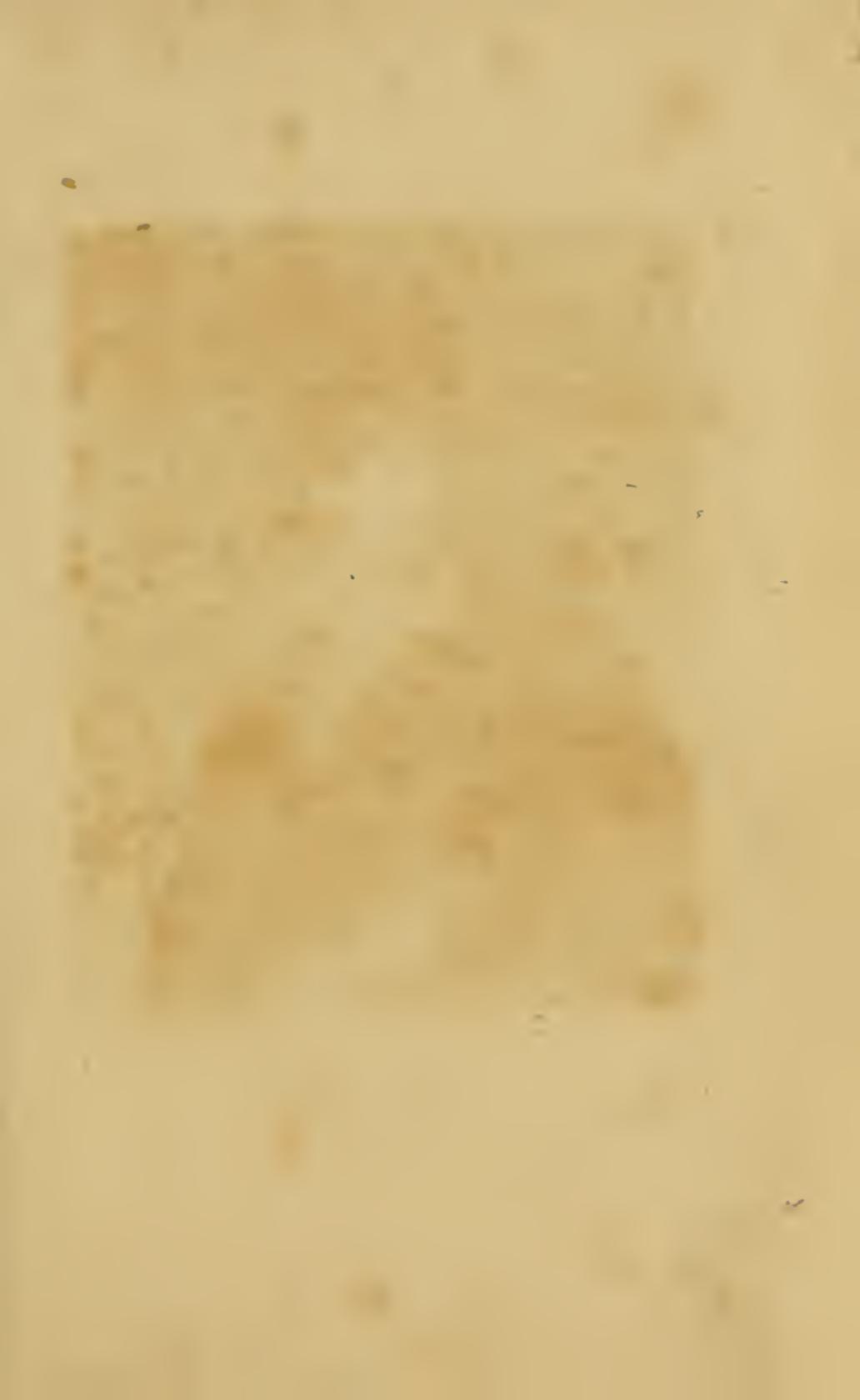


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GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON'S
(Poetical Works)

WITH
(LIFE & NOTES)

BY
Manningham, Esq.



PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIS P. HAZARD.

Byron, George Gordon Noel Byron
LORD BYRON'S

POETICAL WORKS.

WITH

Life and Notes

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

Illustrated.

PHILADELPHIA:
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Edward Cross
Sept. 6. 1734

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THE GIAOUR:

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting."

MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time," or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morca, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.¹

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb² which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain;
When shall such hero live again?

* * * * *

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling Ocean's cheek,
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,

How welcome is each gentle air,
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,³

The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar⁴
Is heard, and seen the evening star;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace
As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mix'd
Within the paradise she fix'd,
There man, enamour'd of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!
Strange—that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevail'd
Against the seraphs they assail'd,
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)

And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The langour of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadlly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Her's is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But Beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;

Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame :
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age!
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land !
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die !
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
 Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore ?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the muse might soar
 High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
 And callous, save to crime ;
 Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes ;
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast.
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles and ancient craft
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renown'd.
 In vain might Liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke :
 No more her sorrows I bewail,
 Yet this will be a mournful tale,

And they who listen may believe,
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing
The shadows of the rocks advancing
Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-pirate or Mainote ;
And fearful for his light caique,
He shuns the near but doubtful creek :
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed ?
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The cavern'd echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound
The foam that streaks the courser's side
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide :
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast ;
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour !
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface :
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt ;
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
As meteor-like thou glidest by,
Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hasten'd, and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew :
Though like a demon of the night
He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,
His aspect and his air impress'd
A troubled memory on my breast,
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed ; he nears the steep,
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep
The winds around ; he hurries by ;
The rock relieves him from mine eye ;
For well I ween unwelcome he
Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee :

And not a star but shines too bright
 On him who takes such timeless flight.
 He wound along ; but ere he pass'd
 One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
 A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
 A moment breathed him from his speed,
 A moment on his stirrup stood—
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood ?
 The crescent glimmers on the hill,
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still ;
 Though too remote for sound to wake
 In echoes of the far tophaike,⁹
 The flashes of each joyous peal
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.
 To-night, set Rhamazani's sun ;
 To-night, the Bairam feast's begun ;
 To-night—but who and what art thou
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow ?
 And what are these to thine or thee,
 That thou should'st either pause or flee ?

He stood—some dread was on his face
 Soon Hatred settled in its place:
 It rose not with the reddening flush
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed ;
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
 And sternly shook his hand on high,
 As doubting to return or fly ;
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade
 That sound had burst his waking dream,
 As slumber starts at owlet's scream.
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides ;
 Away, away, for life he rides :
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed¹⁰
 Springs to the touch his startled steed ;
 The rock is doubled, and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more ;
 The crag is won, no more is seen
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.¹¹
 'Twas but an instant he restrain'd
 That fiery barb so sternly rein'd ;
 'Twas but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by death pursued :
 But in that instant o'er his soul
 Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,

And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime.
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
 Such moment pours the grief of years:
 What felt *he* then, at once oppress
 By all that most distracts the breast?
 That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date!
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,
 It was Eternity to Thought!
 For infinite as boundless space
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,
 Which in itself can comprehend
 Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;
 And did he fly or fall alone?
 Woe to that hour he came or went!
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
 To turn a palace to a tomb:
 He came, he went, like the Simoom,¹²
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,
 Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
 The very cypress droops to death—
 Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanish'd from the stall;
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
 The lonely Spider's thin gray pall
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
 The Bat builds in his Haram bower,
 And in the fortress of his power
 The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
 With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
 'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
 And chase the sultriness of day,
 As springing high the silver dew
 In whirls fantastically flew,
 And flung luxurious coolness round
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
 'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
 To view the wave of watery light,
 And hear its melody by night.
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood play'd
 Around the verge of that cascade;

And oft upon his mother's breast
 That sound had harmonized his rest ;
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along
 Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song ;
 And softer seem'd each melting tone
 Of Music mingled with its own.
 But ne'er shall Hassan's age repose
 Along the brink at twilight's close :
 The stream that fill'd that fount is fled—
 The blood that warm'd his heart is shed !
 And here no more shall human voice
 Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
 The last sad note that swell'd the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail :
That quench'd in silence, all is still,
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is *shrill* :
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
 No hand shall close its clasp again.
 On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
 The rudest steps of fellow man,
 So here the very voice of Grief
 Might wake an Echo like relief—
 At least 'twould say, "All are not gone ;
 There lingers Life, though but in one"—
 For many a glided chamber's there,
 Which Solitude might well forbear ;
 Within that dome as yet Decay
 Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—
 But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,
 Nor there the Fakir's self will wait ;
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
 For bounty cheers not his delay ;
 Nor there will weary stranger halt
 To bless the sacred "bread and salt."¹³
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,
 For Courtesy and Pity died
 With Hassan on the mountain side.
 His roof, that refuge unto men,
 Is Desolation's hungry den.
 The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre.¹⁴

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
 But not a voice mine ear to greet ;
 More near—each turban I can scan.
 And silver-sheathed ataghan ;¹⁵
 The foremost of the band is seen
 An Emir by his garb of green :¹⁶

"Ho! who art thou?"—"This low salam¹⁷
Replies of Moslem faith I am."—

"The burthen ye so gently bear
Seems one that claims your utmost care,
And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
My humble bark would gladly wait."

"Thou speakest sooth; thy skiff unmoor,
And waft us from the silent shore;
Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,
And midway to those rocks were sleep
The channel'd waters dark and deep.
Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
Our course has been right swiftly run;
Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
That one of— * * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
The calm wave rippled to the bank;
I watch'd it as it sank, methought
Some motion from the current caught
Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam
That checker'd o'er the living stream:
I gazed, till vanishing from view,
Like lessening pebble it withdrew
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;
And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to Genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen¹⁸ of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye;
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betray'd,
Woe waits the insect and the maid;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice:

The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that woo'd its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before;
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No: gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame

* * * *

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The flames around their captive close,
 Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain:
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;¹⁹
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven.
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for Heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death!

* * * *

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;
 The unwonted chase each hour employs,
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai,
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
 That tale can only Hassan tell:
 Strange rumours in our city say
 'Upon that eve she fled away;
 When Rhamazan's²⁰ last sun was set,
 And flashing from each minaret

Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
 Of Bairaam through the boundless East.
 'Twas then she went as to the bath,
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath;
 For she was frown her master's rage
 In likeness of a Georgian page,
 And far beyond the Moslem's power
 Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd;
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,
 Too well he trusted to the slave
 Whose treachery deserved a grave;
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
 Who did not watch their charge too well;
 But others say, that on that night,
 By pale Phingari's²¹ trembling light,
 The Giaour upon his jet black steed
 Was seen, but seen alone in speed,
 With bloody spur along the shore,
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
 It will assist thy fancy well;
 As large, a languishingly dark,
 But soul beam'd forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath the lid,
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid,²²
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla! I would answer nay;
 Though on Al-Sirat's²³ arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
 With Paradise within my view,
 And all his Houris²⁴ beckoning through.
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
 And keep that portion of his creed,
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust²⁵
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the Immortal shone;
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue
 The young pomegranate's²⁶ blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new,
 Her hair in hyacinthine²⁷ flow,
 When left to roll its folds below,
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,

Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet,
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
 The cygnet nobly walks the water;
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
 The loveliest bird of Frangestan!²³
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan.

And spurns the wave with wings of pride.
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide;
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
 Thus arm'd with beauty would she check
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
 Shrank from the charms it meant to praise:
 Thus high and graceful was her gait;
 Her heart was tender to her mate;
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
 Alas! that name was not for thee!

Stern Hassan hatn a journey ta'en
 With twenty vassals in his train,
 Each arm'd as best becomes a man,
 With arquebuss and ataghan;
 The chief before, as deck'd for war,
 Bears in his belt the scimitar
 Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,
 When in the pass the rebels stood,
 And few return'd to tell the tale
 Of what befell in Parne's vale.
 The pistols which his girdle bore
 Were those that once a pasha wore,
 Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with ~~gold~~
 Even robbers tremble to behold.
 'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
 More true than her who left his side;
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,
 Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer;
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
 In cities lodged too near his lord
 And trembling for his secret hoard—
 Here may he rest where none can see,
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free;

And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile.
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And theirs may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there.
Each side the midway path they lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveil'd;

They reach the grove of pine at last:
"Bismillah!"²⁹ now the peril's past;
For yonder view the opening plain,
And there we'll prick our steeds amain!"
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
A bullet whistled o'er his head;
The foremost Tartar bites the ground:
Scarce had they time to check the rein,
Swift from their steeds the riders bound
But three shall never mount again:
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
The dying ask revenge in vain.
With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
Half shelter'd by the steed;
Some fly behind the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock.
Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey;
Than curl'd his very beard³⁰ with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:

" Though far and near the bullets hiss,
 I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this."
 And now the foe their covert quit,
 And call his vassals to submit;
 But Hassan's frown and furious word
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
 Nor of his little band of man
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan,
 Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!³¹
 In fuller sight, more near and near,
 The lately ambush'd foes appear,
 And, issuing from the grove, advance
 Some who on battle-charger prance.
 Who leads them on with foreign brand,
 Far flashing in his red right hand?
 "'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;
 I know him by his pallid brow;
 I know him by the evil eye³²
 That aids his envious treachery;
 I know him by his jet-black barb:
 Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,
 Apostate from his own vile faith,
 It shall not save him from the death:
 'Tis he! well met in any hour,
 Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!"

As rolls the river into ocean,
 In sable torrent wildly streaming;
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
 In azure column proudly gleaming,
 Beats back the current many a rood,
 In curling foam and mingling flood,
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
 Roused by the blast of winter, rave;
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clank,
 The lightnings of the waters flash
 In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
 Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
 With waves that madden as they meet—
 Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
 And fate, and fury, drive along.
 The bickering sabres' shivering jar;
 And pealing wide or ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The deathshot hissing from afar;
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
 Reverberate along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale

Though few the numbers—theirs the *strife*,
 That neither spares nor speaks for *life* !
 Ah ! fondly youthful hearts can press,
 To seize and share the dear caress ;
 But Love itself could never part
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes,
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall loose their *hold* :
 Friends meet to part ; Love laughs at faith ;
 True foes, once met, are join'd till death !

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt ;
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 Which quivers round that faithless *brand* ;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold ;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end ;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore,²³
 His breast with wounds unnumber'd *riven*,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate
 Surviving left his quenchless hate ;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

“ Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
 But his shall be a redder grave ;
 Her spirit pointed well the steel
 Which taught that felon heart to feel.
 He call'd the Prophet, but his power
 Was vain against the vengeful Giaour :
 He call'd on Alla—but the word
 Arose unheeded or unheard.
 Thou Paynim fool ! could Leila's prayer
 Be pass'd, and thine accorded there ?
 I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,
 The traitor in his turn to seize ;
 My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
 And now I go—but go alone.”

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling :
 His Mother look'd from her lattice high—³⁴
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
 The pasture green beneath her eye,
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling :
 " 'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh."
 She could not rest in the garden-bower,
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower :
 " Why comes he not ? his steeds are fleet,
 Nor shrink they from the summer heat ;
 Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift ?
 Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift ?
 Oh, false reproach ! yon Tartar now
 Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,
 And warily the steep descends,
 And now within the valley bends ;
 And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
 How could I deem his courser slow ?
 Right well my largess shall repay
 His welcome speed, and weary way."

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
 But scarce upheld his fainting weight :
 His swarthy visage spake distress,
 But this might be from weariness ;
 His garb with sanguine spots were dyed,
 But these might be from his courser's side ;
 He drew the token from his vest—
 Angel of death ! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest !
 His caïpac³⁵ rent—his caftan red—
 " Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed :
 Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
 But this empurpled pledge to bear.
 Peace to the brave ! whose blood is spilt :
 Woe to the Giaour ; for his the guilt."

• • • *

A turban³⁶ carved in coarsest stone
 A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
 Whereon can now be scarcely read
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell
 A victim in that lonely dell.
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee :
 As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
 Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
 In orisons resumed anew
 At solemn sound of " Alla Hu !"³⁷
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
 And stranger in his native land ;

Yet died he as in arms he stood.
 And unavenged, at least in blood.
 But him the maids of Paradise
 Impatient to their halls invite,
 And the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes
 On him shall glance for ever bright;
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave³⁸
 And welcome with a kiss the brave!
 Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
 Is worthiest an immortal bower.

But thou, false Infidel! shall writhe
 Beneath avenging Monkir's³⁹ scythe;
 And from its torment 'scape alone
 To wander round lost Eblis'⁴⁰ throne;
 And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,
 Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;
 Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
 The tortures of that inward hell!
 But first, on earth as Vampire⁴¹ sent,
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
 And suck the blood of all thy race;
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life;
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse:
 Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the demon for their sire,
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.
 But one that for thy crime must fall,
 The youngest, most beloved of all,
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
 And the last glassy glance must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
 Then with unhallow'd hand shall tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair,
 Of which if life a lock when shorn
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
 But now is borne away by thee,
 Memorial of thine agony!
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip⁴²
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;

Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they!

* * * *

“How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
His features I have scann'd before
In mine own land: 'tis many a year,
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need.
But once I saw that face, yet then
It was so mark'd with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamp'd upon his brow.

“'Tis twice three years at summer tide
Since first among our freres he came
And here it soothes him to abide
For some dark deed he will not name.
But never at our vesper prayer,
Nor e'er before confession chair
Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
Incense or anthem to the skies,
But broods within his cell alone,
His faith and race alike unknown,
The sea from Paynim land he crost,
And here ascended from the coast;
Yet seems he not of Othman race,
But only Christian in his face:
I'd judge him some stray renegade,
Repentant of the change he made,
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
Great largess to these walls he brought,
And thus our abbot's favour bought;
But were I prior, not a day
Should brook such stranger's further stay
Or pent within our penance cell
Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
Much in his visions mutters he
Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
On cliff he hath been known to stand,
And rave as to some bloody hand,
Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
Invisible to all but him,
Which beckons onward on his grave,
And lures to leap into the wave.”

* * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by ;
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
 For in it lurks that nameless spell.
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
 A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
 That claims and keeps ascendancy ;
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
 From him the half-affrighted Friar
 When met alone would fain retire,
 As if that eye and bitter smile
 Transferr'd to others fear and guile :
 Not oft to smile descendeth he
 And when he doth 'tis sad to see
 That he but mocks at misery.
 How that pale lip will curl and quiver !
 Then fix once more as if for ever ;
 As if his sorrow or disdain
 Forbade him e'er to smile again.
 Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
 From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
 But sadder still it were to trace
 What once were feelings in that face :
 Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
 But brighter traits with evil mix'd ;
 And there are hues not always faded,
 Which speak a mind not all degraded
 Even by the crimes through which it waded.
 The common crowd but see the gloom
 Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;
 The close observer can espy
 A noble soul, and lineage high :
 Alas ! though both bestow'd in vain,
 Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
 It was no vulgar tenement
 To which such lofty gifts were lent,
 And still with little less than dread
 On such the sight is riveted.
 The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,
 Will scarce delay the passer by ;
 The tower by war or tempest bent
 While yet may frown one battlement,
 Demands and daunts the stranger's eye :

Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone :

“ His floating robe around him folding,
Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle ;
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneels the monks, his steps retire ;
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch ;
There will he pause till all is done—
And hear the prayer, but utter none.
See—by the half-illumin'd wall
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
As if the Gorgon there had bound
The sablest of the serpent-braid
That e'er her fearful forehead stray'd :
For he declines the convent oath,
And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
But wears our garb in all beside ;
And, not from piety but pride,
Gives wealth to walls that never heard
Of his one holy vow nor word.
Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony
Pells louder praises to the sky,
That livid cheek, that stony air
Of mix'd defiance and despair !
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine !
Else may we dread the wrath divine
Made manifest by awful sign.
If ever evil angel bore
The form of mortal, such he wore :
By all my hope of sins forgiven,
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven !”
To love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own ;
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet, or brave despair ;
And sterner hearts alone may feel
The wound that time can never heal.
The rugged metal of the mine,
Must burn before its surface shine
But plunged within the furnace-flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same ;
Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill ;
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed !

But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those who shape its edge, beware!
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain.
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less.
 We loathe what none are left to share:
 Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay
 It is as if the desert-bird,⁴³

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

* * * * *

“Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
 'Mid counted beads and countless prayer
 To bid the sins of others cease,
 Thyself without a crime or care,
 Save transient ills that all must bear,
 Has been thy lot from youth to age;
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage

Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,
 Such as thy penitents unfold,
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
 Within thy pure and pitying breast:
 My days, though few, have pass'd below
 In much of joy, but more of woe;
 Yet still in hours of love or strife,
 I've 'scaped the weariness of life;
 Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,
 I loathed the langour of repose.
 Now nothing left to love or hate,
 No more with hope or pride elate,
 I'd rather be the thing that crawls
 Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
 Than pass my dull unvarying days,
 Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.
 Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
 For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.
 Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
 And I shall sleep without the dream
 Of what I was, and would be still,
 Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:
 My memory now is but the tomb
 Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom.
 Though better to have died with those
 Than bear a life of lingering woes.
 My spirit shrunk not to sustain
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
 Nor sought the self-accorded grave
 Of ancient fool and modern knave;
 Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;
 And in the field it had been sweet,
 Had danger woo'd me on to move
 The slave of glory, not of love.
 I've braved it—not for honour's boast;
 I smile at laurels won or lost;
 To such let others carve their way,
 For high renown, or hireling pay;
 But place again before my eyes
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize;
 The maid I love, the man I hate,
 And I will hunt the steps of fate,
 To save or slay, as these require,
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire:
 Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one
 Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
 Death is but what the haughty brave,
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;
 Then let Life go to him who gave:

I have not quail'd to danger's brow
 When high and happy—need I *now*

“ I loved her, Friar ! nay, adored—
 But these are words that all can use—
 I proved it more in deed than word
 There's blood upon that dinted sword,
 A stain its steel can never lose :
 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
 It warm'd the heart of one abhorr'd :
 Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
 Nor midst my sins such act record ;
 Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
 For he was hostile to thy creed
 The very name of Nazarene
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
 Ungrateful fool ! since but for brands
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,
 And wounds by Galileans givon,
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
 For him his Houris still might wait
 Impatient at the Prophet's gate.
 I loved her—love will find its way
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey ;
 And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
 If passion met not some reward—
 No matter how, or where, or why,
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh :
 Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
 I wish she had not loved again.
 She died—I dare not tell thee how ;
 But look—'tis written on my brow !
 There read of Cain the curse and crime,
 In characters unworn by time :
 Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause ;
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.
 Yet did he but what I had done
 Had she been false to more than one.
 Faithless to him, he gave the blow
 But true to me, I laid him low :
 Howe'er, deserved her doom might be,
 Her treachery was truth to me ;
 To me she gave her heart, that all
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthral ;
 And I, alas ! too late to save !
 Yet all I then could give, I gave,
 'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.
 His death sits lightly : but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.

His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
Deep in whose darkly boding ear[†]
The deathshot peal'd of murder near,

As filed the troop to where they fell!
He died too in the battle broil,
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
One cry to Mahomet for aid,
One prayer to Alla all he made :
He knew and cross'd me in the fray—
I gazed upon him where he lay,
And watch'd his spirit ebb away :
Though pierc'd like pard by hunters' steel,
He felt not half that now I feel.
I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
The workings of a wounded mind ;
Each feature of that sullen corse
Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.
Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face .
The late repentance of that hour,
When penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave,
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

“ The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name ;
But mine was like a lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain :
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh.
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.
Shall I the doom I sought upbraid ?
No—reft of all, yet undismay'd
But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain.
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy guide !
For him who dies, but her who died ;

She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
 This breaking heart and throbbing head
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.
 She was a form of life and light,
 That, seen, became a part of sight;
 And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
 The Morning-star of Memory!

“Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Alla given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.
 Devotion wafts the mind above,
 But heaven itself descends in love;
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,
 To wean from self each sordid thought:
 A Ray of him who form'd the whole;
 A Glory circling round the soul!
 I grant *my* love imperfect, all
 That mortals by the name miscall;
 Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
 But say, oh say, *her's* was not guilt!
 She was my life's unerring light:
 That quench'd, what beam shall break my night?
 Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
 Although to death or deadliest ill!
 Why marvel ye, if they who lose
 This present joy, this future hope,
 No more with sorrow meekly cope;
 In phrensy then their fate accuse:
 In madness do those fearful deeds
 That seem to add but guilt to woe?
 Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
 Hath nought to dread from outward blow;
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
 Cares little into what abyss.
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear
 I reed abhorrence on thy brow,
 And this too was I born to bear!
 'Tis true, that, like the bird of prey,
 With havoc have I mark'd my way:
 But this was taught me by the dove,
 To die—and know no second love.
 This lesson yet hath man to learn,
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
 The bird that sings within the brake,
 The swan that swims upon the lake,
 One mate, and one alone, will take.

And let the fool still prone to range,
 And sneer on all who cannot change,
 Partake his jest with boasting boys ;
 I envy not his varied joys,
 But deem such feeble, heartless man,
 Less than yon solitary swan ;
 Far, far beneath the shallow maid
 He left believing and betray'd.
 Such shame at least was never mine—
 Leila! each thought was only thine!
 My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe
 My hope on high—my all below.
 Earth holds no other like to thee,
 Or, if it doth, in vain for me :
 For worlds I dare not view the dame
 Resembling thee, yet not the same.
 The very crimes that mar my youth,
 This bed of death—attest my truth!
 'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art
 The cherish'd madness of my heart !

“ And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
 But not the breath of human life :
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
 And stung my every thought to strife.
 Alike all time, abhorred all place,
 Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
 Where every hue that charm'd before
 The blackness of my bosom wore.
 The rest thou dost already know,
 And all my sins, and half my woe.
 But talk no more of penitence
 Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence :
 And if thy holy tale were true,
 The deed that's done canst *thou* undo ?
 Think me not thankless—but this grief
 Looks not to priesthood for relief.
 My soul's estate in secret guess :
 But would'st thou pity more, say less.
 When thou canst bid my Leila live,
 Then will I sue thee to forgive ;
 Then plead my cause in that high place
 Where purchased masses proffer grace.
 Go, when the hunter's hand hath rung
 From forest-cave her shrieking young,
 And calm the lonely lioness :
 But soothe not—mock not *my* distress !

In earlier days, and calmer hours,
 When heart with heart delights to blend,
 Where bloom my native valley's bowers,

I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend!
 To him this pledge I charge thee send,
 Memorial of a youthful vow;
 I would remind him of my end:
 Though souls absorb'd like mine allow
 Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
 Yet dear to him my blighted name.
 'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
 And I have smiled—I then could smile—
 When Prudence wou'd his voice assume,
 And warn—I reck'd not what—the while:
 But now remembrance whispers o'er
 Those accents scarcely mark'd before
 Say—that his bodings came to pass
 And he will start to hear their truth,
 And wish his words had not been sooth:
 Tell him, unheeding as I was,
 Through many a busy bitter scene
 Of all our golden youth had been,
 In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
 To bless his memory ere I died;
 But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
 If Guilt should for the guiltless pray,
 I do not ask him not to blame,
 Too gentle he to wound my name:
 And what have I to do with fame?
 I do not ask him not to mourn,
 Such cold request might sound like scorn;
 And what than friendship's manly tear
 May better grace a brother's bier?
 But hear this ring, his own of old,
 And tell him—what thou dost behold!
 The wither'd frame—the ruin'd mind,
 The wrack by death's lion left behind,
 A shrivell'd ear, a scatter'd leaf,
 Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

* * * *

“Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
 No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
 Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
 I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;
 But could not, for my burning brow
 Throbb'd to the very brain as now
 I wish'd but for a single tear,
 As something welcome, new, and dear;
 I wish'd it then, I wish it still;
 Despair is stronger than my will.
 Waste not thine orison, despair
 Is mightier than thy pious prayer:

I would not, if I might, be blest ;
 I want no paradise, but rest.
 'Twas then, I tell thee, father ! then
 I saw her ; yea, she lived again ;
 And shining in her white symar,⁴⁵
 As through yon pale gray cloud the star
 Which now I gaze on, as on her,
 Who look'd and looks far lovelier ;
 Dimly I view its trembling spark :
 To-morrow's night shall be more dark ;
 And I, before its rays appear,
 That lifeless thing the living fear .
 I wander, father ! for my soul
 Is fleeting towards the final goal.
 I saw her, friar ! and I rose
 Forgetful of our former wocs ;
 And rushing from my couch, I dart,
 And clasp her to my desperate heart
 I clasp—what is it that I clasp ?
 No breathing form within my grasp,
 No heart that beats reply to mine,
 Yet, Leila ! yet the form is thine !
 And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
 As meet my eye, yet ^{not} knock my touch ?
 Ah ! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
 I care not ; so my arms enfold
 The all they ever wish'd to hold.
 Alas ! around a shadow prest,
 They sink upon my lonely breast ;
 Yet still 'tis there ! In silence stands,
 And beckons with beseeching hands !
 With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
 I knew 'twas false, she could not die !
 But he is dead ! within the dell
 I saw him buried where he fell ;
 He comes not, for he cannot break
 From earth ; why then art thou awake
 They told me wild waves roll'd above
 The face I view, the form I love
 They told me—'twas a hideous tale !
 I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail :
 If true, and from thine ocean-cave
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave
 Oh ! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
 This brow that then will burn no more ;
 Oh ! place them on my hopeless heart :
 But, shape or shade ; whate'er thou art,
 In mercy ne'er again depart !
 Or farther with thee bear my soul
 Than winds can waft or waters roll !

“ Such is my name, and such my tale,
Confessor! to thy secret ear
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
And thank thee for the generous tear
This glazing eye could never shed.
Then lay me with the humblest dead,
And, save the cross above my head,
Be neither name nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread.”⁴⁶

He pass'd—nor his name and race
Hath left a token or a trace,
Save what the father must not say
Who shrived him on his dying day:
This broken tale was all we knew
Of her he loved, or him he slew.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS;

A TURKISH TALE².

“ Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.”

BURNS.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine:
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gül² in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie.
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye:
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they
tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by

The mind within, well skill'd to hide
 All but unconquerable pride,
 His pensive cheek and pondering brow
 Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

' Let the chamber be clear'd.'—The train disappear'd—
 " Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."

With Giaffir is none but his only son,
 And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.
 " Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
 Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,
 (Woe to the head whose eye beheld
 My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)
 Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;
 Her fate is fix'd this very hour:
 Yet not to her repeat my thought;
 By me alone be duty taught!"

" Pacha! to hear is to obey."
 No more must slave to despot say—
 Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
 But here young Selim silence brake,
 First lowly rendering reverence meet;
 And downcast look'd, and gently spake,
 Still standing at the Pacha's feet:
 For son of Moslem must expire,
 Ere dare to sit before his sire!

" Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide
 My sister, or her sable guide,
 Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
 Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me—
 So lovelily the morning shone,
 That—let the old and weary sleep—
 I could not; and to view alone
 The fairest scenes of land and deep,
 With none to listen and reply
 To thoughts with which my heart beat high
 Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
 In sooth I love not solitude;
 I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
 And, as thou knowest that for me
 Soon turns the haram's grating key,
 Before the guardian slaves awoke
 We to the cypress groves had flown,
 And made earth, main, and heaven our own!
 There linger'd we, beguiled too long
 With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;"

Till I, who heard the deep tambour^s
 Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,
 To thee, and to my duty true,
 Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew :
 But there Zuleika wanders yet—
 Nay, Father, rage not, nor forget
 That none can pierce that secret bower
 But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

" Son a slave"—the Pacha said—
 " From unbelieving mother bred,
 Vain were a father's hope to see
 Aught that beseems a man in thee.
 Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
 And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
 Thou, Greek in soul, if not in creed,
 Must pore where babbling waters flow,
 And watch unfolding roses blow.
 Would that you orb, whose matin glow
 Thy listless eyes so much admire,
 Would lend thee something of his fire!
 Thou, who wouldst see this battlement
 By Christian cannon piecemeal rent :
 Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
 Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
 Nor strike one stroke for life and death
 Against the curs of Nazareth !
 Go—let thy less than woman's hand
 Assume the distaff—not the brand.
 But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed :
 And hark—of thine own head take heed—
 If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
 Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
 At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
 But every frown and every word
 Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
 " Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear
 Those gibes had cost another dear.
 Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"
 Thus held his thoughts their dark career;
 And glances ev'n of more than ire
 Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
 Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
 And started; for within his eye
 He read how much his wrath had done;
 He saw rebellion there begun :
 ' Come hither, boy—what, no reply ?

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

As sneeringly these accents fell,
 On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed :
 That eye return'd him glance for glance,
 And proudly to his sire's was raised,
 Till Giasfir's quail'd and shrunk askance—
 And why—he felt, but durst not tell.
 " Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
 Will one day work me more annoy :
 I never loved him from his birth,
 And—but his arm is little worth,
 And scarcely in the chase could cope
 With timid fawn or antelope,
 Far less would venture into strife
 Where man contends for fame and life—
 I would not trust that look or tone :
 No—nor the blood so near my own.
 That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
 I'll watch him closer than before.
 He is an Arab^o to my sight,
 Or Christian crouching in the fight—
 But hark !—I hear Zuleika's voice ;
 Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear
 She is the offspring of my choice ;
 Oh ! more than ev'n her mother dear,
 With all to hope, and nought to fear—
 My Peri ! ever welcome here !
 Sweet, as the desert's fountain wave,
 To lips just cool'd in time to save—
 Such to my longing sight art thou ;
 Nor can they wait to Mecca's shrine
 More thanks for life, than I for thine,
 Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair as the first that fell of womankind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
 Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind
 But once beguil'd, and ever more beguiling ;
 Dazzling, as that, oh ! too transcendent vision
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
 And paints the lost on Earth revived in heaven ;

Soft as the memory of buried love ;
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above ;
 Was she, the daughter of that rude old chief,
 Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray ?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
 The might—the majesty of Loveliness ?
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone ;
 The light of love, the purity of grace,
 The mind, the Music breathing from her face,
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
 And, oh ! that eye was in itself a Soul !

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
 Across her gently-budding breast ;
 At one kind word those arms extending
 To clasp the neck of him who blest
 His child caressing and carest,
 Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
 His purpose half within him melt :
 Not that against her fancied weal
 His heart though stern could ever feel ;
 Affection chain'd her to that heart ;
 Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

“ Zuleika ! child of gentleness !
 How dear this very day must tell,
 When I forget my own distress,
 In losing what I love so well,
 To bid thee with another dwell :
 Another ! and a braver man
 Was never seen in battle's van.
 We Moslem reck not much of blood ;
 But yet the line of Carasman⁷
 Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
 First of the bold Timariot bands
 That won and well can keep their lands.
 Enough that he who comes to woo
 Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou :
 His years need scarce a thought employ :
 I would not have thee wed a boy.
 And thou shalt have a noble dower :
 And his and my united power

Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
 Which others tremble but to see,
 And teach the messenger⁸ what fate
 The bearer of such boon may wait.
 And now thou knowest thy father's will;
 All that thy sex hath need to know.
 'Twas mine to teach obedience still—
 The way to love, thy lord may show."

VIII.

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;
 And if her eye was filled with tears
 That stifled feeling dare not shed,
 And changed her cheek from pale to red,
 And red to pale, as through her ears
 Those winged words like arrows sped,
 What could such be but maiden fears?
 So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
 So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
 Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot;
 Or if remember'd, mark'd it not;
 Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed,⁹
 Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque,¹⁰
 And mourning featly for the mead,
 With Maugrabee¹¹ and Mamaluke,
 His way amid his Delis took,¹²
 To witness many an active deed
 With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
 The Kislar only and his Moors
 Watch well the Haran's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
 His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water
 That swiftly glides and gently swells
 Between the winding Dardanelles;
 But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
 Nor even his Pacha's turban'd hand
 Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
 Careering cleave the folded felt¹³
 With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;
 Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,
 Nor heard their Ollohs¹⁴ wild and loud—
 He thought but of old Gizfir's daughter!

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;
 One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:

Still gazed he through the lattice grata,
 Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
 To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
 But little from his aspect learn'd;
 Equal her grief, yet not the same;
 Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:
 But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,
 She knew not why, forbade to speak. .
 Yet speak she must; but when essay?
 "How strange he thus should turn away
 Not thus we e'er before have met;
 Not thus shall be our parting yet,"
 Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
 And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd:
 She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd
 The Persian Atar-gul's¹⁵ perfume,
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er
 The pictured roof¹⁶ and marble floor:
 The drops, that through his glittering vest
 The playful girl's appeal address'd.
 Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
 As if that breast were marble too.
 "What, sullen yet? it must not be—
 Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
 She saw in curious order set
 The fairest flowers of eastern land—
 "He lov'd them once; may touch them yet
 If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."
 The childish thought was hardly breathed
 Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed;
 The next fond moment saw her seat
 Her fairy form at Selim's feet:
 "This rose to calm my brother's cares
 A message from the Bulbul bears;
 It says to-night he will prolong
 For Selim's ear his sweetest song:
 And though his note is somewhat sad,
 He'll try for once a strain more glad,
 With some faint hope his alter'd lay
 May siag these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

What! not receive my foolish flower?
 Nay, then I am indeed unblest:
 On me can thus thy forehead lower?
 And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
 Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
 Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
 And I will kiss thee into rest.

Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
 Ev'n from my fabled nightingale
 I knew our sire at times was stern,
 But this from thee had yet to learn.
 Too well I know he loves thee not ;
 But is Zuleika's love forgot ?
 Ah ! deem I right ? the Pacha's plan—
 This kinsman Bey of Carasman
 Perhaps may prove some foe of thine :
 If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
 If shrines that ne'er approach allow
 To woman's step admit her vow,
 Without thy free consent, command,
 The Sultan should not have my hand !
 Think'st thou that I could bear to part
 With thee, and learn to halve my heart ?
 Ah ! were I sever'd from thy side,
 Where were thy friend—and who my guide ?
 Years have not seen, Time shall not see
 The hour that tears my soul from thee :
 Even Azrael,¹⁷ from his deadly quiver,
 When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
 That parts all else, shall doom for ever
 Our hearts to undivided dust !”

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt ;
 He raised the maid from where she knelt ;
 His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt ;
 With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt
 As the stream late conceal'd
 By the fringe of its willows,
 When it rushes reveal'd
 In the light of its billows ;
 As the bolt bursts on high
 From the black cloud that bound it.
 Flash'd the soul of that eye
 Through the long lashes round it.
 A war-horse at the trumpet's sound
 A lion roused by heedless hound,
 A tyrant waked to sudden strife
 By graze of ill directed knife,
 Starts not to more convulsive life
 Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,
 And all before repress'd, betray'd :
 “ Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
 With life to keep, and scarce with life resign ;
 Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
 Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.

Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done
 That vow hath saved more heads than one.
 Rut blench not thou—thy simplest tress
 Claims more from me than tenderness ;
 I would not wrong the slenderest hair
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,
 For all the treasures buried far
 Within the caves of Istakar.¹⁸
 This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
 Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
 And Giaffir almost call'd me coward !
 Now I have motive to be brave :
 The son of his neglected slave,
 Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,
 May show, though little apt to vaunt,
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
His son, indeed !—yet, thanks to thee,
 Perchance I am, at least shalt be ;
 But let our plighted secret vow
 Be only known to us as now.
 I know the wretch who dares demand
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand ;
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
 Holds not a Musselim's¹⁹ control :
 Was he not bred in Egripo ?²⁰
 A viler race let Israel show ;
 But let that pass—to none be told
 Our oath, the rest shall time unfold.
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey ;
 I've partisans for peril's day :
 Think not I am what I appear :
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near.²¹

XIII.

* Think not thou art what thou appearest !
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed
 This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest ;
 But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
 My love thou surely knew'st before,
 It ne'er was less, nor can be more.
 To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay.
 And hate the night I know not why,
 Save that we meet not but by day ;
 With thee to live, with thee to die,
 I dare not to my hope deny :
 Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
 Like this—and this—no more than this ;
 For Alla ! sure thy lips are flame :
 What fever in thy veins is flushing ?
 My own have nearly caught the same,
 At least I feel my cheek too blushing.

To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
 Or stand with smiles un murmuring by,
 And lighten half thy poverty ;
 Do all but close thy dying eye,
 For that I could not live to try :
 To these alone my thoughts aspire
 More can I do ? or thou require ?
 But, Selim, thou must answer why
 We need so much of mystery ?
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
 But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well ;
 Yet what thou mean'st by ' arms ' and ' friends,
 Beyond my weaker sense extends.
 I meant that Giaffir should have heard
 The very vow I plighted thee ;
 His wrath would not revoke my word :
 But surely he would leave me free.
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
 To be what I have ever been ?
 What other hath Zuleika seen
 From simple childhood's earliest hour ?
 What other can she seek to see
 Than thee, companion of her bower,
 The partner of her infancy ?
 These cherish'd thoughts, with life begun,
 Say, why must I no more avow ?
 What change is wrought to make me shun
 The truth ; my pride, and thine till now ?
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
 Our law, our creed, our God denies ;
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
 At such, our Prophet's will repine :
 No ! happier made by that decree !
 He left me all in leaving thee.
 Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld :
 This wherefore should I not reveal ?
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal ?
 I know the Pacha's haughty mood
 To thee hath never boded good ;
 And he so often storms at nought,
 Alla ! forbid that e'er he ought !
 And why I know not, but within
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.
 If then such secrecy be crime,
 And such it feels while lurking here ;
 Oh, Selim ! tell me yet in time,
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
 Ah ! yonder see the Tchocadar²¹,
 My father leaves the mimic war :

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

I tremble now to meet his eye—
Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV.

Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet;
And now with him I fain must prate
Of firmans, impost, levies, state.
There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
For which the Giaour may give him thanks!
Our Sultan hath a shorter way
Such costly triumph to repay.
But, mark me, when the twilight drum
Hath warned the troops to food and sleep,
Unto thy cell will Selim come:
Then softly from the Haram creep
Where we may wander by the deep.
Out garden-battlements are steep;
Nor these will rash intruder climb
To list our words, or stint our time;
And if he doth, I want not steel
Which some have felt, and more may feel,
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
Than thou hast heard or thought before:
Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me!
Thou know'st I hold a haram key."

' Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now
Did word like this—"

" Delay not thou;

I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward
To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
My tale, my purpose, and my fear:
I am not, love! what I appear."

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's waves,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The only hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,

Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home ;
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear ;
 His eye but saw that light of love,
 The only star it hail'd above ;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 " Ye waves, divide not lovers long !"—
 That tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main ;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedew'd in vain,
 The desert of old Priam's pride ;
 The tombs, sole relic of his reign,
 All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle !

III.

Oh ? yet—for there my steps have been ;
 These feet have press'd the sacred shore.
 These limbs that bouyant wave hath borne—
 Minstrel ! with thee to muse, to mourn,
 To trace again those fields of yore,
 Believing every hillock green
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 And that around the undoubted scene
 Thine own " broad Hellespont " still dashes,
 Be long my lot ! and cold were he
 Who there could gaze denying thee !

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream.
 Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
 That moon, which shone on his high theme :
 No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
 But conscious shepherds bless it still.
 Their flocks are grazing on the mound
 Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow ;
 That mighty heap of gather'd ground
 Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,²²
 By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,
 Is now a lone and nameless barrow !
 Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow !

Without—can only strangers breathe
 The name of him that *was* beneath :
 Dust long outlasts the storied stone
 But Thou—thy very dust is gone !

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
 The swain, and chase the boatman's fear ;
 Till then—no beacon on the cliff
 May shape the course of struggling skiff ;
 The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
 All, one by one, have died away ;
 The only lamp of this lone hour.
 Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes ! there is light in that lone chamber,
 And o'er her silken Ottoman
 Are thrown the fragment beads of amber,
 O'er which her fairy fingers ran ;²³
 Near these, with emerald rays beset,
 (How could she thus that gem forget ?)
 Her mother's sainted amulet,²⁴
 Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
 Could smooth this life, and win the next ;
 And by her comboloio ²⁵ lies
 A Koran of illumined dyes :
 And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
 By Persian scribes redeem'd from time ;
 And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
 Reclines her now neglected lute ;
 And round her lamp of fretted gold
 Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould :
 The richest work of Iran's loom,
 And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume ;
 All that can eye or sense delight
 Are gather'd in that gorgeous room :
 But yet it hath an air of gloom.
 She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
 What doth she hence, and on so rude a night ?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
 Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
 To guard from winds of heaven the breast
 As heaven itself to Selim dear,
 With cautious steps the thicket threading,
 And starting oft, as through the glade
 The gust its hollow moanings made,
 Till on the smoother pathway treading,
 More free her timid bosom beat,
 The maid pursued her silent guide ;

And though her terror urged retreat,
 How could she quit her Selim's side?
 How teach her tender lips to chide?

VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn
 By nature, but enlarged by art,
 Where oft her lute she went to tunc,
 And oft her Koran conn'd apart;
 And oft in youthful reverie
 She dream'd what Paradise might be:
 Where women's parted soul shall go
 Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;
 But Selim's mansion was secure,
 Nor deem'd she, could he long endure
 His bower in other worlds of bliss,
 Without her, most beloved in this!
 Oh! who so dear with him could dwell;
 What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
 Some change seem'd wrought within the grot:
 It might be only that the night
 Disguised things seen by better light:
 That brazen lamp but dimly threw
 A ray of no celestial hue;
 But in a nook within the cell
 Her eye on stranger objects fell.
 There arms were piled, not such as wield
 The turban'd Delis in the field;
 But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
 And one was red—perchance with guilt!
 Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
 A cup too on the board was set
 That did not seem to hold sherbet.
 What may this mean? she turn'd to see
 Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
 His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
 But in its stead a shawl of red,
 Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
 Were worthy of a diadem,
 No longer glitter'd at his waist,
 Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;
 And from his belt a sabre swung,
 And from his shoulder loosely hung

The cloak of white, the thin capote
 That decks the wandering Candiote :
 Beneath—his golden plated vest
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast ;
 The greaves below his knee that wound
 With silvery scales were sheathed and bound,
 But were it not that high command
 Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,
 All that a careless eye could see
 In him was some young Galiongee.²⁶

X.

“ I said I was not what I seem'd ;
 And now thou see'st my words were true :
 I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,
 If sooth— its truth must others rue.
 My story now 'twere vain to hide,
 I must not see thee Osman's bride :
 But had not thine own lips declared
 How much of that young heart I shared,
 I could not, must not, yet have shown
 The darker secret of my own.
 In this I speak not now of love ;
 That, let time, truth, and peril prove :
 But first—Oh ! never wed another—
 Zuleika ! I am not thy brother !

XI.

“ Oh ! not my brother !—yet unsay—
 God ! am I left alone on earth
 To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
 That saw my solitary birth ?
 Oh ! thou wilt love me now no more !
 My sinking heart foreboded ill ;
 But know *me* all I was before,
 Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still,
 Thou led'st me here perchance to kill ;
 If thou hast cause for vengeance, see !
 My breast is offer'd—take thy fill !
 Far better with the dead to be
 Than live thus nothing now to thee :
 Perhaps far worse, for now I know
 Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe ;
 And I, alas ! am Giaffir's child.
 For whom thou wert contemn'd, reviled.
 If not thy sister—would'st thou save
 My life, oh ! bid me be thy slave !

XII.

" My slave, Zuleika !—nay, I'm thine ;
 But, gentle love, this transport calm,
 Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine ;
 Swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
 And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
 So may the Koran²⁷ verse display'd
 Upon its steel direct my blade,
 In danger's hour to guard us both,
 As I preserve that awful oath !
 The name in which thy heart hath prided
 Must change ; but, my Zuleika know,
 That tie is widen'd, not divided,
 Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.
 My father was to Giaffir all
 That Selim late was deem'd to thee ;
 That brother wrought a brother's fall,
 But spared, at least, my infancy ;
 And lull'd me with a vain deceit
 That yet a like return may meet
 He rear'd me, not with tender help,
 But like the nephew of a Cain :²⁸
 He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,
 That gnaws and yet may break his chain,
 My father's blood in every vein
 Is boiling ; but for thy dear sake
 No present vengeance will I take ;
 Though here I must no more remain.
 But first, beloved Zuleika ! hear
 How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

" How first their strife to rancour grew
 If love or envy made them foes,
 It matters little if I knew ;
 In fiery spirits, slights, though few
 And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
 In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
 Remember'd yet in Bosniac song.
 And Paswan's²⁹ rebel hordes attest
 How little love they bore such guest :
 His death is all I need relate,
 The stern effect of Giaffir's hate ;
 And how my birth disclosed to me,
 Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

XIV.

" When Paswau, after years of strife,
 At last for power, but first for life.

In Widin's walls too proudly sate,
 Our Pachas rallied round the state ;
 Nor last nor least in high command,
 Each brother led a separate band ;
 They gave their horsetails³⁰ to the wind,
 And mustering in Sophia's plain
 Their tents were pitch'd, their post assign'd :
 To one, alas ! assign'd in vain ;
 What need of words ? the deadly bowl,
 By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,
 With venom subtle as his soul,
 Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.
 Reclined and feverish in the bath,
 He, when the hunter's sport was up,
 But little deem'd a brother's wrath
 To quench his thirst had such a cup :
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore ;
 He drank one draught,³¹ nor needed more !
 If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
 Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

" The deed once done, and Paswan's feud
 In part suppress'd, though ne'er subdued,
 Abdallah's Pachalick was gain'd :—
 Thou know'st not what in our Divan
 Can wealth procure for worse than man—
 Abdallah's honours were obtain'd
 By him a brother's murder stain'd
 'Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd
 His ill got treasure, soon replaced.
 Would'st question whence ? Survey the waste,
 And ask the squalid peasant how
 His gains repay his broiling brow !—
 Why me the stern usurper spared,
 Why thus with me his palace shared,
 I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,
 And little fear from infant's force ;
 Besides, adoption as a son
 By him whom Heaven accorded none,
 Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
 Preserved me thus ;—but not in peace :
 He cannot curb his haughty mood,
 Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

" Within thy father's house are foes ;
 Not all who break his bread are true
 To these should I my birth disclose,
 His days, his very hours were few :

They only want a heart to lead,
 A hand to point them to the deed.
 But Haroun only knows, or knew
 This tale, whose close is almost nigh
 He in Abdallah's palace grew,
 And held that post in his Serai
 Which holds he here—he saw him die :
 But what could single slavery do ?
 Avenge his lord ? alas ! too late ;
 Or save his son from such a fate ?
 He chose the last, and when elate
 With foes subdued, or friends betray'd,
 Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
 He led me helpless to his gate,
 And not in vain it seems essay'd
 To save the life for which he pray'd.
 The knowledge of my birth secured
 From all and each, but most from me ;
 Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.
 Removed he too from Roumelie
 To this our Asiatic side,
 Far from our seats by Danube's tide,
 With none but Haroun, who retains
 Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
 A tyrant's secrets are but chains,
 From which the captive gladly steals,
 And this and more to me reveals :
 Such still to guilt just Alla sends—
 Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends !

XVII.

“ All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds ;
 But harsher still my tale must be :
 Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
 Yet I must prove all truth to thee.
 I saw thee start this garb to see,
 Yet is it one I oft have worn,
 And long must wear : this Galiongee,
 To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
 Is leader of those pirate hordes,
 Whose laws and lives are on their swords
 To hear whose desolating tale,
 Would make thy waning cheek more pale :
 Those arms thou see'st my hand have brought,
 The hands that wield are not remote ;
 This cup, too, for the rugged knaves
 Is fill'd—once quaff'd, they ne'er repine :
 Our prophet might forgive the slaves ;
 They're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

" What could I be? Proscribed at home,
 And taunted to a wish to roam;
 And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
 Denied the courser and the spear—
 Though oft—Oh, Mahomet! how oft!—
 In full Divan the despot scoff'd,
 As if *my* weak unwilling hand
 Refused the bridle or the brand:
 He ever went to war alone,
 And pent me here untried—unknown;
 To Haroun's care with women left,
 By hope unblest, of fame bereft.
 While thou—whose softness long endear'd,
 Though it unmann'd me, still had cheer'd—
 To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
 Awaitedst there the field's event.
 Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
 His captive, though with dread resigning,
 My thralldom for a season broke,
 On promise to return before
 The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er
 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart
 My almost drunkenness of heart,
 When first this liberated eye
 Survey'd Earth, Ocean, Sun and Sky,
 As if my spirit pierced them through,
 And all their inmost wonders knew!
 One word alone can paint to thee
 That more than feeling—I was free!
 E'en for thy presence ceased to pine
 The World—nay, Heaven itself was mine.

XIX.

" The shallop of a trusty Moor
 Convey'd me from this idle shore;
 I long'd to see the isles that gem
 Old Ocean's purple diadem:
 I sought by turns, and saw them all;³²
 But when and where I join'd the crew,
 With whom I'm pledg'd to rise or fall,
 When all that we design to do
 Is done, 'twill then be time more meet
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

" 'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood;

And every creed, and every race,
 With them hath found—may find a place;
 But open speech, and ready hand,
 Obedience to their chief's command;
 A soul for every enterprise,
 That never sees with terror's eyes;
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,
 And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
 Have made them sitting instruments
 For more than ev'n my own intents.
 And some—and I have studied all

Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
 But chiefly to my council call
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,
 The last of Lambro's³³ patriots there
 Anticipated freedom share;
 And oft around the cavern fire
 On visionary schemes debate
 To snatch the Rayahs³⁴ from their fate.
 So let them ease their hearts with prate
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
 I have a love for freedom too.

Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch³⁵ roam
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home!³⁶
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
 Across the desert, or before the gale,
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!
 But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!
 Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
 Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
 Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
 Dear as his native song to exile's ears,
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
 Blooming as Aden³⁷ in its earliest hour.
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
 Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my-bride.

The Haram's languid years of listless ease
 Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like these:
 Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
 Unnumber'd perils, but one only love:
 Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
 Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
 How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
 Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
 Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
 To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,
 Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!
 Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide:
 Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:
 Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:
 Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
 He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!
 I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:
 Power sways but by division—her resource
 The blest alternative of fraud or force!
 Ours be the last: in time deceit may come
 When cities cage us in a social home:
 There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft the heart
 Corruption shakes which peril could not part!
 And woman, more than man, when death or woe,
 Or even disgrace, would lay her lover low,
 Sunk in the lap of luxury will shame—
 Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika's name!
 But life is hazard at the best; and here
 No more remains to win, and much to fear
 Yes, fear!—the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
 Which love to-night hath promised to my sail:
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;
 Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!
 Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck,
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
 The war of elements no fears impart
 To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art.
There lie the only rocks our course can check:
Here moments menace—*there* are years of wreck!
 But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!
 This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.

Few words remain of mine my tale to close ;
 Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes ;
 Yea—foes—to me will Giasfir's hate decline ?
 And is not Osman, who would part us, thine ?

XXI.

“ His head and faith from doubt and death
 Return'd in time my guard to save ;
 Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
 From isle to isle I roved the while :
 And since, though parted from my band,
 Too seldom now I leave the land,
 No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
 Ere I have heard and doom'd it too :
 I form the plan, decree the spoil,
 'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.
 But now too long I've held thine ear ;
 Time presses, floats my bark, and here
 We leave behind but hate and fear.
 To-morrow Osman with his train
 Arrives—to-night must break thy chain :
 And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,
 Perchance, *his* life who gave thee thine,
 With me, this hour away—away !
 But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
 Would'st thou recall thy willing vow,
 Appall'd by truths imparted now,
 Here rest I—not to see thee wed :
 But be that peril on *my* head ! ”

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
 Stood like that statue of distress,
 When, her last hope for ever gone,
 The mother harden'd into stone ;
 All in the maid that eye could see
 Was but a younger Niobé.
 But ere her lip, or ev'n her eye,
 Essay'd to speak, or look reply,
 Beneath the garden's wicket porch
 Far flash'd on high a blazing torch !
 Another—and another—and another—
 “ Oh ! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother ! ”
 Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
 The fearful lights are gleaming red :
 Nor these alone—for each right hand
 Is ready with a sheathless brand.
 They part, pursue, return, and wheel
 With searching flambeau, shining steel ;

And last of all, his sabre waving,
 Stern Giaffir in his fury raving :
 And now almost they touch the cave—
 Oh ! must that grot be Selim's grave ?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—" 'Tis come—soon past—
 One kiss, Zuleika—'t is my last :

But yet my band not far from shore
 May hear this signal, see the flash ;
 Yet now too few—the attempt were rash !
 No matter—yet one effort more."

Forth to the cavern mouth he stept ;
 His pistol's echo rang on high,
 Zuleika started not, nor wept,
 Despair benumb'd her breast and eye !—
 " They hear me not, or if they ply
 Their oars, 'tis but to see me die
 That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
 Then forth my father's scimitar,
 Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war !
 Farewell, Zuleika !—Sweet ! retire :

Yet stay within—here linger safe,
 At thee his rage will only chafe.
 Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
 Some erring blade or ball should glance.
 Fear'st thou for him ?—may I expire
 If in this strife I seek thy sire !
 No—though by him that poison pour'd :
 No—though again he call me coward !
 But tamely shall I meet their steel ?
 No—as each crest save *his* may feel ! "

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand :

Already at his feet hath sunk
 The foremost of the prying band,
 A gasping head, a quivering trunk :
 Another falls—but round him close
 A swarming circle of his foes ;
 From right to left his path he cleft,
 And almost met the meeting wave :
 His boat appears—not five oars' length—
 His comrades strain with desperate strength—

Oh ! are they yet in time to save ?
 His feet the foremost breakers lave ;
 His band are plunging in the bay,
 Their sabres glitter through the spray ;
 Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
 They struggle—now they touch the land !

They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water.

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,
To where the strand and billows met :
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain ?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doom'd his death, or fixed his chain.
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will Lover's hope remain !
His back was to the dashing spray :
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,
When, at the instant, hissed the ball—
" So may the foes of Giaffir fall ! "
Whose voice is heard ? whose carbine rang ?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err ?
'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer !
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate ;
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—
If aught his lips essay'd to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away ;
Few trophies of the fight are there
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent ; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear.
And fragments of each shiver'd brand ;
Steps stamp'd ; and dash'd into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be mark'd ; not far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat ;
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white capote !
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain :
But where is he who wore ?

Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
 Go, seek them where the surges sweep
 Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
 And cast on Lemnos' shore ;
 The sea-birds shriek above the prey
 O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
 As shaken on his restless pillow,
 His head heaves with the heaving billow ;
 That hand, whose motion is not life,
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
 Flung by the tossing tide on high,
 Then levell'd with the wave ³⁸—
 What recks it, though that corse shall lie
 Within a living grave ?
 The bird that tears that prostrate form
 Hath only robb'd the meaner worm ;
 The only heart, the only eye
 Had bled or wept to see him die,
 Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
 And mourn'd above his turban-stone,³⁹
 That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
 Yea—closed before his own !

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !
 And woman's eye is wet—man's check is pale :
 Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late :
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face !
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wuHeh ⁴⁰ warn his distant ear ?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale !
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill :
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
 And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
 Sufficed to kill ;
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
 Peace to thy broken heart and virgin grave !
 Ah ! happy ! but of life to lose the worst !
 That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first !
 Thrice happy ! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
 Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse !
 And, oh ! that pang where more than madness lies !
 The worm that will not sleep—and never dies ;

Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
 That dreads the darkness and yet loathes the light,
 That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!
 Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
 Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread;

By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.

Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief;

Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,

She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,

Thy Daughter's dead!

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,

The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream,

What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:

“Where is my child?”—an Echo answers—“Where?”

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs

That shine beneath, while dark above

The sad but living cypress glooms,

And withers not, though branch and leaf

Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,

Like early unrequited Love,

One spot exists, which ever blooms,

Ev'n in that deadly grove—

A Single rose is shedding there

Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:

It looks as planted by Despair—

So white—so faint—the slightest gale

Might whirl the leaves on high;

And yet, though storms and blight assail,

And hands more rude than wintry sky

May wring it from the stem—in vain—

To-morrow sees it bloom again;

The stalk some spirit gently rears,

And waters with celestial tears;

For well may maids of Helle deem

That this can be no earthly flower,

Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,

And buds unshelter'd by a bower;

Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,

Nor woos the summer beam:

To it the livelong night there sings

A bird unseen—but not remote:

Invisible his airy wings,

But soft as harp that Houri strings

His long entrancing note!

It were the Bulbul; but his throat,

Though mournful, pours not such a strain
 For they who listen cannot leave
 The spot, but linger there and grieve,
 As if they loved in vain!
 And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
 'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread.
 They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spel,
 And longer yet would weep and wake,
 He sings so wild and well!
 But when the day-blush bursts from high
 Expires that magic melody.
 And some have been who could believe,
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
 Yet harsh be they that blame,)
 That note so piercing and profound
 Will shape and syllable⁴² its sound
 Into Zuleika's name.
 'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,
 That melts in air the liquid word:
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
 That white rose takes its tender birth.
 There late was laid a marble stone;
 Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!
 It was no mortal arm that bore
 That deep fixed pillar to the shore;
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave.
 And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
 Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:
 And hence extended by the billow,
 'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
 Where first it lay that mourning flower
 Hath flourished; flourisheth this hour,
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at sorrow's tale!

THE CORSAIR;

A TALE.

“———— I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno.”
TASSO, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto x.

CANTO THE FIRST.

“———— nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria, —————.”—DANTE.

I.

“ O’ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home !
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious slave
Whose soul would sicken o’er the heaving wave ;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o’er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse’s maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight ;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom’s inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose :
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life —
When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife ?
Let him who crawls enamour’d of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away ;

Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head ;
 Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
 Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
 And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave :
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
 For us, even banquets fond regret supply
 In the red cup that crowns our memory ;
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 When those who win at length divide the prey,
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now*."

II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle,
 Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while :
 Such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks along,
 And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song !
 In scatter'd groups upon the golden sand,
 They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand,
 Select the arms—to each his blade assign,
 And careless eye the blood that dims its shine ;
 Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
 While others straggling muse along the shore ;
 For the wild bird the busy springs set,
 Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net ;
 Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
 With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise ;
 Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
 And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil :
 No matter where—their chief's allotment this ;
 Theirs, to believe no prey nor plan amiss.
 But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore
 Is famed and fear'd—they ask and know no more.
 With these he mingles not but to command ;
 Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
 Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
 But they forgive his silence for success.
 Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
 That goblet passes him untasted still—
 And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
 Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too ;
 Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
 And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
 His short repast in humbleness supply
 With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.
 But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
 His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.

"Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"—'tis done:

"Now form and follow me!"—the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few inquire his will;
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

III.

"A sail!—a sail!"—a promised prize to Hope
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail;
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.
Already doubled is the cape—our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furl'd; and anchoring round she swings:
And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
'Tis mann'd—the oars keep concert to the strand,
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the heart's promise of festivity!

V.

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd:
The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,
And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—
Friends'—husbands'—lovers' names in each dear word:
"Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success—
But shall we see them? will their accents bless?
From where the battle roars—the billows chafe—
They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?
Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

VI.

"Where is our chief? for him we bear report—
And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short;

Yet thus sincere—'tis cheering, though so brief;
 But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief:
 Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return,
 And all shall hear what each may wish to learn."
 Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,
 To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay,
 By bushy brake and wild flowers blossoming,
 And freshness breathing from each silver spring,
 Whose scatter'd streams from granite basins burst,
 Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;
 From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder cave,
 What lonely straggler looks along the way?
 In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
 Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?
 "'Tis he—'tis Conrad—here—as wout alone;
 On—Juan!—on—and make our purpose known.
 The bark he views—and tell him we would greet
 His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:
 We dare not yet approach—thou know'st his mood,
 When strange or uninvited steps intrude."

VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent;—
 He spake not—but a sign express'd assent.
 These Juan calls—they come—to their salute
 He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.
 "These letters, Chief, are from the Greek—the spy,
 Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:
 Whate'er his tidings, we can well report
 "Much that"—"Peace, peace!"—he cuts their prating
 short,
 Wondering they turn; abash'd, while each to each
 Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:
 They watch his glance with many a stealing look,
 To gather how that eye the tidings took;
 But, this as if he guess'd, with head aside,
 Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride
 He read the scroll—"My tablets, Juan, hark—
 Where is Gonsalvo?"

"In the anchor'd bark."

"There let him stay—to him this order bear—
 Back to your duty—for my course prepare:
 Myself this enterprise to-night will share."

"To-night, Lord Conrad?"

"Ay! at set of sun:

The breeze will freshen when the day is done.
 My corslet—cloak—one hour—and we are gone.

Slung on thy bugle—see that free from rust,
 My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust ;
 Be the edge sharpen'd of my boarding-brand,
 And give its guard more room to fit my hand.
 This let the armourer with speed dispose ;
 Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes :
 Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,
 To tell us when the hour of stay's expired."

VIII.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
 Too soon to seek again the watery waste :
 Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides ;
 And who dare question aught that he decides ?
 That man of loneliness and mystery,
 Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh ;
 Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
 And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue
 Still sways their souls with that commanding art
 That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
 What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
 Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain ?
 What should it be, that thus their faith can bind ?
 The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind !
 Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill
 That moulds another's weakness to its will ;
 Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
 Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
 Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
 The many still must labour for the one !
 'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who toils,
 Accuse not, hate not *him* who wears the spoils
 Oh ! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
 How light the balance of his humbler pains !

IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
 Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,
 In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
 Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire :
 Robust but not Herculean—to the sight
 No giant frame sets forth his common height ;
 Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
 Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men
 They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
 That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
 Sun-burnt his cheek ; his forehead high and pale,
 The sable curls in wild profusion veil ;
 And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
 The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce con

Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mein,
 Still seems there something he would not have seen :
 His features' deepening lines and varying hue
 At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,
 As if within the murkiness of mind
 Work'd feelings fearful and yet undefined ;
 Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
 Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
 There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
 The full encounter of his searching eye :
 He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
 To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
 At once the observer's purpose to espy,
 And on himself roll back his scrutiny.
 Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
 Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to-day.
 There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
 That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;
 And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
 Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell !²⁵

X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
 Within—within—'twas there the spirit wrought !
 Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
 Betray no further than the bitter smile ;
 The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
 Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone
 Of deeper passions ; and to judge their mien,
 He, who would see, must be himself unseen.
 Then—with the hurried tread, and upward eye,
 The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near
 Approach intrusive on **that** mood of fear :
 Then—with each feature working from the heart,
 With feelings loosed to strengthen—not depart :
 That rise—convulse—contend—that freeze or glow,
 Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow ;
 Then—Stranger ! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
 Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot !
 Mark—how that lone and blighted bosom sears
 The scathing thought of execrated years !
 Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
 Man as himself—the secret spirit free ?

XI.

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
 To lead the guilty—guilt's worse instrument—
 His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven
 Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.

Warp'd by the world in Disappointment's school,
 In words too wise, in conduct *there* a fool ;
 Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
 Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,
 He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
 And not the traitors who betray'd him still ;
 Nor deem'd that gifts bestow'd on better men
 Had left him joy, and means to give again.
 Fear'd—shunn'd—belied—ere youth had lost her force,
 He hated man too much to feel remorse,
 And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
 To pay the injuries of some on all.
 He knew himself a villain—but he deem'd
 The rest no better than the thing he seem'd ;
 And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid
 Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
 He knew himself detested, but he knew
 The hearts that loath'd him, crouch'd and dreaded too.
 Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
 From all affection and from all contempt :
 His name could sadden, and his acts surprise ;
 But they that fear'd him dared not to despise :
 Man spur'd the worm, but pauses ere he wake
 The slumbering venom of the folded snake :
 The first may turn—but not avenge the blow ;
 The last expires—but leaves no living foe ;
 Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings,
 And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings !

XII.

None are all evil—quickenings round his heart,
 One softer feeling would not yet depart ;
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
 By passions worthy of a fool or child ;
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
 And even in him it asks the name of Love !
 Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,
 Felt but for one from whom he never ranged ;
 Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
 He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by ;
 Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd bower,
 None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.
 Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness,
 Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
 Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
 And yet—Oh more than all!—untired by time
 Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
 Could render sullen were she ne'er to smile,
 Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
 On her one murmur of his discontent ;

Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part
 Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;
 Which naught removed, nor menaced to remove—
 If there be love in mortals—this was love!
 He was a villain—ay—reproaches shower
 On him—but not the passion, nor its power,
 Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
 Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

XIII.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men
 Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen.
 "Strange tidings!—many a peril have I past,
 Nor know I why this next appears the last!
 Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,
 Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
 'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait
 Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;
 And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
 We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.
 Ah—let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams!
 Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams
 As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)
 To warm these slow avengers of the seas.
 Now to Medora—Oh! my sinking heart,
 Long may her own be lighter than thou art!
 Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are brave
 Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.
 This common courage which with brutes we share,
 That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
 Small merit claims—but 'twas my nobler hope
 To teach my few with numbers still to cope;
 Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed:
 No medium now—we perish or succeed!
 So let it be—it irks not me to die;
 But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.
 My lot hath long had little of my care,
 But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:
 Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
 Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?
 Oh Fate!—accuse thy folly, not thy fate—
 She may redeem thee still—nor yet too late."

XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he, till
 He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd hill:
 There at the portal paused—for wild and soft
 He heard those accents never heard too oft;
 Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,
 And these the notes the bird of beauty sung:

1.

“ Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
 Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
 Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
 Then trembles into silence as before.

2.

“ There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
 Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen;
 Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
 Though vain its ray as it had never been.

3.

“ Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave
 Without one thought whose relics there recline
 The only pang my bosom dare not brave
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

4.

“ My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear :
 Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove ;
 Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,
 The first—last—sole reward or so much love !”

He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridore,
 And reach'd the chamber as the strain gave o'er :
 “ My own Medora ! sure thy song is sad—”

“ In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad ?
 Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
 Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray ;
 Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
 My heart unlush'd—although my lips were mute !
 Oh ! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
 My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,
 And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail
 The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale ;
 Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic dirge.
 That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge :
 Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
 Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire ;
 And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
 And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
 Oh ! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
 And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
 And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
 Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow !
 At length—'twas noon—I hail'd and blest the mast
 That met my sight—it near'd—Alas ! it passed !
 Another came—Oh God ! 'twas thine at last !

Would that those day's were over! wilt thou ne'er,
 My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share!
 Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many a home
 As bright as this invites us not to roam:
 Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,
 I only tremble when thou art not here;
 Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
 Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
 How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
 Should war with nature and its better will!"

"Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been changed;
 Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like avenged,
 Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
 And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
 Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
 My very love to thee is hate to them,
 So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
 I ceased to love thee when I love mankind:
 Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
 Assures the future that my love will last;
 But—Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart,
 This hour again—but not for long—we part."
 "This hour we part! my heart foreboded this:
 Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
 This hour—it cannot be—this hour away!
 Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay;
 Her consort still is absent, and her crew
 Have need of rest before they toil anew:
 My love! thou mock'st my weakness; and would'st steel
 My breast before the time when it must feel;
 But trifle now no more with my distress,
 Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
 Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and share
 The feast these hands delighted to prepare;
 Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
 See, I have pluck'd the fruit that promised best,
 And where not sure, perplex'd, but pleased, I guess'd
 At such as seem'd the fairest; thrice the hill
 My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
 Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
 See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
 The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers;
 Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:
 Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
 What others deem a penance is thy choice.
 But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp
 Is trimm'd, and heeds not the sirocco's damp:
 Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
 And join with me the dance, or wake the song;

Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
 Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
 We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
 Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.
 Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
 To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now ;
 Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
 When the clear sky show'd Ariadne's Isle,
 Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while :
 And thus, half sportive, half in fear, I said,
 Lest time should raise that doubt to more than dread,
 Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main :
 And he deceived me—for—he came again !”
 “ Again—again—and oft again—my love !
 If there be life below, and hope above,
 He will return—but now, the moments bring
 The time of parting with redoubled wing ;
 The why—the where—what boots it now to tell ?
 Since all must end in that wild word—farewell !
 Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
 Fear not—these are no formidable foes ;
 And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
 For sudden siege and long defence prepared :
 Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord's away,
 Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay ;
 And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
 Security shall make repose more sweet.
 List—'tis the bugle ”—Juan shrilly blew —
 “ One kiss—one more—another—Oh ! Adieu ! ”

She rose—she sprang—she clung to his embrace,
 Tili his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
 He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
 Which downcast droop'd in tearless agony.
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
 In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms ;
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
 So full—*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt !
 Hark—peals the thunder of the signal gun !
 It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that sun.
 Again—again—that form he madly press'd,
 Which mutely clasp'd, imploringly caress'd !
 And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
 One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more ;
 Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
 Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone ?

XV.

“ And is he gone ! ”—on sudden solitude
 How oft that fearful question will intrude !

" 'Twas but an instant past—and here he stood !
 And now"—without the portal's porch she rush'd,
 And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd ;
 Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell ;
 But still her lips refused to send—" Farewell !"
 For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
 We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair,
 O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
 Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase :
 The tender blue of that large loving eye
 Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
 Till—Oh, how far ! it caught a glimpse of him,
 And then it flow'd—and phrensied seem'd to swim,
 Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dew'd
 With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.
 " He's gone ;" against her heart that hand is driven,
 Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to heaven ;
 She look'd and saw the heaving of the main ;
 The white sail set—she dared not look again ;
 But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate—
 " It is no dream—and I am desolate !"

XVI.

From crag to crag descending—swiftly sped
 Stern Conrad down, nor once he turned his head ;
 But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way
 Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
 His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,
 That hail'd him first when homeward from the deep ;
 And she—the dim and melancholy star,
 Whose ray of beauty reach'd him from afar,
 On her he must not gaze, he must not think,
 There he might rest—but on Destruction's brink ?
 Yet once almost he stopp'd—and nearly gave
 His fate to chance, his projects to the wave :
 But no—it must not be—a worthy chief
 May melt, but not betray to woman's grief.
 He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,
 And sternly gathers all his might of mind :
 Again he hurries on—and as he hears
 The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,
 The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
 The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar ;
 As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,
 The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,
 The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
 That mute adieu to those who stem the surge ;
 And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
 He marvell'd how his heart could seem so soft.

Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
 He feels of all his former self possess ;
 He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach
 The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
 There checks his speed ; but pauses less to breathe
 The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
 Than there his wonted statelier step renew ;
 Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view :
 For well had Conrad learn'd to curb the crowd,
 By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud ;
 His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
 That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen :
 The solemn aspect and the high-born eye,
 That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy ;
 All these he wielded to command assent ;
 But where he wish'd to win, so well unbent,
 That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard,
 And other's gifts show'd mean beside his word,
 When echo'd to the heart as from his own
 His deep yet tender melody of tone :
 But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
 He cared not what he soften'd, but subdued ;
 The evil passions of his youth had made
 Him value less who loved—than what obey'd.

XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.
 Before him Juan stands—"Are all prepared ?"
 "They are—nay more—embark'd : the latest boat
 Waits but my chief——"

"My sword, and my capote."

Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
 His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung :
 "Call Pedro here !" He comes—and Conrad bends
 With all the courtesy he deign'd his friends ;
 "Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,
 Words of high trust and truth are graven there ;
 Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark
 Arrives, let him alike these orders mark :
 In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
 On our return—till then all peace be thine !"
 This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,
 Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.
 Flash'd the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke
 Around the waves phosphoric brightness broke ;
 They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands,—
 Shrieks the shrill whistle—ply the busy hands—
 He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
 How gallant all her crew—and deigns to praise.

His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—
 Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?
 Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
 And live a moment o'er the parting hour:
 She—his Medora—did she mark the prow?
 Ah! never loved he half so much as now!
 But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—
 Again he mans himself and turns away;
 Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
 And there unfolds his plan—his means—and ends:
 Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
 And all that speaks and aids the naval art;
 They to the midnight watch protract debate;
 To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?
 Meantime the steady breeze serenely blew,
 And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew:
 Pass'd the high headlands of each clustering isle,
 To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile:
 And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
 Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
 Count they each sail—and mark how there supine
 The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.
 Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow pass'd by,
 And anchor'd where his ambush meant to lie!
 Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,
 That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.
 Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—
 Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep;
 While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting flood,
 And calmly talk'd—and yet he talk'd of blood!

CANTO THE SECOND.

“*Conosceste i dubiosi desiri?*”—DANTE.

I.

In Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
 Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
 For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night:
 A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
 When he shall drag the fetter'd Rovers home:
 This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,
 And faithful to his firman and his word,
 His summon'd prows collect along the coast,
 And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast

Already shared the captives and the prize,
 Though far the distant foe they thus despise;
 'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun
 Will see the Pirates bound—their haven won!
 Meantime the watch may slumber, if they will,
 Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.
 Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
 To flesh their growing valour on the Greek;
 How well such deed becomes the turban'd brave—
 To bare the sabre's edge before a siave!
 Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,
 Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
 And do not deign to smite because they may!
 Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
 To keep in practice for the coming foe.
 Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
 And they who wish to wear a head must smile;
 For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
 And hoard their curses till the coast is clear.

II.

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd;
 Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
 Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
 Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,
 Though to the rest the sober berry's juice,⁵
 The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;
 The long chibouque's⁶ dissolving cloud supply,
 While dance the Alnas⁷ to wild minstrelsy.
 The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;
 But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark:
 And revellers may more securely sleep
 On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep;
 Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,
 And less to conquest than to Korans trust;
 And yet the numbers crowded in his host
 Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate,
 Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,
 Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the door,
 Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:
 "A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
 Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest."⁸
 He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
 And led the holy man in silence nigh.
 His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
 His step was feeble, and his look deprest;

Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than years,
 And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.
 Yow'd to his God—his sable locks he wore,
 And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er :
 Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
 And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone ;
 Submissive, yet with self-possession mann'd,
 He calmly met the curious eyes that scann'd ;
 And question of his coming fain would seek,
 Before the Pacha's will allow'd to speak.

IV.

“ Whence com'st thou Dervise ? ”

“ From the outlaw's den,

A fugitive—”

“ Thy capture where and when ? ”

“ From Scalanovo's port to Scio's isle,
 The Saick was bound ; but Alla did not smile
 Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains
 The Rovers won : our limbs have worn their chains.
 I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
 Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost ;
 At length a fisher's humble boat by night
 Afforded hope, and offer'd chance of flight ;
 I seized the hour, and find my safety here—
 With thee—most mighty Pacha ! who can fear ? ”

“ How speed the outlaws ? stand they well prepared,
 Their plunder'd wealth, and robber's rock to guard ?
 Dream they of this our preparation, doom'd
 To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed ? ”

“ Pacha ! the fetter'd captive's mourning eye,
 That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy ;
 I only heard the reckless waters roar,
 Those waves that would not bear me from the shore :
 I only mark'd the glorious sun and sky,
 Too bright—too blue—for my captivity ;
 And felt—that all which Freedom's bosom cheers,
 Must break my chain before it dried my tears.
 This may'st thou judge, at least, from my escape,
 They little deem of aught in peril's shape ;
 Else vainly had I pray'd or sought the chance
 That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance :
 The careless guard that did not see me fly,
 May watch as idly when thy power is nigh.
 Pacha !—my limbs are faint—and nature craves
 Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves :
 Permit my absence—peace be with thee ! Peace
 With all around !—now grant repose—release.”

"Stay, Dervise! I have more to question—stay,
I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—obey!
More I must ask, and food the slaves shall bring:
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:
The supper done—prepare thee to reply,
Clearly and full—I love not mystery."

'Twere vain to guess what shook the pious man,
Who look'd not lovingly on that Divan;
Nor show'd high relish for the banquet prest,
And less respect for every fellow guest.
'Twas but a moment's pceevish hectic past
Along his cheek, and tranquillised as fast:
He sate him down in silence, and his look
Resumed the calmness which before forsook:
The feast was usher'd in—but sumptuous fare
He shunn'd as if some poison mingled there.
For one so long condemn'd to toil and fast,
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.

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

"Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still
The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill;
And my stern vow and order's^o laws oppose
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;
It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread,
That peril rests upon my single head;
But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's throne,
I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone;
Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's rage
To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."

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

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:

Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
 But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
 Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—
 Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray!
 His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
 More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
 Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
 Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
 The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
 Of flames on high, and torches from below;
 The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
 For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
 Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!
 Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
 Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;
 Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai!¹⁰
 He saw their terror—check'd the first despair
 That urged him but to stand and perish there,
 Since far too early and too well obey'd,
 The flame was kindled ere the signal made;
 He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
 His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew;
 'Tis answer'd—“ Well ye speed, my gallant crew;
 Why did I doubt their quickness of career?
 And deem design had left me single here?”
 Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling sway,
 Sheds fast atonement for its first delay;
 Completes his fury what their fear begun,
 And makes the many basely quail to one.
 The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
 And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:
 Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelm'd, with rage, **surprise,**
 Retreats before him, though he still defies.
 No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
 So much Confusion magnifies his foe!
 His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
 He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight;¹¹
 For now the Pirates pass'd the Haram gate,
 And burst within—and it were death to wait;
 Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling—throws
 The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows!
 The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within,
 Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
 Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
 Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.
 They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
 A glutted tiger mangling in his lair!
 But short their greeting—shorter his reply—
 ‘ 'Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must die—

Much hath been done—but more remains to do—
Their galleys blaze—why not their city too."

V.

Quick at the word—they seized him each a torch,
And fire the dome from minaret to porch.
A stern delight was fix'd in Conrad's eye,
But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry
Of women struck, and like a deadly knell
Knock'd at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.
"Oh! burst the Haram—wrong not on your lives
One female form—remember—we have wives.
On them such outrage Vengeance will repay;
Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay:
But still we spared—must spare the weaker prey.
Oh! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive
If at my word the helpless cease to live:
Follow who will—I go—we yet have time
Our souls to lighten of at least a crime."
He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the door,
Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;
His breath choked gasping with the volumed smoke,
But still from room to room his way he broke.
They search—they find—they save—with lusty arms
Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;
Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking frames
With all the care defenceless beauty claims:
So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,
And check the very hands with gore imbrued.
But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey
From reeking pile and combat's wreck—away—
Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd I

VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare.⁷³
Few words to re-assure the trembling fair;
For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war,
The foe before retiring, fast and far,
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
First slower fled—then rallied—then withstood.
This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,
Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew,
And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes
The ruin wrought by panic and surprise.
Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbs that flow'd too well—

When wrath returns to renovated strife,
 And those who fought for conquest strike for life.
 Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld
 His followers faint by freshening foes repell'd :
 " One effort—one—to break the circling host !"
 They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost !
 Within a narrower ring compress'd, beset,
 Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—
 Ah ! now they fight in firmest file no more,
 Hemm'd in—cut off—cleft down—and trampled o'er ;
 But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
 And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome,
 His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
 Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death !

VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
 And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,
 Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,
 Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,
 By Conrad's mandate safely were bestow'd,
 And dried those tears for life and fame that flow'd :
 And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
 Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in despair,
 Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy,
 That smooth'd his accents ; soften'd in his eye :
 'Twas strange—that robber thus with gore bedew'd,
 Seem'd gentler than than Seyd in fondest mood.
 The Pacha woo'd as if he deem'd the slave
 Must seem delighted with the heart he gave :
 The Corsair vow'd protection, soothed affright,
 As if his homage were a woman's right.
 " The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—vain :
 Yet much I long to view that chief again ;
 If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
 The life—my loving lord remember'd not !"

VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,
 But gather'd breathing from the happier dead :
 Far from his band, and battling with a host
 That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
 Fell'd—bleeding—baffled of the death he sought,
 And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he wrought ;
 Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
 While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans of pain,
 And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed again—
 But drop for drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
 Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die !

Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,
 When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law!
 'Tis he indeed—disarm'd but undeprest,
 His sole regret the life he still possess;
 His wounds too slight, though taken with that will,
 Which would have kiss'd the hand that then could kill.
 Oh were there none, of all the many given,
 To send his soul—he scarcely ask'd to heaven?
 Must he alone of all retain his breath,
 Who more than all had striven and struck for death?
 He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel,
 When thus reversed on faithless fortune's wheel,
 For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
 Of lingering tortures to repay the debt—
 He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride
 That led to perpetrate—now serves to hide.
 Still in his stern and self-collected mien
 A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen.
 Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,
 But few that saw—so calmly gazed around:
 Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,
 Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,
 The better warriors who beheld him near,
 Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;
 And the grim guards that to his durance led,
 In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

The Leech was sent—but not in mercy—there,
 To note how much the life yet left could bear;
 He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
 And promise feeling for the wretch of pain:
 To-morrow—yea—to-morrow's evening sun
 Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun,
 And rising with the wonted blush of morn
 Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.
 Of torments this the longest and the worst,
 Which adds all other agony to thirst,
 That day by day death still forbears to slake,
 While famish'd vultures flit around the stake.
 "Oh! water—water!"—smiling Hate denies
 The victim's prayer—for if he drinks—he dies.
 This was his doom:—the Leech, the guard were gone,
 And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone.

X.

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
 It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
 There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
 When all its elements convulsed—combined—

Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
 And gnashing with impenitent Remorse;
 That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
 But cries “ I warn’d thee !” when the deed is o’er.
 Vain voice ! the spirit burning but unbent,
 May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent !
 Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
 And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,
 No single passion, and no ruling thought
 That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought ;
 But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—
 All rushing through their thousand avenues,
 Ambition’s dreams expiring, Love’s regret,
 Endanger’d glory, life itself beset ;
 The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
 ’Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate .
 The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
 Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven ;
 Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remember’d not
 So keenly till that hour, but ne’er forgot ;
 Things light or lovely in their acted time,
 But now to stern reflection each a crime ;
 The withering sense of evil unreveal’d,
 Not cankering less because the more conceal’d—
 All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
 That opening sepulchre—the naked heart
 Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
 To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break.
 Ay—Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,
 All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
 Each has some fear, and he who least betrays,
 The only hypocrite deserving praise :
 Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies ;
 But he who looks on death—and silent dies.
 So steel’d by pondering o’er his far career,
 He halfway meets him should he menace near !

XI.

In the high chamber of his highest tower
 Sate Conrad, fetter’d in the Pacha’s power.
 His palace perish’d in the flame—this fort
 Contain’d at once his captive and his court.
 Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
 His foe, if vanquish’d had but shared the same :—
 Alone he sate—in solitude had scann’d
 His guilty bosom, but that breast he mann’d :
 One thought alone he could not—dared not meet—
 “ Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet ? ”
 Then—only—then—his clanking hands he raised,
 And strained with rage the chain on which he gazed :

But soon he found—or feign'd—or dream'd relief,
 And smiled in self-derision of his grief,
 "And now come torture when it will—or may
 More need of rest to nerve me for the day!"
 This said, with langour to his mat he crept
 And, whatsoe'er his visions, quickly slept.
 'Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun,
 For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done:
 And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,
 She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.
 One hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd—
 Disguis'd—discover'd—conquering—ta'en—condemn'd—
 A chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—
 Destroying—saving—prison'd—and asleep!

XII.

He slept in calmest seeming—for his breath
 Was hush'd so deep—Ah! happy, if in death!
 He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
 His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends:
 Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
 No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!
 Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,
 Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
 Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,
 And once unclosed—but once may close again.
 That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
 And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair
 With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
 That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—
 Through guards and darkest night how came it there;
 Ah! rather ask what will not women dare:
 Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gumare!
 She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's rest
 In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate guest,
 She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,
 Which oft in sport adorned her hand before—
 And with it, scarcely question'd, won her way
 Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey.
 Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,
 Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;
 And chill and nodding at the turret door,
 They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no more:
 Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
 Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep,
 While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
 And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
 What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?"

True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
 And me and mine he spared from worse than woe:
 'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—
 How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"

He raised his head—and dazzled with the light,
 His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:
 He mov'd his hand—the grating of his chain
 Too harshly told him that he lived again.
 "What is that form? if not a shape of air,
 Methinks, my jailor's face show's wond'rous fair!"

"Pirate! thou knowest me not—but I am one,
 Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
 Look on me—and remember her, thy hand
 Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful baud.
 I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—
 Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die."

"If so, kind lady! thine the only eye
 That would not here in that gay hope delight;
 Theirs is the chance—and let them use their right.
 But still I thank their courtesy or thine,
 That would confess me at so fair a shrine!"

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief
 Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
 That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
 And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
 And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
 Till even the scaffold¹³ echoes with their jest!
 Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
 It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
 Whate'er it was that flash'd on Conrad, now
 A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:
 And these his accents had a sound of mirth,
 As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
 Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that short life,
 Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife.

KIV.

"Corsair! thy doom is nam'd—yet I have power
 To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.
 Thee would I spare—nay more—would save thee now,
 But this—time—hope—nor even thy strength allow;
 But all I can, I will: at least, delay
 The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.
 More now were ruin—even thyself were loth
 The vain attempt should bring but doom to both."

"Yes!—to this indeed:—my soul is nerved to all,
 Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:

Tempt not thyself with peril; me with hope,
 Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope
 Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,
 The one of all my band that would not die?
 Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings,
 Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs,
 My sole resources in the path I trod
 Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my God!
 The last I left in youth—he leaves me now—
 And Man but works his will to lay me low.
 I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
 Wrung from the coward crouching of despair;
 It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.
 My sword is shaken from the worthless hand
 That might have better kept so true a brand;
 My bark is sunk or captive—but my love—
 For her in sooth my voice would mount above:
 Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind—
 And this will break a heart so more than kind,
 And blight a form—till thine appear'd, Gulnare!
 Mine eye ne'er ask'd if others were so fair."

"Thou lov'st another then?—but what to me
 Is this—'tis nothing—nothing e'er can be:
 But yet—thou lov'st—and—Oh! I envy those
 Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,
 Who never feel the void—the wandering thought
 That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath wrought."

"Lady—methought thy love was his, for whom
 This arm redeem'd thee from a fiery tomb."

"My love stern Scyd's! Oh—No—No—not my love—
 Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove
 To meet his passion—but it would not be.
 I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.
 I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,
 To share his splendour, and seem very blest!
 Oft must my soul the question undergo,
 Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer 'No!'
 Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
 And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
 But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
 And hide from one—perhaps another there.
 He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
 Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold:
 And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
 From one I never loved enough to hate.
 No warmth these lips return by his impress,
 And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest."

Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
 The change to hatred were at least to feel
 But still—he goes unmourn'd—returns unsought—
 And oft when present—absent from my thought
 Or when reflection comes—and come it must—
 I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust
 I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,
 'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.
 Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!
 Or seek another and give mine release,
 But yesterday—I could have said, to peace!
 Yes—if unwonted fondness now I feign,
 Remember—captive! 'tis to break thy chain
 Repay the life that to thy hand I owe
 To give thee back to all endear'd below,
 Who share such love as I can never know.
 Farewell—morn breaks—and I must now away:
 'Twill cost me dear—but dread no death to-day!"

XV.

She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart,
 And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to depart
 And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
 And was she here? and is she now alone?
 What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
 The tear most sacred, shed for other's pain,
 That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine
 Already polish'd by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
 In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
 That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
 To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield:
 Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
 Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
 What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
 The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
 Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven
 By this—how many lose not earth—but heaven!
 Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
 And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe.

XVI.

'Tis morn—and o'er his altered features play
 The beams—without the hope of yesterday.
 What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing,
 O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing,
 By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt;
 While sets that sun, the dews of evening melt,
 Chill—wet—and misty round each stiffen'd limb
 Refreshing earth—reviving all but him!—

CANTO THE THIRD.

“Come vedi—ancor non m’abbandona.” DANTE.

I.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
 Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!
 O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
 On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
 O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
 Though there his altars are no more divine.
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
 Their azure arches through the long expanse
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
 Till darkly shaded from the land and deep,
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
 When—Athens! here thy Wisest look'd his last.
 How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
 That closed their murder'd sage's¹⁴ latest day!
 Nor yet—nor yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
 The precious hour of parting lingers still;
 But sad his light to agonising eyes,
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
 The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before;
 But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
 The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
 The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign.¹⁵
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
 Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
 With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,
 And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
 The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
 Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,¹⁶

And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

II.

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee?
Oh! who can look along thy native sea,
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
So much its magic must o'er all prevail?
Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?
Not he—whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!
Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,
His Corsiar's isle was once thine own domain—
Would that with freedom it were thine again!

III.

The sun bath sunk—and, darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height—
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one!
The wind was fair though light; and storms were none.
Last eve Anselmo's bark return'd, and yet
His only tidings that they had not met!
'Though wild, as now, far different were the tale
Had Conrad waited for that single sail.

The night-breeze freshens—she that day had pass'd
In watching all that Hope proclaim'd a mast;
Sadly she sate—on high—Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wander'd, heedless of the spray
That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away:
She saw not—felt not this—nor dared depart,
Nor deem'd it cold—her chill was at her heart;
Till grew such certainty from that suspense—
His very sight had shock'd from life or sense!

It came at last—a sad and snatter'd boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought;
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew.
In silence, darkling, each appear'd to wait
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate.

Something they would have said ; but seem'd to fear
 To trust their accents to Medora's ear.
 She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled not—
 Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,
 Within that meek fair form, were feelings high,
 That deem'd not till they found their energy.
 While yet was Hope—they soften'd—flutter'd—wept—
 All lost—that softness died not—but it slept ;
 And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which said,
 " With nothing left to love—there's nought to dread."
 'Tis more than nature's ; like the burning might
 Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

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

" Lady ! we know not—scarce with life we fled,
 But here is one denies that he is dead :
 He saw him bound ; and bleeding—but alive."

She heard no further—'twas in vain to strive—
 So throb'd each vein—each thought—till then withstood ;
 Her own dark soul—these words at once subdued :
 She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave
 Perchance but snatch'd her from another grave ;
 But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
 They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies ;
 Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,
 Raise—fan—sustain—till life returns anew ;
 Awake her handmaids, with the matrons leave
 That fainting form o'er which they gaze and grieve ;
 Then seek Anselmo's cavern, to report
 The tale too tedious—when the triumph, short.

IV.

In that wild council words wax'd warm strange,
 With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge ;
 All, save repose or flight : and still lingering there
 Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair ;
 What'er his fate—the breasts he form'd and led,
 'Vill save him living, or appease him dead.
 Woe to his foes ! there yet survive a few,
 Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

V.

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate
 Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's fate ;
 His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,
 Now with Gulnare, and now in Courad's cell ;

Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
 Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of mind ;
 While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
 Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,¹⁷
 But only views his victim as he bleeds.

“ Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest
 Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the rest!
 His doom is fix'd—he dies: and well his fate
 Was earn'd—yet much too worthless for thy hate:
 Methinks, a short release, for ransom sold
 With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;
 Report speaks largely of his pirate-board—
 Would that of this my Pacha were the lord!
 While baffled, weaken'd by this fatal fray—
 Watch'd—follow'd—he were then an easier prey;
 But once cut off—the remnant of his band
 Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand.”

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

“ Nay, Seyd!—I seek not to restrain thy rage,
 Too justly moved for mercy to assuage;
 My thoughts were only to secure for thee
 His riches—thus released, he were not free:
 Disabled, shorn of half his might and band,
 His capture could but wait thy first command.”

“ His capture *could!*—and shall I then resign
 One day to him—the wretch already mine?
 Release my foe!—at whose remonstrance?—*thine.*
 Fair suitor!—to thy virtuous gratitude,
 That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood,
 Which thee and thine alone of all could spare.
 No doubt—regardless if the prize were fair,
 My thanks and praise alike are due—now hear!
 I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:
 I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
 Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.
 Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—
 Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?

Thou need'st not answer—thy confession speaks,
 Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks ;
 Then, lovely dame, bethink thee ! and beware :
 'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care :
 Another word and—nay—I need no more.
 Accursed was the moment when he bore
 Thee from the flames, which better far—but—no—
 I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe—
 Now 'tis thy lord that warns—deceitful thing !
 Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing ?
 In words alone I am not wont to chafe :
 Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe !”

He rose—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,
 Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu :
 Ah ! little reck'd that chief of womanhood—
 Which frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces subdued ;
 And little deem'd he what thy heart, Gulnare !
 When soft could feel, and when incensed could dare.
 His doubts appear'd to wrong—nor yet she knew
 How deep the root from whence compassion grew—
 She was a slave—from such may captives claim
 A fellow-feeling, differing but in name ;
 Still half unconscious—heedless of his wrath,
 Again she ventured on the dangerous path,
 Again his rage repell'd—until arose
 That strife of thought, the source of woman's woes !

VI.

Meanwhile—long anxious—weary—still—the same
 Roll'd day and night—his soul could never tame—
 This fearful interval of doubt and dread,
 When every hour might doom him worse than dead,
 When every step that echo'd by the gate
 Might entering lead where axe and stake await ;
 When every voice that grated on his ear
 Might be the last that he could ever hear ;
 Could terror tame—that spirit stern and high
 Had proved unwilling as unfit to die ;
 'Twas worn—perhaps decay'd—yet silent bore
 That conflict, deadlier far than all before :
 The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,
 Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail ;
 But bound and fix'd in fetter'd solitude,
 To pine, the prey of every changing mood ;
 To gaze on thine own heart ; and meditate
 Irrevocable faults, and coming fate—
 Too late the last to shun—the first to mend—
 To count the hours that struggle to thine end,

With not a friend to animate, and tell
 To other ears that death became thee well ;
 Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,
 And blot life's latest scene with calumny ;
 Before thee tortures, which the soul can dare,
 Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear ;
 But deeply feels a single cry would shame,
 To valour's praise thy last and dearest claim ;
 The life thou leav'st below, denied above
 By kind monopolists of heavenly love ;
 And more than doubtful paradise—thy heaven
 Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee riven.
 Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,
 And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain :
 And those sustain'd he—boots it well or ill ?
 Since not to sink beneath is something still !

VII.

The first day pass'd—he saw not her—Gulnare—
 The second—third—and still she came not there ;
 But what her words avouch'd, her charms had done
 Or else he had not seen another sun.
 The fourth day roll'd along, and with the night
 Came storm and darkness in their mingling might ;
 Oh ! how he listen'd to the rushing deep,
 That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep ;
 And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
 Roused by the roar of his own element !
 Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,
 And loved its roughness for the speed it gave ;
 And now its dashing echo'd on his ear,
 A long known voice—alas ! too vainly near !
 Loud sung the wind above ; and, doubly loud,
 Shook o'er his turret-cell the thunder-cloud ;
 And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,
 To him more genial than the midnight star :
 Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,
 And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain.
 He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and pray'd
 One pitying flash to mar the form it made :
 His steel and impious prayer attract alike—
 The storm roll'd onward, and disdain'd to strike ;
 Its peal wax'd fainter—ceas'd—he felt alone,
 As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan

VIII.

The midnight pass'd—and to the massy door
 A light step came—it paused—it moved once more ;
 Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key :
 'Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair she !

Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,
 And heauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;
 Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
 More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame.
 On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,
 Which spoke before her accents—"Thou must die!
 Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
 The last—the worst—if torture were not worse."

"Lady! I look to none—my lips proclaim
 What last proclaim'd they—Conrad still the same:
 Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
 And change the sentence I deserve to bear?
 Well have I earn'd—nor here alone—the meed
 Of Scyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed."

"Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst thou not
 Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?
 Why should I seek?—hath misery made thee blind
 To the fond workings of a woman's mind?
 And must I say? albeit my heart rebel
 With all that woman feels, but should not tell—
 Because—despite thy crimes—that heard is moved:
 It fear'd thee—thank'd thee—pitied—madden'd—loved.
 Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,
 Thou lov'st another—and I love in vain;
 Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,
 I rush through peril which she would not dare.
 If that thy heart to her's were truly dear,
 Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here:
 An outlaw's spouse—and leave her lord to roam!
 What hath such gentle dame to do with home?
 But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head
 Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;
 If thou hast courage still, and wouldst be free,
 Receive this poniard—rise—and follow me!"

"Ay—in my chains! my steps will gently tread,
 With these adornments, o'er each slumbering head!
 Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight?
 Or is that instrument more fit to fight?"

"Misdoubting Corsair! I have gain'd the guard,
 Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
 A single word of mine removes that chain:
 Without some aid how here could I remain?
 Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
 if in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
 The crime—'tis none to punish those of Scyd.
 That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
 I see the shudder—but my soul is changed—
 Wrong'd, spurn'd, reviled—and it shall be avenged—"

Accused of what till now my heart disdain'd—
 Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chain'd.
 Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer,
 I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear:
 But he has said it—and the jealous well,
 Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
 Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
 I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—
 Since with me came a heart he could not buy.
 I was a slave unmurmuring: he hath said,
 But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
 'Twas false thou know'st—but let such augurs rue,
 Their words are omens Insult renders true.
 Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;
 This fleeting grace was only to prepare
 New torments for thy life, and my despair.
 Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
 Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:
 When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
 There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea!
 What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
 To wear but till the gilding frets away?
 I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would save
 If but to show how grateful is a slave.
 But had he not thus menaced fame and life,
 (And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife,)
 I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.
 Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:
 Thou lov'st me not—nor know'st—or but the worst.
 Alas! this love—that hatred are the first—
 Oh! could'st thou prove my truth, thou would'st not start,
 Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart;
 'Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now
 It points within the port a Mainote prow:
 But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
 There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor Seyd!"

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

" Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
 And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
 I heard the order—saw—I will not see—
 If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
 My life—my love—my hatred—aid below
 Are on this cast—Corsair! 'tis but a blow!
 Without it flight were idle—how evade
 His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,
 My youth disgraced—the long long wasted years,
 One blow shall cancel with our future fears.
 But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
 I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
 The guards are gain'd—one moment all were o'er
 Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
 If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
 Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud."

IX.

She turn'd, and vanish'd ere he could reply,
 But his glance followed far with eager eye;
 And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
 His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,
 Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
 He, fast as fetter'd limbs allow, pursued.
 'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where
 That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were there:
 He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
 Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
 Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
 Full on his brow, as if from morning air—
 He reach'd an open gallery—on his eye
 Glean'd the last star of night, the clearing sky:
 Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
 From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.
 Towards it he moved; a scarcely closing door
 Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.
 With hasty step a figure outward past,
 Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis she at last!
 No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—
 " Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!"
 Again he look'd, the wildness of her eye
 Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully
 She stopp'd—threw back her dark far-floating hair,
 That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair;
 As if she late had bent her leaning head
 Above some object of her doubt or dread.
 They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
 Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot—
 Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
 Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis blood!

X.

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
 O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown;
 He had been tempted—chastened—and the chain
 Yet on his arms might ever there remain:
 But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
 From all his feelings in their inmost force—
 So thrill'd—so shudder'd every creeping vein,
 As now they froze before that purple stain.
 That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
 Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!
 Blood he had view'd—could view unmoved—but then
 It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

XI.

“ 'Tis done—he nearly waked—but it is done.
 Corsair! he perish'd—thou art dearly won.
 All words would now be vain—away—away!
 Our bark is tossing—'tis already day.
 The few gain'd over, now are wholly mine,
 And these thy yet surviving band shall join:
 Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,
 When once our sail forsakes this hated strand.”

XII.

She clapp'd her hands—and through the gallery pour,
 Equipp'd for flight, her vassals—Greek and Moor;
 Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;
 Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!
 But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,
 As if they there transferr'd that iron weight.
 No words are utter'd—at her sign, a door
 Reveals the secret passage to the shore;
 The city lies behind—they speed, they reach
 The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach
 And Conrad following, at her beck, obey'd,
 Nor cared he now if rescued or betray'd;
 Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
 Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.

Embark'd, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze blew—
 How much had Conrad's memory to review!
 Sunk he in Contemplation, till the cape
 Where last he anchor'd rear'd its giant shape.
 Ah! since that fatal night, though brief the time,
 Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.
 As its far shadow frown'd above the mast,
 He veil'd his face, and sorrow'd as he pass'd;
 He thought of all—Gonsalvo and his band,
 His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;

He thought on her afar, nis lonely bride ;
He turn'd and saw—Gulnare, the homicide !

XIV.

She watch'd his features till she could not bear
Their freezing aspect and averted air,
And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,
Fell quench'd in tears, too late to shed or dry.
She knelt beside him and his hand she press'd,
“ Thou may'st forgive, though Alla's self detest.
But for that deed of darkness what wert thou ?
Reproach me—but not yet—Oh ! spare me *now* !
I am not what I seem—this fearful night
My brain bewilder'd—do not madden quite !
If I had never loved—though less my guilt,
Thou hadst not lived to—hate me—if thou wilt.”

XV.

She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself upbraid
Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he made ;
But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpress'd,
They bleed within that silent cell—his breast.
Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge ;
Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,
A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck !
Their little bark her men of watch descry,
And ampler canvas woos the wind from high :
She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier ;
A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow
Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.
Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
A long, long absent gladness in his glance ;
“ 'Tis mine—my blood-red flag ! again—again—
I am not all deserted on the main !”
They own the signal, answer to the hail,
Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.
“ 'Tis Conrad ! Conrad !” shouting from the deck,
Command nor duty could their transport check !
With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
They view him mount once more his vessel's side ;
A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace,
He, half forgetting danger and defeat,
Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,
Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand.
And feels he yet can conquer and command !

XVI.

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,
Yet grieve to win him back without a blow :

They sail'd prepared for vengeance—had they known
 A woman's hand secured that deed her own,
 She were their queen—less scrupulous are they
 Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.
 With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,
 They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;
 And her, at once above—beneath her sex,
 Whom blood appall'd not, their regards perplex.
 To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,
 She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;
 Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,
 Which—Conrad safe—to fate resign'd the rest.
 Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill,
 Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,
 The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

XVII.

This Conrad mark'd, and felt—ah! could he less?—
 Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress;
 What she has done no tears can wash away,
 And heaven must punish on its angry day:
 But—it was done: he knew, whate'er her guilt,
 For him that poniard smote, that blood was spilt;
 And he was free!—and she for him had given
 Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!
 And now he turn'd him to that dark-eyed slave,
 Whose brow was bow'd beneath the glance he gave,
 Who now seem'd changed and humbled:—faint and meek
 But varying oft the colour of her cheek
 To deeper shades of paleness—all its red
 That fearful spot which stain'd it from the dead!
 He took that hand—it trembled—and his own
 Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.
 "Gulnare!"—but she replied not—"dear Gulnare!"
 She raised her eye—her only answer there—
 At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:
 If he had driven her from that resting-place,
 His had been more or less than mortal heart,
 But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.
 Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,
 His latest virtue then had join'd the rest.
 Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss
 That ask'd from form so fair no more than this,
 The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith—
 To lips where Love had lavish'd all his breath,
 To lips—whose broken sighs such fragrance fling
 As he had fann'd them freshly with his wing!

XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.
 To them the very rocks appear to smile;

The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
 The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
 The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
 And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;
 Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,
 Greets like the welcome of his unlesser beak!
 Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,
 Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.
 Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
 Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam?

XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
 And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
 He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
 Amid so many, hers alone is dark.
 'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never fail'd,
 Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.
 With the first boat descends he for the shore,
 And looks impatient on the lingering oar,
 Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
 To bear him like an arrow to that height
 With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
 He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,
 Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high
 Ascends the path familiar to his eye.

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

XX.

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fix'd his look,
 And set the anxious frame that lately shook:
 He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
 And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!

In life itself she was so still and fair,
 That death with gentler aspect wither'd there :
 And the cold flowers¹⁸ her colder hand contain'd,
 In that last gasp as tenderly were strain'd
 As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep :
 The long dark lashes fringed her lips of snow,
 And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—
 Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of light ;
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
 Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
 And wish'd repose—but only for a while :
 But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
 Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
 Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind ;
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
 But she is nothing—wherefore is he here ?

XXI.

He ask'd no question—a^v were answer'd now
 By the first glance on that still—marble brow.
 It was enough—she died—what reck'd it how ?
 The love of youth, the hope of better years,
 The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
 The only living thing he could not hate,
 Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate,
 But did not feel it less ;—the good explore,
 For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar ;
 The proud—the wayward—who have fix'd below
 Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,
 Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—
 But who in patience parts with all delight ?
 Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
 Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn ;
 And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
 In smiles that least besit who wear them most.

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill express'd
 The indistinctness of the suffering breast ;
 Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
 Which seeks from all the refuge found in none ;
 No words suffice the secret soul to show,
 For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.
 On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,
 And stupor almost lull'd it into rest ;
 So feeble now—his mother's softness crept
 To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept :

It was the very weakness of his brain,
 Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.
 None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,
 That useless flood of grief had never been :
 Nor long they flow'd—he dried them to depart,
 In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart :
 The sun goes forth—but Conrad's day is dim ;
 And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.
 There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
 On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind !
 Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside
 To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide !

XXIII.

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong ;
 Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long :
 Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
 Within the grot ; like that had harden'd too ;
 Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,
 But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.
 Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock,
 If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.
 There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
 Though dark the shade—it shelter'd—saved till now,
 The thunder came—the bolt hath blasted both,
 The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth :
 The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
 Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell ;
 And of its cold protector, blacken round
 But shiver'd fragments on the barren ground !

XXIV.

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour
 Few dare ; though now Anselmo sought his tower.
 He was not there—nor seen along the shore ;
 Ere night, alarm'd their isle is traversed o'er ;
 Another morn—another bids them seek,
 And shout his name till echo waxeth weak ;
 Mount—grotto—cavern—valley search'd in vain,
 They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain :
 Their hopes revive—they follow o'er the main.
 'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,
 And Conrad comes not—came not since that day :
 Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare
 Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair !
 Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn beside ?
 And fair the monument they gave his bride :
 For him they raise not the recording stone—
 His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known ;
 He left a Corsair's name to other times,
 Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

L A R A ;

A TALE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

THE Serfs¹ are glad through Lara's wide domain,
And slavery half forgets her feudal chain ;
He, their unhop'd, but unforgotten lord,
The long self-exil'd chieftain, is restored :
There he bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall ;
Far checkering o'er the pictured window, plays
The unwonted faggots' hospitable blaze ;
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

II.

The chief of Lara is returned again :
And why had Lara cross'd the bounding main ?
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself ;—that heritage of woe,
That fearful empire which the human breast
But holds to rob the heart within of rest !—
With none to check and few to point in time
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime ;
Then, when he most required commandment, then
Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men.
It skills not, boots not step by step to trace
His youth through all the mazes of its race ;
Short was the course his restlessness had run,
But long enough to leave him half undone.

III.

And Lara left in youth his father-land ;
But from the hour he waved his parting hand
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,
'Twas all they knew that Lara was not there ;
Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.

His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,
 His portrait darkens in its fading frame,
 Another chief consoled his destined bride,
 The young forgot him, and the old had died ;
 " Yet doth he live ! " exclaims the impatient heir,
 And sighs for sables which he must not wear.
 A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace
 The Laras' last and longest dwelling-place ;
 But one is absent from the mouldering file,
 That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.

IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,
 And whence they know not, why they need not guess ;
 They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,
 Not that he came, but came not long before :
 No train is his beyond a single page,
 Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.
 Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away
 To those that wander as to those that stay ;
 But lack of tidings from another clime
 Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.
 They see, they recognise, yet almost deem
 The present dubious, or the past a dream.

He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,
 Though scar'd by toil, and something touch'd by time ;
 His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,
 Might be untaught him by his varied lot ;
 Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name
 Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame :
 His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins
 No more than pleasure from the stripling wins ;
 And such, if not yet harden'd in their course,
 Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long remorse.

V.

And they indeed were changed—'tis quickly seen,
 Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been :
 That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
 And spake of passions, but of passion past :
 The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
 Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise ;
 A high demeanour, and a glance that took
 Their thoughts from others by a single look ;
 And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
 The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
 That darts in seeming playfulness around,
 And makes those feel that will not own the wound ;
 All these seem'd his, and something more beneath,
 Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.

Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,
 That some can conquer, and that all would claim.
 Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
 Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;
 And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
 At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

VI.

Not much he loved long question of the past,
 Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,
 In those far lands where he had wander'd lone,
 And—as himself would have it seem—unknown;
 Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,
 Nor glean experience from his fellow man;
 But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,
 As hardly worth a stranger's care to know;
 If still more prying such inquiry grew,
 His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

VII.

