Inferno a lui s' oppose, e in vano  
 S' armò d' Asia, e di Libia il popol misto,  
 Che il Ciel gli diè favore, e sotto a i Santi  
 Segni rifulse i suoi compagni erranti.

## VENETIAN.

L' arme pietose de cantar gho voglia,  
 E de Goffredo la immortal braura  
 Che al fin l' ha libera co strassia, e dogia  
 Del nostro buon Gesù la Sepoltura  
 De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia  
 Missier Pluton non l' ha bu mai paura:  
 Dio l' ha agintà, e i compagni sparpagnù  
 Tutti 'l gh' i ha messi insieme i di del Dai.

Some of the cbler gondoliers will, however, take up and continue a stanza of their once familiar bard.

On the 7th of last January, the author of *Childe Harold*, and another Englishman, the writer of this notice, rowed to the Lido with two singers, one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a gondolier. The former placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern of the boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta, they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived at the island. They gave us, amongst other essays, the death of *Clorinda*, and the palace of *Armida*; and did not sing the Venetian but the Tuscan verses. The carpenter, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that

he could *translate* the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred stanzas, but had not spirits (*morbin* was the word he used) to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew : a man must have idle time on his hands to acquire, or to repeat, and, said the poor fellow, "look at my clothes and at me ; I am starving." This speech was more affecting than his performance, which habit alone can make attractive. The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous ; and the gondolier behind assisted his voice by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. The carpenter used a quiet action, which he evidently endeavoured to restrain ; but was too much interested in his subject altogether to repress. From these men we learnt that singing is not confined to the gondoliers, and that, although the chant is seldom, if ever, voluntary, there are still several amongst the lower classes who are acquainted with a few stanzas.

It does not appear that it is usual for the performers to row and sing at the same time. Although the verses of the "Jerusalem" are no longer casually heard, there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals ; and upon holydays, those strangers who are not near or informed enough to distinguish the words, may fancy that many of the gondoliers still resound with the strains of Tasso. The writer of some remarks which appeared in the "Curiosities of Literature" must excuse his being twice quoted : for, with the exception of some phrases a little too ambitious and extravagant, he has furnished a very exact, as well as agreeable description :—

"In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline :—at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. I must add, that the late Mr. Berry once chanted to me a passage in Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers.

"There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed ; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the *canto fermo* and the *canto figurato* ; it approaches to the former by recitativo declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

"I entered a gondola by moonlight ; one singer placed himself forwards and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. Giorgio. One began the song : when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned : but, according to the subject-matter of the strophe, they had a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe as the object of the poem altered.

"On the whole, however, the sounds were hoarse and screaming ; they seemed, in the manner of all rude uncivilised men, to make the excellency of their singing in the force of their voice. One seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs ; and so far from receiving delight from this scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

"My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that the singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

"Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from far, and called forth the attention ; the quickly succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondoliers that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene ; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

"It suits perfectly well with an idle, solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare; the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror; and as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot-passengers; a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

"At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse; though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue: the hearers who are passing between the two take part in the amusement.

"This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfills its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organised person, said quite unexpectedly:—*E singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando lo cantano meglio.*

"I was told that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagoons,\* particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocco and Palestrina, sing in like manner the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

"They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance."†

The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of Venetians, even amongst the tuneful sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-houses at a time; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet. Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon, has a surgeon performed an operation, would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefit, are you to be congratulated on a marriage, or a birth, or a lawsuit, the Muses are invoked to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad in virgin white or party-coloured placards on half the corners of the capital. The last curtsy of a favourite "prima donna" brings down a shower of these poetical tributes from those upper regions, from which, in our theatres, nothing but cupids and snow-storms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which, in its common course, is varied with those surprises and changes so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence; amusements are raised into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity. The Venetian gazette constantly closes its columns with the following triple advertisement:—

*Charade.*

Exposition of the most Holy Sacrament in the church of St. — —

*Theatres.*

St. Moses, opera.  
St. Benedict, a comedy of characters.  
St. Luke, repose.

\* The writer meant *Libo*, which is not a long row of islands, but a long island; *littus*, the shore.

† *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. ii., p. 156, edit. 1807; and Appendix xxix. to *Black's Life of Tasso*.

When it is recollected what the Catholics believe their consecrated wafer to be, we may perhaps think it worthy of a more respectable niche than between poetry and the playhouse.

<sup>5</sup> The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

<sup>6</sup> [Every year the Doge, accompanied by a festive procession, went in the state-galley, the Bucentaur, to the mouth of the harbour, and cast a ring into the sea, in token that Venice had subjugated the Adriatic as a spouse is subjugated to her lord.]

<sup>7</sup> The Lion has lost nothing by his journey to the Invalides, but the gospel which supported the paw that is now on a level with the other foot. The horses also are returned to the ill-chosen spot whence they set out, and are, as before, half hidden under the porch window of St. Mark's Church. Their history, after a desperate struggle, has been satisfactorily explored. The decisions and doubts of Erizzo and Zanetti, and lastly, of the Comte Leopold Cicognara, would have given them a Roman extraction, and a pedigree not more ancient than the reign of Nero. But M. de Sehlegel stepped in to teach the Venetians the value of their own treasures; and a Greek vindicated, at last and for ever, the pretension of his countrymen to this noble production.\* M. Mustoxidi has not been left without a reply: but, as yet, he has received no answer. It should seem that the horses are irrevocably Chian, and were transferred to Constantinople by Theodosius. Lapidary writing is a favourite play of the Italians, and has conferred reputation on more than one of their literary characters. One of the best specimens of Bodoni's typography is a respectable volume of inscriptions, all written by his friend Paecchiaudi. Several were prepared for the recovered horses. It is to be hoped the best was not selected, when the following words were ranged in gold letters above the cathedral porch:—

QUATCOR EQUORUM SIGNA A VENETIS BYZANTIO CAPTA AD TEMP D  
MAR A R S MCCIV POSITA QUE HOSTILIS CUPIDITAS A MDCCLIC  
ABSTULERAT FRANC I IMP PACIS ORBI DATE TROPHÆUM A MDCCLXX  
VICTOR REDUXIT.

Nothing shall be said of the Latin, but it may be permitted to observe, that the injustice of the Venetians in transporting the horses from Constantinople was at least equal to that of the French in carrying them to Paris, and that it would have been more prudent to have avoided all allusions to either robbery. An apostolic prince should, perhaps, have objected to affixing over the principal entrance of a metropolitan church an inscription having a reference to any other triumph than those of religion. Nothing less than the pacification of the world can excuse such a solecism.

<sup>8</sup> [In 1177 the Venetians made common cause with Pope Alexander III. against Frederick Barbarossa. After the Suabian was defeated he prostrated himself before Alexander in the cathedral of Venice. The reign of the Austrian Emperor dates from 1798, when Venice was made over to him by the treaty of Campo Formio.]

After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederick Barbarossa, and as fruitless attempts of the Emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four-and-twenty years were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice. The articles of a treaty had been previously agreed upon between Pope Alexander III. and Barbarossa; and the former having received a safe-conduct, had already arrived at Venice from Ferrara, in company with the ambassadors of the King of Sicily and the consuls of the Lombard League. There still remained, however, many points to adjust, and for several days the peace was believed to be impracticable. At this juncture, it was suddenly reported that the Emperor had arrived at Chioza, a town fifteen miles from the capital. The Venetians rose tumultuously, and insisted upon immediately conducting him to the city. The Lombards took the alarm, and departed towards

\* Su i quattro cavalli della Basilica di S. Marco in Venezia Lettera di Andrea Mustoxidi Cercirese. Padova, 1816.

Treviso. The Pope himself was apprehensive of some disaster if Frederic should suddenly advance upon him, but was reassured by the prudence and address of Sebastian Zaani, the Doge. Several embassies passed between Chioza and the capital, until, at last, the Emperor, relaxing somewhat of his pretensions, "laid aside his boar-like ferocity, and put on the mildness of the lamb."<sup>\*</sup>

On Saturday, the 23rd of July, in the year 1177, six Venetian galleys, transferred Frederic, in great pomp, from Chioza to the island of Lido, a mile from Venice. Early the next morning, the Pope, accompanied by the Sicilian ambassadors, and by the envoys of Lombardy, whom he had recalled from the main land, together with a great concourse of people, repaired from the patriarchal palace to St. Mark's Church, and solemnly absolved the Emperor and his partisans from the excommunication pronounced against him. The Chancellor of the Empire, on the part of his master, renounced the anti-popes and their schismatic adherents. Immediately the Doge, with a great suite both of the clergy and laity, got on board the galleys, and waiting on Frederic, rowed him in mighty state from the Lido to the capital. The Emperor descended from the galley at the quay of the Piazzetta. The Doge, the patriarch, his bishops and clergy, and the people of Venice with their crosses and their standards, marched in solemn procession before him to the church of St. Mark. Alexander was seated before the vestibule of the basilica, attended by his bishops and cardinals, by the patriarch of Aquileja, by the archbishops and bishops of Lombardy, all of them in state, and clothed in their church robes. Frederic approached—"moved by the Holy Spirit, venerating the Almighty in the person of Alexander, laying aside his imperial dignity, and throwing off his mantle, he prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the Pope. Alexander, with tears in his eyes, raised him benignantly from the ground, kissed him, blessed him; and immediately the Germans of the train sang with a loud voice, 'We praise thee, O Lord.' The Emperor then taking the Pope by the right hand, led him to the church, and having received his benediction, returned to the ducal palace."<sup>†</sup> The ceremony of humiliation was repeated the next day. The Pope himself, at the request of Frederic, said mass at St. Mark's. The Emperor again laid aside his imperial mantle, and taking a wand in his hand, officiated as *vicar*, driving the laity from the choir, and preceding the pontiff to the altar. Alexander, after reciting the gospel, preached to the people. The Emperor put himself close to the pulpit in the attitude of listening; and the pontiff, touched by this mark of his attention (for he knew that Frederic did not understand a word he said), commanded the patriarch of Aquileja to translate the Latin discourse into the German tongue. The creed was then chanted. Frederic made his oblation and kissed the Pope's feet, and, mass being over, led him by the hand to his white horse. He held the stirrup, and would have led the horse's rein to the water side, had not the Pope accepted of the inclination for the performance, and affectionately dismissed him with his benediction. Such is the substance of the account left by the archbishop of Salerno, who was present at the ceremony, and whose story is confirmed by every subsequent narration. It would be not worth so minute a record, were it not the triumph of liberty as well as of superstition. The states of Lombardy owed to it the confirmation of their privileges; and Alexander had reason to thank the Almighty, who had enabled an infirm, unarmed old man to subdue a terrible and potent sovereign.<sup>‡</sup>

<sup>9</sup> The reader will recollect the exclamation of the Highlander, "*Oh, for one hour of Dunder!*" Henry Dandolo, when elected Doge, in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. When he commanded the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, he was consequently ninety-seven years old. At this age he annexed the fourth and a half of the whole empire of Romania, § for so the Roman empire was then called, to the title and

\* "*Quibus auditis, imperator, operante eo, qui corda principum sicut vult et quando vult humiliter inclinat, leonina feritate deposita, ovinam mansuetudinem induit.*"—Romualdi Salernitani Chronicon, apud Script. Rer. Ital. tom. vii. p. 229.

† Rer. Ital. tom. vii. p. 231.

‡ See the above-cited Romuald of Salerno. In a second sermon which Alexander preached, on the first day of August, before the Emperor, he compared Frederic to the prodigal son, and himself to the forgiving father.

§ Mr. Gibbon has omitted the important *et*, and has written Romani instead of

to the territories of the Venetian Doge. The three-eighths of this empire were preserved in the diplomas until the Dukedom of Giovanni Dolino, who made use of the above designation in the year 1357.\*

Dandolo led the attack on Constantinople in person. Two ships, the Paradise and the Pilgrim, were tied together, and a drawbridge or ladder let down from their higher yards to the walls. The Doge was one of the first to rush into the city. Then was completed, said the Venetians, the prophecy of the Erythrean sibyl:—"A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the waves of the Adriatic, under a blind leader; they shall beset the goat—they shall profane Byzantium—they shall blacken her buildings—her spoils shall be dispersed; a new goat shall bleat until they have measured out and run over fifty-four feet, nine inches and a half."† Dandolo died on the first day of June, 1205, having reigned thirteen years, six months, and five days, and was buried in the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Strangely enough it must sound, that the name of the rebel apothecary who received the Doge's sword, and annihilated the ancient government, in 1796-7, was Dandolo.

<sup>10</sup> After the loss of the battle of Pola, and the taking of Chioza on the 16th of August, 1379, by the united armament of the Genoese and Francesco da Carrara, Signor of Padua, the Venetians were reduced to the utmost despair. An embassy was sent to the conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to prescribe what terms they pleased, and leave to Venice only her independence. The Prince of Padua was inclined to listen to these proposals; but the Genoese, who, after the victory at Pola, had shouted, "To Venice! to Venice! and long live St. George!" determined to annihilate their rival; and Peter Doria, their commander-in-chief, returned this answer to the supplicants: "On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the Signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours, that are upon the porch of your evangelist St. Mark. When we have bridled them we shall keep you quiet. And this is the pleasure of us and of our commune. As for these, my brothers of Genoa, that you have brought with you to give up to us, I will not have them: take them back: for in a few days hence, I shall come and let them out of prison myself, both these and all the others." In fact, the Genoese did advance as far as Malamocco, within five miles of the capital; but their own danger, and the pride of their enemies, gave courage to the Venetians, who made prodigious efforts, and many individual sacrifices, all of them carefully recorded by their historians. Vettor Pisani was put at the head of thirty-four galleys. The Genoese broke up from Malamocco, and retired to Chioza in October; but they again threatened Venice, which was reduced to extremities. At this time, the 1st of January, 1380, arrived Carlo Zeno, who had been cruising on the Genoese coast with fourteen galleys. The Venetians were now strong enough to besiege the Genoese. Doria was killed on the 22nd of January, by a stone bullet, one hundred and ninety-five pounds' weight, discharged from a bombard called the Trevisan. Chioza was then closely invested; five thousand auxiliaries, amongst whom were some English condottieri, commanded by one Captain Cercho, joined the Venetians. The Genoese, in their turn, prayed for conditions, but none were granted, until, at last, they surrendered at discretion; and, on the 24th of June, 1380, the Doge Contarini made his triumphal entry into Chioza. Four thousand prisoners, nineteen galleys, many smaller vessels and barks, with all the ammunition and arms, and

Romania. Decline and Fall, chap. lxi., note 9. But the title acquired by Dandolo runs thus in the chronicle of his namesake, the Doge Andrew Dandolo: "Ducali titulo addidit, 'Quarto partis et dimidie totius imperii Romanie.'" *And. Dand. Chronicle*, cap. lii., pars xxxvii., ap. *Script. Rer. Ital.* tom. xii., page 331. And the Romania is observed in the subsequent acts of the Doges. Indeed, the continental possessions of the Greek Empire in Europe were then generally known by the name of Romania, and that appellation is still seen in the maps of Turkey as applied to Thrace.

\* See the continuation of Dandolo's Chronicle, *ibid.* p. 498. Mr. Gibbon appears not to include Dolino, following Samuda, who says, "Il qual titolo si uso fin al Doge Giovanni Dolino." See *Vite de' Duchi di Venezia*, ap. *Script. Rer. Ital.* tom. xxii., 530, 611.

† *Chronicon*, *ibid.* pars xxxiv.



outfit of the expedition, fell into the hands of the conquerors, who, had it not been for the inexorable answer of Doria, would have gladly reduced their dominion to the city of Venice. An account of these transactions is found in a work called "The War of Chioza," written by Daniel Chinazzo, who was in Venice at the time.

<sup>11</sup> [This line is evidently derived from Pope's "Essay on Man :"—

"Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows  
From dirt and seaweed, as proud Venice rose." ]

<sup>12</sup> That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloen—Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

<sup>13</sup> [Candia was more than the rival of Troy, for the siege lasted twenty years. The Turks commenced the attack in 1648, and it was not till 1669 that the Venetians surrendered. The naval battle of Lepanto, which destroyed the ascendancy of the Turks in the Mediterranean, was fought in 1571. The fleets of the Pope, Spain, and Genoa were leagued with that of Venice.]