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,
 Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men;
 Born of high lineage, link'd in high command,
 He mingled with the Magnates of his land;
 Join'd the carousals of the great and gay,
 And saw them smile or sigh their hours away;
 But still he only saw, and did not share,
 The common pleasure or the general care;
 He did not follow what they all pursued,
 With hope still baffled still to be renew'd;
 Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain,
 Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:
 Around him some mysterious circle thrown
 Repell'd approach, and show'd him still alone:
 Upon his eye sat something of reproof,
 That kept at least frivolity aloof;
 And things more timid that beheld him near,
 In silence gazed, or whisper'd mutual fear;
 And they the wiser, friendlier few confess'd
 They deem'd him better than his air express'd.

VIII.

'Twas strange—in youth all action and all life,
 Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
 Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave
 Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
 In turn he tried—he ransack'd all below,
 And found his recompense in joy or woe,
 No tame, trite medium; for his feelings sought
 In that intuseness an escape from thought:

The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
 On that the feeble elements hath raised ;
 The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,
 And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky :
 Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,
 How woke he from the wildness of that dream ?
 Alas! he told not—but he did awake
 To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.

IX.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,
 With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,
 And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day,
 From all communion he would start away :
 And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,
 Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread
 O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd
 In rude but antique portraiture around :
 They heard, but whisper'd—"that must not be known—
 The sound of words less earthly than his own.
 Yes, they who choose might smile, but some had seen
 They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.
 Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head
 Which hands profane had gather'd from the dead,
 That still beside his open'd volume lay,
 As if to startle all save him away ?
 Why slept he not when others were at rest ?
 Why heard no music, and received no guest ?
 All was not well, they deem'd—but where the wrong ?
 Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale too long ;
 And such besides were too discreetly wise,
 To more than hint their knowledge in surmise ;
 But if they would—they could"—around the board,
 Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

X.

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream
 The stars are studding, each with imaged beam ;
 So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
 And yet they glide like happiness away ;
 Reflecting far and fairy-like from high
 The immortal lights that live along the sky :
 Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
 And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee ;
 Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
 And innocence would offer to her love.
 These deck the shore ; the waves their channel make
 In windings bright and mazy like the snake.
 All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there ;

Secure that nought of evil could delight
 To walk in such a scene, on such a night !
 It was a moment only for the good :
 So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood.
 But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate :
 Such scene his soul no more could contemplate :
 Such scene reminded him of other days,
 Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,
 Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now—
 No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow,
 Unfelt—unsparing—but a night like this,
 A night of beauty, mock'd such breast as his.

XI.

He turn'd within his solitary hall,
 And his high shadow shot along the wall :
 There were the painted forms of other times,
 'Twas all they left of virtue or of crimes,
 Save vague tradition ; and the gloomy vaults
 That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults ;
 And half a column of the pompous page,
 That speeds the specious tale from age to age ;
 Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
 And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.
 He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam shone
 Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,
 And the high fretted roof, and saints that there
 O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,
 Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
 Like like, but not like mortal life, to view ;
 His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
 And the wide waving of his shaken plume,
 Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave
 His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

XII.

'Twas midnight—all was slumber ; the lone light
 Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the night.
 Hark ! there he murmurs heard in Lara's hall—
 A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call !
 A long, loud shriek—and silence—did they hear
 That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear ?
 They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,
 Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save ;
 They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,
 And snatch'd in startled haste unbelted brands.

XIII.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
 Pale as the beam that o'er his features play'd,

Was Lara stretch'd; his half-drawn sabre near,
 Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear;
 Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
 And still defiance knit his gather'd brow;
 Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,
 There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;
 Some half-form'd threat in utterance there had died,
 Some imprecation of despairing pride;
 His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook
 Even in its trance the gladiator's look,
 That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
 And now was fix'd in horrible repose.
 They raise him—bear him;—hush! he breathes, he speaks,
 The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,
 His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,
 Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb
 Recalls its function, but his words are strung
 In terms that seem not of his native tongue;
 Distinct but strange, enough they understand
 To deem them accents of another land;
 And such they were, and meant to meet an ear
 That hears him not—alas! that cannot hear!

XIV.

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd
 To know the import of the words they heard;
 And, by the changes of his cheek and brow,
 They were not such as Lara should avow,
 Nor he interpret,—yet with less surprise
 Than those around their chieftain's state he *eyes*,
 But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,
 And in that tongue which seem'd his own replied,
 And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem
 To soothe away the horrors of his dream—
 If dream it were, that thus could overthrow
 A breast that needed not ideal woe.

XV.

Whate'er his frenzy dream'd or eye beheld,
 If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,
 Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning came,
 And breathed new vigour in his shaken frame;
 And solace sought he none from priest or leech,
 And soon the same in movement and in speech
 As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,—
 Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lowers,
 Than these were wont: and if the coming night
 Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,
 He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,
 Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less forgot.

In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl,
 The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall;
 The waving banner, and the clapping door,
 The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;
 The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,
 The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze;
 Aught they behold or hear their thought appals,
 As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls.

XVI.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravelled gloom
 Came not again, or Lara could assume
 A seeming of forgetfulness, that made
 His vassals more amazed not less afraid—
 Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored?
 Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord
 Betray'd a feeling that recall'd to these
 That fever'd moment of his mind's disease.
 Was it a dream? was he the voice that spoke
 Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke
 Their slumber? his the oppress'd, o'erlabour'd heart
 That ceased to beat, the look that made him start?
 Could he who thus had suffer'd so forget,
 When such as saw that suffering shudder yet.
 Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd
 Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd
 In that corroding secrecy which gnaws
 The heart to show the effect, but not the cause
 Not so in him; his breast had buried both,
 Nor common gazers could discern the growth
 Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told;
 They choke the feeble words that would unfold.

XVII.

In him inexplicably mix'd appear'
 Much to be loved and hated, sought and fear'd;
 Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,
 In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot:
 His silence form'd a theme for others' prate—
 They guess'd—they gazed—they fain would know his fate.
 What had he been? what was he, thus unknown,
 Who walk'd their world, his lineage only known?
 A hater of his kind? yet some would say,
 With them he could seem gay amidst the gay!
 But owned that smile, if oft observed and near,
 Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer:
 That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd not by,
 None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:
 Yet there was softness too in his regard,
 At times, a heart as not by nature hard.

But once perceived, his spirit seemed to chide
 Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
 And steel'd itself as scorning to redeem
 One doubt from others' half withheld esteem ;
 In self-inflicted penance of a breast
 Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest
 In vigilance of grief that would compel
 The soul to hate for having loved too well.

XVIII.

There was in him a vital scorn of all :
 As if the worst had fall'n which could befall,
 He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
 An erring spirit from another hurl'd,
 A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
 By choice the perils he by chance escaped ;
 But scap'd in vain, for in their memory yet
 His mind would half exult and half regret :
 With more capacity for love than earth
 Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
 His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
 And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth ;
 With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,
 And wasted powers for better purpose lent ;
 And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath
 In hurried desolation o'er his path,
 And left the better feelings all at strife
 In wild reflection o'er his stormy life ;
 But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
 He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame,
 And charged all faults upon the fleshy form
 She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm ;
 Till he at last confounded good and ill,
 And half mistook for fate the acts of will :
 Too high for common selfishness, he could
 At times resign his own for others' good
 But not in pity, not because he ought,
 But in some strange perversity of thought,
 That sway'd him onward with a secret pride
 To do what few or none would do beside ;
 And this same impulse would, in tempting time,
 Mislead his spirit equally to crime ;
 So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk beneath,
 The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe •
 And long'd by good or ill to separate
 Himself from all who shared his mortal state ;
 His mind abhorring this had fix'd her throne
 Far from the world, in regions of her own ;
 Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,
 His blood in temperate seeming now would flow :

Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,
 But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd!
 'Tis true, with other men their path he walk'd,
 And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,
 Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,
 His madness was not of the head, but heart;
 And rarely wander'd in his speech, or drew
 His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

XIX.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,
 And seeming gladness to remain unseen,
 He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art
 Of fixing memory on another's heart:
 It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught
 That words can image to express the thought;
 But they who saw him did not see in vain,
 And once beheld, would ask of him again:
 And those to whom he spake remember'd well,
 And on the words, however light, would dwell:
 None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined
 Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;
 There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,
 If greeted once; however brief the date
 That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,
 Still there within the inmost thought he grew.
 You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
 Despite your wonder, to your own he wound;
 His presence haunted still; and from the breast
 He forced an all unwilling interest:
 Vain was the struggle in that mental net,
 His spirit seem'd to dare you to forget!

XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,
 And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,
 Appear—a neighbour and a welcome guest
 To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.
 The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,
 Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball;
 And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train
 Links grace and harmony in happiest chain:
 Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands
 That mingle there in well according bands;
 It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
 And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,
 And youth forget such hour was past on earth,
 So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth!

XXI.

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,
 His brow belied him if his soul was sad;

And his glance follow'd fast each fluttering fair,
 Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there:
 He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh,
 With folded arms and long attentive eye,
 Nor mar'd a glance so sternly fix'd on his—
 Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this:
 At length he caught it—'tis a face unknown,
 But seems as searching his, and his alone;
 Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,
 Who still till now had gazed on him unseen!
 At length encountering meets the mutual gaze
 Of keen inquiry, and of mute amaze;
 On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,
 As if distrusting that the stranger threw;
 Along the stranger's aspect, fix'd and stern,
 Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could learn.

XXII.

" 'Tis he!" the stranger cried, and those that heard
 Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.
 "'Tis he!"—" 'Tis who?" they question far and near
 Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear;
 So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook
 The general marvel, or that single look:
 But Lara stirr'd not, changed not, the surprise
 That sprung at first to his arrested eyes
 Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor raised
 Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed;
 And drawing nigh, exclaim'd, with haughty sneer,
 "'Tis he!—how came he thence?—what doth he here?"

XXIII.

It were too much for Lara to pass by
 Such questions, so repeated fierce and high;
 With look collected, but with accent cold,
 More mildly firm than petulantly bold,
 He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone—
 " My name is Lara!—when thine own is known,
 Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
 The unlook'd for courtesy of such a knight.
 'Tis Lara!—further wouldst thou mark or ask?
 I shun no question, and I wear no mask."
 " Thou shunn'st no question! Ponder—is there none
 Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?
 And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!
 At least thy memory was *not* given in vain.
 Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,
 Eternity forbids thee to forget."
 With slow and searching glance upon his face
 Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace

They knew, or chose to know—with dubious look
 He deign'd no answer, but his head he shook,
 And half-contemptuous turn'd to pass away;
 But the stern stranger motion'd him to stay.
 "A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer here
 To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,
 But as thou wast and art—nay, frown not, lord,
 If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word—
 But as thou wast and art, on thee look down,
 Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.
 Art thou not he? whose deeds——"

"Whate'er I be,

Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,
 I list no further; those with whom they weigh
 May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay
 The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell
 Which thus begins so courteously and well.
 Let Otho cherish here his polish'd guest,
 To him my thanks and thoughts shall be express'd."
 And here their wondering host hath interposed—
 "Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,
 This is no time nor fitting place to mar
 The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.
 If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show
 Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,
 To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best
 Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;
 I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,
 Though, like Count Lara, now return'd alone,
 From other lands, almost a stranger grown;
 And if from Lara's blood and gentle birth
 I augur right of courage and of worth,
 He will not that untainted line belie,
 Nor aught that knighthood may accord deny."
 "To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,
 "And here our several worth and truth be tried:
 I gage my life, my falchion to attest
 My words, so may I mingle with the blest!"
 What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk
 His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk:
 The words of many, and the eyes of all
 That there were gather'd, seem'd on him to fall;
 But his were silent, his appear'd to stray
 In far forgetfulness away—away—
 Alas! that heedlessness of all around
 Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

XXIV.

"To-morrow!—ay, to-morrow!" further word
 Than those repeated none from Lara heard;

Upon his brow no outward passion spoke ;
 From his large eye no flashing anger broke ;
 Yet there was something fix'd in that low tone,
 Which show'd resolve, determined, though unknown.
 He seized his cloak—his head he slightly bow'd,
 And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd ;
 And, as he pass'd him, smiling met the frown
 With which that chieftain's brow would bear him down ;
 It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride
 That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide ;
 But that of one in his own heart secure
 Of all that he would do or could endure.
 Could this mean peace ? the calmness of the good ?
 Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood ?
 Alas ! too like in confidence are each,
 For man to trust to mortal look or speech ;
 From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern
 Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart to learn.

XXV.

And Lara call'd his page, and went his way—
 Well could that stripling word or sign obey :
 His only follower from those climes afar,
 Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star ;
 For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,
 In duty patient, and sedate though young ;
 Silent as him he served, his faith appears
 Above his station, and beyond his years.
 Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,
 In such from him he rarely heard command ;
 But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,
 When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home :
 Those accents, as his native mountain dear,
 Awake their absent echoes in his ear,
 Friends', kindreds', parents', wonted voice recall,
 Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all :
 For him earth now disclosed no other guide ;
 What marvel then he rarely left his side ?

XXVI.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
 But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,
 The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through ;
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow ;
 But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
 That for a burning moment fever'd there ;
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd caught
 From high, and lighten'd with electric thought,

Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe
 Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge ;
 Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,
 Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share :
 And pleased not him the sports that please his age,
 The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page ;
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
 As all-forgotten in that watchful trance ;
 And from his chief withdrawn, he wander'd lone,
 Brief were his answers, and his questions none ;
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book ;
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook :
 He seem'd, like him he served, to live apart
 From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart ;
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

XXVII.

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara ; but was shown
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone ;
 In mute attention ; and his care, which guess'd
 Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue express'd.
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
 A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid ;
 His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ;
 As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire.
 Slight were the tasks enjoin'd him by his lord,
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword ;
 To tune his lute, or, if he will'd it more,
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore ;
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
 To whom he show'd nor deference nor disdain,
 But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew
 No sympathy with that familiar crew :
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem ;
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.
 Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,
 So femininely white it might bespeak
 Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek,
 But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays ;
 A latent fierceness that far more became
 His fiery climate than his tender frame :
 True, in his words, it broke not from his breast,
 But from his aspect might be more than guess'd.
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
 Another ere he left his mountain-shore ;

For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
That name repeated loud without reply,
As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,
Start to the sound, as but remember'd then ;
Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake,
For then, ear, eyes and heart would all awake.

XXVIII.

He had look'd down upon the festive hall,
And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd of all ;
And when the crowd around and near him told
Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,
Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore
Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,
The colour of young Kaled went and came,
The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame ;
And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw
The sickening iciness of that cold dew,
That rises as the busy bosom sinks
With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks.
Yes—there be things which we must dream and dare
And execute ere thought be half aware :
Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow
To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.
He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast
That sidelong smile upon the knight he past :
When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,
As if on something recognised right well ;
His memory read in such a meaning more
Than Lara's aspect unto others wore :
Forward he sprung—a moment both were gone.
And all within that hall seem'd left alone ;
Each had so fixed his eye on Lara's mien,
All had so mix'd their feelings with that scene,
That when his long dark shadow through the porch
No more relieves the glare of yon high torch,
Each pulse beats quicker, and all bosoms seem
To bound as doubting from too black a dream,
Such as we know is false, yet dread in sooth,
Because the worst is ever nearest truth.
And they are gone—but Ezzelin is there,
With thoughtful visage and imperious air
But long remain'd not : ere an hour expired
He waved his hand to Otho, and retired.

XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest ;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustom'd couch must creep
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,

And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
 Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:
 There lies love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,
 Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;
 O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
 And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
 What better name may slumber's bed become?
 Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
 Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
 Alike in naked helplessness recline;
 Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,
 Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
 And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,
 That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

 CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the mountains curl'd
 Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.
 Man has another day to swell the past,
 And lead him near to little, but his last:
 But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
 The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
 Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
 Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
 Immortal man; behold her glories shine,
 And cry, exulting inly, "They are thine!"
 Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see;
 A morrow comes when they are not for thee:
 And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
 Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
 Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
 Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
 But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
 And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

II.

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the hall,
 The gather'd chieftains come to Otho's call;
 'Tis now the promised hour, that must proclaim
 The life or death of Lara's future fame;
 When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,
 And whatsoever the tale, it must be told.
 His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise given,
 To meet it in the eye of man and heaven.

Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

III.

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,
With self-confiding, coldly patient air;
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's o'ercast.
"I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,
If yet he be on earth, expect him here:
The roof that held him in the valley stands
Between my own and noble Lara's lands;
My halls from such a guest had honour gain'd,
Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdain'd,
But that some previous proof forbade his stay,
And urged him to prepare against to-day;
The word I pledged for his I pledge again,
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."

He ceased—and Lara answer'd, "I am here
To lend at thy demand a listening ear
To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,
Whose words already might my heart have wrung,
But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad,
Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.
I know him not—but me it seems he knew
In lands where—but I must not trifle too:
Produce this babbler—or redeem the pledge;
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge."

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.
"The last alternative befits me best,
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."
With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his own or other's tomb;
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke;
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed
For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed;
And from his lip those words of insult fell—
His sword is good who can maintain them well.

IV.

Short was the conflict; furious, blindly rash,
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,
Stretch'd o'er a dexterous sleight along the ground.

"Demand thy life!" He answer'd not: and then
 From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,
 For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
 Almost to blackness in its demon hue;
 And fiercer shook his angry falchion now
 Than when his foe's was levell'd at his brow;
 Then all was stern collectedness and art,
 Now rose the unleaven'd hatred of his heart;
 So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,
 That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld,
 He almost turn'd the thirsty point on those,
 Who thus for mercy dared to interpose;
 But to a moment's thought that purpose bent;
 Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,
 As if he loathed the ineffectual strife
 That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life;
 As if to search how far the wound he gave
 Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

V.

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the Leech
 Forbade all present question, sign, and speech;
 The others met within a neighbouring hall,
 And he, incensed, and heedless of them all,
 The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,
 In haughty silence slowly strode away;
 He back'd his steed, his homeward path he took,
 Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look.

VI.

But where was he? that meteor of a night,
 Who menaced but to disappear with light.
 Where was this Ezzelin? who came and went
 To leave no other trace of his intent.
 He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,
 In darkness, yet so well the path was worn
 He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay;
 But there he was not, and with coming day
 Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought
 Except the absence of the chief it sought.
 A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,
 His host alarm'd, his murmuring squires distress'd:
 Their search extends along, around the path,
 In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath:
 But none are there, and not a brake hath borne
 Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn
 Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
 Which still retains a mark where murder was:
 Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
 The bitter print of each convulsive nail,

When agonised hands that cease to guard,
 Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword.
 Some such had been, if here a life was left,
 But these were not; and doubting hope is left;
 And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name,
 Now daily mutters o'er his blacken'd fame;
 Then sudden silent when his form appear'd,
 Awaits the absence of the thing it fear'd
 Again its wonted wondering to renew,
 And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

VII.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are heal'd,
 But not his pride; and hate no more conceal'd:
 He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,
 The friend of all who sought to work him woe.
 And from his country's justice now demands
 Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.
 Who else than Lara could have cause to fear
 His presence? who had made him disappear,
 If not the man on whom his menaced charge
 Had sate too deeply were he left at large?
 The general rumour ignorantly loud,
 The mystery dearest to the curious crowd:
 The seeming friendlessness of him who strove
 To win no confidence, and wake no love;
 The sweeping fierceness which his soul betray'd,
 The skill with which he wielded his keen blade;
 Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?
 Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?
 For it was not the blind capricious rage
 A word can kindle and a word assuage;
 But the deep working of a soul unmix'd
 With aught of pity where its wrath had fix'd;
 Such as long power and overgorged success
 Concentrates into all that's merciless:
 These, link'd with that desire which ever sways
 Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise,
 'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,
 Such as himself might fear, and foes would form,
 And he must answer for the absent head
 Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,
 Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;
 That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
 Who work'd his wantonness in form of law;
 Long war without and frequent broil within
 Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
 That waited but a signal to begin

New havoc, such as civil discord blends,
 Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends;
 Fix'd in his fencible fortress each was lord,
 In word and deed obey'd, in soul abhorr'd,
 Thus Lara had inherited his lands,
 And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands;
 But that long absence from his native clime
 Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,
 And now, diverted by his milder sway,
 All dread by slow degrees had worn away.
 The menials felt their usual awe alone,
 But more for him than them that fear was grown,
 They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first
 Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,
 And each long restless night, and silent mood,
 Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude:
 And though his lonely habits threw of late
 Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;
 From thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew,
 For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.
 Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,
 The humble pass'd not his unheeding eye:
 Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof
 They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.
 And they who watch'd might mark that, day by day,
 Some new retainers gather'd to his sway;
 But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,
 He play'd the courteous lord and bounteous host:
 Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread
 Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head;
 Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains
 With these, the people, than his fellow thanes.
 If this were policy, so far 'twas sound,
 The million judged but of him as they found;
 From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven
 They but required a shelter, and 'twas given.
 By him no peasant mourn'd his rifled cot,
 And scarce the Serf could murmur o'er his lot;
 With him old avarice found his hoard secure,
 With him contempt forbore to mock the poor;
 Youth, present cheer and promised recompense
 Detain'd, till all too late to part from thence;
 To hate he offer'd, with the coming change,
 The deep reversion of delay'd revenge;
 To love, long baffled by the unequal match,
 The well-worn charms success was sure to snatch.
 All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim
 That slavery nothing which was still a name.
 The moment came, the hour when Otho thought
 Secure at last the vengeance which he sought:

His summons found the destined criminal
 Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,
 Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,
 Defying earth, and confident of heaven,
 That morn he had freed tho soil-bound slaves
 Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves!
 Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight
 Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right:
 Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
 A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
 Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
 That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed!

IX.

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had gain'd
 Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd;
 Now was the hour for faction's rebel growth,
 The Serfs contemn'd the one, and hated both:
 They waited but a leader, and they found
 One to their cause inseparably bound;
 By circumstance compell'd to plunge again,
 In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.
 Cut off by some mysterious fate from those
 Whom birth and nature meant not for his foes,
 Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,
 Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst:
 Some reason urged, whate'er it was to shun
 Inquiry into deeds at distance done;
 By mingling with his own the cause of all
 E'en if he fail'd, he still delay'd his fall.
 The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,
 The storm that once had spent itself and slept,
 Roused by events that seem'd foredoom'd to urge
 His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge,
 Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,
 And is again; he only changed the scene.
 Light care had he for life, and less for fame,
 But not less fitted for the desperate game:
 He deem'd himself mark'd out for other's hate,
 And mock'd at ruin so they shared his fate.
 What cared he for the freedom of the crowd?
 He raised the humble but to bend the proud.
 He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,
 But man and destiny beset him there:
 Inured to hunters, he was found at bay;
 And they must kill they cannot snare the prey.
 Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been
 Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene;
 But dragg'd again upon the arena, stood
 A leader not unequal to the feud;

In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature spoke,
And from his eye the gladiator broke.

X.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wail?
In this the struggle was the same with all:
Save that distemper'd passions lent their force
In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.
None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
The captive died upon the battle-plain:
In either cause, one rage alone possess'd
The empire of the alternate victor's breast;
And they that smote for freedom or for sway,
Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to say,
It was too late to check the wasting brand,
And Desolation reap'd the famish'd land;
The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,
The first success to Lara's numbers clung:
But that vain victory hath ruin'd all;
They form no longer to their leader's call:
In blind confusion on the foe they prest,
And think to snatch is to secure success.
The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,
Lure on the broken brigands to their fate:
In vain he doth what'er a chief may do,
To check the headlong fury of that crew;
In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,
The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame;
The wary foe alone hath turn'd their mood,
And shown their rashness to that erring brood:
The feign'd retreat, the nightly ambuscade,
The daily harass, and the fight delay'd,
The long privation of the hoped supply,
The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,
The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,
And palls the patience of his baffled heart,
Of these they had not deem'd: the battle-day
They could encounter as a veteran may;
But more preferr'd the fury of the strife,
And present death, to hourly suffering life:
And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away
His numbers melting fast from their array:

Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,
 And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent :
 But few remain to aid his voice and hand,
 And thousands dwindled to a scanty band :
 Desperate, though few, the last and best remain'd
 To mourn the discipline they late disdain'd.
 One hope survives, the frontier is not far,
 And thence they may escape from native war ;
 And bear within them to the neighbouring state
 An exile's sorrows, or on outlaw's hate :
 Hard is the task their father-land to quit,
 But harder still to perish or submit.

XII.

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night
 Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight :
 Already they perceive its tranquil beam
 Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream ;
 Already they descry—Is yon the bank ?
 Away ! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.
 Return or fly !—What glitters in the rear ?
 'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear !
 Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height ?
 Alas ! they blaze too widely for the flight :
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,
 Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil !

XIII.

A moment's pause—'tis but to breathe their band,
 Or shall they onward press, or here withstand ?
 It matters little—if they charge the foes
 Who by their border-stream their march oppose,
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,
 However link'd to baffle such design.
 'The charge be ours ! to wait for their assault
 Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."
 Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed :
 In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
 How many shall but hear the voice of death !

XIV.

His blade is bared—in him there is an air
 As deep, but far too tranquil for despair ;
 A something of indifference more than then
 Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.
 He turn'd his eye on Kaled, ever near,
 And still too faithful to betray one fear ;
 Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight throw
 Along his aspect an unwonted hue

Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint express'd
 The truth, and not the terror of his breast.
 This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his :
 It trembled not in such an hour as this ;
 His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
 His eye alone proclaim'd, " We will not part !
 Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,
 Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee ! "

The word bath pass'd his lips, and onward driven,
 Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder riven
 Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,
 And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel ;
 Outnumber'd, not outbraved, they still oppose
 Despair to daring, and a front to foes ;
 And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
 Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

XV.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,
 Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,
 Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
 Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.
 None fled, for well they knew that flight were vain
 But those that waver turn to smite again,
 While yet they find the firmest of the foe
 Recoil before their leader's look and blow:
 Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,
 He foils their ranks, or re-unites his own ;
 Himself he spared not—once they seem'd to fly—
 Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,
 And shook—Why sudden droops that plumed crest ?
 The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his breast !
 That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,
 And Death hath striken down yon arm of pride.
 The word of triumph faded from his tongue ;
 That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung !
 But yet the sword instinctively retains,
 Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins ;
 These Kaled snatches : dizzy with the blow,
 And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,
 Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
 Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage :
 Meantime his followers charge, and charge again ;
 Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain !

XVI.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
 The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head ;
 The war-horse masterless is on the earth,
 And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth ;

And near, yet quivering with what life remain'd,
 The heel that urged him and the hand that rein'd ;
 And some too near that rolling torrent lie,
 Whose waters mock the lip of those that die ;
 That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
 Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
 In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
 One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave ;
 With feeble and convulsive effort swept,
 Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have crept ;
 The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
 But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste :
 They feel its freshness, and almost partake—
 Why pause ? No further thirst have they to slake—
 It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not ;
 It was an agony—but now forgot !

XVII.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
 Where but for him that strife had never been,
 A breathing but devoted warrior lay :
 'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away
 His follower once, and now his only guide,
 Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,
 And with his scarf would stanch the tides that rush,
 With each convulsion in a blacker gush ;
 And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
 In feebler, nor less fatal tricklings flow :
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
 And merely adds another throb to pain.
 He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
 And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,
 Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
 Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees ;
 Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
 Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

XVIII.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,
 Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield
 They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,
 And he regards them with a calm disdain,
 That rose to reconcile him with his fate,
 And that escape to death from living hate :
 And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,
 Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
 And questions of his state he answers not,
 Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,
 And turns to Kaled :—each remaining word
 They understood not, ifdis

His dying tones are in that other tongue,
 To which some strange remembrance wildly clung,
 They spake of other scenes, but what—is known
 To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone;
 And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,
 While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round:
 They seem'd even then—that twain unto—the last
 To half forget the present in the past;
 To share between themselves some separate fate,
 Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

XIX.

Their words though faint were many—from the tone
 Their import those who heard could judge alone;
 From this, you might have deem'd young Kaled's death
 More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,
 So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke
 The accents his scarce—moving pale lips spoke;
 But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear
 And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely near:
 But from his visage little could we guess,
 So unrepentant, dark, and passionless.
 Save that when struggling nearer to his last,
 Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;
 And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,
 Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:
 Whether (as then the breaking sun from high
 Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
 Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene,
 That raised his arm to point where such had been,
 Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,
 As if his heart abhorr'd that coming day,
 And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
 To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.
 Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss;
 For when one near display'd the absolving cross,
 And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,
 Of which his parting soul might own the need,
 He look'd upon it with an eye profane,
 And smiled—Heaven pardon! if 'twere with disdain:
 And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew
 From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,
 With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
 As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,
 Nor seem'd to know his life but *then* began,
 That life of Immortality, secure
 To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

XX.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew;

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

XXI.

He gazed, as if not yet had pass'd away
 The haughty spirit of that humble clay;
 And those around have roused him from his trance,
 But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;
 And when, in raising him from where he bore
 Within his arms the form that felt no more,
 He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
 Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;
 He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
 The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
 But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,
 Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well.
 Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath
 The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!
 That trying moment hath at once reveal'd
 The secret long and yet but half conceal'd
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
 Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confess'd;
 And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—
 What now to her was Womanhood or Fame?

XXII.

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,
 But where he died his grave was dug as deep;
 Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,
 Though priest nor bless'd, nor marble deck'd the mound
 And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,
 Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief.
 Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,
 And vain e'en menace—silent to the last;
 She told nor whence, nor why she left behind
 Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.
 Why did she love him? Curious fool!—he still—
 Is human love the growth of human will?
 To her he might be gentleness; the stern
 Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,
 And when they love, your smilers guess not how
 Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
 They were not common links, that form'd the chain
 That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain

But that wild tale she brook'd not to uphold,
And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

XXIII.

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,
Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,
They found the scatter'd dints of many a scar,
Which were not planted there in recent war;
Where'er had passed his summer years of life,
It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife;
But all unknown his glory or his guilt,
These only told that somewhere blood was spilt,
And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,
Return'd no more—that night appear'd his last.

XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,
When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;
A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,
And hew the bough that bought his children's food,
Pass'd by the river that divides the plain
Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:
He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
From out the wood—before him was a cloak
Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,
Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,
And some foreboding that it might be crime,
Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,
Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
And lifting thence the burthen which he bore,
Heav'd up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore,
Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd to watch
And still another hurried glance would snatch,
And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,
As if even yet too much its surface show'd:
At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown
The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone;
Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,
And slung them with a more than common care.
Meantime the Surf had crept to where unseen
Himself might safely mark what this might mean;
He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,
And something glitter'd starlike on the vest;
But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:
It rose again, but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue,

Then deeply disappear'd : the horseman gazed
 Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised ;
 Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
 And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.
 His face was mask'd—the features of the dead,
 If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread ;
 But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,
 Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,
 And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn
 Upon the night that led to such a morn.
 If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul !
 His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll ;
 And charity upon the hope would dwell
 It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

XXV.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,
 Alike without their monumental stone !
 The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean
 From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been
 Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,
 Her tears were few, her wailing never loud ;
 But furious would you tear her from the spot
 Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,
 Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
 That haunts the tigress in her whelpleas ire ;
 But left to waste her weary moments there,
 She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,
 Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,
 And woos to listen to her fond complaints :
 And she would sit beneath the very tree
 Where lay his drooping head upon her knee ;
 And in that posture where she saw him fall,
 His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall ;
 And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair,
 And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
 And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
 As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound.
 Herself would question, and for him reply ;
 Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
 From some imagined spectre in pursuit ;
 Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
 And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
 Or trace strange characters along the sand—
 This could not last—she lies by him she loved
 Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE grand army of the Turks (in 1715,) under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country¹, thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley; but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war"—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii. p. 151.

In the year since Jesus died for men,
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.
Oh! but we went merrily!
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still;
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed;
Whether we couch'd in our rough capote,
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:
All our thoughts and words had scope,
We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow,
We were of all tongues and creeds;—
Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,
And some, or I mis-say, of neither;
Yet through the wide world might ye search,
Nor find a motner crew nor blither.

But some are dead, and some are gone,
 And some are scatter'd and alone,
 And some are rebels on the hills²
 That look along Epirus' valleys,
 Where freedom still at moments rallies
 And pays in blood oppression's ills;
 And some are in a far countree,
 And some all restlessly at home:
 But never more, oh! never, we
 Shall meet to revel and to roam.

But those hardy days flew cheerily,
 And when they now fall drearily,
 My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
 And bear my spirit back again
 Over the earth, and through the air,
 A wild bird and a wanderer.
 'Tis this that ever wakes my strain,
 And oft, too oft, implores again
 The few who may endure my lay,
 To follow me so far away.
 Stranger—wilt thou follow me now,
 And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow?

I.

Many a vanish'd year and age
 And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
 Have swept o'er Corinth! yet she stands,
 A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.
 The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
 Have left untouch'd her hoary rock,
 The keystone of a land, which still,
 Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
 The landmark to the double tide
 That purpling rolls on either side,
 As if their waters chafed to meet,
 Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
 But could the blood before her shed
 Since first Timolcon's brother bled,
 Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
 Arise from out the earth which drank
 The stream of slaughter as it sank,
 That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
 Her isthmus idly spread below:
 Or could the bones of all the slain
 Who perish'd there, be piled again,
 That rival pyramid would rise
 More mountain-like, through those clear skies,
 Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,
 Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears
 The gleam of twice ten thousand spears
 And downward to the Isthmian plain,
 From shore to shore of either main,
 The tent is pitch'd, the crescent shines
 Along the Moslem's leaguring lines ;
 And the dusk Spæhi's bands³ advance
 Beneath each bearded pacha's glance ;
 And far and wide as eye can reach
 The turban'd cohorts throng the beach ;
 And there the Arab's camel kneels,
 And there his steed the Tartar wheels ;
 The Turcoman hath left his herd,⁴
 The sabre round his loins to gird ;
 And there the volleying thunders pour,
 Till waves grow smoother to the roar.
 The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
 Wings the far hissing globe of death ;
 Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
 Which crumbles with the ponderous ball :
 And from that wall the foe replies,
 O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,
 With fires that answer fast and well
 The summons of the Infidel.

III.

But near and nearest to the wall
 Of those who wish and work its fall,
 With deeper skill in war's black art,
 Than Othman's sons, and high of heart
 As any chief that ever stood
 Triumphant in the fields of blood ;
 From post to post, and deed to deed,
 Fast spurring on his reeking steed,
 Where sallying ranks the trench assail,
 And make the foremost Moslem quail ;
 Or where the battery guarded well,
 Remains as yet impregnable,
 Alighting cheerly to inspire
 The soldier slackening in his fire ;
 The first and freshest of the host
 Which Stamboul's sultan there can boast,
 To guide the follower o'er the field,
 To point the tube, the lance to wield.
 Or whirl around the bickering blade —
 Was Alp, the Adrian renegade !

IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth
 His gentle sires—he drew his birth ;

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

But late an exile from her shore,
Against his countrymen he bore
The arms they taught to bear; and now
The turban girt his shaven brow.
Through many a change had Corinth pass'd
With Greece to Venice' rule at last;
And here, before her walls, with those
To Greece and Venice equal foes,
He stood a foe, with all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel,
Within whose heated bosom throngs
The memory of a thousand wrongs.
To him had Venice ceased to be
Her ancient civic boast—"the Free;"
And in the palace of St. Mark
Unnamed accusers in the dark
Within the "Lion's mouth" had placed
A charge against him uneffaced:
He fled in time, and saved his life,
To waste his future years in strife,
That taught his land how great her loss
In him who triumph'd o'er the Cross,
'Gainst which he rear'd the Crescent high,
And battled to avenge or die.

V.

Coumourgi^s—he whose closing scene
Adorned the triumph of Eugene,
When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
The last and mightiest of the slain,
He sank, regretting not to die,
But cursed the Christian's victory—
Coumourgi—can his glory cease,
That latest conqueror of Greece,
Till Christian hands to Greece restore
The freedom Venice gave of yore?
A hundred years have roll'd away
Since he refix'd the Moslem's sway,
And now he led the Mussulman,
And gave the guidance of the van
To Alp, who well repaid the trust
By cities levell'd with the dust;
And proved, by many a deed of death
How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI.

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot
Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,
With unabating fury sent
From battery to battiment

And thunder-like the pealing din
 Rose from each heated culverin :
 And here and there some crackling dome
 Was fired before the exploding bomb :
 And as the fabric sank beneath
 The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
 In red and wreathing columns flash'd
 The flame, as loud the ruin crash'd,
 Or into countless meteors driven,
 Its earth-stars melted into heaven ;
 Whose clouds that day grew doubly dark,
 Impervious to the hidden sun,
 With volumed smoke that slowly grew
 To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

VII.

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,
 Alone, did Alp, the renegade,
 The Moslem warriors sternly teach
 His skill to pierce the promised breach :
 Within these walls a maid was pent
 His hope would win, without consent
 Of that inexorable sire,
 Whose heart refused him in its ire,
 When Alp, beneath his Christian name,
 Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
 In happier mood and earlier time,
 While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,
 Gayest in gondola or hall,
 He glitter'd through the Carnival ;
 And tuned the softest serenade
 That e'er on Adria's waters play'd
 At midnight to Italian maid.

VIII.

And many deem'd her heart was won ;
 For sought by numbers, given to none,
 Had young Francesca's hand remain'd
 Still by the church's bonds unchain'd ,
 And when the Adriatic bore
 Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,
 Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,
 And pensive wax'd the maid and pale ,
 More constant at confessional,
 More rare at masque and festival ;
 Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,
 Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to prize
 With listless look she seems to gaze ;
 With humbler care her form arrays ;
 Her voice less lively in the song ;
 Her step, though light, less fleet among

The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance
Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

IX.