<sup>14</sup> The population of Venice, at the end of the seventeenth century, amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago, it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand; and it diminishes daily. The commerce and the official employments, which were to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur, have both expired. Most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the Government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered, and confounded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose Palladian palaces have sunk, or are sinking, in the general decay. Of the "gentiluomo Veneto," the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is querulous. Whatever may have been the vices of the republic, and although the natural term of its existence may be thought by foreigners to have arrived in the due course of mortality, only one sentiment can be expected from the Venetians themselves. At no time were the subjects of the republic so unanimous in their resolution to rally round the standard of St. Mark, as when it was for the last time unfurled; and the cowardice and the treachery of the few patricians who recommended the fatal neutrality, were confined to the persons of the traitors themselves. The present race cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms, and too despotic government; they think only on their vanished independence. They pine away at the remembrance, and on this subject suspend for a moment their gay good humour. Venice may be said, in the words of the Scripture, "to die daily;" and so general and so apparent is the decline, as to become painful to a stranger, not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation expiring, as it were, before his eyes. So artificial a creation, having lost that principle which called it into life and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose. The abhorrence of slavery, which drove the Venetians to the sea, has, since their disaster, forced them to the land, where they may be at least overlooked amongst the crowd of dependents, and not present the humiliating spectacle of a whole nation loaded with recent chains. Their liveliness, their affability, and that happy indifference which constitution alone can give (for philosophy aspires to it in vain), have not sunk under circumstances; but many peculiarities of costume and manner have by degrees been lost; and the nobles, with a pride common to all Italians who have been masters, have not been persuaded to parade their insignificance. That splendour which was a proof and a portion of their power, they would not degrade into the trappings of their subjection. They retired from the space which they had occupied in the eyes of their fellow citizens; their continuance in which would have been a symptom of acquiescence, and an insult to those who suffered by the common misfortune. Those who remained in the degraded capital, might be said rather to haunt the scenes of their departed power, than to live in them. The reflection, "who and what enthralled," will hardly bear a comment from one who is, nationally, the friend and the ally of the conqueror. It may, however, be allowed to say thus much,

that to those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation; and it may be safely foretold that this unprofitable aversion will not have been corrected before Venice shall have sunk into the slime of her choked canals.

<sup>15</sup> The story is told in Plutarch's Life of Nicias. [It was the verse of Euripides which is alleged to have produced such a humanising effect. The Sicilians had a peculiar admiration for his works, and some of the Athenians, after the defeat, obtained refreshment by a repetition of a few of his lines, while others, for teaching longer passages, were set at liberty by their masters.]

<sup>16</sup> "Venice Preserved;" "Mysteries of Udolpho;" "The Ghost-Seer, or Armenian;" "The Merchant of Venice;" "Othello."

<sup>17</sup> *Tannea* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

<sup>18</sup> The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or an Italian sky, yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth), as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta, near La Mira.

<sup>19</sup> Thanks to the critical acumen of a Scotchman, we now know as little of Laura as ever. The discoveries of the Abbé de Sade, his triumphs, his sneers, can no longer instruct or amuse. We must not, however, think that these memoirs † are as much a romance as Belisarius or the Lucas, although we are told so by Dr. Beattie, a great name, but a little authority.‡ His "labour" has not been in vain, notwithstanding his "love" has, like most other passions, made him ridiculous.§ The hypothesis which overpowered the struggling Italians, and carried along less interested critics in its current, is run out. We have another proof that we can never be sure that the paradox, the most singular, and therefore having the most agreeable and authentic air, will not give place to the re-established ancient prejudice.

It seems, then, first, that Laura was born, lived, died, and was buried, not in Avignon, but in the country. The fountains of the Sorga, the thickets of Cabrieres, may resume their pretensions, and the exploded *de la Bastie* again be heard with complacency. The hypothesis of the Abbé had no stronger props than the parchment sonnet and medal found on the skeleton of the wife of Hugo de Sade, and the manuscript note to the Virgil of Petrarch, now in the Ambrosian library. If these proofs were both incontestable, the poetry was written, the medal composed, cast, and deposited within the space of twelve hours; and these deliberate duties were performed round the carcass of one who died of the plague, and was hurried to the grave on the day of her death. These documents, therefore, are too decisive: they prove not the fact, but the forgery. Either the sonnet or the Virgilian note must be a falsification. The Abbé cites both as incontestably true; the consequent deduction is inevitable—they are both evidently false.||

Secondly, Laura was never married, and was a haughty virgin rather than that *tender and prudent* wife who honoured Avignon, by making that town the theatre of an honest French passion, and played off for one and twenty years her *little machinery* of alternate favours and refusals ¶ upon the first poet of the age. It was, indeed,

\* See An Historical and Critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch; and A Dissertation on an Historical Hypothesis of the Abbé de Sade. 1810.

† Mémoires pour la Vie de Pétrarque.

‡ Life of Beattie, by Sir W. Forbes, vol. ii., p. 106.

§ Mr. Gibbon called his Memoirs "a labour of love" (see Decline and Fall, chap. lxx., note 1), and followed him with confidence and delight. The compiler of a very voluminous work must take much criticism upon trust; Mr. Gibbon has done so, though not as readily as some other authors.

|| The sonnet had before awakened the suspicions of Mr. Horace Walpole. See his letter to Warton in 1763.

¶ "Par ce petit manège, cette alternative de faveurs et de rigueurs bien ménagée.

rather too unfair that a female should be made responsible for eleven children upon the faith of a misinterpreted abbreviation, and the decision of a librarian.\* It is, however, satisfactory to think that the love of Petrarch was not platonic. The happiness which he prayed to possess but once and for a moment was surely not of the mind,† and something so very real as a marriage project, with one who has been idly called a shadowy nymph, may be, perhaps, detected in at least six places of his own sonnets. The love of Petrarch was neither platonic nor poetical; and if in one passage of his works he calls it "amore veementeissimo ma unico ed onesto," he confesses, in a letter to a friend, that it was guilty and perverse, that it absorbed him quite, and mastered his heart.

In this case, however, he was perhaps alarmed for the culpability of his wishes; for the Abbé de Sade himself, who certainly would not have been scrupulously delicate if he could have proved his descent from Petrarch as well as Laura, is forced into a stout defence of his virtuous grandmother. As far as relates to the poet, we have no security for the innocence, except perhaps in the constancy of his pursuit. He assures us in his epistle to posterity, that, when arrived at his fortieth year, he not only had in horror, but had lost all recollection and image of any "irregularity." But the birth of his natural daughter cannot be assigned earlier than his thirty-ninth year; and either the memory or the morality of the poet must have failed him, when he forgot or was guilty of this *ship*.‡ The weakest argument for the purity of this love has been drawn from the permanence of its effects, which survived the object of his passion. The reflection of M. de la Bastie, that virtue alone is capable of making impressions which death cannot efface, is one of those which everybody applauds, and everybody finds not to be true, the moment he examines his own breast or the records of human feeling.§ Such apophthegms can do nothing for Petrarch or for the cause of morality, except with the very weak and the very young. He that has made even a little progress beyond ignorance and pupillage cannot be eluded with anything but truth. What is called vindicating the honour of an individual or a nation, is the most futile, tedious, and unconstructive of all writing; although it will always meet with more applause than that sober criticism, which is attributed to the malicious desire of reducing a great man to the common standard of humanity. It is, after all, not unlikely that our historian was right in retaining his favourite hypothetic *salvo*, which secures the author, although it scarcely saves the honour of the still unknown mistress of Petrarch.||

\* Petrarch retired to Arquà immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and with the exception of his celebrated

une femme tendre et sage amuse, pendant vingt et un ans, le plus grand poëte de son siècle, sans faire la moindre brèche à son honneur." Mémoires pour la Vie de Pétrarque, Préface aux Français.

\* In a dialogue with St. Augustin, Petrarch has described Laura as having a body exhausted with repeated *ptabs*. The old editors read and printed *perturbationibus*; but M. Capperonier, librarian to the French King in 1762, who saw the MS. in the Paris library, made an attestation that "on lit et qu'on doit lire, *partibus* exhaustura." De Sade joined the names of Messrs. Boudot and Bèjot with M. Capperonier, and, in the whole discussion on this *ptabs*, showed himself a downright literary rogue. See Riflessioni, &c., p. 267. Thomas Aquinas is called in to settle whether Petrarch's mistress was a *chaste maid* or a *continent wife*.

† "Pignation, quanto lodar ti dei  
Dell' imagine tua, se mille volte  
N' avesti quel ch' i sol una vorrei."

Sonetto 58, quando girassi a Simon l'alto concetto.

*Le Rime*, &c., par. I., p. 189, edit. Ven. 1756.

‡ "A questa confessione così sincera diede forse occasione una nuova caduta ch' ei fece."—Tiraboschi, Storia, &c., v. 492.

§ M. de Bimard, Baron de la Bastie, in the Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belle Lettres for 1740 and 1751. See also Riflessioni, &c., p. 295.

|| "And if the virtue or prudence of Laura was inexorable, he employed, and might boast of enjoying, the nymph of poetry."—Decline and Fall, chap. lxx., p. 327, vol. xii. Svo. Perhaps the *if* is here meant for *although*.

visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arquà, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to everything relative to this great man from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shaksperian memorials of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view, not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall, single cypresses, and the spires of towns, are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's Fountain, for here everything is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine."

Mr. Forsyth\* was not quite correct in saying that Petrarch never returned to Tuscany after he had once quitted it when a boy. It appears he did pass through Florence on his way from Parma to Rome, and on his return in the year 1359, and remained there long enough to form some acquaintance with its most distinguished inhabitants. A Florentine gentleman, ashamed of the aversion of the poet for his native country, was eager to point out this trivial error in our accomplished traveller, whom he knew and respected for an extraordinary capacity, extensive erudition, and refined taste, joined to that engaging simplicity of manners which has been so frequently recognised as the surest, though it is certainly not an indispensable, trait of superior genius.

Every footstep of Laura's lover has been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shown in Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighbouring Areusa, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated by a long inscription the spot where their great fellow-citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the cathedral, because he was archdeacon of that society, and was only snatched from his intended sepulture in their church by a *foreign* death. Another tablet, with a bust,

\* Remarks, &c. on Italy, p. 95, note, 2nd edit.

has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son-in-law Brossano. The political condition which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

<sup>21</sup> ["I have built among the Euganean hills, a small house, decent and proper, in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends."—FERRAREN.]

<sup>22</sup> The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with our better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude.

<sup>23</sup> [In April, 1817, Lord Byron visited Ferrara, went over the castle, cell, &c., and wrote, a few days after, the Lament of Tasso.]

<sup>24</sup> Perhaps the couplet in which Boileau depreciates Tasso may serve as well as any other specimen to justify the opinion given of the harmony of French verse:—

"A Madherbe, à Racan, préfère Théophile,  
Et le cinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile."—Sat. ix.

The biographer Serassi,\* out of tenderness to the reputation either of the Italian or the French poet, is eager to observe that the satirist recanted or explained away this censure, and subsequently allowed the author of the Jerusalem to be "a genius, sublime, vast, and happily born for the higher flights of poetry." To this we will add, that the recantation is far from satisfactory, when we examine the whole anecdote as reported by Olivet.† The sentence pronounced against him by Boheurs‡ is recorded only to the confusion of the critic, whose *patina* the Italian makes no effort to discover, and would not, perhaps, accept. As to the opposition which the Jerusalem encountered from the Cruscan academy, who degraded Tasso from all competition with Ariosto, below Bojardo and Pulci, the disgrace of such opposition must also in some measure be laid to the charge of Alfonso, and the court of Ferrara. For Leonard Salviati, the principal and nearly the sole origin of this attack, was, there can be no doubt,§ influenced by a hope to acquire the favour of the House of Este: an object which he thought attainable by exalting the reputation of a native poet at the expense of a rival, then a *prisoner of state*. The hopes and efforts of Salviati must serve to show the contemporary opinion as to the nature of the poet's imprisonment; and will fill up the measure of our indignation at the tyrant jailer.¶ In fact, the antagonist of Tasso was not disappointed in the reception given to his criticism; he was called to the court of Ferrara, where, having endeavoured to heighten his claims to favour, by panegyrics on the family of his sovereign,¶ he was in turn abandoned, and expired in neglected poverty. The opposition of the Crusceans was brought to a close in six years after the commencement of the controversy; and if the Academy owed its first renown

\* La Vita del Tasso, lib. iii.

† Histoire de l'Académie Française depuis 1652 jusqu'à 1700, par l'Abbé d'Olivet. "Mais, ensuite, venant, à l'usage qu'il a fait de ses talens, j'aurais montré que le bon sens n'est pas toujours ce qui domine chez-lui," p. 182. Boileau said he had not changed his opinion. "J'en ai si peu changé, dit-il," &c. p. 181.

‡ La Manière de bien Penser. Philanthis is for Tasso, and says in the outset, "De tous les beaux esprits que l'Italie a portés, le Tasse est peut-être celui qui pense le plus noblement." But Boheurs seems to speak in Eudoxus, who closes with the absurd comparison: "Faites valoir le Tasse tant qu'il vous plaira, je m'en tiens pour moi à Virgile," &c.

§ La Vita, &c. lib. iii. p. 90, tom. ii. The English reader may see an account of the opposition of the Crusca to Tasso, in Dr. Black, Life, &c. chap. xvii. vol. ii.

¶ For further, and it is hoped, decisive proof, that Tasso was neither more nor less than a *prisoner of state*, the reader is referred to Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto of Childe Harold, p. 5, and following.

¶ Orazioni funebri . . . delle lodi di Don Luigi Cardinal d'Este . . . delle lodi di Donno Alfonso d'Este. See La Vita, lib. iii., p. 117.

to having almost opened with such a paradox,\* it is probable that, on the other hand, the care of his reputation alleviated rather than aggravated the imprisonment of the injured poet. The defence of his father and of himself, for both were involved in the censure of Salviati, found employment for many of his solitary hours, and the captive could have been but little embarrassed to reply to accusations, where, amongst other delinquencies, he was charged with invidiously omitting, in his comparison between France and Italy, to make any mention of the cupola of St. Maria del Fiore at Florence.† The late biographer of Ariosto seems as if willing to renew the controversy by doubting the interpretation of Tasso's self-estimation ‡ related in Scerassi's life of the poet. But Tiraboschi had before laid that rivalry at rest, § by showing, that between Ariosto and Tasso it is not a question of comparison, but of preference.

25 [“I do not know whether Scott will like it, but I have called him the ‘Ariosto of the North’ in my text. If he should not, say so in time.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, August, 1817. No fit of caprice ever prevented his doing homage to the only genius who could pretend to divide with him the favour of the public. “Scott,” he remarks in his *Diary* for 1821, “is certainly the most wonderful writer of the day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any—if not better (only on an erroneous system),—and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar were tired of hearing ‘Aristides called the Just’ and Scott the best, and ostracised him. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of his.”]

26 Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away. The event has been recorded by a writer of the last century. || The transfer of these sacred ashes, on the 6th of June, 1801, was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic; and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the once famous fallen *Intrepidi* were revived and reformed into the Ariostean academy. The large public place through which the procession passed was then for the first time called Ariosto Square. The author of the Orlando is jealously claimed as the Homer, not of Italy but Ferrara. ¶ The mother of Ariosto was of Reggio, and the house in which he was born is carefully distinguished by a tablet with these words: “Qui natus Ludovicus Ariosto il giorno 8. di Settembre dell’anno 1474.” But the Ferrarese make light of the accident by which their poet was born abroad, and claim him exclusively for their own. They possess his bones, they show his arm-chair, and his inkstand, and his autographs.

“ . . . . . Ille illius arma,  
Ille currus fuit . . . . . ”

The house where he lived, the room where he died, are designated by his own replaced memorial,\*\* and by a recent inscription. The Ferrarese are more jealous of their claims since the animosity of Denina, arising from a cause which their apologists mysteriously hint is not unknown to them, ventured to degrade their soil and climate to a Boeotian incapacity for all spiritual productions. A quarto volume has been called forth by the objection, and this supplement to Barotti's *Memoirs of the illustrious*

It was founded in 1582, and the Crusean answer to Pellegrino's *Caraffa*, or *Epicæ quæsiæ*, was published in 1584.

+ “Contanto potè scampare in lui il veleno della sua pessima volontà contro alla nazione Fiorentina.” *La Vita*, lib. iii., pp. 96, 98, tom. ii.

‡ *La Vita di M. L. Ariosto*, scritta dall' Abate Girolamo Baruffaldi Giuniore, &c. Ferrara, 1807, lib. iii., p. 262. See *Historical Illustrations*, &c. p. 26.

§ *Storia della Letts.*, &c., lib. iii., tom. vii., par. iii., p. 1220, sect. 4.

|| *Op. di Bianconi*, vol. iii., p. 176, ed. Milano, 1802: Lettera al Signor Guido Savini Arcivescoviatico, sull' indole di un fulmine caduto in Dresda l'anno 1759.

¶ “Appassionata ammiratore ed invito apologista dell' *Onore Ferrarese*.” The title was first given by Tasso, and is quoted to the confusion of the *Tassisti*, lib. iii., pp. 262, 265. *La Vita di M. L. Ariosto*, &c.

\*\* “Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non  
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ire domus.”

Ferrarese has been considered a triumphant reply to the "Quadro Storico Statistico dell' Alta Italia."

<sup>27</sup> The eagle, the sea calf, the laurel, and the white vine, were amongst the most approved preservatives against lightning: Jupiter chose the first, Augustus Caesar the second, and Tiberius never failed to wear a wreath of the third when the sky threatened a thunder-storm.\* These superstitions may be received without a sneer in a country where the magical properties of the hazel twig have not lost all their credit: and perhaps the reader may not be much surprised that a commentator on Suetonius has taken upon himself gravely to disprove the imputed virtues of the crown of Tiberius, by mentioning that a few years before he wrote a laurel was actually struck by lightning at Rome.†

<sup>28</sup> The Curtian lake and the Ruminal fig-tree in the Forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by a *puteal*, or altar resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunder-bolt. Bodies seathed and persons struck dead were thought to be incorruptible; ‡ and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity upon the man so distinguished by heaven.§

Those killed by lightning were wrapped in a white garment, and buried where they fell. The superstition was not confined to the worshippers of Jupiter: the Lombards believed in the omens furnished by lightning; and a Christian priest confesses that, by a diabolical skill in interpreting thunder, a seer foretold to Agilulf, duke of Turin, an event which came to pass, and gave him a queen and a crown. || There was, however, something equivocal in this sign, which the ancient inhabitants of Rome did not always consider propitious; and as the fears are likely to last longer than the consolations of superstition, it is not strange that the Romans of the age of Leo X. should have been so much terrified at some misinterpreted storms as to require the exhortations of a scholar, who arrayed all the learning on thunder and lightning to prove the omen favourable; beginning with the flash which struck the walls of Velitæ, and including that which played upon a gate at Florence, and foretold the pontificate of one of its citizens.¶

<sup>29</sup> The two stanzas XLII. and XLIII. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja:—"Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte!"

<sup>30</sup> The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages. "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Ægina was behind, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left: all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view."—See Middleton's Cicero, vol. ii., p. 371.

<sup>31</sup> It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, "Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi."

\* Plin. Nat. Hist., lib. ii., cap. 55. Columella, lib. x. Sueton. in Vit. August., cap. xc., et in Vit. Tiberii, cap. lxxix.

† Note 2, p. 409, edit. Lugd. Bat. 1667.

‡ Vid. J. C. Bullenger, de Terræ Motu et Fulminib., lib. v., cap. xi.

§ *Ὅδδεις κερανωθεὶς ἀτιμὸς ἐστί, ὄθεν καὶ ὡς θεὸς τιμᾶται.* Plut. Sympos. vid. J. C. Bulleng., ut sup.

|| Pauli Diaconi de Gestis Langobard., lib. iii., cap. xiv.

¶ I. P. Valeriani de fulminum significationibus declamatio, ap. Græv. Antiq. Rom., tom. v., p. 593. The declamation is addressed to Julian of Medieis.

32

[“Whereof all Europe rings from side to side,”

(MILTON. Sonnet xxii.)]

<sup>33</sup> The view of the Venus of Medici instantly suggests the lines in the “Seasons ;” and the comparison of the object with the description proves, not only the correctness of the portrait, but the peculiar turn of thought, and, if the term may be used, the sexual imagination of the descriptive poet. The same conclusion may be deduced from another hint in the same episode of Musidora ; for Thomson’s notion of the privileges of favoured love must have been either very primitive, or rather deficient in delicacy, when he made his grateful nymph inform her discreet Damon that in some happier moment he might perhaps be the companion of her bath :—

“The time may come you need not fly.”

The reader will recollect the anecdote told in the Life of Dr. Johnson. We will not leave the Florentine gallery without a word on the *Walter*. It seems strange that the character of that disputed statue should not be entirely decided, at least in the mind of any one who has seen a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the Basilica of St. Paul without the walls, at Rome, where the whole group of the fable of Marsyas is seen in tolerable preservation : and the Scythian slave whetting the knife, is represented exactly in the same position as this celebrated masterpiece. The slave is not naked ; but it is easier to get rid of this difficulty than to suppose the knife in the hand of the Florentine statue an instrument for shaving, which it must be, if, as Lanzi supposes, the man is no other than the barber of Julius Cesar. Winkelmann, illustrating a bas-relief of the same subject, follows the opinion of Leonard Agostini, and his authority might have been thought conclusive, even if the resemblance did not strike the most careless observer.\* Amongst the bronzes of the same princely collection, is still to be seen the inscribed tablet copied and commented upon by Mr. Gibbon.† Our historian found some difficulties, but did not desist from his illustration. He might be vexed to hear that his criticism has been thrown away on an inscription now generally recognised to be a forgery.

<sup>34</sup> [In 1817, Lord Byron visited Florence, on his way to Rome. “I remained,” he says, “*but a day* ; however, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns *drunk with beauty*. The Venus is more for admiration than love ; but there are sculpture and painting, which, for the first time, at all gave me an idea of what people mean by their cant about those two most artificial of the Arts.”]

35

Ὁφθαλμοὺς ἐστῶν.

“Atque oculos pascat uterque suos.”—OVIUM. *Amor*, lib. ii.

<sup>36</sup> [“The church of Santa Croce contains much illustrious nothing. The tombs of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Alfieri, make it the Westminster Abbey of Italy. I did not admire any of these tombs—beyond their contents. That of Alfieri is heavy : and all of them seem to me overloaded. What is necessary but a bust and name ? and perhaps a date ? the last for the unchronological, of whom I am one.”—*Byron Letters*, 1817.

This name will recall the memory, not only of those whose tombs have raised the Santa Croce into the centre of pilgrimage—the Mecca of Italy—but of her whose eloquence was poured over the illustrious ashes, and whose voice is now as mute as those she sung. CORINNA is no more ; and with her should expire the fear, the flattery, and the envy, which threw too dazzling or too dark a cloud round the march of genius, and forbad the steady gaze of disinterested criticism. We have her picture embellished or distorted, as friendship or detraction has held the pencil : the impartial portrait was hardly to be expected from a contemporary. The immediate voice of her survivors will, it is probable, be far from affording a just estimate of her singular capacity. The gallantry, the love of wonder, and the hope of associated fame, which blunted the edge of censure, must cease to exist.—The dead have no sex ; they can

\* See Monim. Ant. Ined., par. i., cap. xvii., n. xlii., p. 50 ; and Storia delle Arti, &c. lib. xi., cap. i., tom. ii., p. 314, not. B.

† Nomina gentesque Antiquæ Italiæ, p. 204, edit. oct.



surprise by no new miracles; they can confer no privilege: Corinna has ceased to be a woman—she is only an author; and it may be foreseen that many will repay themselves for former complaisance, by a severity to which the extravagance of previous praises may perhaps give the colour of truth. The latest posterity—for to the latest posterity they will assuredly descend—will have to pronounce upon her various productions: and the longer the vista through which they are seen, the more accurately minute will be the object, the more certain the justice, of the decision. She will enter into that existence in which the great writers of all ages and nations are, as it were, associated in a world of their own, and, from that superior sphere, shed their eternal influence for the control and consolation of mankind. But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen: some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppett, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous, but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and, to the sorrows of very many friends, and more dependants, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublimer scenes of the Lemna lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna.

<sup>37</sup> Alfieri is the great name of this age. The Italians, without waiting for the hundred years, consider him as “a poet good in law.”—His memory is the more dear to them because he is the bard of freedom; and because, as such, his tragedies can receive no countenance from any of their sovereigns. They are but very seldom, and but very few of them, allowed to be acted. It was observed by Cicero, that nowhere were the true opinions and feelings of the Romans so clearly shown as at the theatre.\* In the autumn of 1816, a celebrated improvisatore exhibited his talents at the Opera-house of Milan. The reading of the theses handed in for the subjects of his poetry was received by a very numerous audience, for the most part in silence, or with laughter; but when the assistant, unfolding one of the papers, exclaimed, *The apotheosis of Victor Alfieri*, the whole theatre burst into a shout, and the applause was continued for some moments. The lot did not fall on Alfieri; and the Signor Sgricci had to pour forth his extemporary common-places on the bombardment of Algiers. The choice, indeed, is not left to accident quite so much as might be thought from a first view of the ceremony; and the police not only takes care to look at the papers beforehand, but, in case of any prudential after-thought, steps in to correct the blindness of chance. The proposal for deifying Alfieri was received with immediate enthusiasm, the rather because it was conjectured there would be no opportunity of carrying it into effect.

\* The free expression of their honest sentiments survived their liberties. Titius, the friend of Antony, presented them with games in the theatre of Pompey. They did not suffer the brilliancy of the spectacle to efface from their memory that the man who furnished them with the entertainment had murdered the son of Pompey: they drove him from the theatre with curses. The moral sense of a populace, spontaneously expressed, is never wrong. Even the soldiers of the triumvirs joined in the execration of the citizens, by shouting round the chariots of Lepidus and Planens, who had proscribed their brothers, *De Germanis non de Gallis duo triumphant consules*: a saying worth a record, were it nothing but a good pun. [C. Vell. Patereuli Hist., lib. ii., cap. lxxix., p. 78, edit. Elzevir. 1639. Ibid. lib. ii., cap. lxxvii.]

<sup>38</sup> The affectation of simplicity in sepulchral inscriptions, which so often leaves us uncertain whether the structure before us is an actual depository, or a cenotaph, or a simple memorial not of death but life, has given to the tomb of Machiavelli no information as to the place or time of the birth or death, the age or parentage, of the historian.

TANTO NOMINI NVLLVM PAR ELQVIVM  
NICCOLAVS MACHIAVELLI.

There seems at least no reason why the name should not have been put above the sentence which alludes to it.

It will readily be imagined that the prejudices which have passed the name of Machiavelli into an epithet proverbial of iniquity exist no longer at Florence. His memory was persecuted, as his life had been, for an attachment to liberty incompatible with the new system of despotism, which succeeded the fall of the free governments of Italy. He was put to the torture for being a "libertine," that is, for wishing to restore the republic of Florence; and such are the unyielding efforts of those who are interested in the perversion, not only of the nature of actions, but the meaning of words, that what was once *patriotism*, has by degrees come to signify *debauch*. We have ourselves outlived the old meaning of "liberality," which is now another word for treason in one country and for infatuation in all. It seems to have been a strange mistake to accuse the author of "The Prince," as being a pander to tyranny; and to think that the Inquisition would condemn his work for such a delinquency. The fact is, that Machiavelli, as is usual with those against whom no crime can be proved, was suspected of and charged with atheism; and the first and last most violent opposers of "The Prince" were both Jesuits, one of whom persuaded the Inquisition "benchè fosse tardo," to prohibit the treatise, and the other qualified the secretary of the Florentine republic as no better than a fool. The father Possevín was proved never to have read the book, and the father Lucchesini not to have understood it. It is clear, however, that such critics must have objected not to the slavery of the doctrines, but to the supposed tendency of a lesson which shows how distinct are the interests of a monarch from the happiness of mankind. The Jesuits are re-established in Italy, and the last chapter of "The Prince" may again call forth a particular refutation from those who are employed once more in monbling the minds of the rising generation, so as to receive the impressions of despotism. The chapter bears for title, "Esortazione a liberare la Italia dai Barbari," and concludes with a *libertine* excitement to the future redemption of Italy. "Non si deve adunque lasciar passare questa occasione, acciochè la Italia vegga dopo tanto tempo apparire un suo redentore. Nè posso esprimere con qual amore ci fusse ricevuto in tutte quelle provincie, che hanno patito per queste illuvioni esterne, con qual sete di vendetta, con che ostinata fede, con che lacrime. Quali porte se li serrerebbono? Quali popoli li negherebbono la obbedienza? Quale Italiano il negherebbe l'ossequio? AD OGNUNO PEZZA QUESTO BARBARO DOMINIO."\*

<sup>39</sup> Dante was born in Florence, in the year 1261. He fought in two battles, was fourteen times ambassador, and once prior of the republic. When the party of Charles of Anjou triumphed over the Bianchi, he was absent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII., and was condemned to two years' banishment, and to a fine of 8000 lire; on the non-payment of which he was further punished by the sequestration of all his property. The republic, however, was not content with this satisfaction, for in 1272 was discovered in the archives at Florence a sentence in which Dante is the eleventh of a list of fifteen condemned in 1302 to be burnt alive; *Talis percussus igne comburatur sic quod moriatur*. The pretext for this judgment was a proof of unfair barter, extortions, and illicit gains. *Baracteriarum iniquarum extortionum et illicitorum lucrorum*,† and with such an accusation it is not strange that Dante should

\* Il Principe di Niccolò Machiavelli, &c., con la prefazione e le note istoriche e politiche di M. Amelot de la Houssaye e l'estame e confutazione dell'opera . . . Cosmopoli, 1769.

† Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. v., lib. iii., par. 2, p. 448. Tiraboschi is incorrect; the dates of the three decrees against Dante are A.D. 1302, 1314, and 1316.

have always protested his innocence, and the injustice of his fellow-citizens. His appeal to Florence was accompanied by another to the Emperor Henry; and the death of that Sovereign in 1313 was the signal for a sentence of irrevocable banishment. He had before lingered near Tuscany with hopes of recall; then travelled into the north of Italy, where Verona had to boast of his longest residence; and he finally settled at Ravenna, which was his ordinary but not constant abode until his death. The refusal of the Venetians to grant him a public audience, on the part of Guido Novello da Polenta, his protector, is said to have been the principal cause of this event, which happened in 1321. He was buried ("in sacra minorum sede") at Ravenna, in a handsome tomb, which was erected by Guido, restored by Bernardo Bembo in 1483, pretor for that republic which had refused to hear him, again restored by Cardinal Corsi, in 1692, and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre, constructed in 1780 at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valenti Gonzaga. The offence or misfortune of Dante was an attachment to a defeated party, and, as his least favourable biographers allege against him, too great a freedom of speech and haughtiness of manner. But the next age paid honours almost divine to the exile. The Florentines, having in vain and frequently attempted to recover his body, crowned his image in a church,\* and his picture is still one of the idols of their cathedral. They struck medals, they raised statues to him. The cities of Italy, not being able to dispute about his own birth, contended for that of his great poem, and the Florentines thought it for their honour to prove that he had finished the seventh Canto before they drove him from his native city. Fifty-one years after his death, they endowed a professorial chair for the expounding of his verses, and Boccaccio was appointed to this patriotic employment. The example was imitated by Bologna and Pisa, and the commentators, if they performed but little service to literature, augmented the veneration which beheld a sacred or moral allegory in all the images of his mystic muse. His birth and his infancy were discovered to have been distinguished above those of ordinary men: the author of the Decameron, his earliest biographer, relates that his mother was warned in a dream of the importance of her pregnancy; and it was found, by others, that at ten years of age he had manifested his precocious passion for that wisdom or theology, which, under the name of Beatrice, had been mistaken for a substantial mistress. When the Divine Comedy had been recognised as a mere mortal production, and at the distance of two centuries, when criticism had sobered the judgment of the Italians, Dante was seriously declared superior to Homer; † and though the preference appeared to some casuists "an heretical blasphemy worthy of the flames," the contest was vigorously maintained for nearly fifty years. In later times it was made a question which of the Lords of Verona could boast of having patronised him, ‡ and the jealous scepticism of one writer would not allow Ravenna the undoubted possession of his bones. Even the critical Tiraboschi was inclined to believe that the poet had foreseen and foretold one of the discoveries of Galileo.—Like the great originals of other nations, his popularity has not always maintained the same level. The last age seemed inclined to undervalue him as a model and a study; and Bettinelli one day rebuked his pupil Monti, for poring over the harsh and obsolete extravagances of the *Commedia*. The present generation having recovered from the Gallic idolatries of Cesarotti, has returned to the ancient worship, and the *Danteggiare* of the northern Italians is thought even indiscreet by the more moderate Tuscans.