Sent by the state to guard the land,
(Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,
While Sobieski tamed his pride
By Buda's wall and Danube's side,
The chiefs of Venice wrung away
From Patra to Eubœa's bay.)
Minotti held in Corinth's towers
The Doge's delegated powers,
While yet the pitying eye of Peace
Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece:
And ere that faithless ~~truce~~ ^{war} broke
Which freed her from the unchristian yoke.
With him his gentle daughter came ;
Nor there, since Menelaus' dame
Forsook her lord and land, to prove
What woes await on lawless love,
Had fairer form adorn'd the shore
Than she, the matchless stranger bore.

X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn ;
And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,
C'er the disoriented mass shall vault
The foremost of the fierce assault.
The bands are rank'd ; the chosen van
Of Tartar and of Mussulman,
The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"
Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
And win their way with falchion's force,
Or pave the path with many a corse,
O'er which the following brave may rise,
Their stepping-stone—the last who dies !

XI.

'Tis midnight : on the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down ;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Besongled with those isles of light,
So widdly, spiritually bright ;
Who ever gazed upon them shining
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray ?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air ;

And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillow'd on the waves ;
 The banners droop'd along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling ;
 And that deep silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
 And echo answer'd from the hill,
 And the wild hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer ;
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
 Like some love spirit's o'er the plain :
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown,
 It seem'd to those within the wall,
 A cry prophetic of their fall :
 It struck even the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
 Of that strange sense its silence framed ;
 Such as a sudden passing bell
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore ;
 The sound was hush'd, the prayer was o'er ;
 The watch was set, the night-round made,
 All mandates issued and obey'd :
 'Tis but another anxious night,
 His pains the morrow may requite
 With all revenge and love can pay,
 In guerdon for their long delay.
 Few hours remain, and he hath need
 Of rest to nerve for many a deed
 Of slaughter : but within his soul
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll.
 He stood alone among the host ;
 Not his the loud fanatic boast
 To plant the crescent o'er the cross,
 Or risk a life with little loss,
 Secure in paradise to be
 By Hours loved immortally :

Nor his, what burning patriots feel
 The stern exaltedness of zeal,
 Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
 When battling on the parent soil.
 He stood alone—a renegade
 Against the country he betray'd ;
 He stood alone amidst his band,
 Without a trusted heart or hand :
 They follow'd him, for he was brave,
 And great the spoil he got and gave
 They crouch'd to him, for he had skill
 To warp and wield the vulgar will :
 But still his Christian origin
 With them was little less than sin.
 They envied even the faithless fame
 He earn'd beneath a Moslem name ;
 Since he, their mightiest chief had been
 In youth a bitter Nazarene.
 They did not know how pride can stoop,
 When baffled feelings withering droop ;
 They did not know how hate can burn
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal
 The convert of revenge can feel.
 He ruled them—man may rule the worst,
 By ever daring to be first :
 So lions o'er the jackal sway ;
 The jackal points, he fells the prey,
 Then on the vulgar yelling press,
 To gorge the relics of success.

XIII.

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse
 The quick successive throbs convulse :
 In vain from side to side throws
 His form, in courtship of repose ;
 Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
 Awoke him with a sunken heart.
 The turban on his hot brow press'd,
 The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,
 Thought oft and long beneath its weight
 Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
 Without or couch or canopy,
 Except a rougher field and sky
 Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
 Than now along the heaven was spread.
 He could not rest, he could not stay
 Within his tent to wait for day,
 But walk'd him forth along the sand,
 Where thousand sleepers strew'd the strand.

What pillow'd them? and why should he
 More wakeful than the humblest be
 Since more their peril, worse their toil,
 And yet they fearless dream of spoil;
 While he alone, where thousands pass'd
 A night of sleep, perchance their last,
 In sickly vigil wander'd on,
 And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
 Beneath the freshness of the night.
 Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
 And bathed his brow with airy balm
 Behind, the camp—before him lay,
 In many a winding creek and bay
 Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
 Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
 High and eternal, such as shone
 Through thousand summers brightly gone
 Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;
 It will not melt, like man, to time:
 Tyrant and slave are swept away,
 Less form'd to wear before the ray;
 But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
 Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
 While tower and tree are torn and rent,
 Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
 In form a peak, in height a cloud,
 In texture like a hovering shroud,
 Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
 As from her fond abode she fled,
 And linger'd on the spot, where long
 Her prophet spirit spake in song.
 Oh! still her step at moments falters
 O'er wither'd fields, and ruin'd altars,
 And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
 By pointing to each glorious token:
 But vain her voice, till better days
 Dawn in those yet remember'd rays,
 Which shone upon the Persian flying,
 And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times
 Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes
 And through this night, as on he wander'd,
 And o'er the past and present ponder'd,
 And thought upon the glorious dead
 Who there in better cause had bled,

He felt how faint and feebly dim
 The fame that could accrue to him,
 Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword,
 A traitor in a turban'd horde ;
 And led them to a lawless siege,
 Whose best success were sacrilege.
 Not so had those his fancy number'd,
 The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd ;
 Their phalanx marshall'd on the plain,
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
 They fell devoted, but undying ;
 The very gale their names seem'd sighing,
 The waters murmur'd of their name ;
 The wood were peopled with their fame ;
 The silent pillar, lone and grey,
 Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay ;
 Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ;
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river
 Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.
 Despite of every joke she bears,
 That land is glory's still and theirs !
 'Tis still a watch-word to the earth :
 When man would do a deed of worth
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
 So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head ;
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp muteiy mused,
 And woo'd the freshness Night diffused.
 There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,
 Which changeless rolls eternally ;
 So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
 Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood
 And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
 Heedless if she come or go :
 Calm or high, in main or bay,
 On their course she hath no sway.
 The rock unworn its base doth bare,
 And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there ;
 And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
 On the line that it left long ages ago :
 A smooth short space of yellow sand
 Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on, along the beach,
 Till within the range of a carbine's reach
 Of the leaguer'd wall ; but they saw him not,
 Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot ?

Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
 Were their hands grow stiff, or their hearts wax'd cold?
 I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
 There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,
 Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
 That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the town:
 Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
 The sullen words of the sentinel,
 As his measured step on the stone below
 Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro;
 And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
 Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
 Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
 They were too busy to bark at him!
 From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
 And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,⁶
 As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
 When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
 So well had they broken a lingering fast
 With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
 And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,
 The foremost of these were the best of his band;
 Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
 And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,⁷
 All the rest was shaven and bare.
 The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
 The hair was tangled round his jaw.
 But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
 Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
 Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;
 But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
 Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight:
 Never had shaken his nerves in fight;
 But he better could brook to behold the dying,
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
 Scorch'd with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
 Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
 There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
 Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;
 For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
 And Honour's eye on daring deeds!
 But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
 And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air
 Beasts of the forest, all gathering there:

All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay

XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which **must be**
What we have seen, our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!

XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
And pass'd his hand athwart his face;
Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude;
His head was drooping on his breast,
Fever'd, throbbing, and oppress'd:
And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
Oft his beating fingers went,
Hurriedly, as you may see
Your own run over the ivory key
Ere the measured tone is taken
By the chords you would awaken.
There he sate all heavily,
As he heard the night-winds sigh.
Was it the wind through some hollow stone,—
Sent that soft and tender moan?
He lifted his head, and he look'd on the sea,
But it was unrippled as glass may be;
He look'd on the long grass—it waved not a blade
How was that gentle sound convey'd?
He look'd to the banners—each flag lay still,
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
And he felt not a breath come over his cheek;
What did that sudden sound bespeak?
He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

XX.

He started up with more of fear
Then if an armed foe were near.
"God of my fathers! what is here!
Who art thou, and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament?"

His trembling hands refused to sign
 The cross he deem'd no more divine :
 He had resumed it in that hour,
 But conscience wrung away the power.
 He gazed, he saw : he knew the face
 Of beauty, and the form of grace ;
 It was Francesca by his side,
 The maid who might have been his bride !

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
 But mellow'd with a tender streak
 Where was the play of her soft lips fled
 Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
 The ocean's calm within their view,
 Beside her eye had less of blue ;
 But like that cold wave it stood still,
 And its glance, though clear, was chill.
 Around her form a thin robe twining,
 Nought conceal'd her bosom shining ;
 Through the parting of her hair,
 Floating darkly downward there,
 Her rounded arm show'd white and bare :
 And ere yet she made reply,
 Once she raised her hand on high ;
 It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
 You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

" I come from my rest to him I love best,
 That I may be happy, and he may be bless'd.
 I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall ;
 Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
 'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
 From a maid in the pride of her purity ;
 And the Power on high, that can shield the good
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
 From the hands of the leaguring infidel.
 I come—and if I come in vain,
 Never, oh never, we meet again !
 Thou hast none a fearful deed
 In falling away from thy father's creed :
 But dash that turban to earth, and sign
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine ;
 Wring the black drop from thy heart,
 And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

" And where should our bridal couch be spread ?
 In the midst of the dying and the dead
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
 The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.

None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
 Shall be left upon the morn :
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
 Where our hands shall be join'd, and our sorrow forgot.
 There thou yet shalt be my bride,
 When once again I've quell'd the pride
 Of Venice ; and her hated race
 Have felt the arm they would debase
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
 Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
 Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,
 And shot a chillness to his heart.
 Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
 He could not loose him from his hold ;
 But never did clasp of one so dear
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
 As those thin fingers, long and white,
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
 As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,
 So deeply changed from what he knew :
 Fair but faint—without the ray
 Of mind, that made each feature play
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,
 And her words came forth without her breath,
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
 And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,
 And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream ;
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
 Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
 Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;
 As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down-
 From the shadowy wall where their images frown ;^a
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

" If not for love of me be given
 Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—
 Again I say—that turban tear
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear
 Thine injured country's sons to spare,

Or thou art lost, and never shalt see—
 Not earth—that past—but heaven or me.
 If this thou dost accord, albeit
 A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
 And mercy's gate may receive thee within;
 But pause one moment more, and take
 The curse of him thou didst forsake;
 And look once more to heaven, and see
 Its love for ever shut from thee.
 There is a light cloud by the moon—
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
 If, by the time its vapoury sail
 Hath ceased ner shaded orb to veil,
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,
 Then God and man are both avenged;
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still
 Thine immortality of ill."

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of in the sky;
 But his heart was swollen, and turn'd aside,
 By deep interminable pride.
 This first false passion of his breast
 Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! *He* dismay'd
 By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save
 Her sons, devoted to the grave!
 No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
 And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He look'd upon it earnestly
 Without an accent of reply;
 He watch'd it passing; it is flown:
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
 And thus he spake—"Whate'er my fate,
 I am no changeling—'tis too late:
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
 Then rise again; the tree must shiver.
 What Venice made me, I must be,
 Her foe in all, save love thee:
 But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!"
 He turn'd, but she is gone!
 Nothing is there but the column stone.
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
 He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there.

XXII.

The night is past and shines the sun
 As if that morn were a jocund one.

Lightly and brightly breaks away
 The Morning from her mantle grey,
 And the Noon will look on a sultry day
 Hark to the trump, and the drum,
 And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
 And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
 And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
 And the clash, and the shout, " They come ! they come !" **P**
 The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword
 From its sheath ; and they form, and but wait for the word.
 Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
 Strike your tents, and throng to the van ;
 Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
 That the fugitive may flee in vain,
 When he breaks from the town ; and none escape,
 Aged or young, in the Christian shape ;
 While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
 Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.
 The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein
 Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane ;
 White is the foam of their champ on the bit ;
 The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;
 The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
 And crush the wall they have crumbled before :
 Forms in his phalanx each Janizar ;
 Alp at their head : his right arm is bare,
 So is the blade of his scimitar ;
 The khan and the pachas are all at their post ;
 The vizier himself at the head of the host.
 When the culverin's signal is fired, then on ;
 Leave not in Corinth a living one
 A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
 A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
 God and the prophet—Alla Hu !
 Up to the skies with that wild halloo !
 " There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale ;
 And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail ?
He who first downs with the red cross may crave
 His heart's dearest wish ; let him ask it, and have !"
 Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier ;
 The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
 And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire :—
 Silence—hark to the signal—fire !

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go
 On the stately buffalo,
 Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
 And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
 He tramples on earth, or tosses on high,
 The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die :

Thus against the wall they went,
 Thus the first were backward bent ;
 Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
 Strew'd the earth like broken glass,
 Shiver'd by the shot, that tore
 The ground whereon they moved no more :
 Even as they fell, in files they lay,
 Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
 When his work is done on the levell'd plain
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
 From the cliff's invading dash
 Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
 Till white and thundering down they go,
 Like the avalanche's snow
 On the Alpine vales below ;
 Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
 Corinth's sons were downward borne
 By the long and oft renew'd
 Charge of the Moslem multitude.
 In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
 Heap'd, by the host of the infidel,
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot :
 Nothing there, save death, was mute ;
 Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
 For quarter, or for victory,
 Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
 Which makes the distant cities wonder
 How the sounding battle goes,
 If with them, or for their foes ;
 If they must mourn, or may rejoice
 In that annihilating voice,
 Which pierces the deep hills through and through
 With an echo dread and new :
 You might have heard it, on that day,
 O'er Salamis and Megara ;
 (We have heard the hearers say,)
 Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
 Sabres and swords with blood were gilt ;
 But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
 And all but the after carnage done.
 Shriller shrieks now mingling come
 From within the plunder'd dome :
 Hark to the haste of flying feet,
 That splash in the blood of the slippery street ;

But here and there, where 'vantage ground
 Against the foe may still be found,
 Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
 Make a pause, and turn again—
 With banded backs against the wall,
 Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
 But his veteran arm was full of might :
 So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
 The dead before him, on that day,
 In a semicircle lay ;
 Still he combated unwounded,
 Though retreating, unsurrounded.
 Many a scar of former fight
 Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright ;
 But of every wound his body bore,
 Each and all had been ta'en before :
 Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
 Few of our youth could cope with him ;
 And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
 Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver grey.
 From right to left his sabre swept :
 Many an Othman mother wept
 Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd
 His weapon first in Moslem gore,
 Ere his years could count a score.
 Of all he might have been the sire
 Who fell that day beneath his ire :
 For, sonless left long years ago,
 His wrath made many a childless foe ;
 And since the day, when in the strait⁹
 His only boy had met his fate,
 His parent's iron hand did doom
 More than a human hecatomb.
 If shades by carnage be appeas'd,
 Patroclus' spirit less was pleas'd
 Than his, Minotti's son, who died
 Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
 Buried he lay, where thousands before
 For thousands of years were inhum'd on the shore
 What of them is left, to tell
 Where they lie, and how they fell ?
 Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout ! a hand
 Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand :
 Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
 Swifter to smite, and never to spare—

Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on;
 Thus in the fight is he ever known:
 Others a gaudier garb may show,
 To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;
 Many a hand's on a richer hilt,
 But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;
 Many a loftier turban may wear,—
 Alp is but known by the white arm bare;
 Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there!
 There is not a standard on that shore
 So well advanced the ranks before;
 There is not a banner in Moslem war
 Will lure the Delhis half so far;
 It glances like a falling star!
 Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
 The bravest be, or late have been;
 There the craven cries for quarter
 Vainly to the vengeful Tartar;
 Or the hero, silent lying,
 Scorns to yield a groan in dying;
 Mustering his last feeble blow
 Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,
 Though faint beneath the mutual wound,
 Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,
 And Alp's career a moment check'd.
 "Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,
 For thine own, thy daughter's sake."
 "Never, renegado, never
 Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."
 "Francesca!—Oh, my promised bride
 Must she too perish by thy pride?"
 "She is safe."—"Where? where?"—"In heaven;
 From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
 Far from thee, and undefiled."
 Grimly then Minotti smiled,
 As he saw Alp staggering bow
 Before his words, as with a blow.
 "Oh God! when died she?"—"Yesternight—
 Nor weep I for her spirit's flight;
 None of my pure race shall be
 Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
 Come on!"—"That challenge is in vain—
 Alp's already with the slain;
 While Minotti's words were wreaking
 More revenge in bitter speaking

Than his falchion's point had found,
 Had the time allow'd to wound,
 From within the neighbouring porch
 Of a long defended church,
 Where the last and desperate few
 Would the failing fight renew,
 The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground,
 Ere an eye could view the wound
 That crash'd through the brain of the infidel,
 Round he spun, and down he fell ;
 A flash like fire within his eyes
 Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
 And then eternal darkness sunk
 Through all the palpitating trunk :
 Nought of life left, save a quivering
 Where his limbs were slightly shivering ;
 They turn'd him on his back ; his breast
 And brow were stain'd with gore and dust,
 And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
 From its deep veins lately loosed ;
 But in his pulse there was no throb,
 Nor on his lips one dying sob ;
 Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
 Heralded his way to death :
 Ere his very thought could pray,
 Unaneled he pass'd away,
 Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
 To the last—a Renegade.

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose
 Of his followers, and his foes ;
 These in joy, in fury those ;
 Then again in conflict mixing,
 Clashing swords, and spears transfixing,
 Interchanged the blow and thrust,
 Hurling warriors in the dust.
 Street by street, and foot by foot,
 Still Minotti dares dispute
 The latest portion of the land
 Left beneath his high command ;
 With him, aiding heart and hand,
 The remnant of his gallant band.
 Still the church is tenable,

Whence issued late the fated ball
 That half avenged the city's fall,
 When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell :
 Thither bending sternly back,
 They leave before a bloody track ;
 And, with their faces to the foe,
 Dealing wounds with every blow.

The chief, and his retreating train,
Join to those within the fane;
There they yet may breathe awhile,
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,
With adding ranks and raging boast,
Press onwards with such strength and heat,
Their numbers balk their own retreat;
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not;
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
Through the massy column to turn and fly;
They perforce must do or die.
They die; but ere their eyes could close,
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;
Fresh and furious, fast they fill
The ranks unthinn'd, though slaughter'd still;
And faint the weary Christians wax
Before the still renew'd attacks;
And now the Othmans gain the gate;
Still resists its iron weight,
And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,
From every crevice comes the shot;
From every shatter'd window pour
The volleys of the sulphurous shower;
But the portal wavering grows and weak—
The iron yields, the hinges creak—
It bends—it falls—and all is o'er;
Lost Corinth may resist no more!

XXX.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
Minotti stood o'er the altar stone:
Madonna's face upon him shone,
Painted in heavenly hues above,
With eyes of light and looks of love;
And placed upon that holy shrine
To fix our thoughts on things divine,
When pictured there, we kneeling see
Her, and the boy-God on her knee,
Smiling sweetly on each prayer
To heaven, as if to waft it there.
Still she smiled; even now she smiles,
Though slaughter streams along her aisles:
Minotti lifted his aged eye,
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;
And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,
Inward and onward the Mussulman came,

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
 Contain'd the dead of ages gone ;
 Their names were on the graven floor,
 But now illegible with gore ;
 The carved crests, and curious hues
 The varied marble veins diffuse,
 Were smear'd, and slippery—stain'd and strown
 With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown :
 There were dead above, and the dead below
 Lay cold in many a coffin'd row ;
 You might see them piled in sable state
 By a pale light through a gloomy grate ;
 But War had enter'd their dark caves,
 And stored along the vaulted graves
 Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
 In masses by the fleshless dead :

Here, throughout the siege, had been
 The Christians' chiefest magazine ;
 To these a late form'd train now led,
 Minotti's last and stern resource
 Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain
 To strive, and those must strive in vain :
 For lack of further lives, to slake
 The thirst of vengeance now awake,
 With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
 And lop the already lifeless head,
 And fell the statues from their niche,
 And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,
 And from each other's rude hands wrest,
 The silver vessels saints had bless'd.
 To the high altar on they go ;
 Oh, but it made a glorious show !
 On its table still behold
 The cup of consecrated gold ;
 Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
 Brightly it sparkles to plunderer's eyes ;
 That morn it held the only wine,
 Converted by Christ to his blood so divine.
 Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,
 To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the fray.
 Still a few drops within it lay ;
 And round the sacred table glow
 Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
 From the purest metal cast ;
 A spoil—the richest, and the last.

XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd
 To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,
 When Old Minotti's hand
 Touch'd with the torch the train—
 'Tis fired !
 Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
 The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
 All that of living or dead remain,
 Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,
 In one wild roar expired !
 The shatter'd town—the walls thrown down—
 The waves a moment backward bent—
 The hills that shake, although unrent,
 As if an earthquake pass'd—
 The thousand shapeless things all driven
 In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
 By that tremendous blast—
 Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er
 On that too long afflicted shore :
 Up to the sky like rockets go
 All that mingled there below :
 Many a tall and goodly man,
 Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,
 When he fell to earth again
 Like a cinder strew'd the plain .
 Down the ashes shower like rain ;
 Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkle
 With a thousand circling wrinkles :
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
 Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay ;
 Christian or Moslem, which be they ?
 Let their mothers see and say !
 When in cradled rest they lay,
 And each nursing mother smiled
 On the sweet sleep of her child,
 Little deem'd she such a day
 Would rend those tender limbs away.
 Not the matrons that them bore
 Could discern their offspring more ;
 That one moment left no trace
 More of human form or face
 Save a scatter'd scalp or bone :
 And down came blazing rafters, strown
 Around, and many a falling stone,
 Deeply dinted in the clay,
 All blacken'd there and reeking lay.
 All the living things that heard
 That deadly earth-shock disappear'd :

The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein ;
The bull-frogs note, from out the marsh,
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh ;
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill
Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;
The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,¹⁰
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound :
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun ;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won !

PARISINA.¹

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon's "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick." I am aware, that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purpose of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion; as Alfieri and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Azo* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.

"Under the reign of Nicholas III. Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo, his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent."—GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 470.

I.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

II.

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;

And if she sits in Este's bower,
 'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower—
 She listens—but not for the nightingale—
 Though her ear expects as soft a talc.
 There glides a step through the foliage thick,
 And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.
 There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
 And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
 A moment more—and they shall meet—
 'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.

III.

And what unto them is the world beside,
 With all its change of time and tide?
 Its living things—its earth and sky—
 Are nothing to their mind and eye.
 And heedless as the dead are they
 Of aught around, above, beneath;
 As if all else had pass'd away,
 They only for each other breathe;
 Their very sighs are full of joy
 So deep, that did it not decay,
 That happy madness would destroy
 The hearts which feel its fiery sway.
 Of guilt, of peril, do they deem
 In that tumultuous tender dream?
 Who that have felt that passion's power,
 Or paused, or fear'd in such an hour?
 Or thought how brief such moments last?
 But yet—they are already past!
 Alas! we must awake before
 We know such vision comes no more.

IV.

With many a lingering look they leave
 The spot of guilty gladness past;
 And though they hope, and vow, they grieve,
 As if that parting were the last.
 The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
 The lip that there would cling for ever,
 While gleams on Parisina's face
 The Heaven she fears will not forgive her,
 As if each calmly conscious star
 Beheld her frailty from afar—
 The frequent sigh, the long embrace,
 Yet binds them to their trysting-place.
 But it must come, and they must part
 In fearful heaviness of heart,
 With all the deep and shuddering chill
 Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

V.

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

VI.

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,
 And listen'd to each broken word :
 He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,
 As if the Archangel's voice he heard ?
 And well he may—a deeper doom
 Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,
 When he shall wake to sleep no more,
 And stand the eternal throne before.
 And well he may—his earthly peace
 Upon that sound is doom'd to cease.
 That sleeping whisper of a name
 Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame.
 And whose that name ? that o'er his pillow
 Sounds fearful as the breaking billow,
 Which rolls the plank upon the shore,
 And dashes on the pointed rock
 The wretch who sinks to rise no more—
 So came upon his soul the shock.
 And whose that name ? 'tis Hugo's,—his—
 In sooth he had not deem'd of this !—
 'Tis Hugo's,—he, the child of one
 He loved—his own all-evil son—
 The offspring of his wayward youth,
 When he betray'd Bianca's truth,
 The maid whose folly could confide
 In him who made her not his bride.

VII.

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,
 But sheath'd it ere the point was bare—
 Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,

He could not slay a thing so fair—
 At least, not smiling—sleeping—there—
 Nay more:— he did not wake her then,
 But gazed upon her with a glance
 Which, had she roused her from her trance,
 Had frozen her sense to sleep again—
 And o'er his brow the burning lamp
 Gleam'd on the dew-drops big and damp.
 She spake no more—but still she slumber'd—
 While in his thought, her days are number'd.

VIII.

And with the morn he sought, and found,
 In many a tale from those around,
 The proof of all he fear'd to know
 Their present guilt, his future woe;
 The long-conniving damsels seek
 To save themselves, and would transfer
 The guilt—the shame—the doom—to her:
 Concealment is no more—they speak
 All circumstance which may compel
 Full credence to the tale they tell:
 And Azo's tortured heart and ear
 Have nothing more to feel or hear.

IX.

He was not one who brook'd delay:
 Within the chamber of his state,
 The chief of Este's ancient sway
 Upon his throne of judgment sate;
 His nobles and his guards are there,—
 Before him is the sinful pair;
 Both young—and *one* how passing fair!
 With swordless belt, and fetter'd hand,
 Oh, Christ! that thus a son should stand
 Before a father's face!
 Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,
 And hear the sentence of his ire,
 The tale of his disgrace!
 And yet he seems not overcome,
 Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

X.

And still, and pale, and silently
 Did Parisina wait her doom;
 How changed since last her speaking eye
 Glanced gladness round the glittering room:
 Where high-born men were proud to wait—
 Where Beauty watch'd to imitate
 Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
 And gather from her air and gait
 The graces of its queen:

Then,—had her eye in sorrow wept,
 A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
 A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
 And made her quarrel all their own.
 Now,—what is she? and what are they?
 Can she command, or these obey?
 All silent and unheeding now,
 With downcast eyes and knitting brow,
 And folded arms, and freezing air,
 And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,
 Her knights and dames, her court—is there
 And he, the chosen one, whose lance
 Had yet been couch'd before her glance,
 Who—were his arm a moment free—
 Had died or gain'd her liberty;
 The minion of his father's bride,—
 He, too, is fetter'd by her side;
 Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim
 Less for her own despair than him:
 Those lids—o'er which the violet vein
 Wandering, leaves a tender strain,
 Shining through the smoothest white
 That e'er did softest kiss invite—
 Now seem'd with hot and livid glow
 To press, not shade, the orbs below:
 Which glance so heavily, and fill,
 As tear on tear grows gathering still.

XI.

And he for her had also wept,
 But for the eyes that on him gazed:
 His sorrow, if he felt it, slept;
 Stern and erect his brow was raised.
 Whate'er the grief his soul avow'd,
 He would not shrink before the crowd;
 But yet he dared not look on her:
 Remembrance of the hours that were—
 His guilt—his love—his present state—
 His father's wrath—all good men's hate—
 His earthly, his eternal fate—
 And hers,—oh hers! he dared not throw
 One look upon that deathlike brow!
 Else had his rising heart betray'd
 Remorse for all the wreck it made.

XII.

And Azo spake:—"But yesterday
 I gloried in a wife and son:
 That dream this morning pass'd away;
 Ere day declines I shall have none.

My life must linger on alone ;
 Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one
 Who would not do as I have done :
 Those ties are broken—not by me ;
 Let that too pass ;—the doom's prepared !
 Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,
 And then—thy crime's reward !
 Away ! address thy prayers to heaven,
 Before its evening stars are met—
 Learn if thou there canst be forgiven ;
 Its mercy may absolve thee yet.
 But here, upon the earth beneath,
 There is no spot where thou and I
 Together, for an hour, could breathe,
 Farewell ! I will not see thee die—
 But thou, frail thing ! shalt view his head—
 Away ! I cannot speak the rest :
 Go ! woman of the wanton breast ;
 Not I, but thou his blood dost shed :
 Go ! if that sight thou canst outlive,
 And joy thee in the life I give."

XIII.

And here stern Azo hid his face—
 For on his brow the swelling vein
 Throbb'd as if back upon his brain,
 The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again ;
 And therefore bow'd he for a pace,
 And pass'd his shaking hand along
 His eye, to veil it from the throng ;
 While Hugo rais'd his chained hands,
 And for a brief delay demands
 His father's ear : the silent sire
 Forbids not what his words require,
 " It is not that I dread the death—
 For thou hast seen me by thy side
 All redly through the battle ride,
 And that not once a useless brand
 Thy slaves have wrested from my hand,
 Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,
 Than e'er can stain the axe of mine :
 Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my breath,
 A gift for which I thank thee not ;
 Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
 Her slighted love and ruin'd name,
 Her offspring's heritage of shame ;
 But she is in the grave, where he,
 Her son, thy rival soon shall be.
 Her broken heart—my sever'd head—
 Shall witness for thee from the dead.

How trusty and how tender were
 Thy youthful love—paternal care.
 'Tis true that I have done thee wrong—
 But wrong for wrong :—this deem'd thy bride,
 The other victim of thy pride,
 Thou know'st for me was destined long.
 Thou saw'st and covetedst her charms—
 And with thy very crime—my birth,
 Thou tauntedst me—as little worth ;
 A match ignoble for her arms,
 Because, forsooth, I could not claim
 The lawful heirship of thy name,
 Nor sit on Este's lineal throne :
 Yet, were a few short summers mine,
 My name should more than Este's shine
 With honours all my own.
 I had a sword—and have a breast
 That should have won as haught² a crest
 As ever waved along the line
 Of all these sovereign sires of thine.
 Not always knightly spurs are worn
 The brightest by the better born ;
 And mine have lanced my courser's flank
 Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
 When charging to the cheering cry
 Of ' Este and of Victory !'
 I will not plead the cause of crime,
 Nor sue thee to redeem from time,
 A few brief hours or days that must
 At length roll o'er my reckless dust ;—
 Such maddening moments as my past,
 They could not, and they did not, last.
 Albeit my birth and name be base,
 And thy nobility of race
 Disdain'd to deck a thing like me—
 Yet in my lineaments they trace
 Some features of my father's face,
 And in my spirit—all of thee.
 From thee—this tamelessness of heart—
 From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start ?—
 From thee in all their vigour came
 My arm of strength, my soul of flame—
 Thou didst not give me life alone,
 But all that made me more thine own.
 See what thy guilty love hath done !
 Repaid thee with too like a son !
 I am no bastard in my soul,
 For that, like thine, abhorr'd control :
 And for my breath, that hasty boon
 Thou gav'st and will resume so soon,

I valued it no more than thou,
 When rose thy casque above thy brow,
 And we, all side by side, have striven,
 And o'er the dead our coursers driven :
 The past is nothing—and at last
 The future can but be the past ;
 Yet would I that I then had died ;
 For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
 And made thine own my destined bride,
 I feel thou art my father still ;
 And, harsh as sounds thy hard decrec,
 'Tis not unjust, although from thee.
 Begot in sin, to die in shame,
 My life begun and ends the same :
 As err'd the sire, so err'd the son,
 And thou must punish both in one
 My crime seems worse to human view,
 But God must judge between us too !"

XIV.

He ceased—and stood with folded arms,
 On which the circling fetters sounded ;
 And not an ear but felt as wounded,
 Of all the chiefs that there were rank'd,
 When those dull chains in meeting clank'd :
 Till Parisina's fatal charms
 Again attracted every eye—
 Would she thus hear him doom'd to die !
 She stood, I said, all pale and still,
 The living cause of Hugo's ill :
 Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
 Not once had turn'd to either side—
 Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
 Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
 But round their orbs of deepest blue
 The circling white dilated grew—
 And there with glassy gaze she stood
 As ice were in her curdled blood ;
 But every now and then a tear
 So large and slowly gather'd slid
 From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
 It was a thing to see, not hear !
 And those who saw, it did surprise,
 Such drops could fall from human eyes.
 To speak she thought—the imperfect note
 Was choked within her swelling throat,
 Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
 Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
 It ceased—again she thought to speak
 Then burst her voice in one long shriek,

And to the earth she fell like stone
 Or statue from its base o'er thrown,
 More like a thing that ne'er had life,—
 A monument of Azo's wife,—
 Than her, that living guilty thing,
 Whose every passion was a sting,
 Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
 That guilt's detection and despair.
 But yet she lived—and all too soon
 Recover'd from that death-like swoon—
 But scarce to reason—every sense
 Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense ;
 And each frail fibre of her brain
 (As bowstrings, when relax'd by rain,
 The erring arrow launch aside)
 Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide—
 The past a blank, the future black,
 With glimpses of a dreary track,
 Like lightning on the desert path,
 When midnight storms are mustering wrath
 She fear'd—she felt that something ill
 Lay on her soul, so deep and chill—
 That there was sin and shame she knew ;
 That some one was to die—but who ?
 She had forgotten :—did she breathe ?
 Could this be still the earth beneath,
 The sky above, and men around ;
 Or where they fiends who now so frown'd
 On one, before whose eyes each eye
 Till then had smiled in sympathy ?
 All was confused and undefined
 To her all-jarr'd and wandering mind ;
 A chaos of wild hopes and fears :
 And now in laughter, now in tears,
 But badly still in each extreme,
 She strove with that convulsive dream ;
 For so it seem'd on her to break :
 Oh ! vainly must she strive to wake !

xv.

The Convent bells are ringing,
 But mournfully and slow ;
 In the grey square turret swinging,
 With a deep sound, to and fro.
 Heavily to the heart they go !
 Hark ! the hymn is singing—
 The song for the dead below,
 Or the living who shortly shall be so !
 For a departing being's soul
 The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll ;
 He is near his mortal goal ;

Kneeling at the friar's knee ;
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around
And the headman with his bare arm ready,
That the blow may be both swift and steady,
Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
Since he set its edge anew ;
While the crowd in a speechless circle gathe
To see the Son fall by the doom of the Fathe

XVI.

It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall set,
Which rose upon that heavy day,
And mock'd it with his steadiest ray ;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head,
As his last confession pouring
To the monk, his doom deploring
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents bless
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.
That high sun on his head did glisten
As he there did bow and listen—
And the rings of chestnut hair
Curl'd half down his neck so bare ;
But brighter still the beam was thrown
Upon the axe which near him shone
With a clear and ghastly glitter—
Oh ! that parting hour was bitter !
Even the stern stood chill'd with awe :
Dark the crime, and just the law—
Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

XVII.

The parting prayers are said and over
Of that false son—and daring lover !
His beads and sins are all recounted,
His hours to their last minute mounted —
His mantling cloak before was stripp'd,
His bright brown locks must now be clipp'd ;
'Tis done—all closely are they shorn—
The vest which till this moment worn—
The scarf which Parisina gave—
Must not adorn him to the grave.
Even that must now be thrown aside,
And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied ;
But no—that last indignity
Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.

All feelings seemingly subdued,
 In deep disdain were half renew'd,
 When headman's hands prepared to bind
 Those eyes which would not brook such blind ;
 As if they dared not look on death.
 "No—yours may forfeit blood and breath—
 These hands are chain'd—but let me die
 At least with an unshackled eye—
 Strike :"—and as the word he said,
 Upon the block he bow'd his head ;
 These the last accents Hugo spoke :
 " Strike :"—and flashing fell the stroke—
 Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk
 Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,
 In the dust, which each deep vein
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain :
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
 Convulsed and quick—then fixed for ever.
 He died as erring man should die,
 Without display, without parade
 Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
 As not disdainng priestly aid,
 Nor desperate of all hope on high.
 And while before the prior kneeling,
 His heart was wean'd from earthly feeling,
 His wrathful sire—his paramour—
 What were they in such an hour ?
 No more reproach—no more despair ;
 No thought but heaven—no word but prayer—
 Save the few which from him broke,
 When, bared to meet the headman's stroke,
 He claim'd to die with eyes unbound,
 His soul adieu to those around.

XVIII.

Still as the lips that closed in death,
 Each gazer's bosom held his breath :
 But yet, afar, from man to man,
 A cold electric shiver ran,
 As down the deadly blow descended
 On him whose life and love thus ended :
 And, with a hushing sound compress'd,
 A sigh shrunk back on every breast ;
 But no more thrilling noise rose there,
 Beyond the blow that to the block
 Pierced through with forced and sullen shock,
 Save one :—what cleaves the silent air
 So madly shrill—so passing wild ?
 That, as a mother's o'er her child,
 Done to death by sudden blow,

To the sky these accents go,
 Like a soul's in endless woe,
 Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,
 That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
 And every eye is turn'd thereon;
 But sound and sight alike are gone!
 It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er
 In madlier accents rose despair;
 And those who heard it, as it past,
 In mercy wish'd it were the last.

XIX.

Hugo is fallen; and, from that hour,
 No more in palace, hall, or bower,
 Was Parisina heard or seen:
 Her name—as if she ne'er had been—
 Was banish'd from each lip and ear,
 Like words of wantonness or fear;
 And from Prince Azo's voice, by none
 Was mention heard of wife or son;
 No tomb—no memory had they;
 Their's was unconsecrated clay;
 At least the knight's who died that day.
 But Parisina's fate lies hid
 Like dust beneath the coffin lid:
 Whether in convent she abode,
 And won to heaven her dreary road,
 By blighted and remorseful years
 Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears;
 Or if she fell by bowl or steel,
 For that dark love she dared to feel:
 Or if, upon the moment smote,
 She died by tortures less remote;
 Like him she saw upon the block,
 With heart that shared the headman's shock,
 In quicken'd brokenness that came,
 In pity, o'er her shatter'd frame,
 None knew—and none can ever know:
 But whatsoever its end below,
 Her life began and closed in woe!

XX.