There is still much curious information relative to the life and writings of this great poet, which has not as yet been collected even by the Italians; but the celebrated Ugo Foscolo meditates to supply this defect, and it is not to be regretted that this national work has been reserved for one so devoted to his country and the cause of truth.

<sup>40</sup> The elder Scipio Africanus had a tomb if he was not buried at Liternum, whither he had retired to voluntary banishment. This tomb was near the sea-shore, and the

\* So relates Ficino, but some think his coronation only an allegory. See Storia, &c., ut sup., p. 453.

† By Varchi, in his Ercolano. The controversy continued from 1570 to 1616. See Storia, &c., tom. vii., lib. iii., par. iii., p. 1280.

‡ Gio Jacopo Dionisi Canonico di Verona. Serie di Aneddoti, n. 2. See Storia, &c., tom. v., lib. i., par. i., p. 24.

story of an inscription upon it, *Ingrata Patria*, having given a name to a modern tower, is, if not true, an agreeable fiction. If he was not buried, he certainly lived there.\*

In così angusta e solitaria villa  
Era 'l grand' uomo che d' Africa s' appella  
Perchè prima col ferro al vivo aprilla.†

Ingratitude is generally supposed the vice peculiar to republics; and it seems to be forgotten that for one instance of popular inconstancy, we have a hundred examples of the fall of courtly favourites. Besides, a people have often repented—a monarch seldom or never. Leaving apart many familiar proofs of this fact, a short story may show the difference between even an aristocracy and the multitude.

Vettor Pisani, having been defeated in 1354 at Portofongo, and many years afterwards in the more decisive action of Pola, by the Genoese, was recalled by the Venetian government, and thrown into chains. The Avogadori proposed to behead him, but the supreme tribunal was content with the sentence of imprisonment. Whilst Pisani was suffering this unmerited disgrace, Chioza, in the vicinity of the capital,‡ was, by the assistance of the *Signor of Padua*, delivered into the hands of Pietro Doria. At the intelligence of that disaster, the great bell of St. Mark's tower tolled to arms, and the people and the soldiery of the galleys were summoned to the repulse of the approaching enemy; but they protested they would not move a step, unless Pisani were liberated and placed at their head. The great council was instantly assembled: the prisoner was called before them, and the Doge, Andrea Contarini, informed him of the demands of the people, and the necessities of the state, whose only hope of safety was reposed in his efforts, and who implored him to forget the indignities he had endured in her service. "I have submitted," replied the magnanimous republican, "I have submitted to your deliberations without complaint; I have supported patiently the pains of imprisonment, for they were inflicted at your command: this is no time to inquire whether I deserved them—the good of the republic may have seemed to require it, and that which the republic resolves is always resolved wisely. Behold me ready to lay down my life for the preservation of my country." Pisani was appointed generalissimo, and, by his exertions, in conjunction with those of Carlo Zeno, the Venetians soon recovered the ascendancy over their maritime rivals.

The Italian communities were no less unjust to their citizens than the Greek republics. Liberty, both with the one and the other, seems to have been a national, not an individual object: and, notwithstanding the boasted *equality before the laws*, which an ancient Greek writer § considered the great distinctive mark between his countrymen and the barbarians, the mutual rights of fellow citizens seem never to have been the principal scope of the old democracies. The world may have not yet seen an essay by the author of the Italian Republics, in which the distinction between the liberty of former states, and the signification attached to that word by the happier constitution of England, is ingeniously developed. The Italians, however, when they had ceased to be free, still looked back with a sigh upon those times of turbulence, when every citizen might rise to a share of sovereign power, and have never been taught fully to appreciate the repose of a monarchy. Sperone Speroni, when Francis Maria II. Duke of Rovere proposed the question, "which was preferable, the republic or the principality—the perfect and not durable, or the less perfect and not so liable to change," replied, "that our happiness is to be measured by its quality, not by its duration; and that he preferred to live for one day like a man, than for a hundred years like a brute, a stock, or a stone." This was thought, and called a *magnificent* answer down to the last days of Italian servitude. ||

\* Vitam Litemi egit sine desiderio urbis. See T. Liv. Hist., lib. xxxviii. Livy reports that some said he was buried at Litemum, others at Rome. Ibid., cap. lv.

† Trionfo della Castità.

‡ See Note 8, p. 263.

§ The Greek boasted that he was *ισοπόλιος*. See the last chapter of the first book of Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

|| "E intorno *alla magnifica risposta*," &c. Scassini. Vita del Tasso, lib. iii., p. 149, tom. ii. edit. 2. Bergamo.

<sup>41</sup> The Florentines did not take the opportunity of Petrarch's short visit to their city in 1350 to revoke the decree which confiscated the property of his father, who had been banished shortly after the exile of Dante. His crown did not dazzle them; but when in the next year they were in want of his assistance in the formation of their university, they repented of their injustice, and Boccaccio was sent to Padua to entreat the laureate to conclude his wanderings in the bosom of his native country, where he might finish his *immortal Africa*, and enjoy, with his recovered possessions, the esteem of all classes of his fellow citizens. They gave him the option of the book and the science he might condescend to expound: they called him the glory of his country, who was dear, and who would be dearer to them; and they added, that if there was anything displeasing in their letter, he ought to return amongst them, were it only to correct their style.\* Petrarch seemed at first to listen to the flattery and to the entreaties of his friend, but he did not return to Florence, and preferred a pilgrimage to the tomb of Laura and the shades of Vancluse.

<sup>42</sup> Boccaccio was buried in the church of St. Michael and St. James, at Certaldo, a small town in the Valselsa, which was by some supposed the place of his birth. There he passed the latter part of his life in a course of laborious study, which shortened his existence; and there might his ashes have been secure, if not of honour, at least of repose. But the "hyena bigots" of Certaldo tore up the tombstone of Boccaccio, and ejected it from the holy precincts of St. Michael and St. James. The occasion, and, it may be hoped, the excuse, of this ejection was the making of a new floor for the church; but the fact is, that the tombstone was taken up and thrown aside at the bottom of the building. Ignorance may share the sin with bigotry. It would be painful to relate such an exception to the devotion of the Italians for their great names, could it not be accompanied by a trait more honourably conformable to the general character of the nation. The principal person of the district, the last branch of the house of Medici, afforded that protection to the memory of the insulted dead which her best ancestors had dispensed upon all contemporary merit. The Marchioness Lenzi rescued the tombstone of Boccaccio from the neglect in which it had some time lain, and found for it an honourable elevation in her own mansion. She has done more: the house in which the poet lived has been as little respected as his tomb, and is falling to ruin over the head of one indifferent to the name of its former tenant. It consists of two or three little chambers, and a low tower, on which Cosmo II. affixed an inscription. This house she has taken measures to purchase, and proposes to devote to it that care and consideration which are attached to the cradle and to the roof of genius.

This is not the place to undertake the defence of Boccaccio; but the man who exhausted his little patrimony in the acquirement of learning, who was amongst the first, if not the first, to allure the science and the poetry of Greece to the bosom of Italy;—who not only invented a new style, but founded, or certainly fixed, a new language; who, besides the esteem of every polite court of Europe, was thought worthy of employment by the predominant republic of his own country, and, what is more, of the friendship of Petrarch, who lived the life of a philosopher and a freeman, and who died in the pursuit of knowledge,—such a man might have found more consideration than he has met with from the priest of Certaldo, and from a late English traveller, who strikes off his portrait as an odious, contemptible, licentious writer, whose impure remains should be suffered to rot without a record.† That English traveller,

\* "Accingiti inoltre, se ci è lecito ancor l'esortarti, a compire l'immortal tua Africa . . . Se ti avviene d'incontrare nel nostro stile cosa che ti dispiaccia, ciò debb' essere un altro motivo ad esandire i desiderj della tua patria." Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. v., par. i., lib. i. p. 76.

† Classical Tour, chap. ix., vol. ii., p. 355, edit. 3rd. "Of Boccaccio, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence; and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust. For the same reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant Aretino." This dubious phrase is hardly enough to save the tourist from the suspicion of another blunder respecting the burial-place of Aretino, whose tomb was in the church of St. Luke at Venice, and gave rise to the

unfortunately for those who have to deplore the loss of a very amiable person, is beyond all criticism; but the mortality which did not protect Boccaccio from Mr. Eustace, must not defend Mr. Eustace from the impartial judgment of his successors. Death may canonise his virtues, not his errors; and it may be modestly pronounced that he transgressed, not only as an author, but as a man, when he evoked the shade of Boccaccio in company with that of Aretine, amidst the sepulchres of Santa Croce, merely to dismiss it with indignity. As far as respects

"Il flagello de' Principi,  
Il divin Pietro Aretino,"

it is of little import what censure is passed upon a coxcomb who owes his present existence to the above burlesque character given to him by the poet, whose amber has preserved many other grubs and worms: but to classify Boccaccio with such a person, and to excommunicate his very ashes, must of itself make us doubt of the qualification of the classical tourist for writing upon Italian, or, indeed, upon any other literature; for ignorance on one point may incapacitate an author merely for that particular topic, but subjection to a professional prejudice must render him an unsafe director on all occasions. Any perversion and injustice may be made what is vulgarly called a "case of conscience," and this poor excuse is all that can be offered for the priest of Certaldo, or the author of the Classical Tour. It would have answered the purpose to confine the censure to the novels of Boccaccio; and gratitude to that source which supplied the muse of Dryden with her last and most harmonious numbers might, perhaps, have restricted that censure to the objectionable qualities of the hundred tales. At any rate the repentance of Boccaccio might have arrested his exhumation, and it should have been recollected and told, that in his old age he wrote a letter entreating his friend to discourage the reading of the Decameron, for the sake of modesty, and for the sake of the author, who would not have an apologist always at hand to state in his excuse that he wrote it when young, and at the command of his superiors.\* It is neither the licentiousness of the writer, nor the evil propensities of the reader, which have given to the Decameron alone, of all the works of Boccaccio, a perpetual popularity. The establishment of a new and delightful dialect conferred an immortality on the works in which it was first fixed. The sonnets of Petrarch were, for the same reason, fated to survive his self-admired Africa, "the favourite of kings." The invariable traits of nature and feeling with which the novels, as well as the verses, abound, have doubtless been the chief source of the foreign celebrity of both authors; but Boccaccio, as a man, is no more to be estimated by that work, than Petrarch is to be regarded in no other light than as the lover of Laura. Even, however, had the father of the Tuscan prose been known only as the author of the Decameron, a considerate writer would have been cautious to pronounce a sentence irreconcilable with the unerring voice of many ages and nations. An irrevocable value has never been stamped upon any work solely recommended by impurity.

The true source of the outcry against Boccaccio, which began at a very early period, was the choice of his scandalous personages in the cloisters as well as the courts; but the princes only laughed at the gallant adventures so unjustly charged upon queen Theodelinda, whilst the priesthood cried shame upon the debauches drawn from the convent and the hermitage; and most probably for the opposite reason, namely, that the picture was faithful to the life. Two of the novels are allowed to be facts usefully turned into tales to deride the canonisation of rogues and laymen. Ser Ciappelletto and Marcellinus are cited with applause even by the decent Muratori.† The great

famous controversy of which some notice is taken in Bayle. Now the words of Mr. Eustace would lead us to think the tomb was at Florence, or at least was to be somewhere recognised. Whether the inscription so much disputed was ever written on the tomb cannot now be decided, for all memorial of this author has disappeared from the church of St. Luke.

\* "Non enim ubique est, qui in excusationem meam consurgens dicat, juvenis scripsit, et majoris coactus imperio." The letter was addressed to Maghinard of Cavalcanti, marshal of the kingdom of Sicily. See Tiraboschi, Storia, &c., tom. v., par. ii., lib. iii.

† Dissertazioni sopra le Antichità Italiane, Diss. lviii.

Arnaud, as he is quoted in Bayle, states, that a new edition of the novels was proposed, of which the expurgation consisted in omitting the words "monk" and "nun," and tacking the immoralities to other names. The literary history of Italy particularly has no such edition; but it was not long before the whole of Europe had but one opinion of the Decameron; and the absolution of the author seems to have been a point settled at least a hundred years ago: *On se feroit siffler si l'on prétendoit convaincre Boccace de n'avoir pas été honnête homme, puis qu'il a fait le Decameron.*" So said one of the best men, and perhaps the best critic that ever lived—the very martyr to impartiality.\* But as this information, that in the beginning of the last century one would have been hooted at for pretending that Boccaccio was not a good man, may seem to come from one of those enemies who are to be suspected, even when they make us a present of truth, a more acceptable contrast with the proscription of the body, soul, and muse of Boccaccio may be found in a few words from the virtuous, the patriotic contemporary, who thought one of the tales of this impure writer worthy a Latin version from his own pen. "I have remarked elsewhere," says Petrarch, writing to Boccaccio, "that the book itself has been worried by certain dogs, but stoutly defended by your staff and voice. Nor was I astonished, for I have had proof of the vigour of your mind, and I know you have fallen on that unaccommodating incapable race of mortals, who, whatever they either like not, or know not, or cannot do, are sure to reprehend in others; and on those occasions only put on a show of learning and eloquence, but otherwise are entirely dumb."†

It is satisfactory to find that all the priesthood do not resemble those of Certaldo, and that one of them who did not possess the bones of Boccaccio would not lose the opportunity of raising a cenotaph to his memory. Bevius, canon of Padua, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, erected at Arquà, opposite to the tomb of the Laureate, a tablet, in which he associated Boccaccio to the equal honours of Dante and of Petrarch.

\* [This is a versification of the famous remark of Tacitus: "Præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur."]

† Our veneration for the Medici begins with Cosmo and expires with his grandson; that stream is pure only at the source; and it is in search of some memorial of the virtuous republicans of the family that we visit the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence. The tawdry, glaring, unfinished chapel in that church, designed for the mausoleum of the Dukes of Tuscany, set round with crowns and coffins, gives birth to no emotions but those of contempt for the lavish vanity of a race of despots, whilst the pavement slab, simply inscribed to the Father of his Country, reconciles us to the name of Medici.‡ It was very natural for Corinna§ to suppose that the statue raised to the Duke of Urbino in the *capella de' depositi* was intended for his great namesake; but the magnificent Lorenzo is only the sharer of a coffin half hidden in a niche of the sacristy. The decay of Tuscany dates from the sovereignty of the Medici. Of the sepulchral peace which succeeded to the establishment of the reigning families in Italy, our own Sidney has given us a glowing, but a faithful picture. "Notwithstanding all the seditions of Florence, and other cities of Tuscany, the horrid factions of Guelphs and Ghibelins, Neri and Bianchi, nobles and commons, they continued populous, strong, and exceeding rich; but in the space of less than a hundred and fifty years, the peaceable reign of the Medicis is thought to have destroyed nine parts in ten of the people of that province. Amongst other things it is remarkable, that when Philip II. of Spain gave Sienna to the Duke of Florence, his ambassador then at Rome sent him word, that he had given away more than 650,000 subjects; and it is not believed there are now 20,000 souls inhabiting that city and territory. Pisa, Pistoia, Arezzo, Cortona, and other towns, that were then good and populous, are in the like proportion diminished, and Florence more than any. When that city had been long troubled with seditions, tumults, and wars, for the most part unprosperous, they still retained

\* *Eclaircissement*, &c. &c., p. 638, edit. Basle, 1741, in the Supplement to Bayle's Dictionary.

† Opp., tom. i. p. 540, edit. Basil.

‡ Cosmus Medicis, Decreto Publico, Pater Patriæ.

§ Corinne, liv. xviii., chap. iii., vol. iii., p. 248.

such strength, that when Charles VIII. of France, being admitted as a friend with his whole army, which soon after conquered the kingdom of Naples, thought to master them, the people, taking arms, struck such a terror into him, that he was glad to depart upon such conditions as they thought fit to impose. Machiavel reports, that in that time Florence alone, with the Val d'Arno, a small territory belonging to that city, could, in a few hours, by the sound of a bell, bring together 135,000 well-armed men; whereas now that city, with all the others in that province, are brought to such despicable weakness, emptiness, poverty, and baseness, that they can neither resist the oppressions of their own prince, nor defend him or themselves if they were assaulted by a foreign enemy. The people are dispersed or destroyed, and the best families sent to seek habitations in Venice, Geneva, Rome, Naples, and Lucca. This is not the effect of war or pestilence; they enjoy a perfect peace, and suffer no other plague than the government they are under.\* From the usurper Cosmo down to the imbecile Gaston, we look in vain for any of those unmixed qualities which should raise a patriot to the command of his fellow-citizens. The Grand Dukes, and particularly the third Cosmo, had operated so entire a change in the Tuscan character, that the candid Florentines, in excuse for some imperfections in the philanthropic system of Leopold, are obliged to confess that the sovereign was the only liberal man in his dominions. Yet that excellent prince himself had no other notion of a national assembly, than of a body to represent the wants and wishes, not the will of the people.

<sup>45</sup> [The valley into which Hannibal lured the Romans was girt in part by a semicircle of hills, and the lake, which runs from one extremity of the ridge to the other, completed the enclosure. Hannibal posted his troops in the surrounding heights, and in the mist of the morning he attacked the astonished enemy at every point. Fifteen thousand Romans were slain, and more than twenty thousand taken prisoners.]

<sup>46</sup> "And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake, which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants."† Such is the description of Livy. It may be doubted whether modern tactics would admit of such an abstraction.

The site of the battle of Thrasimene is not to be mistaken. The traveller from the village under Cortona to Casa di Piano, the next stage on the way to Rome, has for the first two or three miles, around him, but more particularly to the right, that flat land which Hannibal laid waste in order to induce the Consul Flaminius to move from Arezzo. On his left, and in front of him, is a ridge of hills bending down towards the lake of Thrasimene, called by Livy "montes Cortonenses," and now named the Gualandra. These hills he approaches at Ossaja, a village which the itineraries pretend to have been so denominated from the bones found there: but there have been no bones found there, and the battle was fought on the other side of the hill. From Ossaja the road begins to rise a little, but does not pass into the roots of the mountains until the sixty-seventh milestone from Florence. The ascent thence is not steep but perpetual, and continues for twenty minutes. The lake is soon seen below on the right, with Borghetto, a round tower, close upon the water; and the undulating hills partially covered with wood, amongst which the road winds, sink by degrees into the marshes near to this tower. Lower than the road, down to the right amidst these woody hillocks, Hannibal placed his horse,‡ in the jaws of, or rather above the pass, which was between the lake and the present road, and most probably close to Borghetto, just under the lowest of the "tumuli."§ On a summit to the left, above the road, is an old circular ruin, which the peasants call "the tower of Hannibal the Carthaginian." Arrived at the highest point of the road, the traveller has a partial view of the fatal plain, which opens fully upon him as he descends the Gualandra. He soon finds himself in a vale enclosed to the left, and in front and behind him by the Gualandra hills, bending round in a segment larger than a semicircle, and running down at each end to the lake, which obliques to the right and forms the chord of this

\* On Government, chap. ii., sect. xxvi., p. 208, edit. 1751. Sidney is, together with Locke and Hoadley, one of Mr. Hume's "despicable" writers.

† Tit. Liv., lib. xxii., cap. xii.

‡ Ibid., cap. iv.

§ Ibid.



mountain arc. The position cannot be guessed at from the plains of Cortona, nor appears to be so completely enclosed unless to one who is fairly within the hills. It then, indeed, appears "a place made as it were on purpose for a snare," *locus insidiarum natus*. "Borghetto is then found to stand in a narrow marshy pass close to the hill, and to the lake, whilst there is no other outlet at the opposite turn of the mountains than through the little town of Passignano, which is pushed into the water by the foot of a high rocky acclivity." There is a woody eminence branching down from the mountains into the upper end of the plain nearer to the side of Passignano, and on this stands a white village called Torre. Polybius seems to allude to this eminence as the one on which Hannibal encamped, and drew out his heavy-armed Africans and Spaniards in a conspicuous position.\* From this spot he despatched his Balearic and light-armed troops round through the Gualandra heights to the right, so as to arrive unseen and form an ambush amongst the broken acclivities which the road now passes, and to be ready to act upon the left flank and above the enemy, whilst the horse shut up the pass behind. Flaminius came to the lake near Borghetto at sunset; and, without sending any spies before him, marched through the pass the next morning before the day had quite broken, so that he perceived nothing of the horse and light troops above and about him, and saw only the heavy-armed Carthaginians in front on the hill of Torre. The consul began to draw out his army in the flat, and in the mean time the horse in ambush occupied the pass behind him at Borghetto. Thus the Romans were completely enclosed, having the lake on the right, the main army on the hill of Torre in front, the Gualandra hills filled with the light-armed on their left flank, and being prevented from receding by the cavalry, who, the further they advanced, stopped up all the outlets in the rear. A fog rising from the lake now spread itself over the army of the consul, but the high lands were in the sunshine, and all the different corps in ambush looked toward the hill of Torre for the order of attack. Hannibal gave the signal, and moved down from his post on the height. At the same moment all his troops on the eminences behind and in the flank of Flaminius rushed forwards as it were with one accord into the plain. The Romans, who were forming their array in the mist, suddenly heard the shouts of the enemy amongst them on every side, and before they could fall into their ranks, or draw their swords, or see by whom they were attacked, felt at once that they were surrounded and lost.

There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile further on, is called "the bloody rivulet;" and the peasants point out an open spot to the left between the "Sanguinetto" and the hills, which, they say, was the principal scene of slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick-set olive-trees in corn grounds, and is nowhere quite level, except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this end of the valley, for the six thousand Romans, who, at the beginning of the action, broke through the enemy, escaped to the summit of an eminence which must have been in this quarter, otherwise they would have had to traverse the whole plain, and to pierce through the main army of Hannibal.

The Romans fought desperately for three hours; but the death of Flaminius was the signal for a general dispersion. The Carthaginian horse then burst in upon the fugitives, and the lake, the marsh about Borghetto, but chiefly the plain of the Sanguinetto and the passes of the Gualandra, were strewed with dead. Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left above the rivulet, many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the "stream of blood."

Every district of Italy has its hero. In the north some painter is the usual genius of the place, and the foreign Julio Romano more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil.† To the south we hear of Roman names. Near Thrasimene tradition is still

\* Hist., lib. iii., cap. 83. The account in Polybius is not so easily reconcilable with present appearances as that in Livy; he talks of hills to the right and left of the pass and valley; but when Flaminius entered he had the lake at the right of both.

† About the middle of the twelfth century the coins of Mantua bore on one side the image and figure of Virgil. Zecca d' Italia, pl. xvii., i. 6. Voyage dans le Milanais, &c., par A. Z. Millin, tom. ii., p. 294. Paris, 1817.

faithful to the fame of an enemy, and Hannibal the Carthaginian is the only ancient name remembered on the banks of the Perugian lake. Flaminius is unknown; but the postilions on that road have been taught to show the very spot where *Il Console Romano* was slain. Of all who fought and fell in the battle of Thrasimene, the historian himself has, besides the generals and Maharbal, preserved indeed only a single name. You overtake the Carthaginian again on the same road to Rome. The antiquary, that is, the hostler of the posthouse at Spoleto, tells you that his town repulsed the victorious enemy, and shows you the gate still called *Porta di Annibale*. It is hardly worth while to remark that a French travel writer, well known by the name of the President Dupaty, saw Thrasimene in the lake of Bolsena, which lay conveniently on his way from Sienna to Rome.

<sup>47</sup> No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Clitumnus, between Foligno and Spoleto; and no site, or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description. For an account of the dilapidation of this temple, the reader is referred to "Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold," p. 35.

<sup>48</sup> [In my way to Terni I saw the river Clitumnus, celebrated by so many of the poets for a particular quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon inquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish colour to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the inhabitants impute it to a wrong cause.—ADDISON.]

<sup>49</sup> [Perhaps there are no verses in our language of happier descriptive power than the stanzas which characterise the Clitumnus. In general poets find it so difficult to leave an interesting subject, that they injure the distinctness of the description by loading it so as to embarrass, rather than excite, the fancy of the reader; or else, to avoid that fault, they confine themselves to cold and abstract generalities. Byron has, in the two preceding stanzas, admirably steered his course betwixt these extremes. While the eye glances over the lines, we seem to feel the refreshing coolness of the scene—we hear the bubbling tale of the more rapid streams, and see the slender proportions of the rural temple reflected in the crystal depth of the calm pool.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

<sup>50</sup> [The river Velino runs extremely rapid before its fall, and rushes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itself into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by such a constant fall of water. It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks for the thickness of the mist which rises from it, which looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and distils in perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it.—ADDISON.]

<sup>51</sup> [The river Velino, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the Nera. The channel of this last river is white with rocks, and the surface of it, for a long space, covered with froth and bubbles; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is still breaking against the stones that oppose its passage.—ADDISON.]

<sup>52</sup> I saw the Cascata del Marmore of Terni twice, at different periods—once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, &c. are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

<sup>53</sup> Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of iris, the reader will see a short account, in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like "the hell of waters," that Addison thought the descent alluded to by the gulf in which Alecto plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial—this of the Velino, and the one at Tivoli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake called

*Pic' di Lup.* The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe (Cicero, *Epist. ad Attic.* xv. lib. iv.), and the ancient naturalists (Plin. *Hist. Nat.* lib. ii. cap. lxiii.), amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus. A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone. See *Abd. Manut.* "De Reatina Urbe Agroque," ap. Sallengre, *Thesaur.* tom. i. p. 773.

<sup>54</sup> In the greater part of Switzerland, the avalanches are known by the name of *lauwine*.

<sup>55</sup> [In my way to Rome, seeing a high hill standing by itself in the Campania, I did not question but it had a classic name, and upon inquiry found it to be Mount Soracte. The Italians at present call it, because its name begins with an S, *St. Oreste*.—*ADDISON*.]

<sup>56</sup> These stanzas may probably remind the reader of Ensign Northerton's remarks, "D—n Homer," &c. ; but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish, or to reason upon. For the same reason, we never can be aware of the fullness of some of the finest passages of Shakspeare ("To be or not to be," for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind, but of memory: so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy; and I believe no one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life; and my preceptor, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury, was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late when I have erred,—and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.

<sup>57</sup> ["I have been some days in Rome the Wonderful. As a whole—ancient and modern,—it beats Greece, Constantinople, every thing—at least that I have ever seen. But I can't describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory *selects* and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct. As for the Coliseum, Pantheon, St. Peter's, the Vatican, Palatine, &c. &c.—they are quite inconceivable, and must be *seen*."—*Byron Letters*, May, 1817.]

<sup>58</sup> For a comment on this and the two following stanzas, the reader may consult "Historical Illustrations," p. 46.

<sup>59</sup> [Christians, as such, contributed little towards the defacement of heathen Rome. The principal ravages they committed were by employing the materials of the ancient in the construction of modern edifices. The overflowsings of the Tiber, though the least injurious of the destroying agencies specified by the poet, have often damaged considerably the lower parts of the city.]

<sup>60</sup> Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius; and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

<sup>61</sup> Certainly, were it not for these two traits in the life of Sylla, alluded to in this stanza, we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by any admirable quality. The *atonement* of his voluntary resignation of empire may perhaps be accepted by us,

as it seems to have satisfied the Romans, who if they had not respected must have destroyed him. There could be no mean, no division of opinion; they must have all thought, like Eucrates, that what had appeared ambition was a love of glory, and that what had been mistaken for pride was a real grandeur of soul.—("Seigneur, vous changez toutes mes idées, de la façon dont je vous vois agir. Je croyais que vous aviez de l'ambition, mais aucun amour pour la gloire; je voyais bien que votre âme était haute; mais je ne soupçonnais pas qu'elle fut grande."—*Dialogue de Sylla et d'Eucrate.*)

<sup>62</sup> On the 3rd of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar; a year afterwards he obtained "his crowning mercy" of Worcester; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

<sup>63</sup> The projected division of the Spada Pompey has already been recorded by the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Mr. Gibbon found it in the memorials of Flaminius Vacca; and it may be added to his mention of it, that Pope Julius III. gave the contending owners five hundred crowns for the statue, and presented it to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, who had prevented the judgment of Solomon from being executed upon the image. In a more civilised age this statue was exposed to an actual operation; for the French, who acted the Brutus of Voltaire in the Coliseum, resolved that their Caesar should fall at the base of that Pompey, which was supposed to have been sprinkled with the blood of the original dictator. The nine-foot hero was therefore removed to the arena of the amphitheatre, and, to facilitate its transport, suffered the temporary amputation of its right arm. The republican tragedians had to plead that the arm was a restoration; but their accusers do not believe that the integrity of the statue would have protected it. The love of finding every coincidence, has discovered the true Caesarian ichor in a stain near the right knee; but colder criticism has rejected not only the blood, but the portrait, and assigned the globe of power rather to the first of the emperors than to the last of the republican masters of Rome. Winkelmann\* is loth to allow an heroic statue of a Roman citizen, but the Grimani Agrippa, a contemporary almost, is heroic; and naked Roman figures were only very rare, not absolutely forbidden. The face accords much better with the "hominem integrum et castum et gravem,"† than with any of the busts of Augustus, and is too stern for him who was beautiful, says Suetonius, at all periods of his life. The pretended likeness to Alexander the Great cannot be discerned, but the traits resemble the medal of Pompey.‡ The objectionable globe may not have been an ill-applied flattery to him who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman empire. It seems that Winkelmann has made a mistake in thinking that no proof of the identity of this statue with that which received the bloody sacrifice can be derived from the spot where it was discovered.§ Flaminius Vacca says *sotto una cantina*, and this cantina is known to have been in the Vicolo de' Leutari, near the Cancelleria; a position corresponding exactly to that of the Janus before the basilica of Pompey's theatre, to which Augustus transferred the statue after the *curia* was either burnt or taken down.|| Part of the "Pompeian shade," the portico, existed in the beginning of the XVth century, and the *atrium* was still called *Satrum*. So says Blondus. At all events, so imposing is the stern majesty of the statue, and so memorable is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the exercise of the judgment, and the fiction, if a fiction it is, operates on the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth.

<sup>64</sup> Ancient Rome, like modern Sienna, abounded most probably with images of the foster-mother of her founder; but there were two she-wolves of whom history makes particular mention. One of these, *of brass in ancient work*, was seen by Dionysius ¶

\* Storia delle Arti, &c., lib. ix., cap. i., pp. 321, 322, tom. ii.

† Cicero, Epist. ad Atticum, xi., 6.

‡ Published by Causeus, in his Museum Romanum.

§ Storia delle Arti, &c., lib. ix., cap. i.

|| Sueton., in Vit. August., cap. xxxi., and in Vit. C. J. Caesar., cap. lxxxviii. Appian says it was burnt down. See a note of Pitiscus to Suetonius, p. 224.

¶ Antiq. Rom., lib. i.

at the temple of Romulus, under the Palatine, and is universally believed to be that mentioned by the Latin historian, as having been made from the money collected by a fine on usurers, and as standing under the Ruminal fig-tree.\* The other was that which Cicero† has celebrated both in prose and verse, and which the historian Dion also records as having suffered the same accident as is alluded to by the orator.‡ The question agitated by the antiquaries is, whether the wolf now in the Conservator's Palace is that of Livy and Dionysius, or that of Cicero, or whether it is neither one nor the other. The earlier writers differ as much as the moderns: Lucius Faunus § says, that it is the one alluded to by both, which is impossible, and also by Virgil, which may be. Fulvius Ursinus || calls it the wolf of Dionysius, and Marlianus ¶ talks of it as the one mentioned by Cicero. To him Ryequius *tremblingly* assents.\*\* Nardini is inclined to suppose it may be one of the many wolves preserved in ancient Rome; but of the two rather bends to the Ciceronian statue.†† Montfaucon‡‡ mentions it as a point without doubt. Of the latter writers the decisive Winkelmann §§ proclaims it as having been found at the church of Saint Theodore, where, or near where, was the temple of Romulus, and consequently makes it the wolf of Dionysius. His authority is Lucius Faunus, who, however, only says that it *was placed, not found*, at the Ficus Ruminalis, by the Comitium, by which he does not seem to allude to the church of Saint Theodore. Ryequius was the first to make the mistake, and Winkelmann followed Ryequius.