And Azo found another bride,
 And goodly sons grew by his side:
 But none so lovely and so brave
 As him who wither'd in the grave;
 Or if they were—on his cold eye
 Their growth but glanced unheeded by,
 Or noticed with a smother'd sigh.
 But never tear his cheek descended,
 And never smile his brow unbended;

And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
 The intersected lines of thought ;
 Those furrows which the burning share
 Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there ;
 Scars of the lacerating mind
 Which the Soul's war doth leave behind.
 He was past all mirth or woe :
 Nothing more remained below
 But sleepless nights and heavy days,
 A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
 A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet
 That would not yield—nor could forget.
 Which, when it least appear'd to melt,
 Intently thought—intensely felt :
 The deepest ice which ever froze
 Can only o'er the surface close—
 The living stream lies quick below,
 And flows—and cannot cease to flow.
 Still was his seal'd-up bosom haunted
 By thoughts which Nature hath implanted ;
 Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,
 Howe'er our stifled fears we banish
 When, struggling as they rise to start,
 We check those waters of the heart.
 They are not dried—those tears unshed
 But flow back to the fountain head,
 And resting in their spring more pure,
 For ever in its depth endure,
 Unseen, unwept, but uncongeal'd,
 And cherish'd most where least reveal'd
 With inward starts of feeling left,
 To throb o'er those of life bereft ;
 Without the power to fill again
 The desert gap which made his pain :
 Without the hope to meet them where
 United souls shall gladness share,
 With all the consciousness that he
 Had only pass'd a just decree ;
 That they had wrought their doom of ill,
 Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
 The tainted branches of the tree,
 If lopp'd with care, a strength may give,
 By which the rest shall bloom and live
 All greenly fresh and wildly free :
 But if the lightning, in its wrath,
 The waving boughs with fury scathe,
 The massy trunk the ruin feels,
 And never more a leaf reveals.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON;'

A FABLE.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard !—May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,²
As men's have grown from sudden fears :
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare :
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place

We were seven—who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finish'd as they had begun,
 Proud of persecution's rage ;
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have seal'd :
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied ;
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns, massy and grey,
 Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain ;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score,
 When my last brother droop'd and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet, each alone ;
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight ;
 And thus together—yet apart,
 Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope or legend old
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.

Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free
 As they of yore were wont to be:
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do—and did my best—
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
 For him my soul was sorely moved:
 And truly might it be distress'd
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day—
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles being free)—
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But form'd to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank
 With joy:—but not in chains to pine:
 His spirit wither'd with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline—
 And so perchance in sooth did mine;
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,³
 Which round about the wave enthrals
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd :
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high
 And wanton in the happy sky ;
 And then the very rock hath rock'd,
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food ;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care :
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captive's tears
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow mer
 Like brutes within an iron den ;
 But what were these to us or him ?
 These wasted not his heart or limb ;
 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side ;
 But why delay the truth ?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave
 I begg'd them as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day

Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was wither'd on the stalk away.
 Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood:—
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of sin delirious with its dread:
 But these were horrors—this was woe
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray—
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur—not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence—lost
 In this last loss, of all the most;

And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
 I listen'd, but I could not hear—
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished;
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,
 And rush'd to him :—I found him not,
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,
 I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew,
 The last—the sole—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why

I could not die,

I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey
 It was not night—it was not day,
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place;
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track,
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 A song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me !
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I knew not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise ;
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile ;
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me ;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud.
 A single cloud on a sunny day
 While all the rest of heaven is clear
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They wære inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was:—my broken chain
 With link unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part:
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk began,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all,
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child—no sire—no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down
 And then there was a little isle,⁴
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view;
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,

But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all ;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As ~~then~~ to me he seem'd to fly,
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count—I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote,
 At last men came to set me free,
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where.
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be
 I learn'd to love despair.
 And thus when they appear'd at last
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own !
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home :
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade.
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are ;—even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.⁵

MANFRED:

A DRAMATIC POEM.¹

"There are more things in heaven and earth, *Hosetio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANFRED.	WITCH OF THE ALPS.
CHAMOIS HUNTER.	ARIMANES.
ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.	NEMESIS.
MANUEL.	THE DESTINIES.
HERMAN.	SPIRITS, &c.

*The scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—partly
in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Mountains.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

MANFRED *alone*—*Scene, a Gothic Gallery—Time,
Midnight.*

Man. THE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then
will not burn so long as I must watch:
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not: in *my* heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within; and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing men.
But grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself—
But they avail not: I have done men good,
And I have met with good ev'n among men—
But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—
But this avail'd not:—Good, or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,

Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
 Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,
 And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
 Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
 Or lurking love of something on the earth.—
 Now to my task.—

Mysterious Agency!

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!
 Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—
 Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
 In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
 Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
 And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
 I call upon ye by the written charm
 Which gives me power upon you——Rise! appear!
[A pause.]

They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
 Who is the first among you—by this sign,
 Which makes you tremble—by the claims of him
 Who is undying,—Rise! appear!—Appear!

If it be so.—Spirits of earth and air,
 Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
 Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
 Which had its birthplace in a star condemn'd,
 The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
 A wandering hell in the eternal space;
 By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
 The thought which is within me and around me,
 I do compel ye to my will.—Appear!

*[A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery: it is
 stationary; and a voice is heard singing.]*

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,
 From my mansion in the cloud,
 Which the breath of twilight builds,
 And the summer's sunset gilds
 With the azure and vermilion,
 Which is mix'd for my pavilion;
 Though thy quest may be forbidden,
 On a star-beam I have ridden;
 To thine adjuration bow'd,
 Mortal—by thy wish avow'd!

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains:
 They crown'd him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.

Around his waist are forests braced,
 The Avalanche in his hand ;
 But ere it fall, that thundering ball
 Must pause for my command.
 The Glacier's cold and restless mass
 Moves onward day by day ;
 But I am he who bids it pass,
 Or with its ice delay.
 I am the spirit of the place,
 Could make the mountain bow
 And quiver to his cavern'd base—
 And what with me wouldst *Thou* ?

Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,
 Where the wave hath no strife,
 Where the wind is a stranger,
 And the sea-snake hath life,
 Where the Mermaid is decking
 Her green hair with shells ;
 Like the storm on the surface
 Came the sound of thy spells
 O'er my calm Hall of Coral
 The deep echo roll'd—
 To the Spirit of Ocean
 Thy wishes unfold

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
 Lies pillow'd on fire,
 And the lakes of bitumen
 Rise boilingly higher ;
 Where the roots of the Andes
 Strike deep in the earth,
 As their summits to heaven
 Shoot soaringly forth ;
 I have quitted my birthplace,
 Thy bidding to bide—
 Thy spell hath subdued me,
 Thy will be my guide !

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,
 The Stirrer of the storm ;
 The hurricane I left behind
 Is yet with lightning warm ;
 To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
 I swept upon the blast :
 The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet
 'Twill sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
Why doth thy magic torture me with light?

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:
It was a world as fresh and fair
As e'er revolved round sun and air;
Its course was free and regular,
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
The hour arrived—and it became
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet, and a curse
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky!
And thou! beneath its influence born—
Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn—
Forced by a power (which is not thine,
And lent thee but to make thee mine)
For this brief moment to descend,
Where these weak spirits round thee bend
And parley with a thing like thee—
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with me?

The SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Arc at thy beck and bidding, Child of clay!
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?

Man. Forgetfulness—

First Spirit. Of what—of whom—and why?

Man. Of that which is within me: read it there—
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

Spirit. We can but give thee that which we possess:
Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign
Which shall control the elements, whereof
We are the dominators, each and all,
These shall be thine.

Man. Oblivion, self-oblivion—
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

Spirit. It is not in our essence, in our skill;
But—thou may'st die.

Man. Will death bestow it on me?

Spirit. We are immortal, and do not forget;
We are eternal: and to us the past
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answer'd?

Man. Ye mock me—but the power which brought ye here
Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will!
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
The lightning of my being, is as bright,
Pervading, and far-darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in clay!
Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

Spirit. We answer as we answer'd; our reply
Is ev'n in thine own words.

Man. Why say ye so?

Spirit. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

Man. I then have call'd ye from your realms in vain;
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

Spirit. Say;
What we possess we offer; it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days—

Man. Accursed! what have I to do with days?
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

Spirit. Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee
service:

Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

Man. No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we part—
I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
As music on the waters; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

Spirit. We have no forms beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

Man. I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

Seventh Spirit. (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful
female figure.*) Behold!

Man. Oh God! if it be thus, and thou
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,
And we again will be— [The figure vanishes.

My heart is crush'd!

[MANFRED falls senseless.

*(A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.)*³

When the moon is on the wave,
 And the glow-worm in the grass,
 And the meteor on the grave,
 And the wisp on the morass ;
 When the falling stars are shooting,
 And the answer'd owls are hooting,
 And the silent leaves are still
 In the shadow of the hill,
 Shall my soul be upon thine,
 With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
 Yet thy spirit shall not sleep ;
 There are shades which will not vanish,
 There are thoughts thou canst not banish ;
 By a power to thee unknown,
 Thou canst never be alone ;
 Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
 Thou art gather'd in a cloud ;
 And for ever shalt thou dwell
 In the spirit of this spell.
 Though thou seest me not pass by,
 Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
 As a thing that, though unseen,
 Must be near thee, and hath been
 And when in that secret dread
 Thou hast turn'd around thy head,
 Thou shalt marvel I am not
 As thy shadow on the spot,
 And the power which thou dost feel
 Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
 Hath baptized thee with a curse ;
 And a spirit of the air
 Hath begirt thee with a snare ;
 In the wind there is a voice
 Shall forbid thee to rejoice :
 And to thee shall Night deny
 All the quiet of her sky ;
 And the day shall have a sun,
 Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
 An essence which hath strength to kill ;
 From thy own heart I then did wring
 The black blood in its blackest spring ;
 From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
 For there it coil'd as in a brake ;

From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm ;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy ;
By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart ;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee ! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell !

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial ;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny ;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear :
Lo ! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee ;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither !

SCENE II.

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—MAN-
FRED alone upon the Cliffs.*

Man. The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me ;
I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search—My mother Earth !
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,
Why are ye beautiful ? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance : when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause ?

I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge ;
 I see the peril—yet do not recede ;
 And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm :
 There is a power upon me which withholds,
 And makes it my fatality to live ;
 If it be life to wear within myself
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be
 My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
 To justify my deeds unto myself—
 The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
 Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets ; thou art gone
 Where the eye cannot follow thee ; but thine
 Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
 With a pervading vision.—Beautiful !
 How beautiful is all this visible world !
 How glorious in its action and itself !
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will,
 Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are—what they name not to themselves,
 And trust not to each other. Hark ! the note,

[*The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*

The natural music of the mountain reed—
 For here the patriarchal days are not
 A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
 Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd ;
 My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me !

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Chamois Hunter.

Even so

This way the chamois leapt : her nimble feet
 Have baffled me ; my gains to-day will scarce
 Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here ?
 Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd
 A height which none ev'n of our mountaineers,
 Save our best hunters, may attain : his garb
 Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
 Proud as a freeborn peasant's, at this distance.—
 I will approach him nearer.

Man. (not perceiving the other). To be thus—

Grey-hair'd with anguish,³ like these blasted pines,
 Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
 A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
 Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
 And to be thus, eternally but thus,
 Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er
 With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years
 And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
 Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!
 Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
 In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
 I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
 Crash with a frequent conflict;⁵ but ye pass,
 And only fall on things that still would live;
 On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
 And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hun. The mists begin to rise from up the valley.
 I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
 To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
 Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
 Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,
 Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
 Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy.⁶

C. Hun. I must approach him cautiously; if near,
 A sudden step will startle him, and he
 Seems tottering already.

Man. Mountains have fallen,
 Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
 Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
 The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;
 Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
 Which crush'd the waters into mist, and maid
 Their fountains find another channel—thus,
 Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
 Why stood I not beneath it?

C. Hun. Friend! have a care,
 Your next step may be fatal!—for the love
 Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

Man. (not hearing him). Such would have been for
 me a fitting tomb;

My bones had then been quiet in their depth;
 They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
 For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—
 In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens!
 Look not upon me thus reproachfully—

Ye were not meant for me—Earth! take these atoms!

[*As MANFRED is in the act to spring from the cliff
 the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and retains him
 with a sudden grasp.*]

C. Hun. Hold, madman!—though weary of thy life,

Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood—
 Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
 I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
 Spinning around me—I am blind—What art thou?

C. Hun. I'll answer that anon.—Away with me—
 The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—
 Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
 A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,
 And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
 The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour—
 Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
 And something like a pathway, which the torrent
 Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done—
 You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

[As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER.

C. Hun. No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go
 forth :

Thy mind and body are alike unfit
 To trust each other, for some hours; at least ;
 When thou art better, I will be thy guide—
 But whither ?

Man. It imports not : I do know
 My route full well, and need no further guidance.

C. Hun. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage—
 One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags
 Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these
 May call thee lord ? I only know their portals ;
 My way of life leads me but rarely down
 To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,
 Carousing with the vassals ; but the paths,
 Which step from out our mountains to their doors,
 I know from childhood—which of these is thine ?

Man. No matter.

C. Hun. Well, sir, pardon me the question,
 And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine ;
 'Tis of an ancient vintage : many a day
 'T has thaw'd my veins among our glaciers, now
 Let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge me fairly.

Man. Away, away ! there's blood upon the brim
 Will it then never—never sink in the earth ?

C. Hun. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

Man. I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure warm stream

Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed: but still it rises up,
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,
Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

C. Hun. Man of strange words, and some half-madden-
ing sin,

Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

Man. Patience and patience! Hence—that word was
made

For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.

C. Hun. Thanks to heaven!

I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

Man. Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

C. Hun. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

Man. I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing now
To those which I must number: ages—ages—
Space and eternity—and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslacked!

C. Hun. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Had scarce been set: I am thine elder far.

Man. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?

It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. Hun. Alas! he's mad—but yet I must not leave him.

Man. I would I were—for then the things I see
Would be but a distemper'd dream.

C. Hun. What is it

That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

Man. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;

Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,
 By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
 Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
 With cross and garland over its green turf,
 And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;
 This do I see—and then I look within—
 It matters not—my soul was scorch'd already!

● *C. Hun.* And would'st thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

Man. No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange
 My lot with living being: I can bear—
 However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—
 In life what others could not brook to dream,
 But perish in their slumber.

C. Hun. And with this—
 This cautious feeling for another's pain,
 Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so,
 Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge
 Upon his enemies?

Man. Oh! no, no, no!
 My injuries came down on those who loved me—
 On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd
 An enemy, save in my just defence—
 But my embrace was fatal.

C. Hun. Heaven give thee rest!
 And penitence restore thee to thyself;
 My prayers shall be for thee.

Man. I need them not,
 But can endure thy pity. I depart—
 'Tis time—farewell!—Here's gold, and thanks for thee—
 No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—
 I know my path—the mountain peril's past:—
 And once again, I charge thee, follow not!

[Exit MANFRED.]

SCENE II.

A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays⁷ still arch
 The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
 And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
 O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
 And fling its lines of foaming light along,
 And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
 The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
 As told in the Apocalypse.⁸ No eyes
 But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
 I should be sole in this sweet solitude,

And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

[MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it in the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth, embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

Witch.

Son of Earth!

I know thee, and the powers which give thee power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
I have expected this—what would'st thou with me?

Man. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.

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

Witch.

What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

Man.

A boon;

But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

Witch. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

Man. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;

The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
 The aim of their existence was not mine;
 My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
 Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
 I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
 Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
 Was there but one who——but of her anon.
 I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
 I held but slight communion; but instead,
 My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe
 The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
 Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
 Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
 Into the torrent, and to roll along
 On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
 Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
 In these my early strength exulted; or
 To follow through the night the moving moon,
 The stars and their development; or catch
 The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
 Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
 While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
 These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
 For if the beings of whom I was one,—
 Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
 I felt myself degraded back to them,
 And was all clay again. And then I dived,
 In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
 Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
 From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,
 Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
 The nights of years in sciences untaught,
 Save in the old time; and with time and toil,
 And terrible ordeal, and such penance
 As in itself hath power upon the air,
 And spirits that do compass air and earth,
 Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
 Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
 Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
 He who from out their fountain dwellings reised
 Eros and Anteros⁹, at Gadara,
 As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
 The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
 Of this most bright intelligence, until,——

Witch. Proceed.

Man. Oh! I but thus prolong'd my words,
 Boasting these idle attributes, because
 As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
 But to my task. I have not named to thee
 Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being.

With whom I wore the chain of human ties ;
 If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—
 Yet there was one—

Witch. Spare not thyself—proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
 Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
 Ev'n of her voice, they said were like to mine ;
 But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty :
 She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
 The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
 To comprehend the universe : nor these
 Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
 Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not ;
 And tenderness—but that I had for her ;
 Humility—and that I never had.
 Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
 I loved her, and destroy'd her !

Witch. With thy hand ?

Man. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her
 heart—

It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
 Blood, but not her's—and yet her blood was shed—
 I saw—and could not stanch it.

Witch. And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,
 The order which thine own would rise above,
 Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego
 The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back
 To recreant mortality—Away !

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

My long pursued and superhuman art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair,
And live—and live for ever.

Witch. It may be
That I can aid thee.

Man. To do this thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last.

Witch. That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

Man. I will not swear—Obey! and whom? the spirits
Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

Witch. Is this all?
Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink thee,
And pause ere thou rejectest.

Man. I have said it.

Witch. Enough!—I may retire then—say!

Man.

Retire!

[*The WITCH disappears.*]

Man. (alone.) We are the fools of time and terror: **Days**
Steal on us and steal from us: yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in aid
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Evocators to compel
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.¹⁰

If I had never lived, that which I love
 Had still been living; had I never loved,
 That which I love would still be beautiful—
 Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
 What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
 A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
 Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
 Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
 Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
 On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
 And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart.
 But I can act ev'n what I most abhor,
 And champion human fears.—The night approaches.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.**Enter FIRST DESTINY.*

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;
 And here on snows, where never human foot
 Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
 And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
 The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
 We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
 The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
 Frozen in a moment¹¹—a dead whirlpool's image:
 And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
 The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds
 Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
 Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;
 Here do I wait my sisters, on our way
 To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night
 Is our great festival—'tis strange they come not.

A Voice without, singing.

The Captive Usurper,
 Hurl'd down from the throne.
 Lay buried in torpor,
 Forgotten and lone;
 I broke through his slumbers,
 I shiver'd his chain,
 I leagu'd him with numbers—
 He's Tyrant again!
 With the blood of a million he'll answer my care
 With a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

Second Voice, without.

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
 But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;

There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
 And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;
 Save one, whom I held, as to swam, by the hair,
 And he was a subject well worthy my care;
 A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
 But I saved him to wreck further havoc for me!

FIRST DESTINY, *answering.*

The city lies sleeping;
 The morn, to deplore it,
 May dawn on it weeping:
 Sullenly, slowly,
 The black plague flew o'er it—
 Thousands lie lowly:
 Tens of thousands shall perish—
 The living shall fly from
 The sick they shall cherish;
 But nothing can vanquish
 The touch that they die from.
 Sorrow and anguish,
 And evil and dread,
 Envelope a nation—
 The blest are the dead,
 Who see not the sight
 Of their own desolation.—
 This work of a night—
 This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing—
 For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.

The Three.

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
 Our footsteps are their graves;
 We only give to take again
 The spirits of our slaves!

First Des. Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

Second Des. At some great work;

But what I know not, for my hands were full.

Third Des. Behold, she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

First Des. Say, where hast thou been?

My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

Nem. I was detain'd repairing shatter'd thrones,
 Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
 Avenging men upon their enemies,
 And making them repent their own revenge;
 Goading the wise to madness; from the dull

Shaping out oracles to rule the world
 Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
 And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
 To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
 Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!
 We have outstay'd the hour—mount we our clouds!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe
 of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

Hymn of the SPIRITS.

Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air!
 Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
 The sceptre of the elements, which tear
 Themselves to chaos at his high command!
 He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea;
 He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder;
 He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee;
 He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.
 Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
 His shadow is the Pestilence; his path
 The comet's herald through the crackling skies;
 And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.
 To him War offers daily sacrifice;
 To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his,
 With all its infinite of agonies—
 And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.

First Des. Glory to Arimanes! on the earth
 His power increaseth—both my sisters did
 His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

Second Des. Glory to Arimanes! we who bow
 The necks of men, bow down before his throne!

Third Des. Glory to Arimanes! we await
 His nod!

Nem. Sovereign of Sovereigns! we are thine,
 And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,
 And most things wholly so; still to increase
 Our power, increasing thine, demands our care,
 And we are vigilant—Thy late commands
 Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

A Spirit. What is here?
 A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
 Bow down and worship!

Second Spirit. I do know the man—
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

Third Spirit. Bow down and worship, slave!—
What know'st thou not

Thine and our Sovereign?—Tremble, and obey!

All the Spirits. Prostrate thyself, and thy condemned
clay,

Child of the earth! or dread the worst.

Man.

I know it;

And yet ye see I kneel not.

Fourth Spirit.

'Twill be taught thee.

Man. 'Tis taught already;—many a night on the earth,
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known
The fulness of humiliation, for
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
To my own desolation.

Fifth Spirit.

Dost thou dare

Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
What the whole earth accords, beholding not
The terror of his Glory?—Crouch! I say,

Man. Bid him bow down to that which is above him,
The overruling Infinite—the Maker
Who made him not for worship—let him kneel,
And we will kneel together.

The Spirits.

Crush the worm!

Tear him in pieces.—

First Des. Hence! Avaunt!—he's mine.

Prince of the Powers invisible! This man
Is of no common order, as his port
And presence here denote; his sufferings
Have been of an immortal nature, like
Our own; his knowledge and his powers and will,
As far as is compatible with clay,
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been such
As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him what we know—
That knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
This is not all—the passions, attributes
Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor being,
Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,
Have pierced his heart; and in their consequence
Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,
And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,
No other Spirit in this region hath
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

Nem. What doth he here then ?

First Des. Let him answer that.

Man. Ye know what I have known; and without power
I could not be amongst ye : but there are
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

Nem. What would'st thou ?

Man. Thou canst not reply to me.
Call up the dead—my question is for them.

Nem. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal ?

Ari Yea.

Nem. Whom would'st thou
Uncharnel ?

Man. One without a tomb—call up
Astarte.

NEMESIS.

Shadow ! or Spirit !
Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay
Which retur'd to the earth,
Re-appear to the day !
Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worest
Redeem from the worm
Appear !—Appear !—Appear !
Who sent thee there requires thee here !
[*The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands
in the midst.*]

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

NEMESIS.

By the power which hath broken
The grave which enthral'd thee,
Speak to him who hath spoken,
Or those who have call'd thee !

Man. She is silent,
And in that silence I am more than answer'd.

Nem. My power extends no further Prince of air !

t rests with thee alone—command he. voice.

Ari. Spirit—obey the sceptre!

Nem.

Silent still!

She is not of our order, but belongs
To other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
And we are baffled also.

Man.

Hear me, near me—

Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
I have so much endured—so much endure—
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee **more**
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee; we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved,
Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—And that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest,
I know not what I ask, nor what I see
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
For I have called on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
I reckon not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once—once more!

Phantom of Astarte. Manfred!

Man.

Say on, say on—

I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

Phan. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ill.
Farewell!

Man. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

Phan. Farewell!

Man.

Say, shall we meet again?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me

Phan. Manfred !

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*¹³

Nem. She's gone, and will not be recall'd ;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A Spirit. He is convulsed—This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality.

Another Spirit. Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and
makes

His torture tributary to his will.

Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.

Nem. Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers ?

Man. None.

Nem. Then for a time farewell.

Man. We meet then ! Where ? On the earth ?—
Ev'n as thou wilt : and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well !

[*Exit MANFRED.*

(*Scene closes.*)

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Man. What is the hour ?

Her. It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight.

Man. Say,
Are all things so disposed of in the tower
As I directed ?

Her. All, my lord, are ready :
Here is the key and casket.

Man. It is well :

Thou may'st retire. [Exit HERMAN

Man. (*alone*). There is a calm upon me—
Inexplicable stillness ! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.
If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The mercest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though but once
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
And I within my tablets would note down
That there is such a feeling. Who is there ?

Re-enter HERMAN.

Her. My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

Abbot. Peace be with Count Manfred!

Man. Thanks holy father! welcome to these walls;
Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

Abbot. Would it were so, Count!—
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

Man. Herman, retire.—What would my reverend guest?

Abbot. Thus, without prelude:—Age and zeal, my office,
And good intent, must plead my privilege;
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries: may he who bears it now
Transmit it unimpair'd!

Man. Proceed,—I listen.

Abbot. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man;
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

Man. And what are they who do avouch these things?

Abbot. My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—
Ev'n thy own vassals—who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

Man. Take it.

Abbot. I come to save, and not destroy—
I would not pry into thy secret soul;
But if these things be sooth, there still is time
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the church to heaven.

Man. I hear thee. This is my reply: whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd
Against your ordinances? prove and punish:

Abbot. My son! I did not speak of punishment,
But penitence and pardon;—with thyself
The choice of such remains—and for the last,
Our institutions and our strong belief
Hath given me power to smooth the path from sin

To higher hope and better thoughts; the first
I leave to heaven,—“Vengeance is mine alone!”
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
His servant echoes back the awful word.

Man. Old man! there is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.

Abbot. All this is well;
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
With calm assurance to that blessed place,
Which all who seek may win, whatever be
Their earthly errors, so they be atoned:
And the commencement of atonement is
The sense of its necessity.—Say on—
And all our church can teach thee shall be taught;
And all we can absolve thee shall be pardon'd.

Man. When Rome's sixth emperor¹³ was near his last
The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
To shun the torments of a public death
From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier,
With show of loyal pity, would have staunch'd
The gushing throat with his officious robe;
The dying Roman thrust him back, and said—
Some empire still in his expiring glance,
“It is too late—is this fidelity?”

Abbot. And what of this?

Man. I answer with the Roman—
“It is to late!”

Abbot. It never can be so,
To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,
And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no hope?
'Tis strange—ev'n those who do despair above,
Yet shape themselves some fantasy on earth,
To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

Man. Ah—father! I have had those earthly visions
And noble aspirations in my youth,
To make my own the mind of other men,
The enlightener of nations; and to rise
knew not whether—it might be to fall;

But fall, ev'n as the mountain-cataract,
Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,
Ev'n in the foaming strength of its abyss,
(Which cast up misty columns that become
Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,)
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,
My thoughts mistook themselves.

Abbot. And wherefore so?

Man. I could not tame my nature down; for he
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and sue—
And watch all time—and pry into all place—
And be a living lie—who would become
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such
The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with
A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves.
The lion is alone, and so am I.

Abbot. And why not live and act with other men?

Man. Because my nature was averse from life;
And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
But find a desolation: like the wind,
The red-hot breath of the most lone simoom,
Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast,
And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
But being met is deadly! such hath been
The course of my existence; but there came
Things in my path which are no more.

Abbot.

Alas!

I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid
From me and from my calling; yet so young,
I still would—

Man. Look on me! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—¹⁴
And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are number'd in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me! for ev'n of all these things
Have I partaken; and of all these things,
One were enough; then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

Abbot. Yet, hear me still—

Man. Old man! I do respect

Thine order, and revere thy years; I deem
 Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:
 Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,
 Far more than me, in shunning at this time
 All further colloquy—and so—Farewell!¹⁵

[Exit MANFRED.]

Abbot. This should have been a nobler creature:¹⁶ he
 Hath all the energy which would have made
 A goodly frame of glorious elements,
 Had they been wisely mingled; as it is
 It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
 And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
 Mix'd and contending without end or order,
 All dormant or destructive: he will perish,
 And yet he must not; I will try once more,
 For such are worth redemption; and my duty
 Is to dare all things for a righteous end.
 I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely.

[Exit ABBOT.]

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Her. My lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset;
 He sinks behind the mountain.

Man. Doth he so?
 I will look on him.

[MANFRED advances to the Window of the Hall.]

Glorious orb! the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race
 Of undiscased mankind, the giant sons¹⁷
 Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
 More beautiful than they, which did draw down
 The erring spirits who can ne'er return.—
 Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
 The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
 Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
 Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
 Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
 Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!
 And representative of the Unknown—
 Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!
 Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
 Endurable, and temperest the hues
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
 Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
 And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
 Even as our outward aspects:—thou dost rise,
 And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!

I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look : thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gift of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone ;
I follow.

[Exit MANFRED.]

SCENE III.

*The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at some distance—
A Terrace before a Tower.—Time, Twilight.*

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants of MANFRED.

Her. 'Tis strange enough ; night after night, for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness I have been within it,—
So have we all been oftines ; but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter ; I would give
The fee of what i have to come these three years,
To pore upon its mysteries.

Manuel. 'Twere dangerous ;
Content thyself with what thou know'st already.

Her. Ah ! Manuel ! thou art elderly and wise,
And could'st say much ; thou hast dwelt within the castle—
How many years is't ?

Manuel. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

Her. There be more sons in like predicament.
Eut whercin do they differ ?

Manuel. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and habits ;
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and free,—
A warrior and a reveller ; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day ; he did not walk the rocks
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
I from men and their delights.

Her. Beshrew the hour,
But those were jocund times ! I would that such
Would visit the old walls again ; they look
As if they had forgotten them.

Manuel. These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh ! I have seen
Some strange things in them, Herman.

Her. Come, be friendly ;
Relate me some to while away our watch ;

I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happen'd hereabouts, in this same tower.

Manuel. That was a night indeed! I do remember
'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening:—yon red cloud, which rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—
So like that it might be the same; the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,
How occupied we know not, but with him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
The Lady Astarte, his——

Hush! who come here?

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot. Where is your master?

Her. Yonder, in the tower.

Abbot. I must speak with him.

Manuel. 'Tis impossible;
He is most private, and must not be thus
Intruded on.

Abbot. Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—
But I must see him.

Her. Thou hast seen him once
This eve already.

Abbot. Herman! I command thee,
Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach.

Her. We dare not.

Abbot. Then it seems I must be herald
Of my own purpose.

Manuel. Reverend father, stop—
I pray you pause.

Abbot. Why so?

Manuel. But step this way,
And I will tell you further. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Interior of the Tower.

MANFRED *alone.*

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face

Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,
 I learn'd the language of another world.
 I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering,—upon such a night
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,¹⁸
 Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
 The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber ; and
 More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
 Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—
 But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries !
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old !—
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns.—

'Twas such a night !

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time ;
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
 Ev'n at the moment when they should array
 Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot

My good lord !

I crave a second grace for this approach ;
 But yet let not my humble zeal offend
 By its abruptness—all it hath of ill
 Recoils on me ; its good in the effect
 May light upon your head—could I say *heart*—

Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should
 Recall a noble spirit which hath wander'd ;
 But is not yet all lost.

Man. Thou know'st me not ;
 My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded :
 Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away !

Abbot. Thou dost not mean to menace me ?

Man. Not I ;
 I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
 And would preserve thee.

Abbot. What dost mean

Man, Look there
 What dost thou see ?

Abbot. Nothing.

Man. Look there, I say,
 And stedfastly ;—now tell me what thou seest.

Abbot. That which should shake me,—but I fear it
 not—

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
 Like an infernal god, from out the earth ;
 His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
 Robed as with angry clouds : he stands between
 Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

Man. Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee—but
 His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.
 I say to thee—Retire !

Abbot. And I reply—
 Never—till I have battled with this fiend :—
 What doth he here ?

Man. Why—ay—what doth he here ?
 I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

Abbot. Alas ! lost mortal ! what with guests like these
 Hast thou to do ? I tremble for thy sake :
 Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him ?
 Ah ! he unveils his aspect : on his brow
 The thunder-scars are graven ; from his eye
 Glares forth the immortality of hell—
 Avaunt !—

Man. Pronounce—what is thy mission ?

Spirit. Come !

Abbot. What art thou, unknown being ? answer ! —
 speak !

Spirit. The genius of this mortal.—Come ! 'tis time,

Man. I am prepared for all things, but deny
 The power which summons me. Who sent thee here ?

Spirit. Thou'lt know anon—Come ! come !

Man. I have commanded
 Things of an essence greater far than thine,
 And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence !

Spirit. Mortal ! thine hour is come—Away ! I say.

Man. I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee :
Away ! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

Spirit. Then I must summon up my brethren.—Rise !

[*Other Spirits rise up.*]

Abbot. Avaunt ! ye evil ones !—Avaunt ! I say,—
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name——

Spirit. Old man !

We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order ;
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
It were in vain : this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him—Away ! away !

Man. I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye ;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits ; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

Spirit. Reluctant mortal !

Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal ?—Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life ? the very life
Which made thee wretched !

Man. Thou false fiend, thou liest !

My life is in its last hour,—*that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour ;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels ; my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
But by superior science—penance—daring—
And length of watching—strength of mind—and skill
In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy : I stand
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—
Spurn back, and scorn ye !—

Spirit. But thy many crimes

Have made thee——

Man. What are they to such as thee ?

Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
And greater criminals ?—Back to thy hell !
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel ;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know :
What I have done is done ; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from *thine* :
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end—

And its own place and time—its innate sense,
 When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
 No colour from the fleeting things without;
 But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
 Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;
 I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—
 But was my own destroyer, and will be
 My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!
 The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

[*The Demons disappear.*]

Abbot. Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are white—
 And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat
 The accents rattle—Give thy prayers to Heaven—
 Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus.

Man. 'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not;
 But all things swim around me, and the earth
 Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well—
 Give me thy hand.

Abbot. Cold—cold—ev'n to the heart—
 But yet one prayer—Alas! how fares it with thee?

Man. Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.

[*MANFRED expires.*]

Abbot. He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless
 flight—
 Wither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

CAIN.

A MYSTERY.

' Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the LORD GOD had made.'—*Gen.* ch. iii. ver. 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.—ADAM. *Women.*—EVE.
 CAIN. ADAH.
 ABEL. ZILLAH.
Spirits.—ANGEL OF THE LORD
 LUCIFER.

PREFACE.

THE following scenes are entitled "A Mystery," in conformity with the ancient title annexed to dramas upon similar subjects, which were styled "Mysteries, or Moralities." The author has by no means taken the same liberties with his subject which were common formerly, as may be seen by any reader curious enough to refer to those very profane productions, whether in English, French, Italian or Spanish. The author has endeavoured to preserve the language adapted to his characters; and where it is (and this is but rarely) taken from actual *Scripture*, he has made as little alteration, even of words, as the rhythm would permit. The reader will recollect that the book of *Genesis* does not state that Eve was tempted by a demon, but by "the Serpent;" and that only because he was "the most subtil of all the beasts of the field." Whatever interpretation the Rabbins and the Fathers may have put upon this, I take the words as I find them, and reply, with Bishop Watson upon similar occasions, when the Fathers were quoted to him, as Moderator in the schools of Cambridge "Behold the Book!"—holding up the *Scripture*. It is to be recollected that my present subject has nothing to do with the *New Testament*, to which no reference can be here made without anachronism. With the poems upon similar topics I have not been recently familiar. Since I was twenty, I have never read Milton; but I had read him so frequently before, that this may make little difference. Gesner's "Death of Abel" I have never read since I was eight years of age, at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is delight; but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thirza: in the following pages I have called them "Adah" and "Zillah," the earliest female names which occur in *Genesis*; they were those of Lamech's wives: those of Cain

and Abel are not called by their names. Whether, then, a coincidence of subject may have caused the same in expression, I know nothing, and care as little.

The reader will please to bear in mind (what few choose to recollect), that there is no allusion to a future state in any of the books of Moses, nor indeed in the Old Testament.¹ For a reason for this extraordinary omission he may consult Warburton's "Divine Legation;" whether satisfactory or not, no better has yet been assigned. I have therefore supposed it new to Cain, without, I hope, any perversion of Holy Writ.

With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness.

If he disclaims having tempted Eve in the shape of the Serpent, it is only because the book of Genesis has not the most distant allusion to any thing of the kind, but merely to the Serpent in his serpentine capacity.

Note.—The reader will perceive that the author has partly adopted in this poem the notion of Cuvier, that the world had been destroyed several times before the creation of man. This speculation, derived from the different strata and the bones of enormous and unknown animals found in them, is not contrary to the Mosaic account, but rather confirms it; as no human bones have yet been discovered in those strata, although those of many known animals are found near the remains of the unknown. The assertion of Lucifer, that the pre-Adamite world was also peopled by rational beings much more intelligent than man, and proportionably powerful to the mammoth, &c &c. is, of course, a poetical fiction to help him to make out his case.

I ought to add, that there is a "tramelogedia" of Alfieri, called "Abele."—I have never read that, nor any other of the posthumous works of the writer, except his Life.

Ravenna, Sept. 20, 1821.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Land without Paradise.—Time, Sunrise.

ADAM, EVE, CAIN, ABEL, ADAH, ZILLAH, offering a Sacrifice.

Adam. God, the Eternal! Infinite! All-wise!
Who out of darkness on the deep didst make
Light on the waters with a word—all hail!
Jehovah, with returning light, all hail!

Eve. God! who didst name the day, and separate
Morning from night, till then divided never—
Who didst divide the wave from wave, and call
Part of thy work the firmament—all hail!

Abel. God! who didst call the elements into
Earth—ocean—air—and fire, and with the day
And night, the worlds, which these illuminate,

Or shadow, madest beings to enjoy them,
And love both them and thee—All hail! all hail!