Flaminus Vacca tells quite a different story, and says he had heard the wolf with the twins was found ||| near the arch of Septimius Severus. The commentator on Winkelmann is of the same opinion with that learned person, and is incensed at Nardini for not having remarked that Cicero, in speaking of the wolf struck with lightning in the Capitol, makes use of the past tense. But, with the Abate's leave, Nardini does not positively assert the statue to be that mentioned by Cicero, and if he had, the assumption would not perhaps have been so exceedingly indiscreet. The Abate himself is obliged to own that there are marks very like the scathing of lightning in the hinder legs of the present wolf; and, to get rid of this, adds, that the wolf seen by Dionysius might have been also struck by lightning, or otherwise injured.

Let us examine the subject by a reference to the words of Cicero. The orator in two places seems to particularise the Romulus and the Remus, especially the first, which his audience remembered to *have been* in the Capitol, as being struck with lightning. In his verses he records that the twins and wolf both fell, and that the latter left behind the marks of her feet. Cicero does not say that the wolf was consumed: and Dion only mentions that it fell down, without alluding, as the Abate has

\* Liv. Hist., lib. x., cap. lxix.

† "Tum statua Nattæ, tum simulacra Deorum, Romulusque et Remus cum altrice bellua vi fulminis ictis concenterunt." De Divinat., ii., 20. "Tactus est ille etiam qui hanc urbem condidit Romulus quem inauratum in Capitolio parvum atque lactantem, uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis." In Catilin., iii., 8.

"His silvestris erat Romani nominisatrix  
Marta, quæ parvos Mavortis semine natos  
Uberibus gravidis vitali rore rigebat;  
Quæ tum cum pueris flammato fulminis ictu  
Concidit, atque avulsa pedum vestigia liquat."

De Consulatu, lib. ii. (De Divinat., lib. i., cap. ii.)

‡ Dion. Hist., lib. xxxvii., p. 37, edit. Rob. Steph., 1548.

§ Luc. Fauni de Antiq. Urb. Rom., lib. ii., cap. vii., ap. Sallengre, tom. i., p. 217.

|| Ap. Nardini, Roma Vetust., lib. v., cap. iv.

¶ Marliani Urb. Rom. Topograph., lib. ii., cap. ix.

\*\* Just. Ryequii de Capit. Roman. Comm., cap. xxiv., p. 250, edit. Lugd. Bat. 1696.

†† Nardini, Roma Vetust., lib. v., cap. iv.

‡‡ Diarium Italie., tom. i., p. 174.

§§ Storia delle Arti, &c., lib. iii., cap. iii., s. ii., note 10. Winkelmann has made a strange blunder in the note, by saying the Ciceronian wolf was *not* in the Capitol, and that Dion was wrong in saying so.

||| Flam. Vacca, Memorie, num. iii., p. i., ap. Montfaucon, Diar. Ital., tom. i.

made him, to the force of the blow, or the firmness with which it had been fixed. The whole strength, therefore, of the Alate's argument hangs upon the past tense; which, however, may be somewhat diminished by remarking that the phrase only shows that the statue was not then standing in its former position. Winkelmann has observed that the present twins are modern; and it is equally clear that there are marks of gilding on the wolf, which might therefore be supposed to make part of the ancient group. It is known that the sacred images of the Capitol were not destroyed when injured by time or accident, but were put into certain underground depositories, called *favissæ*.<sup>\*</sup> It may be thought possible that the wolf had been so deposited, and had been replaced in some conspicuous situation when the Capitol was rebuilt by Vespasian. Ryequius, without mentioning his authority, tells that it was transferred from the Comitium to the Lateran, and thence brought to the Capitol. If it was found near the arch of Severus, it may have been one of the images which Orosius † says was thrown down in the Forum by lightning when Alaric took the city. That it is of very high antiquity the workmanship is a decisive proof; and that circumstance induced Winkelmann to believe it the wolf of Dionysius. The Capitoline wolf, however, may have been of the same early date as that at the temple of Romulus. Lactantius ‡ asserts that in his time the Romans worshipped a wolf; and it is known that the Lupercalia held out to a very late period § after every other observance of the ancient superstition had totally expired. This may account for the preservation of the ancient image longer than the other early symbols of Paganism.

It may be permitted, however, to remark, that the wolf was a Roman symbol, but that the worship of that symbol is an inference drawn by the zeal of Lactantius. The early Christian writers are not to be trusted in the charges which they make against the Pagans. Eusebius accused the Romans to their faces of worshipping Simon Magus, and raising a statue to him in the island of the Tyber. The Romans had probably never heard of such a person before, who came, however, to play a considerable, though scandalous part in the church history, and has left several tokens of his aerial combat with St. Peter at Rome; notwithstanding that an inscription found in this very island of the Tyber showed the Simon Magus of Eusebius to be a certain indigeneal god called *Semo Saugus* or *Fidius*.||

Even when the worship of the founder of Rome had been abandoned it was thought expedient to humour the habits of the good matrons of the city, by sending them with their sick infants to the church of Saint Theodore, as they had before carried them to the temple of Romulus.¶ The practice is continued to this day; and the site of the above church seems to be thereby identified with that of the temple; so that if the wolf had been really found there, as Winkelmann says, there would be no doubt of the present statue being that seen by Dionysius. But Faunus, in saying that it was at the *Ficus Ruminalis* by the Comitium, is only talking of its ancient position as recorded by Pliny; and even if he had been remarking where it was found, would not have

\* Luc. Fauni de Antiq. Urb. Rom. lib. ii., cap. vii., ap. Sallengre, tom. i., p. 217.

† See note to stanza LXXX. in Historical Illustrations.

‡ "Romuli nutrix Lupa honoribus est affecta divinis, et ferrem, si animal ipsum fuisset, ejus figuram gerit." Lactant. De Falsa Religione, lib. i., cap. xx., p. 101, edit. varior. 1660; that is to say, he would rather adore a wolf than a prostitute. His commentator has observed that the opinion of Livy concerning Laurentia being figured in this wolf was not universal. Strabo thought so. Ryequius is wrong in saying that Lactantius mentions the wolf was in the Capitol.

§ To A. D. 496. "Quis credere possit, says Baronius [Ann. Eccles., tom. viii., p. 602, in an. 496], "viguisset adhuc Romæ ad Gelasii tempora, que fuerit ante exordia urbis allata in Italiam Lupercalia?" Gelasius wrote a letter which occupies four folio pages to Andromachus the senator, and others, to show that the rites should be given up.

|| Eccles. Hist., lib. ii., cap. xiii., p. 40. Justin Martyr had told the story before; but Baronius himself was obliged to detect this fable. See Nardini, Roma Vet., lib. vii., cap. xii.

¶ Rione xii. Ripa, accurata e succineta Descrizione, &c., di Roma Moderna, dell' Ab. Ridolf. Venuti, 1766.

alluded to the church of Saint Theodore, but to a very different place, near which it was then thought the *Ficus Ruminalis* had been, and also the *Comitium*; that is, the three columns by the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, at the corner of the Palatine looking on the Forum.

It is, in fact, a mere conjecture where the image was actually dug up; and perhaps, on the whole, the marks of the gilding, and of the lightning, are a better argument in favour of its being the Ciceronian wolf than any that can be adduced for the contrary opinion. At any rate, it is reasonably selected in the text of the poem as one of the most interesting relics of the ancient city,\* and is certainly the figure, if not the very animal to which Virgil alludes in his beautiful verses:—

“Geminos huic ubera circum  
Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem  
Impavidos; illum, tereti cervicæ relexam,  
Mulleere alternos, et corpora fingere lingua.” †

<sup>65</sup> It is possible to be a very great man and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators, and philosophers that ever appeared in the world—an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings—fighting and making love at the same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the Fountains of the Nile. Such did Julius Cæsar appear to his contemporaries, and to those of the subsequent ages who were the most inclined to deplore and execrate his fatal genius.

But we must not be so much dazzled with his surpassing glory, or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his impartial countrymen:—

HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN. ‡

<sup>66</sup> ——— “Omnes pene veteres; qui nihil cognosci, nihil percipi, nihil sciri posse dixerunt; angustos sensus; imbecillos animos, brevia curricula vite; in profundo veritatem demersam; opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri; nihil veritati relinqui; deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerunt.”—*Academ.* l. 13. The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this, have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity; and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may, without injustice or affectation, be transcribed in a poem written yesterday.

<sup>67</sup> [Wordsworth considered this the finest image in Lord Byron's poetry. “As displaying,” he said, “a grand ideal truth, symbolised by an equally grand and corresponding unusual phenomenon of the outer world, it was hardly to be surpassed.”]

<sup>68</sup> Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called *Capo di Bove*. See “*Historical Illustrations*,” p. 200. [Four words, and two initials, compose the whole of the inscription which, whatever was its ancient position, is now placed in front of this towering sepulchre: CÆCILLÆ. Q. CRETICI. F. METELLÆ. CRASSI.]

\* Donatus, lib. xi., cap. xviii., gives a medal representing on one side the wolf in the same position as that in the Capitol; and on the reverse the wolf with the head not reverted. It is of the time of Antoninus Pius.

† *Æn.*, viii. 631. See Dr. Middleton, in his letter from Rome, who inclines to the Ciceronian wolf, but without examining the subject.

‡ “*Jure cæsus existimetur*,” says Suetonius, after a fair estimation of his character, and making use of a phrase which was a formula in Livy's time. “*Melium jure cæsum pronuntiavit, etiam si regni crimine insans fuerit*.” [lib. iv., cap. xlviii.] and which was continued in the legal judgments pronounced in justifiable homicide, such as killing housebreakers. See Sueton., in *Vit. C. J. Cæsar*, with the commentary of Pitsæus, p. 184.

<sup>69</sup> "Ὁν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν, ἀποθνήσκει νέος·  
Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐχ αἰσχρὸν, ἀλλ' αἰσχρῶς θανεῖν.

Rich. Fraue. Phil. Brunek. Pectæ Gnomici, p. 231, edit. 1784.

<sup>70</sup> The Palatine is one mass of ruins, particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus. The very soil is formed of crumbled brickwork. Nothing has been told, nothing can be told, to satisfy the belief of any but a Roman antiquary. See "Historical Illustrations," p. 206.

<sup>71</sup> The author of the Life of Cicero, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage:— "From their raileries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms; how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture; while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life: yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline, and corruption of morals: till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing everything that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism." (See "History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero," sect. vi., vol. ii., p. 102.)

<sup>72</sup> The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul. See "Historical Illustrations," p. 214. [There is no foundation for the notion of Lord Byron that the statue of St. Peter, which now surmounts the pillar of Trajan, displaced the golden urn containing the ashes of the Emperor; for the urn, instead of crowning the column, was buried at its base.]

<sup>73</sup> Trajan was *proverbially* the best of the Roman princes; and it would be easier to find a sovereign uniting exactly the opposite characteristics, than one possessed of all the happy qualities ascribed to this emperor. "When he mounted the throne," says the historian Dion, "he was strong in body, he was vigorous in mind; age had impaired none of his faculties; he was altogether free from envy and from detraction; he honoured all the good, and he advanced them: and on this account they could not be the objects of his fear, or of his hate; he never listened to informers; he gave not way to his anger; he abstained equally from unfair exactions and unjust punishments; he had rather be loved as a man than honoured as a sovereign; he was affable with his people, respectful to the senate, and universally beloved by both; he inspired none with dread but the enemies of his country." (See Eutrop. "Brev. Hist. Rom.," lib. viii., cap. v.; Dion. "Hist. Rom.," lib. lxxiii., caps. vi. vii.)

<sup>74</sup> The name and exploits of Rienzi must be familiar to the reader of Gibbon. Some details and inedited manuscripts, relative to this unhappy hero, will be seen in the "Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto," p. 248.

<sup>75</sup> The respectable authority of Flaminius Vacca would incline us to believe in the claims of the Egerian grotto.\* He assures us that he saw an inscription in the pavement, stating that the fountain was that of Egeria, dedicated to the nymphs. The inscription is not there at this day, but Montfaucon quotes two lines† of Ovid from a

\* *Memorie, &c.*, ap. Nardini, p. 13. He does not give the inscription.

† "In villa Justiniana extat ingens lapis quadratus solidus, in quo sculpta hæc duo Ovidii carmina sunt:—

'Egeria est que præbet aquas dea grata Camænis,  
Illa Numæ conjunx consiliumque fuit.'

Qui lapis videtur eodem Egeriæ fonte, aut ejus vicinia isthuc comportatus." *Diarium Italie*, p. 153.



stone in the Villa Giustiniani, which he seems to think had been brought from the same grotto.

This grotto and valley were formerly frequented in summer, and particularly the first Sunday in May, by the modern Romans, who attached a salubrious quality to the fountain which trickles from an orifice at the bottom of the vault, and, overflowing the little pools, creeps down the matted grass into the brook below. The brook is the Ovidian *Almo*, whose name and qualities are lost in the modern *Aquataccia*. The valley itself is called *Valle di Caffarelli*, from the dukes of that name who made over their fountain to the Pallavicini, with sixty *rubbia* of adjoining land.

There can be little doubt that this long dell is the Egerian valley of Juvenal, and the pausing place of Umbritius, notwithstanding the generality of his commentators have supposed the descent of the satirist and his friend to have been into the Arician grove, where the nymph met Hippolitus, and where she was more peculiarly worshipped.

The step from the Porta Capena to the Alban hill, fifteen miles distant, would be too considerable, unless we were to believe in the wild conjecture of Vossius, who makes that gate travel from its present station, where he pretends it was during the reign of the Kings, as far as the Arician grove, and then makes it recede to its old site with the shrinking city.<sup>5</sup> The tufa, or pumice, which the poet prefers to marble, is the substance composing the bank in which the grotto is sunk.

The modern topographers † find in the grotto the statue of the nymph, and nine niches for the Muses; and a late traveller ‡ has discovered that the cave is restored to that simplicity which the poet regretted had been exchanged for injudicious ornament. But the headless statue is palpably rather a male than a nymph, and has none of the attributes ascribed to it at present visible. The nine Muses could hardly have stood in six niches; and Juvenal certainly does not allude to any individual cave. § Nothing can be collected from the satirist but that somewhere near the Porta Capena was a spot in which it was supposed Numa held nightly consultations with his nymph, and where there was a grove and a sacred fountain, and fanes once consecrated to the Muses; and that from this spot there was a descent into the valley of Egeria, where were several artificial caves. It is clear that the statues of the Muses made no part of the decoration which the satirist thought misplaced in these caves; for he expressly assigns other fanes (*delubra*) to these divinities above the valley, and moreover tells us that they had been ejected to make room for the Jews. In fact, the little temple now called that of *Bacchus*, was formerly thought to belong to the Muses, and Nardini || places them in a poplar grove, which was in his time above the valley.

It is probable from the inscription and position, that the cave now shown may be one of the "artificial caverns," of which, indeed, there is another a little way higher up the valley, under a tuft of alder bushes; but a *single* grotto of Egeria is a mere modern invention, grafted upon the application of the epithet Egerian to these nymphaea in general, and which might send us to look for the haunts of Numa upon the banks of the Thames.

Our English Juvenal was not seduced into mistranslation by his acquaintance with Pope: he carefully preserves the correct plural—

"Thence slowly winding down the vale we view  
The Egerian *grotts*: oh, how unlike the true!"

The valley abounds with springs,<sup>¶</sup> and over these springs, which the Muses might haunt from their neighbouring groves, Egeria presided: hence she was said to supply them with water; and she was the nymph of the grottes through which the fountains were taught to flow.

The whole of the monuments in the vicinity of the Egerian valley have received

\* De Magnit. Vet. Rom. ap. Grav. Ant. Rom., tom. iv., p. 1507.

† Echinard, *Descrizione di Roma e dell' Agro Romano*, corretto dall' Abate Venuti, in Roma, 1750. They believe in the grotto and nymph. "Simulacro di questo fonte, essendovi scolpite la acque a piè di esso."

‡ *Classical Tour*, chap. vi., p. 217, vol. ii.

§ Sat. III.

|| Lib. iii., cap. iii.

¶ "Unlique e solo aquæ scaturiant." Nardini, lib. iii., cap. iii.

names at will, which have been changed at will. Venuti<sup>6</sup> owns he can see no traces of the temples of Jove, Saturn, Juno, Venus, and Diana, which Nardini found, or hoped to find. The mutatorium of Caracalla's circus, the temple of Honour and Virtue, the temple of Bacchus, and, above all, the temple of the god Rediculus, are the antiquaries' despair.

The circus of Caracalla depends on a medal of that emperor cited by Fulvius Ursinus, of which the reverse shows a circus, supposed, however, by some to represent the Circus Maximus. It gives a very good idea of that place of exercise. The soil has been but little raised, if we may judge from the small cellular structure at the end of the Spina, which was probably the chapel of the god Consus. This cell is half beneath the soil, as it must have been in the circus itself; for Dionysius† could not be persuaded to believe that this divinity was the Roman Neptune, because his altar was underground.

<sup>76</sup> Lord Byron refers here to the complaint of Juvenal, that in his day art had marred the graces of nature:—

"How much more beauteous had the fountain been  
Embellished with her first-created green,  
Where crystal streams through living turf had run,  
And mumble ne'er profaned the native stone."

DRYDEN'S Translation.]

<sup>77</sup> "At all events," says the author of the "Academical Questions," "I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support each other: he who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not is a slave." Vol. i., pref., pp. 14, 15. [Lord Byron considered this passage from Sir W. Drummond to be one of the best in the language.]

<sup>78</sup> We read in Suetonius, that Augustus, from a warning received in a dream,‡ counterfeited, once a year, the beggar, sitting before the gate of his palace with his hand hollowed and stretched out for charity. A statue formerly in the villa Borghese, and which should be now at Paris, represents the Emperor in that posture of supplication. The object of that self-degradation was the appeasement of Nemesis, the perpetual attendant on good fortune, of whose power the Roman conquerors were also reminded by certain symbols attached to their cars of triumph. The symbols were the whip and the *crotales*, which were discovered in the Nemesis of the Vatican. The attitude of beggary made the above statue pass for that of Belisarius; and until the criticism of Winkelmann § had rectified the mistake, one fiction was called in to support another. It was the same fear of the sudden termination of prosperity, that made

<sup>6</sup> Echmiard, &c. Sic. cit., pp. 297, 298.

† *Antiq. Rom.* lib. ii., cap. xxxi.

‡ Sueton. in *Vit. Augusti*, cap. xci. Casaubon, in the note, refers to Plutarch's *Lives of Camillus and Emilius Paulus*, and also to his apophthegms, for the character of this deity. The hollowed hand was reckoned the last degree of degradation; and when the dead body of the prefect Rufinus was borne about in triumph by the people, the indignity was increased by putting his hand in that position.

§ *Storia delle Arti*, &c., lib. xii., cap. ii., tom. ii., p. 422. Visconti calls the statue, however, a Cybele. It is given in the *Museo Pio-Clement.*, tom. i., par. xl. The *Alate Feu* (*Spiegazione dei Rami. Storia*, &c., tom. iii., p. 513) calls it a *Chrisippus*.

Anaxis king of Egypt warn his friend Polykrates of Samos, that the gods loved those whose lives were chequered with good and evil fortunes. Nemesis was supposed to lie in wait particularly for the prudent; that is, for those whose caution rendered them accessible only to mere accidents; and her first altar was raised on the banks of the Phrygian Æscopus by Adrastus, probably the prince of that name who killed the son of Croesus by mistake. Hence the goddess was called Adrastea.\*

The Roman Nemesis was *sacred and august*; there was a temple to her in the Palatine under the name of Rhamnusia; † so great, indeed, was the propensity of the ancients to trust to the revolution of events, and to believe in the divinity of Fortune, that in the same Palatine there was a temple to the Fortune of the day. ‡ This is the last superstition which retains its hold over the human heart; and, from concentrating in one object the credulity so natural to man, has always appeared strongest in those unembarrassed by other articles of belief. The antiquaries have supposed this goddess to be synonymous with Fortune and with Fate; but it was in her vindictive quality that she was worshipped under the name of Nemesis.

79 [Between stanzas cxxxv. and cxxxvi. we find in the original MS. the following:—

“ If to forgive be heaping coals of fire—  
As God hath spoken—on the heads of foes,  
Mine should be a volcano, and rise higher  
Than, o’er the Titans crush’d, Olympus rose,  
Or Athos soars, or blazing Etna glows:—  
True, they who stung were creeping things; but what  
Than serpents’ teeth inflict with deadlier throes?  
The Lion may be goaded by the Gnat.—  
Who sucks the slumberer’s blood?—The Eagle!—No: the Bat.”]

80 Whether the wonderful statue which suggested this image be a laquearian gladiator, which, in spite of Winkelmann’s criticism, has been stoutly maintained; or whether it be a Greek herald, as that great antiquary positively asserted; § or whether it is to be thought a Spartan or barbarian shield-bearer, according to the opinion of his Italian editor; it must assuredly seem *a copy* of that masterpiece of Ctesilanus which represented “a wounded man dying, who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him.” Montfaucon and Maffei thought it the identical statue; but that statue was of bronze. The Gladiator was once in the Villa Ludovizi, and was bought by Clement XII. The right arm is an entire restoration of Michael Angelo.

81 Gladiators were of two kinds, compelled and voluntary; and were supplied from several conditions;—from slaves sold for that purpose; from culprits; from barbarian

\* Diet. de Bayle, article Adrastea.

† It is enumerated by the regionary Victor.

‡ Fortune hujusce diei. Cicero mentions her, de Legib., lib. ii.

DEAE NEMESI  
SIVE FORTVNAE  
PISTORIUS  
RVGIANVS  
V. C. LEGAT.  
LEG. XIII. G.  
CORP.

See *Questiones Romanae*, &c., ap. Græv. *Antiq. Roman.*, tom. v., p. 942. See also Muratori, *Nov. Thesaur. Inscr. Vet.*, tom. i., pp. 88, 89, where there are three Latin and one Greek inscription to Nemesis, and others to Fate.

§ Either Polifontes, herald of Laus, killed by Ædipus; or Cepreus, herald of Euritheus, killed by the Athenians when he endeavoured to drag the Heraclide from the altar of mercy, and in whose honour they instituted annual games, continued to the time of Hadrian; or Anthemocritus, the Athenian herald, killed by the Megarenses, who never recovered the impiety. See *Storia delle Arti*, &c., tom. ii., pp. 203—207, lib. ix., cap. ii.

captives either taken in war, and, after being led in triumph, set apart for the games, or those seized and condemned as rebels; also from free citizens, some fighting for hire (*vecturati*), others from a depraved ambition; at last even knights and senators were exhibited,—a disgrace of which the first tyrant was naturally the first inventor.\* In the end, dwarfs, and even women, fought; an enormity prohibited by Severus. Of these the most to be pitied undoubtedly were the barbarian captives; and, to this species a Christian writer † justly applies the epithet “innocent,” to distinguish them from the professional gladiators. Aurelian and Claudius supplied great numbers of these unfortunate victims; the one after his triumph, and the other on the pretext of a rebellion. ‡ No war, says Lipsius, § was ever so destructive to the human race as these sports. In spite of the laws of Constantine and Constans, gladiatorial shows survived the old established religion more than seventy years; but they owed their final extinction to the courage of a Christian. In the year 404, on the kalends of January, they were exhibiting the shows in the Flavian amphitheatre before the usual immense concourse of people. Ammachius, or Telemachus, an eastern monk, who had travelled to Rome intent on his holy purpose, rushed into the midst of the arena, and endeavoured to separate the combatants. The Prætor Alypius, a person incredibly attached to these games, || gave instant orders to the gladiators to slay him; and Telemachus gained the crown of martyrdom, and the title of saint, which surely has never either before or since been awarded for a more noble exploit. Honorius immediately abolished the shows, which were never afterwards revived. The story is told by Theodoret ¶ and Cassiodorus, \*\* and seems worthy of credit notwithstanding its place in the Roman martyrology. †† Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the circuses, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and applause of the guests. Yet Lipsius permits himself to suppose the loss of courage, and the evident degeneracy of mankind, to be nearly connected with the abolition of these bloody spectacles.

\* When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted, “he has it,” “hoc habet,” or “habet.” The wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain. They were occasionally so savage that they were impatient if a combat lasted longer than ordinary without wounds or death. The emperor’s presence generally saved the vanquished; and it is recorded, as an instance of Caracalla’s ferocity, that he sent those who supplicated him for life, in a spectacle, at Nicomedia, to ask the people; in other words, handed them over to be slain. A similar ceremony is observed at the Spanish bull-fights. The magistrate presides; and after the horseman and picadores have fought the bull, the matadore steps forward and bows to him for permission to kill the animal. If the bull has done his duty by killing two or three horses, or a man, which last is rare, the people interfere with shouts, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the animal is saved. The wounds and death of the horses are accompanied with the loudest acclamations, and many gestures of delight, especially from the female portion of the audience, including those of the gentlest blood. Every thing depends on habit. The author of “Childe Harold,” the writer of this note, and one or two other Englishmen, who have certainly in other days borne the

\* Julius Cæsar, who rose by the fall of the aristocracy, brought Furius Leptinus and A. Calenus upon the arena.

† Tertullian, “certe quidem et innocentes gladiatores in ludum veniunt, et voluptatis publicæ hostiæ fiunt.” Just. Lips. Saturn. Sermon., lib. ii., cap. iii.

‡ Vopiscus, in Vit. Aurel., and in Vit. Claud., *ibid.*

§ Just. Lips., *ibid.*, lib. i., cap. xii.

|| Augustinus (Confess., lib. vi., cap. viii.), “Alypium suum gladiatorii spectaculi iniuriâ incredibiliter abreptum,” scribit. *ib.*, lib. i., cap. xii.

¶ Hist. Eccles., cap. xxvi., lib. v.

\*\* Cassiod. Tripartita, lib. x., cap. xi. Saturn., *ib.* lib. ii.

†† Baronius, ad ann. et in notis ad Martyrol. Rom. I. Jan. See Marangoni delle memorie sacre e profane dell’ Anfiteatro Flavio, p. 25, edit. 1746.

sight of a pitched battle, were, during the summer of 1809, in the governor's box at the great amphitheatre of Santa Maria, opposite to Cadiz. The death of one or two horses completely satisfied their curiosity. A gentleman present, observing them shudder and look pale, noticed that unusual reception of so delightful a sport to some young ladies, who stared and smiled, and continued their applause as another horse fell bleeding to the ground. One bull killed three horses, *off his own horns*. He was saved by acclamations, which were redoubled when it was known he belonged to a priest.

An Englishman who can be much pleased with seeing two men beat themselves to pieces, cannot bear to look at a horse galloping round an arena with his bowels trailing on the ground, and turns from the spectacle and the spectators with horror and disgust.

<sup>83</sup> Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

<sup>84</sup> This is quoted in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as a proof that the Coliseum was entire, when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth, century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the "Historical Illustrations," p. 263.

<sup>85</sup> "Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires; though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church."—*Forsyth's Italy*, p. 137, 2nd edit.

<sup>86</sup> The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great, or, at least, distinguished men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals, some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen. For a notice of the Pantheon, see "Historical Illustrations," p. 287.

<sup>87</sup> This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman daughter, which is recalled to the traveller by the site, or pretended site, of that adventure, now shown at the church of St. Nicholas *in Carcere*. The difficulties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in "Historical Illustrations," p. 295.

<sup>88</sup> [The infant Hercules was said by the ancients to have been carried to Olympus, and put to the breast of Juno while she slept. When the goddess awoke she thrust away the child, and the milk which flowed forth became the Milky Way.]

<sup>89</sup> The castle of St. Angelo. See "Historical Illustrations."

<sup>90</sup> This and the six next stanzas have a reference to the church of St. Peter's. For a measurement of the comparative length of this basilica and the other great churches of Europe, see the pavement of St. Peter's, and the "Classical Tour through Italy," vol. ii., p. 125, et seq., chap. iv.

<sup>91</sup> [The temple of Diana at Ephesus was the largest ever erected by the Greeks. Its length was 425 feet, its width 220, and its columns, 128 in number, were 60 feet high.]

<sup>92</sup> [Though St. Sophia, from its antiquity, and the circumstance of its having been formerly a Christian temple, is the most celebrated of the Mosques at Constantinople, it is much surpassed in beauty by others, and especially by the Mosque of Sultan Achmet.]

<sup>93</sup> [The fire which Prometheus is said in the Greek legends to have stolen from heaven, is supposed by some to typify the fire of the mind, and this is the version adopted by Lord Byron.]

<sup>94</sup> ["The death of the Princess Charlotte has been a shock even here (Venice), and must have been an earthquake at home. The fate of this poor girl is melancholy in every respect; dying at twenty or so, in childbed—of a boy too, a present princess and future queen, and just as she began to be happy, and to enjoy herself, and the hopes which she inspired. I feel sorry in every respect."—*Byron Letters*.]

<sup>95</sup> Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and, "the greatest is behind," Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

<sup>96</sup> The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano.

<sup>97</sup> The whole declivity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled beauty, and from the convent on the highest point, which has succeeded to the temple of the Latian Jupiter, the prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in the cited stanza; the Mediterranean; the whole scene of the latter half of the *Æneid*, and the coast from beyond the mouth of the Tiber to the headland of Circeum and the Cape of Terracina.

The site of Cicero's villa may be supposed either at the Grotta Ferrata, or at the Tusculum of Prince Lucien Buonaparte.

The former was thought some years ago the actual site, as may be seen from Middleton's "Life of Cicero." At present it has lost something of its credit, except for the Domenichinos. Nine monks of the Greek order live there, and the adjoining villa is a cardinal's summer-house. The other villa, called Rufinella, is on the summit of the hill above Frascati, and many rich remains of Tusculum have been found there, besides seventy-two statues of different merit and preservation, and seven busts.

From the same eminence are seen the Sabine hills, embosomed in which lies the long valley of Rustica. There are several circumstances which tend to establish the identity of this valley with the "*Ustica*" of Horace; and it seems possible that the mosaic pavement which the peasants uncover by throwing up the earth of a vineyard may belong to his villa. Rustica is pronounced short, not according to our stress upon—"*Ustica cubantis*." It is more rational to think that we are wrong, than that the inhabitants of this secluded valley have changed their tone in this word. The addition of the consonant prefixed is nothing; yet it is necessary to be aware that Rustica may be a modern name which the peasants may have caught from the antiquaries.

The villa, or the mosaic, is in a vineyard on a knoll covered with chestnut trees. A stream runs down the valley; and although it is not true, as said in the guide books, that this stream is called Licenza, yet there is a village on a rock at the head of the valley, which is so denominated, and which may have taken its name from the Digitaria. Licenza contains seven hundred inhabitants. On a peak a little way beyond is Civitella, containing three hundred. On the banks of the Anio, a little before you turn up into Valle Rustica, to the left, about an hour from the *villa*, is a town called Vicovaro, another favourable coincidence with the *Favia* of the poet. At the end of the valley, towards the Anio, there is a bare hill, crowned with a little town called Bardela. At the foot of this hill the rivulet of Licenza flows, and is almost absorbed in a wide sandy bed before it reaches the Anio. Nothing can be more fortunate for the lines of the poet, whether in a metaphorical or direct sense:—

"Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digitaria rivus,  
Quem Mandela bibit rugosus frigore pagus."

The stream is clear high up the valley, but before it reaches the hill of Bardela looks green and yellow like a sulphur rivulet.

Rocca Giovane, a ruined village in the hills, half an hour's walk from the vineyard where the pavement is shown, does seem to be the site of the fane of Vacuna, and an

inscription found there tells that this temple of the Sabine Victory was repaired by Vespasian. With these helps, and a position corresponding exactly to every thing which the poet has told us of his retreat, we may feel tolerably secure of our site.

The hill which should be Lueretilis is called Campanile, and by following up the rivulet to the pretended Bandusia, you come to the roots of the higher mountain Geniare. Singularly enough, the only spot of ploughed land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this Bandusia rises.

" . . . tu frigus amabile  
Fessis vomere tauris  
Præbes, et pecori vago."

The peasants show another spring near the mosaic pavement which they call "Oradina," and which flows down the hills into a tank, or mill-dam, and thence trickles over into the Digentia.