Adah. God, the eternal! Parent of all things!
Who didst create these best and beauteous beings,
To be beloved, more than all, save thee—
Let me love thee and them:—All hail! all hail!

Zillah. Oh, God! who loving, making, blessing all,
Yet didst permit the Serpent to creep in,
And drive my father forth from Paradise,
Keep us from further evil:—Hail! all hail!

Adam. Son Cain, my first-born, wherefore art thou
silent?

Cain. Who should I speak?

Adam. To pray.

Cain. Have ye not pray'd?

Adam. We have, most fervently.

Cain. And loudly: I

Have heard you.

Adam. So will God, I trust.

Abel. Amen!

Adam. But thou, my eldest born, art silent still.

Cain. 'Tis better I should be so.

Adam. Wherefore so?

Cain. I have nought to ask.²

Adam. Nor ought to thank for?

Cain. No.

Adam. Dost thou not live?

Cain. Must I not die?

Eve, Alas!

The fruit of our forbidden tree begins

To fall.³

Adam. And we must gather it again.

Oh, God! Why didst thou plant the tree of knowledge?

Cain. And wherefore pluck'd ye not the tree of life?

Ye might have then defied him.

Adam. Oh! my son,

Blaspheme not: these are serpents' words.

Cain. Why not

The snake spoke *truth*: it *was* the tree of knowledge!

It *was* the tree of life; knowledge is good

And life is good! and how can both be evil?

Eve. My boy! thou speakest as I spoke, in sin,

Before thy birth: let me not see renew'd

My misery in thine. I have repented.

Let me not see my offspring fall into

The snares beyond the walls of Paradise,

Which e'en in Paradise destroy'd his parents.

Content thee with what *is*. Had we been so,

Thou now hadst been contented. Oh, my son!

Adam. Our orisons completed, let us hence,

Each to his task of toil ; not heavy, though
 Needful: the earth is young, and yields us kindly
 Her fruits with little labour.

Eve.

Cain, my son,

Behold thy father cheerful and resign'd,
 And do as he doth.

[*Exeunt ADAM and EVE.*

Zillah.

Wilt thou not, my brother ?

Abel. Why wilt thou wear this gloom upon thy bro
 Which can avail thee nothing, save to rouse
 The Eternal anger ?

Adah.

My beloved Cain,

Wilt thou frown ev'n on me ?

Cain.

No, Adah ! no ;

I fain would be alone a little while.
 Abel, I'm sick at heart ; but it will pass.
 Precede me, brother—I will follow shortly.
 And you, too, sister, tarry not behind ;
 Your gentleness must not be harshly met :
 I'll follow you anon.

Adah.

If not, I will

Return to seek you here.

Abel.

The peace of God

Be on your spirit, brother !

[*Exeunt ABEL, ZILLAH, and ADAH.*

Cain (solus)

And this is

Life!—Toil ! and wherefore should I toil ?—because
 My father could not keep his place as *Eve's*;
 What had *I* done in this ?—I was unborn ;
 I sought not to be born ; nor love the state
 To which that birth has brought me. Why did he
 Yield to the serpent and the woman ? or,
 Yielding, why suffer ? What was there in this ?
 The tree was planted, and why not for him ?
 If not, why place him near it, where it grew,
 The fairest in the centre ? They have but
 One answer to all questions, " 'Twas *his* will,
 And *he* is good." How know I that ? Because
 He is all-powerful, must all-good, too, follow ?
 I judge but by the fruits—and they are bitter—
 Which I must feed on for a fault not mine.
 Whom have we here ?—A shape like to the angels,
 Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect
 Of spiritual essence : why do I quake ?
 Why should I fear him more than other spirits,
 Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords
 Before the gates round which I linger oft,
 In twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of those
 Gardens which are my just inheritance,
 Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls
 And the immortal trees which overtop

The cherubim-defended battlements?
 If I shrink not from these, the fire-arm'd angels,
 Why should I quail from him who now approaches?
 Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less
 Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
 As he hath been, and might be: sorrow seems
 Half of his immortality.⁴ And is it
 So? and can aught grieve save humanity?
 He cometh.

Enter LUCIFER.

Lucifer. Mortal!

Cain. Spirit, who art thou?

Lucifer. Master of spirits.

Cain. And being so, canst thou
 Leave them, and walk with dust?

Lucifer. I know the thoughts
 Of dust, and feel for it, and with you.

Cain. How!
 You know my thoughts?

Lucifer. They are the thoughts of all
 Worthy of thought;—'tis your immortal part
 Which speaks within you.

Cain. What immortal part?
 This has not been reveal'd: the tree of life

Was withheld from us by my father's folly,
 While that of knowledge, by my mother's haste,
 Was pluck'd too soon; and all the fruit is death!

Lucifer. They have deceived thee; thou shalt live.

Cain. I live,
 But live to die: and, living, see no thing
 To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,
 A loathsome, and yet all invincible
 Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
 Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—
 And so I live. Would I had never lived!

Lucifer. Thou livest, and must live for ever: **think not**
 The earth, which is thine outward cov'ring, is
 Existence—it will cease, and thou wilt be
 No less than thou art now.

Cain. No less! and why
 No more?

Lucifer. It may be thou shalt be as we.

Cain. And ye?

Lucifer. Are everlasting.

Cain. Are ye happy?

Lucifer. We are mighty.

Cain. Are ye happy?

Lucifer. No: art thou?

Cain. How should I be so? Look on me!

Lucifer Poor clay!
And thou pretendest to be wretched! thou!

Cain. I am :—and thou, with all thy might, what art thou?

Lucifer. One who aspired to be what made thee, and Would not have made thee what thou art.

Cain. Ah!

Thou look'st almost a god; and——

Lucifer. I am none;
And having fail'd to be one, would be nought
Save what I am. He conquer'd; let him reign!

Cain. Who?

Lucifer. Thy sire's Maker, and the earth's.

Cain. And heaven's,

And all that in them is. So I have heard
His seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

Lucifer. They say—what they must sing and say, on
pain
Of being that which I am—and thou art—
Of spirits and of men.

Cain. And what is that?

Lucifer. Souls who dare use their immortality—⁵
Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in
His everlasting face, and tell him, that
His evil is not good! If he has made,
As he saith—which I know not, nor believe—
But, if he made us—he cannot unmake:
We are immortal!—nay, he'd *have* us so,
That he may torture:—let him! He is great—
But, in his greatness, is no happier than
We in our conflict! Goodness would not make
Evil; and what else hath he made? But let him
Sit on his vast and solitary throne,
Creating worlds, to make eternity
Less burthensome to his immense existence
And unparticipated solitude!
Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone
Indefinite, indissoluble tyrant!
Could he but crush himself, 'twere the best boon
He ever granted: but, let him reign on,
And multiply himself in misery!
Spirits and men, at least we sympathize—
And, suffering in concert, make our pangs,
Innumerable, more endurable,
By the unbounded sympathy of all—
With all! But *He!* so wretched in his height,
So restless in his wretchedness, must still
Create, and re-create——

Cain. Thou speak'st to me of things which long have
swum

In visions through my thought : I never could
 Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.
 My father and my mother talk to me
 Of serpents, and of fruits and trees : I see
 The gates of what they call their Paradise
 Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,
 Which shut them out, and me : I feel the weight
 Of daily toil and constant thought : I look
 Around a world where I seem nothing, with
 Thoughts which arise within me, as if they
 Could master all things :—but I thought alone
 This misery was *mine*.—My father is
 Tamed down ; my mother has forgot the mind
 Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk
 Of an eternal curse ; my brother is
 A watching shepherd boy, who offers up
 The firstlings of the flock to him who bids
 The earth yield nothing to us without sweat ;
 My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn
 Than the birds' matins ; and my Adah, my
 Own and beloved, she, too, understands not
 The mind which overwhelms me : never till
 Now met I aught to sympathize with me.
 'Tis well—I rather would consort with spirits.

Lucifer. And hadst thou not been fit by thine own soul
 For such companionship, I would not now
 Have stood before thee as I am : a serpent
 Had been enough to charm ye, as before.

Cain. Ah ! didst thou tempt my mother ?

Lucifer. I tempt none,
 Save with the truth : was not the tree, the tree
 Of knowledge ? and was not the tree of life
 Still fruitful ?⁶ Did I bid her pluck them not ?
 Did I plant things prohibited within
 The reach of beings innocent, and curious
 By their own innocence ? I would have made ye
 Gods ; and even He who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye
 Because " ye should not eat the fruits of life,
 And become gods as we." Were those his words ?

Cain. They were, as I have heard from those who heard
 them,

In thunder.

Lucifer. Then who was the demon ? He
 Who would not let ye live, or he who would
 Have made ye live for ever in the joy
 And power of knowledge ?

Cain. Would they had snatch'd both
 The fruits, or neither !

Lucifer. One is yours already ;
 The other may be still.

Cain.

How so ?

Lucifer.

By being

Yourselves, in your resistance. Nothing can
Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself
And centre of surrounding things—'tis made
To sway.

Cain. But didst thou tempt my parents ?

Lucifer.

1 ?

Poor clay ! what should I tempt them for, or how ?

Cain. They say the serpent was a spirit.

Lucifer.

Who

Saith that ? It is not written so on high :
The proud One will not so far falsify,
Though man's vast fears and little vanity
Would make him cast upon the spiritual nature
His own low failing. The snake *was* the snake—
No more ; and yet not less than those he tempted,
In nature being earth also—*more* in wisdom,
Since he could overcome them, and foreknew
The knowledge fatal to their narrow joys.
Think'st thou I'd take the shape of things that die ?

Cain. But the thing had a demon ?

Lucifer.

He but woke one

In those he spake to with his forky tongue.
I tell thee that the serpent was no more
Than a mere serpent : ask the cherubim
Who guard the tempting tree. When thousand ages
Have roll'd o'er your dead ashes, and your seed's,
The seed of the then world may thus array
Their earliest fault in fable, and attribute
To me a shape I scorn, as I scorn all
That bows to him, who made things but to bend
Before his sullen, sole eternity ;
But we, who see the truth, must speak it. Thy
Fond parents listen'd to a creeping thing,
And fell. For what should spirits tempt them ? What
Was there to envy in the narrow bounds
Of Paradise, that spirits who prevade
Space—but I speak to thee of what thou know'st not,
With all thy tree of knowledge.

Cain.

But thou canst not,

Speak aught of knowledge which I would not know,
And do not thirst to know, and bear a mind
To know.

Lucifer. And heart to look on ?

Cain.

Be it proved.

Lucifer. Darest thou to look on Death ?

Cain.

He has not yet

Been seen.

Lucifer. But must be undergone.

Cain.

My father

Says he is something dreadful, and my mother
Weeps when he is named; and Abel lifts his eyes
To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,
And sighs a prayer; and Auah looks on me,
And speaks not.

Lucifer. And thou?*Cain.*

Thoughts unspeakable

Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear
Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems
Inevitable. Could I wrestle with him?
I wrestled with the lion, when a boy,
In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe.

Lucifer. It has no shape; but will absorb all things
That bear the form of earth-horn being.

Cain.

Ah!

I thought it was a being: who could do
Such evil things to beings save a being?

Lucifer. Ask the Destroyer.*Cain.*

Who?

Lucifer.

The Maker—call him

Which name thou wilt; he makes but to destroy.

Cain. I knew not that, yet I thought it, since I heard
Of death: although I know not what it is,
Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out
In the vast desolate night in search of him,
And when I saw gigantic shadows in
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequer'd
By the far flashing of the cherubs' swords,
I watch'd for what I thought his coming; for
With fear rose longing in my heart to know
What 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came.
And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off
Our native and forbidden Paradise,
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,
Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?

Lucifer. Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee.

Cain. I'm glad of that; I would not have them die—
They are so lovely. What is death? I fear,
I feel, it is a dreadful thing; but what,
I cannot compass: 'tis denounced against us,
Both them who sinn'd and sinn'd not, as an ill—
What ill?

Lucifer. To be resolved into the earth.*Cain.* But shall I know it?*Lucifer*

As I know not death

I cannot answer.

Cain.

Were I quiet earth

That were no evil: would I ne'er had been
Aught else but dust.

Lucifer. That is a grovelling wish,
Less than thy father's, for he wish'd to know.

Cain. But not to live, or wherefore pluck'd he not
The life-tree ?

Lucifer. He was hinder'd.

Cain Deadly error
Not to snatch first that fruit :—but ere he pluck'd
The knowledge, he was ignorant of death.

Alas ! I scarcely now know what it is,
And yet I fear it—fear I know not what !

Lucifer. And I, who know all things, fear nothing : see
What is true knowledge.

Cain. Wilt thou teach me all ?

Lucifer. Ay, upon one condition.

Cain. Name it.

Lucifer. That
Thou dost fall down and worship me—thy Lord.

Cain. Thou art not the Lord my father worships.

Lucifer. No.

Cain His equal ?

Lucifer. No ;—I have nought in common with him !
Nor would : I would be aught above—beneath—
Aught save a sharer or a servant of
His power. I dwell apart ; but I am great ;—
Many there are who worship me, and more
Who shall—he thou amongst the first.

Cain I never
As yet have bow'd unto my father's God,
Although my brother Abel oft implores
That I would join with him in sacrifice :—
Why should I bow to thee ?

Lucifer. Hast thou ne'er bow'd
To him ?

Cain. Have I not said it ?—need I say it ?
Could not thy mighty knowledge teach thee that ?

Lucifer. He who bows not to him has bow'd to me !

Cain. But I will bend to neither.

Lucifer. Ne'er the less,
Thou art my worshipper : not worshipping
Him makes thee mine the same.

Cain. And what is that ?

Lucifer. Thou'lt know here—and hereafter.

Cain. Let me but
Be taught the mystery of my being.

Lucifer. Follow

Where I will lead thee.

Cain. But I must retire

To till the earth—for I had promised—

Lucifer. What ?

Cain. To eul some first-fruits.

Lucifer. Why?
Cain. To offer up
 With Abel on an altar.
Lucifer. Saidst thou not
 Thou ne'er hadst bent to him who made thee?
Cain. Yes—
 But Abel's earnest prayer has wrought upon me;
 The offering is more his than mine—and Adah—
Lucifer. Why dost thou hesitate?
Cain. She is my sister,
 Born on the same day, of the same womb; and
 She wrung from me, with tears, this promise; and
 Rather than see her weep, I would, methinks,
 Bear all—and worship aught.
Lucifer. Then follow me!
Cain. I will.

Enter ADAH.

Adah. My brother, I have come for thee;
 It is our hour of rest and joy—and we
 Have less without thee. Thou hast labour'd not
 This morn; but I have done thy task: the fruits
 Are ripe, and glowing as the light which ripens:
 Come away.

Cain. See'st thou not?

Adah. I see an angel;
 We have seen many: will he share our hour
 Of rest?—he is welcome.

Cain. But he is not like
 The angels we have seen.

Adah. Are there, then, others?
 But he is welcome, as they were: they deign'd
 To be our guests—will he?

Cain (to Lucifer.) Wilt thou?

Lucifer. I ask
 Thee to be mine.

Cain. I must away with him.

Adah. And leave us?

Cain. Ay.

Adah. And me?

Cain. Beloved Adah?

Adah. Let me go with thee.

Lucifer. No, she must not.

Adah. Who
 Art thou that steppest between heart and heart?

Cain. He is a god.

Adah. How know'st thou?

Cain. He speaks like
 A god.

Adah. So did the serpent, and it lied.

Lucifer. Thou errest, Adah!—was not the tree that
Of knowledge?

Adah. Ay—to our eternal sorrow.

Lucifer. And yet that grief is knowledge—so he lied not;
And if he did betray you, 'twas with truth;
And truth in its own essence cannot be
But good.

Adah. But all we know of it has gather'd
Evil on ill: expulsion from our home,
And dread, and toil, and sweat, and heaviness;
Remorse of that which was—and hope of that
Which cometh not. Cain! walk not with this spirit.
Bear with what we have borne, and love me—I
Love thee.

Lucifer. More than thy mother, and thy sire?

Adah. I do. Is that a sin, too?

Lucifer. No, not yet:
It one day will be in your children.

Adah. What!

Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch?

Lucifer. Not as thou lovest Cain.

Adah. Oh, my God!

Shall they not love and bring forth things that love
Out of their love? have they not drawn their milk
Out of this bosom? was not he, their father,
Born of the same sole womb, in the same hour
With me? did we not love each other? and
In multiplying our being multiply
Things which will love each other as we love
Them?—And as I love thee, my Cain! go not
Forth with this spirit; he is not of ours.

Lucifer. The sin I speak of is not of my making,
And cannot be a sin in you—whate'er
It seem in those who will replace ye in
Mortality.

Adah. What is the sin which is not
Sin in itself? Can circumstance make sin
Or virtue?—if it doth, we are the slaves
Of—

Lucifer. Higher things than ye are slaves: and higher
Than them or ye would be so, did they not
Prefer an independency of torture
To the smooth agonies of adulation,
In hymns and harpings, and self-seeking prayers,
To that which is omnipotent, because
It is omnipotent, and not from love,
But terror and self-hope.

Adah. Omnipotence

Must be all goodness.

Lucifer. Was it so in Eden:

Adah. Fiend! tempt me not with beauty; thou art fairer

Than was the serpent, and as false.

Lucifer.

As true.

Ask Eve, your mother: bears she not the knowledge
Of good and evil?

Adah.

Oh, my mother! thou

Hast pluck'd a fruit more fatal to thine offspring

Than to thyself; thou at the least hast pass'd

Thy youth in Paradise, in innocent

And happy intercourse with happy spirits;

But we, thy children, ignorant of Eden,

Are girt about by demons, who assume

The words of God, and tempt us with our own

Dissatisfied and curious thoughts—as thou

Wert work'd on by the snake, in thy most flush'd

And heedless, harmless wantonness of bliss.

I cannot answer this immortal thing

Which stands before me; I cannot abhor him

I look upon him with a pleasing fear,

And yet I fly not from him: in his eye

There is a fastening attraction which

Fixes my fluttering eyes on his; my heart

Beats quick; he awes me, and yet draws me near,

Nearer, and nearer:—Cain—Cain—save me from him!

Cain. What dreads my Adah? This is no ill spirit.

Adah. He is not God—nor God's: I have beheld

The cherubs and the seraphs; he looks not

Like them.

Cain. But there are spirits loftier still—

The archangels.

Lucifer.

And still loftier than the archangels.

Adah. Ay—but not blessed.

Lucifer

If the blessedness

Consists in slavery—no.

Adah.

I have heard it said,

The seraphs *love most*—cherubim *know most*—

And this should be a cherub—since he loves not.

Lucifer. And if the higher knowledge quenches love,

What must *he be* you cannot love when known?

Since the all-knowing cherubim love least,

The seraphs' love can be but ignorance:

That they are not incompatible, the doom

Of thy fond parents, for their daring, proves.

Choose betwixt love and knowledge—since there is

No other choice; your sire hath chosen already;

His worship is but fear.

Adah.

Oh, Cain! choose love.

Cain. For thee, my Adah, I choose not—it was
Born with me—but I love nought else.

Adah.

Our parents?

Cain. Did they love us when they snatch'd from the tree

That which hath driven us all from Paradise?

Adah. We were not born then—and if we had been, Should we not love them and our children, Cain?

Cain. My little Enoch! and his lisping sister! Could I but deem them happy, I would half Forget—but it can never be forgotten Through thrice a thousand generations! never Shall men love the remembrance of the man Who sow'd the seed of evil and mankind In the same hour! They pluck'd the tree of science And sin—and, not content with their own sorrow, Begot *me—thee*—and all the few that are, And all the unnumber'd and innumerable Multitudes, millions, myriads, which may be, To inherit agonies accumulated By ages!—and *I* must be sire of such things! Thy beauty and thy love—my love and joy, The rapturous moment and the placid hour, All we love in our children and each other, But lead them and ourselves through many years Of sin and pain—or few, but still of sorrow, Intercheck'd with an instant of brief pleasure, To Death—the unknown! Methinks the tree of knowledge

Hath not fulfill'd its promise:—if they sinn'd, At least they ought to have known all things that are Of knowledge—and the mystery of death. What do they know?—that they are miserable. What need of snakes and fruits to teach us that?

Adah. I am not wretched, Cain, and if thou Wert happy—

Cain. Be thou happy, then, alone— I will have nought to do with happiness, Which humbles me and mine.

Adah. Alone I could not Nor *would* be happy: but with those around us I think I could be so, despite of death, Which, as I know it not, I dread not, though It seems an awful shadow—if I may Judge from what I have heard.

Lucifer. And thou couldst not Alone, thou say'st, be happy?

Adah. Alone! Oh, my God! Who could be happy and alone, or good? To me my solitude seems sin; unless When I think how soon I shall see my brother, His brother, and our children, and our parents.

Lucifer. Yet thy God is alone ; and is he happy ?
Lonely, and good ?

Adah. He is not so ; he hath
The angels and the mortals to make happy,
And thus become so in diffusing joy !
What else can joy be, but the spreading joy ?

Lucifer. Ask of your sire, the exile fresh from Eden ;
Or of his first-born son : ask your own heart ;
It is not tranquil.

Adah. Alas ! ' no ! and you—
Are you of heaven ?

Lucifer. If I am not, inquire
The cause of this all-spreading happiness
(Which you proclaim) of the all-great and good
Maker of life and living things ; it is
His secret, and he keeps it. *We* must bear,
And some of us resist, and both in vain,
His seraphs say ; but it is worth the trial,
Since better may not be without : there is
A wisdom in the spirit, which directs
To right, as in the dim blue air the eye
Of you, young mortals, lights at once upon
The star which watches, welcoming the morn.

Adah. It is a beautiful star ; I love it for
Its beauty.

Lucifer. And why not adore ?

Adah. Our father
Adores the Invisible only.

Lucifer. But the symbols
Of the Invisible are the loveliest
Of what is visible ; and yon bright star
Is leader of the host of heaven.

Adah. Our father
Said that he has beheld the God himself
Who made him and our mother.

Lucifer. Hast *thou* seen him ?

Adah. Yes—in his works.

Lucifer. But in his being ?

Adah. No—

Save in my father, who is God's own image :
Or in his angels, who are like to thee—
And brighter, yet less beautiful and powerful
In seeming : as the silent sunny noon,
All light they look upon us ; but thou seem'st
Like an ethereal night, where long white clouds
Streak the deep purple, and unnumber'd stars
Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault
With things that look as if they would be suns ;
So beautiful, unnumber'd and endearing,
Not dazzling, and yet drawing us to them,

They fill my eyes with tears, and so dost thou.
 Thou seem'st unhappy: do not make us so,
 And I will weep for thee.

Lucifer. Alas! those tears!

Couldst thou but know what oceans will be shed——

Adah. By me

Lucifer. By all.

Adah. What all?

Lucifer. The million millions——

The myriad myriads—the all-peopled earth—
 The unpeopled earth—and the o'er-peopled Hell,
 Of which thy bosom is the germ.

Adah. O Cain!

This spirit curseth us.

Cain. Let him say on;

Him will I follow.

Adah. Whither?

Lucifer. To a place

Whence he shall come back to thee in an hour,
 But in that hour see things of many days.

Adah. How can that be?

Lucifer. Did not your Maker make

Out of old worlds this new one in few days?
 And cannot I, who aided in this work,
 Show in an hour what he hath made in many,
 Or hath destroy'd in few?

Cain. Lead on.

Adah. Will he,

In sooth, return within an hour?

Lucifer. He shall.

With us acts are exempt from time, and we
 Can crowd eternity into an hour,
 Or stretch an hour into eternity:
 We breathe not by a mortal measurement—
 But that's a mystery. Cain, come on with me.

Adah. Will he return?

Lucifer, Ay, woman! he alone

Of mortals from that place (the first and last
 Who shall return, save ONE),—shall come back to thee,
 To make that silent and expectant world
 As populous as this: at present there
 Are few inhabitants.

Adah. Where dwellest thou?

Lucifer. Throughout all space. Where should I dwell?

Where are

Thy God or Gods—there am I: all things are
 Divided with me; life and death—and time—
 Eternity—and heaven and earth—and that
 Which is not heaven nor earth, but peopled with
 Those who once peopled or shall people both—

These are my realms! So that I do divide
His, and possess a kingdom which is not
His. If I were not that which I have said,
 Could I stand here? His angels are within
 Your vision.

Adah. So they were when the fair serpent
 Spoke with our mother first.

Lucifer. Cain! thou hast heard.
 If thou dost long for knowledge, I can satiate
 That thirst; nor ask thee to partake of fruits
 Which shall deprive thee of a single good
 The conqueror has left thee. Follow me.

Cain. Spirit I have said it.

[*Exeunt LUCIFER and CAIN.*]

Adah (*follows, exclaiming*). Cain! my brother! **Cain!**

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Abyss of Space.

Cain. I tread on air, and sink not; yet I fear
 To sink.

Lucifer. Have faith in me, and thou shalt be
 Borne on the air, of which I am the prince.

Cain. Can I do so without impiety?

Lucifer. Believe—and sink not! doubt—and **perish**
 thus

Would run the edict of the other God,
 Who names me demon to his angels; they
 Echo the sound to miserable things,
 Which, knowing nought beyond their shallow senses,
 Worship the word which strikes their ear, and deem
 Evil or good what is proclaimed to them
 In their abasement. I will have none such:
 Worship or worship not, thou shalt behold
 The worlds beyond thy little world, nor be
 Amerced for doubts beyond thy little life,
 With torture of *my* dooming. There will come
 An hour, when, toss'd upon some water-drops,
 A man shall say to a man, "Believe in me,
 And walk the waters;" and the man shall walk
 The billows and be safe. I will not say,
 Believe in *me*, as a conditional creed
 To save thee; but fly with me o'er the gulf
 Of space an equal flight, and I will show
 What thou dar'st not deny,—the history
 Of past, and present, and of future worlds.

Cain. Oh, god, or demon, or whate'er thou art,
 Is you our earth?

Lucifer. Dost thou not recognise
 The dust which form'd your father?

Cain.

Can it be?

Yon small blue circle, swinging in far ether,
 With an inferior circlet near it still,
 Which looks like that which lit our earthly night?
 Is this our Paradise? Where are its walls,
 And they who guard them?

Lucifer.

Point me out the site

Of Paradise.

Cain.

How should I? As we move

Like sunbeams onward, it grows smaller and smaller,
 And as it waxes little, and then less,
 Gathers a halo round it, like the light
 Which shone the roundest of the stars, when I
 Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise:
 Methinks they both, as we recede from them,
 Appear to join the innumerable stars
 Which are around us; and, as we move on,
 Increase their myriads.

Lucifer.

And if there should be

Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited
 By greater things, and they themselves far more
 In number than the dust of thy dull earth,
 Though multiplied to animated atoms,
 All living, and all doom'd to death, and wretched,
 What wouldst thou think?

Cain.

I should be proud of thought

Which know such things.

Lucifer.

But if that high thought were

Link'd to a sterile mass of matter, and,
 Knowing such things, aspiring to such things,
 And science still beyond them, were chain'd down
 To the most gross and petty paltry wants,
 All foul and fulsome, and the very best
 Of thine enjoyments a sweet degradation,
 A most enervating and filthy cheat
 To lure thee on to the renewal of
 Fresh souls and bodies, all foredoom'd to be
 As frail, and few so happy——

Cain.

Spirit! I

Know nought of death, save as a dreadful thing
 Of which I have heard my parents speak, as of
 A hideous heritage I owe to them
 No less than life; a heritage not happy,
 If I may judge, till now. But, spirit! if
 It be as thou hast said (and I within
 Feel the prophetic torture of its truth),
 Here let me die: for to give birth to those
 Who can but suffer many years, and die,
 Methinks is merely propagating death,
 And multiplying murder

Lucifer. Thou canst not
All die—there is what must survive.

Cain. The other
Spake not of this unto my father, when
He shut him forth from Paradise, with death
Written upon his forehead. But at least
Let what is mortal of me perish, that
I may be in the rest as angels are

Lucifer. I am angelic: wouldst thou be as I am?

Cain. I know not what thou art: I see thy power
And see thou show'st me things beyond my power,
Beyond all power of my horn faculties,
Although inferior still to my desires
And my conceptions.

Lucifer. What are they which dwell
So humbly in their pride, as to sojourn
With worms in clay?

Cain. And what art thou who dwellest
So haughtily in spirit, and canst range
Nature and immortality—and yet
Seem'st sorrowful?

Lucifer. I seem that which I am;
And therefore do I ask of thee, if thou
Wouldst be immortal?

Cain. Thou hast said, I must be
Immortal in despite of me. I knew not
This until lately—but since it must be,
Let me, or happy or unhappy, learn
To anticipate my immortality.

Lucifer. Thou didst before I came upon thee.

Cain. How?

Lucifer. By suffering.

Cain. And must torture be immortal?

Lucifer. We and thy sons will try. But now, behold!
Is it not glorious?

Cain. Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an ærial universe of endless
Expansion—at which my soul aches to think—
Intoxicated with eternity?
Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatsoe'er ye are!
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
Your works, or accidents, or whatsoe'er

They may be! Let me die, as atoms die
 (If that they die), or know ye in your might
 And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this hour
 Unworthy what I see, though my dust is:
 Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

Lucifer. Art thou not nearer? look back to thine earth!

Cain. Where is it? I see nothing save a mass
 Of most innumerable lights.

Lucifer. Look there!

Cain. I cannot see it.

Lucifer. Yet it sparkles still.

Cain. That!—yonder!

Lucifer. Yea.

Cain. And wilt thou tell me so?

Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms
 Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks
 In the dim twilight, brighter than yon world
 Which bears them.

Lucifer. Thou hast seen both worms and worlds,
 Each bright and sparkling—what dost think of them?

Cain. That they are beautiful in their own sphere,
 And that the night, which makes both beautiful,
 The little shining fire-fly in its flight,
 And the immortal star in its great course,
 Must both be guided.

Lucifer. But by whom or what?

Cain. Show me.

Lucifer. Dar'st thou behold?

Cain. How know I what
 I dare behold? As yet, thou hast shown nought
 I dare not gaze on further.

Lucifer. On, then, with me.

Wouldst thou behold things mortal or immortal?

Cain. Why, what are things?

Lucifer. Both partly: but what doth
 Sit next thy heart?

Cain. The things I see.

Lucifer. But what

Sate nearest it!

Cain. The things I have not seen,
 Nor ever shall—the mysteries of death.

Lucifer. What, if I show to thee things which have died,
 As I have shown thee much which cannot die?

Cain. Do so.

Lucifer. Away, then! on our mighty wings.

Cain. Oh! how we cleave the blue! The stars fade from
 us!

The earth! where is my earth? Let me look on it,
 For I was made of it.

Lucifer. 'Tis now beyond thee,

Less, in the universe, than thou in it ;
 Yet deem not that thou canst escape it : thou
 Shalt soon return to earth, and all its dust :
 'Tis part of thy eternity, and mine.

Cain. Where dost thou lead me ?

Lucifer. To what was before thee !
 The phantasm of the world : of which thy world
 Is but the wreck.

Cain. What ! is it not then new ?

Lucifer. No more than life is ; and that was ere thou
 Or I were, or the things which seem to us
 Greater than either : many things will have
 No end ; and some, which would pretend to have
 Had no beginning, have had one as mean
 As thou ; and mightier things have been extinct
 To make way for much meaner than we can
 Surmise ; for *moments* only and the *space*
 Have been and must be all *unchangeable*.
 But changes make not death, except to clay ;
 But thou art clay,—and canst but comprehend
 That which was clay, and such thou shalt behold.

Cain. Clay, spirit ! what thou wilt, I can survey.

Lucifer. Away, then !

Cain. But the lights fade from me fast
 And some till now grew larger as we approach'd,
 And wore the look of worlds.

Lucifer. And such they are.

Cain. And Edens in them ?

Lucifer. It may be.

Cain. And men ?

Lucifer. Yea, or things higher.

Cain. Ay ? and serpents too ?

Lucifer. Wouldst thou have men without them ? must
 no reptiles

Breathe save the erect ones ?

Cain. How the lights recede !

Where fly we ?

Lucifer. To the world of phantoms, which
 Are beings past, and shadows still to come.

Cain. But it grows dark and dark—the stars are gone !

Lucifer. And yet thou seest.

Cain. 'Tis a fearful light ;

No sun, no moon, no lights innumerable.
 The very blue of the empurpled night
 Fades to a dreary twilight, yet I see
 Huge dusky masses : but unlike the worlds
 We were approaching, which begirt with light,
 Seem'd full of life ev'n when their atmosphere
 Of light gave way, and showed them taking *shapes*
 Unequal, of deep valleys and vast mountains ;

And some emitting sparks, and some displaying
 Enormous liquid plains, and some begirt
 With luminous belts, and floating moons, which took,
 Like them, the features of fair earth;—instead,
 All here seems dark and dreadful.

Lucifer.

But distinct.

Thou seekest to behold death and dead things ?

Cain. I seek it not, but as I know there are
 Such, and that my sire's sin makes him and me,
 And all that we inherit, liable

To such, I would behold at once, what I
 Must one day see perforce.

Lucifer.

Behold !

Cain.

This darkness.

Lucifer. And so it shall be ever ! but we will
 Unfold its gates !

Cain

Enormous vapours roll

Apart—what's this ?

Lucifer.

Enter !

Cain.

Can I return ?

Lucifer. Return ! be sure : how else should death be
 peopled ?

Its present realm is thin to what it will be,
 Through thee and thine.

Cain.

The clouds still open wide

And wider, and make widening circles round us.

Lucifer. Advance !

Cain .

And thou !

Lucifer.

Fear not—without methou

Couldst not have gone beyond the world. On ! on !

[*They disappear through the clouds.*]

SCENE II.

Hades 8

Enter LUCIFER and CAIN.

Cain. How silent and how vast are these dim worlds !
 For they seen more than one, and yet more peopled
 Than the huge brilliant luminous orbs which swung
 So thickly in the upper air, that I
 Had deem'd them rather the bright populace
 Of some all unimaginable heaven,
 Than things to be inhabited themselves,
 But that on drawing near them I beheld
 Their swelling into palpable immensity
 Of matter, which seem'd made for life to dwell on,
 Rather than life itself. But here, all is
 So shadowy and so full of twilight, that
 It speaks of a day past.

Lucifer. It is the realm
Of death—Wouldst have it present?

Cain. Till I know

That which it really is, I cannot answer.
But if it be as I have heard my father
Deal out in his long homilies, 'tis a thing—
Oh God! I dare not think on't! Cursed be
He who invented life that leads to death!
Or the dull mass of life, that, being life,
Could not retain, but needs must forfeit it—
Even for the innocent!

Lucifer. Dost thou curse thy father?

Cain. Cursed he not me in giving me my birth?
Cursed he not me before my birth, in daring
To pluck the fruit forbidden?

Lucifer. Thou say'st well:
The curse is mutual 'twixt thy sire and thee—
But for thy sons and brother?

Cain. Let them share it
With me, their sire and brother? What else is
Bequeath'd to me? I leave them my inheritance.
Oh, ye interminable gloomy realms
Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes,
Some fully shown, some distinct, and all
Mighty and melancholy—what are ye?
Live ye, or have ye lived?

Lucifer. Somewhat of both

Cain. Then what is death?

Lucifer. What? Hath not he who made ye
Said 'tis another life?

Cain. Till now he hath
Said nothing, save that all shall die.⁹

Lucifer. Perhaps
He one day will unfold that further secret.

Cain. Happy the day!

Lucifer. Yes: happy! when unfolded
Through agonies unspeakable, and clogg'd
With agonies eternal, to innumerable
Yet unborn myriads of unconseious atoms,
All to be animated for this only!

Cain. What are these mighty phantoms which I see
Floating around me?—They wear not the form
Of the intelligences I have seen
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,
Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd it
In Adam's and in Abel's, and in mine,
Nor in my sister-bride's, nor in my children's:
And yet they have an aspect, which, though not
Of men nor angels, looks like something, which
If not the last, rose higher than the first,

Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full
 Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable
 Shape; for I never saw such. They bear not
 The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,
 Nor form of mightiest brute, nor aught that is
 Now breathing; mighty yet and beautiful
 As the most beautiful and mighty which
 Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce
 Can call them living.

Lucifer. Yet they lived.

Cain. Where?

Lucifer. Where

Thou livest.

Cain. When

Lucifer. On what thou callest earth

They did inhabit.

Cain. Adam is the first.

Lucifer. Of thine, I grant thee—but too mean to be
 The last of these.

Cain. And what are they?

Lucifer. That which
 Thou shalt be.

Cain. But what *were* they?

Lucifer. Living, high,

Intelligent, good, great, and glorious things,

As much superior unto all thy sire,

Adam, could e'er have been in Eden, as

The sixty-thousandth generation shall be,

In its dull damp degeneracy, to

Thee and thy son;—and how weak they are, judge

By thy own flesh.

Cain. Ah me! and did *they* perish?

Lucifer. Yes, from their earth, as thou wilt fade from
 thine.

Cain. But was *mine* theirs?

Lucifer. It was.

Cain. But not as now,

It is too little and too lowly to

Sustain such creatures.¹⁰

Lucifer. True, it was more glorious.

Cain. And wherefore did it fall?

Lucifer. Ask him who fells.

Cain. But how?