But we must not hope

"To trace the Muses upwards to their spring,"

by exploring the windings of the romantic valley in search of the Bandusian fountain. It seems strange that any one should have thought Bandusia a fountain of the Digentia—Horace has not let drop a word of it; and this immortal spring has in fact been discovered in possession of the holders of many good things in Italy, the monks. It was attached to the church of St. Gervais and Protais near Venusia, where it was most likely to be found.\* We shall not be so lucky as a late traveller in finding the *occasional pine* still pendent on the poetic villa. There is not a pine in the whole valley, but there are two cypresses, which he evidently took, or mistook, for the tree in the ode.† The truth is, that the pine is now, as it was in the days of Virgil, a garden tree, and it was not at all likely to be found in the craggy acclivities of the valley of Rustici. Horace probably had one of them in the orchard close above his farm, immediately overshadowing his villa, not on the rocky heights at some distance from his abode. The tourist may have easily supposed himself to have seen this pine figured in the above cypresses; for the orange and lemon trees which throw such a bloom over his description of the royal gardens at Naples, unless they have been since displaced, were assuredly only acaecias and other common garden shrubs.‡

<sup>98</sup> [Lord Byron embarked from "Calpe's rock" (Gibraltar) August 19, 1809, and after travelling through Greece, he reached Constantinople in the Salsette frigate May 14, 1810. The two island rocks—the Cynæan Symplegides—stand one on the European, the other on the Asiatic side of the Strait, where the Bosphorus joins the Euxine or Black Sea. Both these rocks were visited by Lord Byron in June, 1810.]

<sup>99</sup> [This line was formerly printed

"Thy waters wasted them while they were free,"

which is not sense. Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Murray to enquire what it meant. The present fine reading is from the original MS.]

<sup>100</sup> ["Lord Byron told me that from his earliest youth the sea—whether in a storm or calm—was a source of deep interest to him, and filled his mind with thoughts."—LADY BLESSINGTON.]

\* See Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto, p. 43.

† See Classical Tour, &c., chap. vii., p. 250, vol. ii.

‡ "Under our windows, and bordering on the beach, is the royal garden, laid out in parterres, and walks shaded by rows of orange trees." Classical Tour, &c., chap. xi., vol. ii., oct. 365.

## EUSTACE'S CLASSICAL TOUR.

The extreme disappointment experienced by choosing the Classical Tourist as a guide in Italy must be allowed to find vent in a few observations, which, it is asserted without fear of contradiction, will be confirmed by every one who has selected the same conductor through the same country. This author is, in fact, one of the most inaccurate, unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation, and is very seldom to be trusted even when he speaks of objects which he must be presumed to have seen. His errors, from the simple exaggeration to the downright mis-statement, are so frequent as to induce a suspicion that he had either never visited the spots described, or had trusted to the fidelity of former writers. Indeed, the Classical Tour has every characteristic of a mere compilation of former notices, strung together upon a very slender thread of personal observation, and swelled out by those decorations which are so easily supplied by a systematic adoption of all the common-places of praise, applied to everything, and therefore signifying nothing.

The style which one person thinks cloggy and cumbrous, and unsuitable, may be to the taste of others; and such may experience some salutary excitement in ploughing through the periods of the Classical Tour. It must be said, however, that polish and weight are apt to beget an expectation of value. It is amongst the pains of the damned to toil up a climax with a huge round *stone*.

The tourist had the choice of his words, but there was no such latitude allowed to that of his sentiments. The love of virtue and of liberty, which must have distinguished the character, certainly adorns the pages of Mr. Eustace; and the gentlemanly spirit, so recommendatory either in an author or his productions, is very conspicuous throughout the Classical Tour. But these generous qualities are the foliage of such a performance, and may be spread about it so prominently and profusely, as to embarrass those who wish to see and find the fruit at hand. The unctious of the divine, and the exhortations of the moralist, may have made this work something more and better than a book of travels, but they have not made it a book of travels; and this observation applies more especially to that enticing method of instruction conveyed by the perpetual introduction of the same Gallic Helot to reel and bluster before the rising generation, and terrify it into decency by the display of all the excesses of the revolution. An animosity against atheists and regicides in general, and Frenchmen specifically, may be honourable, and may be useful as a record; but that antilote should either be administered in any work rather than a tour, or, at least, should be served up apart, and not so mixed with the whole mass of information and reflection, as to give a bitterness to every page; for who would choose to have the antipathies of any man, however just, for his travelling companions? A tourist, unless he aspires to the credit of prophecy, is not answerable for the changes which may take place in the country which he describes; but his reader may very fairly esteem all his political portraits and deductions as so much waste paper, the moment they cease to assist, and more particularly if they obstruct, his actual survey.

Neither encomium nor accusation of any government nor governors is meant to be here offered; but it is stated as an incontrovertible fact, that the change operated, either by the address of the late imperial system, or by the disappointment of every expectation by those who have succeeded to the Italian thrones, has been so considerable, and is so apparent, as not only to put Mr. Eustace's anti-gallican philippics entirely out of date, but even to throw some suspicion upon the competency and candour of the author himself. A remarkable example may be found in the instance of Bologna, over whose papal attachments, and consequent desolation, the tourist pours forth such strains of condolence and revenge, made louder by the borrowed trumpet of Mr. Burke. Now Bologna is at this moment, and has been for some years, notorious amongst the states of Italy for its attachment to revolutionary principles, and was almost the only city which made any demonstrations in favour of the unfortunate Murat. This change may, however, have been made since Mr. Eustace visited this country; but the traveller whom he has thrilled with horror at the projected stripping of the



copper from the cupola of St. Peter's, must be much relieved to find that sacrilege out of the power of the French, or any other plunderers, the cupola being covered with *lead*.\*

If the conspiring voice of otherwise rival critics had not given considerable currency to the Classical Tour, it would have been unnecessary to warn the reader, that however it may adorn his library, it will be of little or no service to him in his carriage; and if the judgment of those critics had hitherto been suspended, no attempt would have been made to anticipate their decision. As it is, those who stand in the relation of posterity to Mr. Enstace, may be permitted to appeal from contemporary praises, and are perhaps more likely to be just in proportion as the causes of love and hatred are the farther removed. This appeal had, in some measure, been made before the above remarks were written; for one of the most respectable of the Florentine publishers, who had been persuaded by the repeated inquiries of those on their journey southwards to reprint a cheap edition of the Classical Tour, was by the concurring advice of returning travellers, induced to abandon his design, although he had already arranged his types and paper, and had struck off one or two of the first sheets.

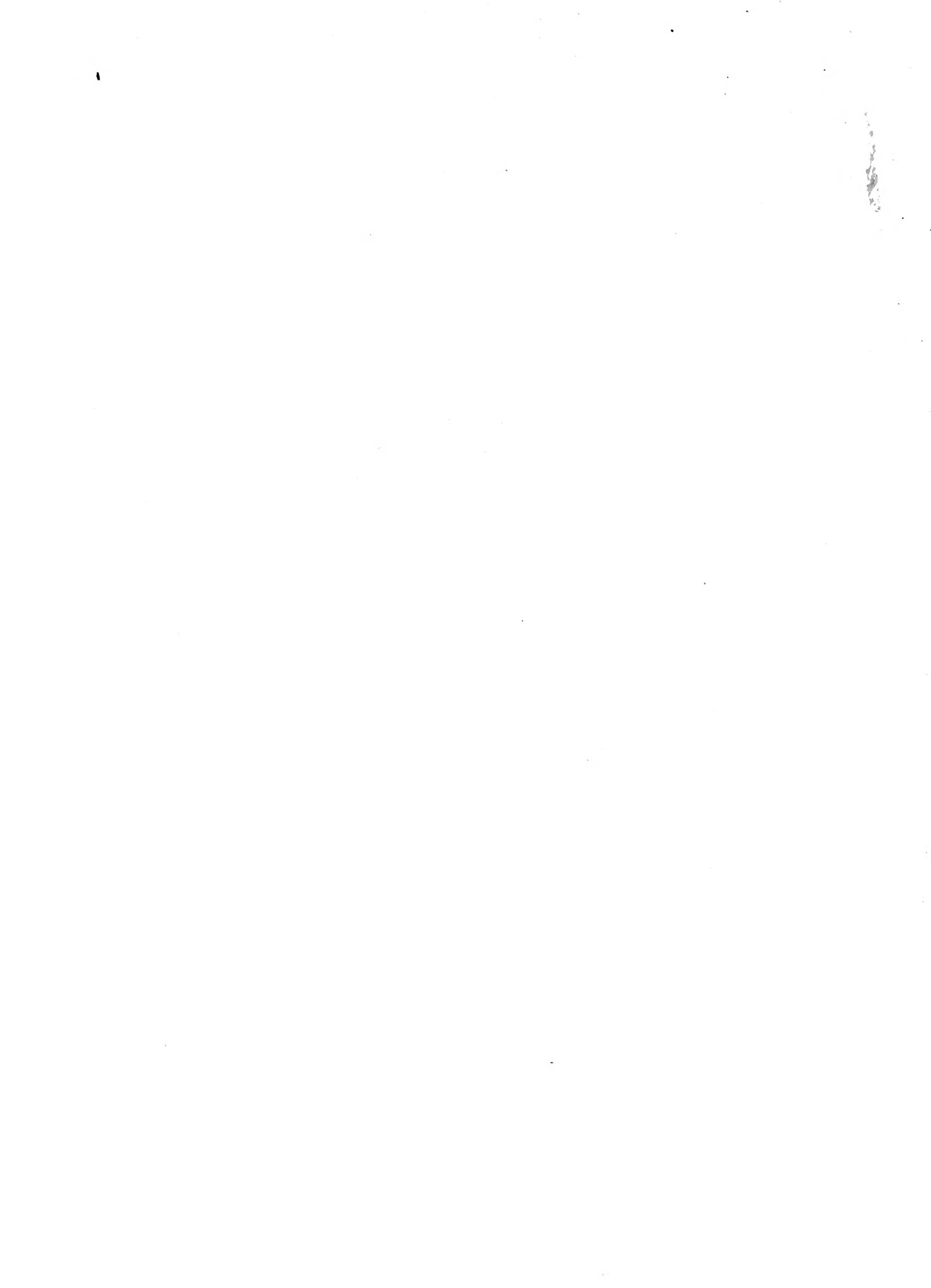
The writer of these notes would wish to part (like Mr. Gibbon) on good terms with the Pope and the Cardinals, but he does not think it necessary to extend the same discreet silence to their humble partisans.

\* "What, then, will be the astonishment, or rather the horror, of my reader, when I inform him.....the French Committee turned its attention to Saint Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver, and bronze that adorn the inside of the edifice, as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside."—Chap. iv., p. 130, vol. ii. The story about the Jews is positively denied at Rome.

THE END.

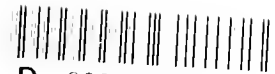






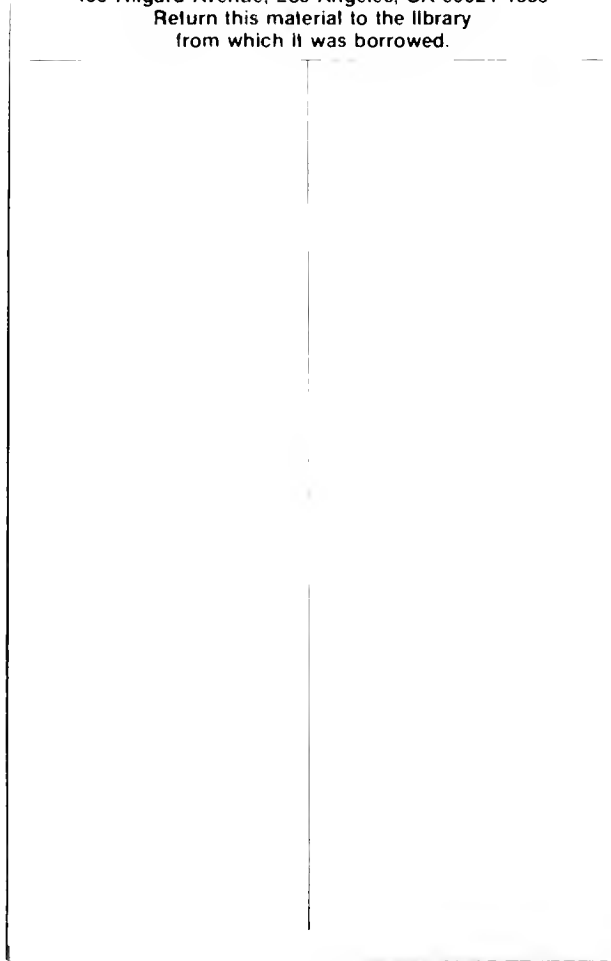


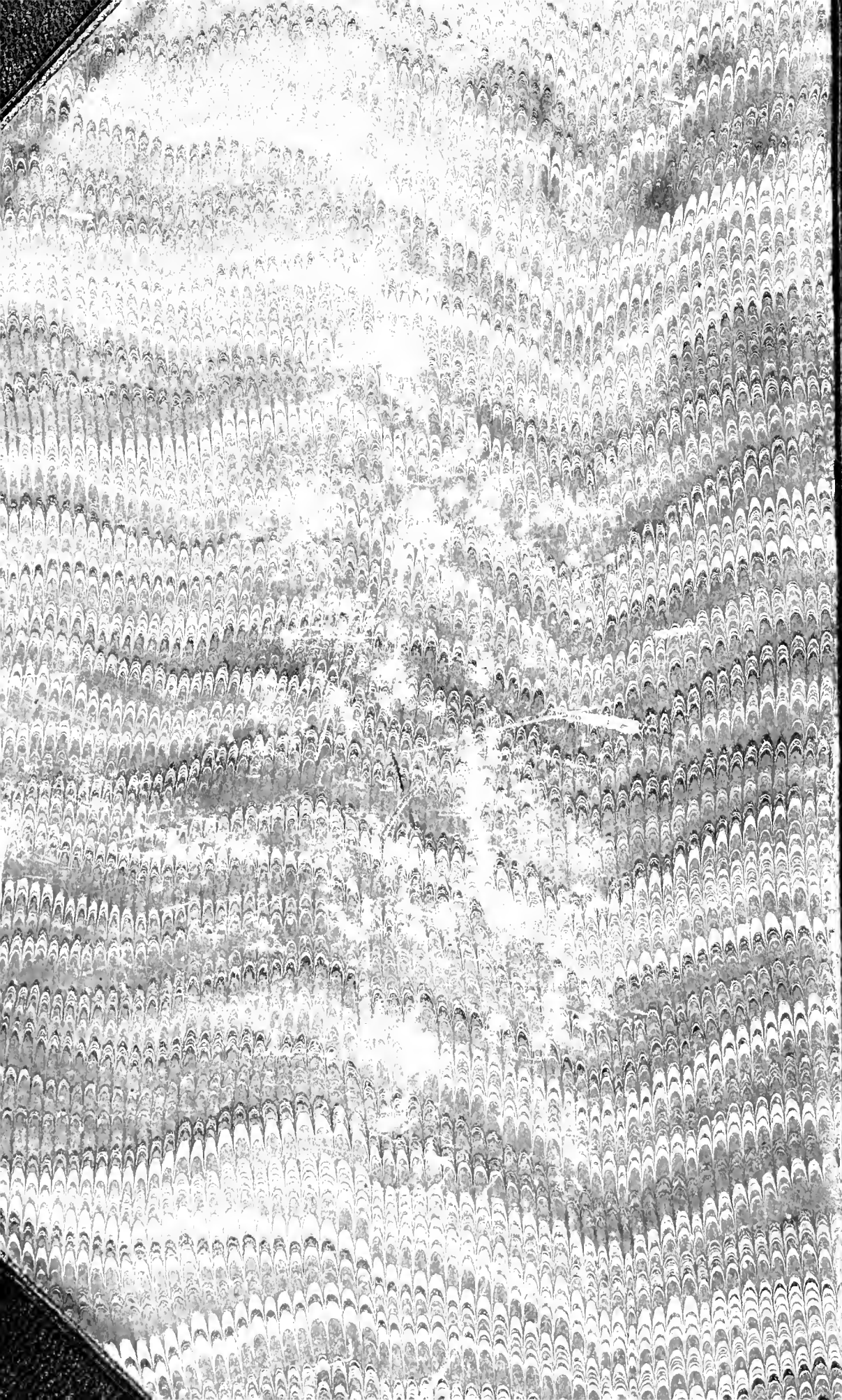




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