Lucifer. By a most crushing and inexorable

Destruction and disorder of the elements,

Which struck a world to chaos, as a chaos

Subsiding has struck out a world: such things,

Though rare in time, are frequent in eternity—

Pass on, and gaze upon the past.

Cain. 'Tis awful!

Lucifer. And true. Behold these phantoms they were
once
Material as thou art.

Cain. And must I be
Like them ?

Lucifer. Let He who made thee answer that.
I show thee what thy predecessors are,
And what they *were* thou feelest, in degree
Inferior as thy petty feelings and
Thy pettier portion of the immortal part
Of high intelligence and earthly strength.
What ye in common have with what they had
Is life, and what ye *shall* have—death : the rest
Of your poor attributes is such as suits
Reptiles engender'd out of the subsiding
Slime of a mighty universe, crush'd into
A scarcely-yet shaped planet, peopled with
Things whose enjoyment was to be in blindness—
A Paradise of Ignorance, from which
Knowledge was barr'd as poison. But behold
What these superior beings are or were
Or, if it irk thee, turn thee back and till
The earth, thy task—I'll waft thee there in safety.

Cain. No : I'll stay here.

Lucifer. How long ?
Cam. For ever ! Since

I must one day return here from earth,
I rather would remain : I am sick of all
That dust has shown me—let me dwell in shadows.

Lucifer. It cannot be : thou now beholdest as
A vision that which is reality.
To make thyself fit for this dwelling, thou
Must pass through what the things thou see'st have pass'd—
The gates of death.

Cain. By what gate have we enter'd
Even now ?

Lucifer. By mine ! But, plighted to return,
My spirit huys thee up to breathe in regions
Where all is breathless save thyself. Gaze on ;
But do not think to dwell here till thine hour
Is come.

Cain. And these, too ; can they ne'er repass
To earth again ?

Lucifer. Their earth is gone for ever—
So changed by its convulsion, they would not
Be conscious to a single present spot
Of its new scarcely harden'd surface—'twas—
Oh, what a beautiful world it *was* !

Cain. And is.
It is not with the earth, though I must till it,

I feel at war, but that I may not profit
 By what it bears of beautiful untoiling,
 Nor gratify my thousand swelling thoughts
 With knowledge, nor allay my thousand fears
 Of death and life.

Lucifer. What thy world is, thou see'st,
 But canst not comprehend the shadow of
 That which it was.

Cain. And those enormous creatures,
 Phantoms inferior in intelligence
 (At least so seeming) to the things we have pass'd.
 Resembling somewhat the wild habitants
 Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest which
 Roar nightly in the forest, but ten-fold
 In magnitude and terror; taller than
 The cherub-guarded walls of Eden, with
 Eyes nashing like the fiery swords which fence them,
 And tusks projecting like the trees stripp'd of
 Their bark and branches—what were they?

Lucifer. That which
 The mammoth is in thy world;—but these lie
 By myriads underneath its surface.

Cain. But
 None on it?¹¹

Lucifer. No: for thy frail race to war
 With them would render the curse on it useless—
 'Twould be destroy'd so early.

Cain. But why war?

Lucifer. You have forgotten the denunciation
 Which drove your race from Eden—war with all things,
 And death to all things, and disease to most things,
 And pangs, and bitterness; these were the fruits
 Of the forbidden tree.

Cain. But animals—
 Did they, too, eat of it, that they must die?

Lucifer. Your maker told ye, *they* were made for you,
 As you for him.—You would not have their doom
 Superior to your own? Had Adam not
 Fallen, all had stood.

Cain. Alas! the hopeless wretches!
 They too must share my sire's fate, like his sons;
 Like them, too, without having shared the apple;
 Like them, too, without the so dear-bought *knowledge!*
 It was a lying tree—for we *know* nothing.
 At least it *promised knowledge* at the *price*
 Of death—but *knowledge* still: but what *knows* man?

Lucifer. It may be death leads to the *highest knowledge*;
 And being of all things the sole thing certain,
 At least leads to the *surest* science: therefore
 The tree was true, though deadly.

Cain. These dim realms !
I see them, but I know them not.

Lucifer. Because
Thy hour is yet afar, and matter cannot
Comprehend spirit wholly—but 'tis something
To know there are such realms.

Cain. We knew already
That there was death.

Lucifer. But not what was beyond it.

Cain. Nor know I now.

Lucifer. Thou knowest that there is
A state, and many states beyond thine own—
And this thou knewest not this morn.

Cain. But all
Seems dim and shadowy.

Lucifer. Be content ; it will
Seem clearer to thine immortality.

Cain. And you immeasurable liquid space
Of glorious azure which floats on beyond us,
Which looks like water, and which I should deem
The river which flows out of Paradise
Past my own dwelling, but that it is bankless
And boundless, and of an ethereal hue—
What is it ?

Lucifer. There is still some such on earth,
Although inferior, and thy children shall
Dwell near it—'tis the phantasm of an ocean.

Cain. 'Tis like another world ; a liquid sun—
And those inordinate creatures sporting o'er
Its shining surface ?

Lucifer. Are its inhabitants.
The past leviathans.

Cain, And yon immense
Serpent, which rears its dripping mane and vasty
Head ten times higher than the haughtiest cedar
Forth from the abyss, looking as he could coil
Himself around the orbs we lately look'd on—
Is he not of the kind which bask'd beneath
The tree in Eden ?

Lucifer. Eve, thy mother, best
Can tell what shape of serpent tempted her.

Cain. This seems too terrible. No doubt the other
Had more of beauty.

Lucifer. Hast thou ne'er beheld him ?

Cain. Many of the same kind (at least so call'd),
But never that precisely which persuaded
The fatal fruit, nor even of the same aspect.

Lucifer. Your father saw him not ?

Cain. No: 'twas my mother
Who tempted him—she tempted by the serpent.

Lucifer. Good man! when'er thy wife, or thy sons' wives
Tempt thee or them to aught that's new or strange,
Be sure thou see'st first who hath tempted *them*.

Cain. Thy precept comes too late: there is no more
For serpents too tempt woman to.

Lucifer. But there
Are some things still which woman may tempt man to,
And man tempt woman;—let thy sons look to it!
My counsel is a kind one; for 'tis even
Given chiefly at my own expense: 'tis true,
'Twill not be follow'd so there's little lost.

Cain. I understand not this.

Lucifer. The happier thou!—
Thy world and thou are still too young! thou thinkest
Thyself most wicked and unhappy: is it
Not so?

Cain. For crime, I know not, but for pain,
I have felt much.

Lucifer. First-born of the first man!
Thy present state of sin—and thou art evil,
Of sorrow—and thou sufferest, are both Eden
In all its innocence compared to what
Thou shortly may'st be; and that state again
In its redoubled wretchedness, a paradise
To what thy sons sons' sons', accumulating
In generations like to dust (which they
In fact but add to), shall endure and do.—
Now let us back to earth!

Cain. And wherefore didst thou
Lead me here only to inform me this?

Lucifer. Was not thy quest for knowledge?

Cain. Yes; as being
The road to happiness.

Lucifer, If truth be so,
Thou hast it.

Cain, Then my father's God did well
When he prohibited the fatal tree.

Lucifer. But had done better in not planting it.
But ignorance of evil doth not save
From evil; it must still roll on the same,
A part of all things.

Cain. Not of all things. No;
I'll not believe it— for I thirst for good.

Lucifer. And who and what doth not? *Who* covets evil
For its own bitter sake?—*None*—nothing! 'tis
The leaven of all life, and lifelessness.

Cain. Within those glorious orbs which we behold,
Distant, and dazzling, and innumerable,
Ere we came down into this phantom ream,
Ill cannot come: they are too beautiful.

Lucifer. Thou hast seen them from afar—

Cain. And what of that ?

Distance can but diminish glory—they,
When nearer, must be more ineffable.

Lucifer. Approach the things of earth most beautiful,
And judge their beauty near.

Cain. I have done this—
The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

Lucifer. Then there must be delusion.—What is that,
Which being nearest to thine eyes is still
More beautiful than beauteous things remote ?

Cain. My sister Adah.—All the stars of heaven,
The deep blue moon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—
The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming—
His setting indescribably, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears which as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him
Along that western paradise of clouds—
The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's
The vesper bird's which seems to sing of love
And mingles with the song of cherubim,
As the day closes over Eden's walls ;—
All these are nothing, to the eyes and heart,
Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and heaven
To gaze on it.

Lucifer. 'Tis fair as frail mortality,
In the first dawn and bloom of young creation,
And earliest embraces of earth's parents,
Can make its offspring; still it is delusion.

Cain. You think so, being not her brother.

Lucifer. Mortal !
My brotherhood is with those who have no children.

Cain. Then thou canst have no fellowship with us.

Lucifer. It may be that thine own shall be for me,
But if thou dost possess a beautiful
Being beyond all beauty in thine eyes,
Why art thou wretched ?

Cain. Why do I exist ?
Why art thou wretched ? why are all things so ?
Ev'n he who made us must be, as the maker
Of things unhappy ! To produce destruction
Can surely never be the task of joy,
And yet my sire says he's omnipotent :
Then why is evil—he being good ! I ask'd
This question of my father ; and he said,
Because this evil only was the path
To good. Strange good, that must arise from out
Its deadly opposite. I lately saw
A lamb stung by a reptile: the poor suckling

Lay foaming on the earth, beneath the vain
 And piteous bleating of its restless dam ;
 My father pluck'd some herbs, and laid them to
 The wound ; and by degrees the helpless wretch
 Resumed its careless life, and rose to drain
 The mother's milk, who o'er it tremulous
 Stood licking its reviving limbs with joy.
 Behold, my son ! said Adam, how from evil
 Springs good !

Lucifer. What didst thou answer ?

Cain. Nothing ; for

He is my father : but I thought, that 'twere
 A better portion for the animal
 Never to have been *stung at all*, than to
 Purchase renewal of its little life
 With agonies unutterable, though
 Dispell'd by antidotes.

Lucifer. But as thou saidst
 Of all beloved things thou lovest her,
 Who shared thy mother's milk, and giveth hers
 Unto thy children——

Cain. Most assuredly :
 What should I be without her ?

Lucifer. What am I ?

Cain. Dost thou love nothing ?

Lucifer. What does thy God love ?

Cain. All things, my father says ! but I confess
 I see it not in their allotment here.

Lucifer. And, therefore, thou can'st not see if *I* love ?
 Or no, except some vast and general purpose,
 To which particular things must melt like snows.

Cain. Snows ! what are they ?

Lucifer. Be happier in not knowing
 What thy remoter offspring must encounter ;
 But bask beneath the clime which knows no winter !

Cain. But dost thou not love something like thyself ?

Lucifer. And dost thou love *thyself* ?

Cain. Yes, but love more
 What makes my feelings more endurable,
 And is more than myself, because I love it.

Lucifer. Thou lovest it, because 'tis beautiful,
 As was the apple in thy mother's eye ;
 And when it ceases to be so, thy love
 Will cease, like any other appetite.

Cain. Cease to be beautiful ! how can that be ?

Lucifer. With time.

Cain. But time has past, and hitherto
 Ev'n Adam and my mother both are fair :
 Not fair like Adah and the seraphim—
 But very fair.

Lucifer. All that must pass away
In them and her.

Cain. I'm sorry for it ; but
Cannot conceive my love for her the less.
And when her beauty disappears, methinks
He who creates all beauty will lose more
Than me in seeing perish such a work.

Lucifer. I pity thee who lovest what must perish.

Cain. And I thee who lov'st nothing.

Lucifer. And thy brother—
Sits he not near thy heart ?

Cain. Why should he not ?

Lucifer. Thy father loves him well—so does thy God.

Cain. And so do I.

Lucifer. 'Tis well and meekly done.

Cain. Meekly !

Lucifer. He is the second born of flesh,
And is his mother's favourite.

Cain. Let him keep
Her favour, since the serpent was the first
To win it.

Lucifer. And his father's ?

Cain. What is that
To me ? should I not love that which all love ?

Lucifer. And the Jehovah—the indulgent Lord,
And bounteous planter of barr'd Paradise—
He too, looks smilingly on Abel.

Cain. I
Ne'er saw him, and I know not if he smiles.

Lucifer. But you have seen his angels.

Cain. Rarely.

Lucifer. But
Sufficiently to see they love your brother :
His sacrifices are acceptable.

Cain. So he they ! wherefore speak to me of this ?

Lucifer. Because thou hast thought of this ere now.

Cain. And if
I have thought, why recall a thought that—(he pauses,
as agitated)—Spirit !

Here we are in thy world : speak not of mine.
Thou hast shown me wonders ; thou hast shown me those
Mighty pre-Adamites who walk'd the earth
Of which ours is the wreck ; thou hast pointed out
Myriads of starry worlds, of which our own
Is the dim and remote companion, in
Infinity of life : thou hast shown me shadows
Of that existence with the dreaded name
Which my sire brought us—Death ! thou hast shown me
much—

But not all : show me where Jehovah dwells,

In his especial Paradise,—or *thine* :
Where is it ?

Lucifer. Here, and o'er all space.

Cain.

But ye

Have some allotted dwelling—as all things ;
Cay has its earth, and other worlds their tenants ;
All temporary breathing creatures their
Peculiar element ; and things which have
Long ceased to breathe *our* breath, have theirs, thou say'st ;
And the Jehovah and thyself have thine—
Ye do not dwell together ?

Lucifer. No, we reign
Together ; but our dwellings are asunder.

Cain. Would there were only one of ye ! perchance
An unity of purpose might make union
In e'ements which now seem jarr'd in storms.
How came ye, being spirits, wise and infinite,
To separate ? Are ye not as brethren in
Your essence, and your nature, and your glory ?

Lucifer. Art thou not Abel's brother ?

Cain.

We are brethren,

And so we shall remain ; but were it not so,
Is spirit like to flesh ? can it fall out ?
Infinity with Immortality ?
Jarring and turning space to misery—
For what ?

Lucifer. To reign.

Cain.

Did ye not tell me that

Ye are both eternal ?

Lucifer.

Yea !

Cain.

And what I have seen,

You blue immensity, is boundless ?

Lucifer.

Ay.

Cain. And cannot ye both *reign* then ?—is there not
Enough ?—why should ye differ ?

Lucifer.

We *both* reign.

Cain. But one of you makes evil.

Lucifer.

Which ?

Cain.

Thou ! for

If thou canst do man good, why dost thou not ?

Lucifer. And why not he who made ? *I* made ye not ;
Ye are *his* creatures, and not mine.

Cain.

Then leave us

His creatures, as thou say'st we are, or show me
Thy dwelling, or his dwelling.

Lucifer.

I could show thee

Both ; but the time will come thou shalt see one
Of them for evermore.

Cain.

And why not now ?

Lucifer. Thy human mind hath scarcely grasp to gather

The little I have shown thee into calm
 And clear thought ; and thou wouldst go on aspiring
 To the great double Mysteries ! the *two Principles* !¹²
 And gaze upon them on their secret thrones !
 Dust ! limit thy ambition ; for to see
 Either of these would be for thee to perish !

Cain. And let me perish, so I see them !

Lucifer.

There

The son of her who snatch'd the apple spake !
 But thou wouldst only perish, and not see them ;
 That sight is for the other state.

Cain.

Of death ?

Lucifer. That is the prelude.

Cain.

Then I dread it less,

Now that I know it leads to something definite.

Lucifer. And now I will convey thee to thy world,
 Where thou shalt multiply the race of Adam,
 Eat, drink, toil, tremble, laugh, weep, sleep and die.

Cain. And to what end have I beheld these things
 Which thou hast shown me ?

Lucifer. Didst thou not require
 Knowledge ? And have I not, in what I show'd,
 Taught thee to know thyself ?

Cain.

Alas ! I seem

Nothing.

Lucifer. And this should be the human sum
 Of knowledge, to know mortal nature's nothingness ;
 Bequeath that science to thy children, and
 'Twill spare them many tortures.

Cain.

Haughty spirit !

Thou speak'st it proudly ; but thyself, though proud,
 Hast a superior.

Lucifer. No ! by heaven, which He
 Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity
 Of worlds and life, which I hold with him—No !
 I have a victor—true ; but no superior.
 Homage he has from all—but none from me :
 I battle it against him, as I battled
 In highest heaven. Through all eternity,
 And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,
 And the interminable realms of space,
 And the infinity of endless ages,
 All, all, will I dispute ! And world by world,
 And star by star, and universe by universe,
 Shall tremble in the balance, till the great
 Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease.
 Which it ne'er shall, till he or I be quench'd !
 And what can quench our immortality,
 Our mutual and irrevocable hate ?
 He as a conqueror will call the conquer'd

Evil; but what will be the *good* he gives?
 Were I the victor, *his* works would be deem'd
 The only evil ones. And you, ye new
 And scarce born mortals, what have been his gifts
 To you already, in your little world?¹³

Cain. But few! and some of those but bitter.

Lucifer.

Back

With me, then, to thine earth, and try the rest
 Of his celestial boons to you and yours.

Evil and good are things in their own essence,
 And not made good or evil by the giver;
 But if he gives you good—so call him: if
 Evil springs from *him*, do not name it *mine*,
 Till ye know better its true fount; and judge
 Not by words, though of spirits, but the fruits
 Of your existence, such as it must be.

One good gift has the fatal apple given—
 Your *reason*:—let it not be over-sway'd
 By tyrannous threats to force you into faith
 'Gainst all external sense and inward feeling:
 Think and endure,—and form an inner world
 In your own bosom—where the outward fails;
 So shall you nearer be the spiritual
 Nature, and war triumphant with your own.

[*They disappear*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Earth near Eden, as in Act I.

Enter CAIN and ADAH.

Adah. Hush! tread softly, Cain.

Cain. I will; but wherefore?

Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed
 Of leaves, beneath the cypress.

Cain. Cypress! 'tis
 A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourn'd
 O'er what it shadows; wherefore didst thou choose it
 For our child's canopy?

Adah. Because its branches
 Shut out the sun like night, and therefore seem'd
 Fitting to shadow slumber.

Cain. Ay, the last—
 And longest; but no matter—lead me to him.

[*They go up to the child.*]

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks,
 In their pure incarnation, vying with
 The rose leaves strewn beneath them.

Adah. And his lips, too,
How beautifully parted! No: you shall not
Kiss him, at least not now: he will wake soon—
His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over;
But it were pity to disturb him till
'Tis closed.

Cain. You have said well; I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps!—Sleep on
And smile, thou little young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and smile!
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit—
Thou know'st not thou art naked? Must the same
Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,
Which were not mine or thine? But now sleep on!
His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them:
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
Laughs out although in slumber. He must dream—
Of what? Of Paradise!—Ay! dream of it,
My disinherited boy! 'Tis but a dream;
For never more thy self, thy sons, nor fathers,
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!

Adah. Dear Cain! Nay, do not whisper o'er our son
Such melancholy yearnings o'er the past:
Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise?
Can we not make another?

Cain. Where?

Adah. Here, or
Where'er thou wilt: where'er thou art I feel not
The want of this so much regretted Eden.
Have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and brother;
And Zillah—our sweet sister, and our Eve,
To whom we owe so much besides our birth?

Cain. Yes—death, too, is amongst the debts we owe her.

Adah. Cain! that proud spirit, who withdrew thee hence,
Hath sadden'd thine still deeper. I had hoped
The promised wonders which thou hast beheld,
Visions, thou say'st, of past and present worlds,
Would have composed thy mind into the calm
Of a contented knowledge; but I see
Thy guide hath done thee evil: still I thank him,
And can forgive him all, that he so soon
Hath given thee back to us.

Cain. So soon?

Adah. 'Tis scarce!
Two hours since ye departed: two *long* hours
To me, but only *hours* upon the sun.

Cain. And yet I have approach'd than sun, and seen

Worlds which he once shone on, and never more
Shall light; and worlds he never lit: methought
Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

Adah. Hardly hours.

Cain. The mind then hath capacity of time,
And measures it by that which it beholds,
Pleasing or painful; little or almighty.
I had beheld the immemorial works
Of endless beings; skirr'd extinguish'd worlds;
And, gazing on eternity, methought
I had borrow'd more by a few drops of ages
From its immensity; but now I feel
My littleness again. Well said the spirit,
That I was nothing!

Adah. Wherefore said he so?
Jehovah said not that.

Cain. No: *he* contents him
With making us the *nothing* which we are;
And after flattering dust with glimpses of
Eden and immortality, resolves
It back to dust again—for what?

Adah. Thou know'st—
Ev'n for our parents' error.

Cain. What is that
To us? they sinn'd, then *let them* die!

Adah. Thou hast not spoken well, nor is that thought
Thy own, but of the spirit who was with thee.
Would I could die for them, so *they* might live!

Cain. Why, so say I—provided that one victim
Might satiate the insatiable of life,
And that our little rosy sleeper there
Might never taste of death nor human sorrow,
Nor hand it down to those who spring from him.

Adah. How know we that some such atonement *one*
day
May not redeem our race?

Cain. By sacrificing
The harmless for the guilty? what atonement
Were there? why, *we* are innocent: what have we
Done, that we must be victims for a deed
Before our birth, or need have victims to
Atone for this mysterious, nameless sin—
If it be such a sin to seek for knowledge?

Adah. Alas! thou sinnest now, my Cain: thy words
Sound impious in mine ears.

Cain. Then leave me!

Adah. Never,
'Though thy God left thee.

Cain. Say, what have we here?

Adah. Two altars, which our brother Abel made

During thine absence, whereupon to offer
A sacrifice to God on thy return.

Cain. And how knew *he*, that *I* would be so ready
With the burnt offerings, which he daily brings
With a meek brow, whose base humility
Shows more of fear than worship, as a bribe
To the Creator?

Adah. Surely, 'tis well done.

Cain. One altar may suffice; *I* have no offering.

Adah. The fruits of the earth, the early, beautiful
Blossom and bud, and bloom of flowers and fruits,
These are a goodly offering to the Lord,
Given with a gentle and a contrite spirit.

Cain. I have toil'd, and till'd, and sweaten in the sun
According to the curse:—must I do more?
For what should I be gentle? for a war
With all the elements ere they will yield
The bread we eat? For what must I be grateful?
For being dust, and grovelling in the dust,
Till I return to dust? If I am nothing—
For nothing shall I be an hypocrite,
And seem well-pleas'd with pain? For what should I
Be contrite? for my father's sin, already
Expiate with what we all have undergone,
And to be more than expiated by
The ages prophesied, upon our seed.
Little deems our young blooming sleeper, there,
The germs of an eternal misery
To myriads is within him! better 'twere
I snatch'd him in his sleep, and dash'd him 'gainst
The rocks, than let him live to——

Adah. Oh, my God!
Touch not the child—my child! *thy* child! Oh Cain!

Cain. Fear not! for all the stars, and all the power
Which sways them, I would not accost you infant
With ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

Adah. Then, why so awful in thy speech?

Cain. I said,

'Twere better that he ceased to live, than give
Life to so much of sorrow as he must
Endure, and, harder still, bequeath; but since
That saying jars you, let us only say—
'Twere better that he never had been born.

Adah. Oh, do not say so! Where were then the joys
The mother's joys of watching, nourishing,
And loving him? Soft! he awakes. Sweet Enoch!

[*She goes to the child.*]

Oh Cain! look on him; see how full of life,
Of strength, of bloom of beauty, and of joy,
How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle,

For *then* we are *all* alike ; is't not so, Cain ?
 Mother, and sire, and son, our features are
 Reflected in each other ; as they are
 In the clear waters, when *they* are *gentle*, and
 When *thou* art *gentle*. Love us then, my Cain !
 And love thyself for our sakes, for we love thee.
 Look ! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
 And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
 To hail his father : while his little form
 Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain !
 The childless cherubs well might envy thee
 The pleasures of a parent ! Bless him, Cain !
 As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but
 His heart will, and thine own too.

Cain. Bless thee, becy
 If that a mortal blessing may avail thee,
 To save thee from the serpent's curse !

Adah. It shall.
 Surely a father's blessing may avert
 A reptile's subtlety.

Cain. Of that I doubt ;
 But bless him ne'er the less.

Adah. Our brother comes.

Cain. Thy brother Abel.

Enter ABEL.

Abel. Welcome, Cain ! My brother,
 The peace of God be on thee !

Cain. Abel, hail !

Abel. Our sister tells me that thou hast been wandering
 In high communion with a spirit, far
 Beyond our wonted range. Was he of those
 We have seen and spoken with, like to our father ?

Cain. No.

Abel. Why then commune with him ? he may be
 A foe to the Most High.

Cain. And friend to man.
 Has the Most High been so—if so you term him ?

Abel. Term Him ? your words are strange to-day, my
 brother.

My sister Adah, leave us for awhile—
 We mean to sacrifice.

Adah. Farewell, my Cain ;
 But first embrace thy son. May his soft spirit,
 And Abel's pious ministry, recall thee
 To peace and holiness !

[Exit ADAH, with her child.]

Abel. Where hast thou been ?

Cain. I know not.

Abel. Nor what thou hast seen ?

Cain. The dead,
The immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,
The overpowering mysteries of space—
The innumerable worlds that were and are—
A whirlwind of such overwhelming things,
Suns, moons, and earths, upon their loud-voiced spheres
Singing in thunder round me, as have made me
Unfit for mortal converse: leave me, Abel.

Abel. Thine eyes are flashing with unnatural light—
Thy cheek is flush'd with an unnatural hue—
Thy words are fraught with an unnatural sound—
What may this mean?

Cain. It means—I pray thee, leave me.

Abel. Not till we have pray'd and sacrificed together.

Cain. Abel, I pray thee, sacrifice alone—
Jehovah loves thee well.

Abel. Both well, I hope,

Cain. But thee the better: I care not for that;
Thou art fitter for his worship than I am;
Revere him, then—but let it be alone—
At least, without me.

Abel. Brother, I should ill
Deserve the name of our great father's son,
If, as my elder, I revered thee not
And in the worship of our God call'd not
On thee to join me, and precede me in
Our priesthood—'tis thy place.

Cain. But I have ne'er
Asserted it.

Abel. The more my grief; I pray thee
To do so now: thy soul seems labouring in
Some strong delusion; it will calm thee.

Cain. No;
Nothing can calm me more. *Calm!* say I? Never
Knew I what calm was in the soul, although
I have seen the elements still'd. My Abel, leave me!
Or let me leave thee to thy pious purposes.

Abel. Neither; we must perform our task together.
Spurn me not.

Cain. If it must be so—well, then,
What shall I do?

Abel. Choose one of those two altars.

Cain. Choose for me: they to me are so much turf
And stone.

Abel. Choose thou!

Cain. I have chosen.

Abel. 'Tis the highest,
And suits thee as the elder. Now prepare
Thine offerings.

Cain. Where are thine?

Abel. Behold them here—
The firstlings of the flock, and fat thereof—
A shepherd's humble offerings.

Cain. I have no flock's;
I am a tiller of the ground, and must
Yield what it yieldeth to my toil—its fruit :

[*He gathers fruit.*
Behold them in their various bloom and ripeness.

They dress their altars, and kindle a flame upon them.

Abel. My brother as the elder offer first
Thy prayer and thanksgiving with sacrifice.

Cain. No—I am new to this; lead thou the way,
And I will follow—as I may.

Abel (kneeling). Oh God!
Who made us, and who breathed the breath of life
Within our nostrils, who hath blessed us,
And spared, despite our father's sin, to make
His children all lost as they might have been,
Had not the justice been so temper'd with
The mercy which is thy delight, as to
Accord a pardon like a Paradise,
Compared with our great crimes :—Sole Lord of light !
Of good, and glory, and eternity ;
Without whom all were evil, and with whom
Nothing can err, except to some good end
Of thine omnipotent benevolence—
Inscrutable, but still to be fulfill'd—
Accept from out thy humble first of shepherd's
First of the first-born flocks—an offering
In itself nothing—as what offering can be
Aught unto thee ?—but yet accept it for
The thanksgiving of him who spreads it in
The face of thy high heaven, bowing his own
Ev'n to the dust, of which he is, in honour
Of thee, and of thy name, for evermore !

Cain (standing erect during this speech). Spirit ! what-
e'er or whosoe'er thou art,
Omnipotent, it may be—and, if good,
Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from evil
Jehovah upon earth ! and God in heaven !
And it may be with other names, because
Thine attributes seem many, as thy works :—
If thou must be propitiated with prayers,
Take them ! If thou must be induced with altars,
And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them ;
Two beings here erect them unto thee.
If thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine, which smokes
On my right hand, hath shed it for thy service
In the first of his flock, whose limbs now reek

In sanguinary incense to thy skies
 Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth,
 And milder seasons, which the unstain'd turf
 I spread them on now offers in the face
 Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may seem
 Good to thee, inasmuch as they have not
 Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form
 A sample of thy works, than supplication
 To look on ours! If a shrine without victim,
 And altar without gore, may win thy favour,
 Look on it! and for him who dresseth it,
 He is—such as thou mad'st him; and seeks nothing
 Which must be won by kneeling: if he's evil,
 Strike him! thou art omnipotent, and may'st—
 For what can he oppose? If he be good,
 Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt! since all
 Rests upon thee; and good and evil seem
 To have no power themselves, save in thy will:
 And whether that be good or ill I know not,
 Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge
 Omnipotence, but merely to endure
 Its mandate; which thus far I have endured.

[*The fire upon the altar of ABEL kindles into a column
 of the brightest flame, and ascends to heaven;
 while a whirlwind throws down the altar of CAIN,
 and scatters the fruits abroad upon the earth.*

Abel (kneeling). Oh, brother, pray! Jehovah's wroth
 with thee.

Cain. Why so?

Abel. Thy fruits are scatter'd on the earth.

Cain. From earth they came, to earth let them return;
 Their seed will bear fresh fruit there ere the summer:
 Thy burnt flesh-offering prospers better; see
 How heaven licks up the flames, when thick with blood!

Abel. Think not upon my offering's acceptance,
 But make another of thine own before
 It is too late.

Cain. I will build no more altars,
 Nor suffer any.—

Abel (rising). Cain! what meanest thou?

Cain. To cast down yon vile flatterer of the clouds,
 The smoky harbinger of thy dull prayers—
 Thine altar, with its blood of lambs and kids,
 Which fed on milk, to be destroy'd in blood.

Abel (opposing him). Thou shalt not:—add not impious
 works to impious

Words! let that altar stand—'tis hallow'd now
 By the immortal pleasure of Jehovah,
 In his acceptance of the victims.

Cain.

His!

His pleasure! what was his high pleasure in
The fumes of scorching flesh and smoking blood,
To the pain of the bleating mothers, which
Still yearn for their dead offspring? or the pangs
Of the sad ignorant victims underneath
Thy pious knife? Give way! this bloody record
Shall not stand in the sun, to shame creation!

Abel. Brother, give back! thou shalt not touch my altar
With violence: if that thou wilt adopt it,
To try another sacrifice, 'tis thine.

Cain. Another sacrifice! Give way, or else
That sacrifice may be——

Abel. What mean'st thou?

Cain, Give——
Give way!—thy God loves blood; then look to it:—
Give way, ere he hath *more!*

Abel. In *his* great name,
I stand between thee and the shrine which hath
Had his acceptance.

Cain. If thou lov'st thyself,
Stand back till I have strew'd this turf along
Its native soil:—else——

Abel (opposing him). I love God far more
Than life.

*Cain (striking him with a brand, on the temples, which
he snatches from the altar.)*

Then take thy life unto thy God,
Since he loves life.

Able (falls). What hast thou done, brother?

Cain. Brother!

Able. Oh, God! receive thy servant, and
Forgive his slayer, for he knew not what
He did—Cain, give me—give me thy hand; and tell
Poor Zillah——

Cain (after a moment's stupefaction). My hand! 'tis
all red, and with——

What?

[*A long pause.—Looking slowly round.*

Where am I? alone! Where's Abel? where
Cain? Can it be that I am he? My brother,
Awake!—why liest thou so on the green earth?
'Tis not the hour of slumber;—why so pale?
What, hast thou!—thou wert full of life this morn!
Abel! I pray thee, mock me not! I smote
Too fiercely, but not fatally. Ay, why
Wouldst thou oppose me? This is a mockery;
And only done to daunt me:—'twas a blow—
And but a blow. Stir—stir—nay, only stir!
Why, so—that's well!—thou breath'st! breathe upon me!
Oh, God! Oh, God!

As if he would not have asserted his
Inexorable claim without my aid.
I am awake at last—a dreary dream
Hath madden'd me;—but *he* shall ne'er awake!

Enter ADAM, EVE, ADAH, and ZILLAH.

Adam. A voice of woe from Zillah brings me here.—
What do I see?—'Tis true!—My son!—my son!
Woman, behold the serpent's work, and thine!

[*To EVE.*

Eve. Oh! speak not of it now: the serpent's fangs
Are in my heart. My best beloved, Abel!
Jehovah! this is punishment beyond
A mother's sin, to take *him* from me!

Adam. Who
Or what hath done this deed?—speak, Cain, since thou
Wert present; was it some more hostile angel,
Who walks not with Jehovah? or some wild
Brute of the forest?

Eve. Ah! a livid light
Breaks through, as from a thunder-cloud! yon brand,
Massy and bloody! snatch'd from off the altar,
And black with smoke, and red with—

Adam. Speak, my son!
Speak, and assure us, wretched as we are,
That we are not more miserable still.

Adah. Speak, Cain! and say it was not *thou*!

Eve. It was.
I see it now—he hangs his guilty head,
And covers his ferocious eye with hands
Incarnadine.

Adah. Mother, thou dost him wrong—
Cain! clear thee from this horrible accusal,
Which grief wrings from our parent.

Eve. Hear, Jehovah!
May the eternal serpent's curse be on him!
For he was fitter for his seed than ours.
May all his days be desolate. May—

Adah. Hold!
Curse him not, mother, for he is thy son—
Curse him not, mother, for he is my brother,
And my betroth'd.

Eve. He hath left thee no brother—
Zillah no husband—me *no son*!—for thus
I curse him from my sight for evermore!
All bonds I break between us! as he broke
That of his nature, in yon—Oh death! death!
Why didst thou not take *me*, who first incurr'd *thee*?
thou not so now?

Eve! let not this,

Abel (very faintly). What's he who speaks of God?

Cain. Thy murderer.

Abel. Then may God forgive him! Cain
Somfort poor Zillah :—she has but one brother
Now.

[*ABEL dies.*

Cain. And I none!—Who makes me brotherless?
His eyes are open! then he is not dead!
Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our lids.
His lips too, are apart; why then he breathes!
And yet I feel it not.—His heart!—his heart!
Let me see, doth it beat? methinks—No!—no!
This is a vision, else I am become
The native of another and worse world.
The earth swins round me:—what is this?—'tis wet;
[*Puts his hand to his brow, and then looks at it.*
And yet there are no dews! 'Tis blood—my blood—
My brother's and my own! and shed by me!
Then what have I further to do with life,
Since I have taken life from my own flesh?
But he cannot be dead!—Is silence death?
No; he will wake: then let me watch by him.
Life can not be so slight, as to be quench'd
Thus quickly!—he hath spoken to me since—
What shall I say to him?—My brother!—No:
He will not answer to that name; for brethren
Smite not each other. Yet—yet—speak to me.
Oh! for a word more of that gentle voice,
That I may bear to hear my own again!

Enter ZILLAH.

Zillah. I heard a heavy sound; what can it be?
'Tis Cain; and watching by my husband. What
Dost thou there, brother? Doth he sleep? Oh heaven!
What means this paleness, and yon stream?—No, no!
't is not blood; for who would shed his blood?
Abel! what's this?—who hath done this? He moves not:
He breathes not: and his hands drop down from mine
With stony lifelessness! Ah! cruel Cain!
Why cam'st thou not in time to save him from
This violence? Whatever hath assail'd him,
Thou wert the stronger, and should'st have stepp'd in
Between him and aggression! Father!—Eve!—
Adah!—come hither! Death is in the world!

[*Exit ZILLAH, calling on her Parents, &c.*

Cain (solus). And who hath brought him there?—I—
who abhor

The name of Death so deeply, that the thought
Empoison'd all my life, before I knew
His aspect—I have led him here, and given
My brother to his cold and still embrace,

Thy natural grief, lead to impiety!
 A heavy doom was long forespoken to us
 And now that it begins, let it be borne
 In such sort as may show our God, that we
 Are faithful servants to his holy will.

Eve (pointing to Cain). His will!! the will of you
 incarnate spirit

Of death, whom I have brought upon the earth
 To strew it with the dead. May all the curses
 Of life be on him! and his agonies
 Drive him forth o'er the wilderness, like us
 From Eden, till his children do by him
 As he did by his brother! May the swords
 And wings of fiery cherubim pursue him
 By day and night—snakes spring up in his path—
 Earth's fruits be ashes in his mouth—the leaves
 On which he lays his head to sleep be strew'd
 With scorpions! May his dreams be of his victim!
 His waking a continual dread of death!
 May the clear river turn to blood as he
 Stoops down to stain them with his raging lip!
 May every element shun or change to him!
 May he live in the pangs which others die with!
 And death itself wax something worse than death
 To him who first acquainted him with man!
 Hence, fratricide! henceforth that word is *Cain*,
 Through all the coming myriads of mankind,
 Who shall abhor thee, though thou wert their sire!
 May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods
 Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
 A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her God!

[Exit EVE.]

Adam. Cain! get thee forth: we dwell no more together
 Depart! and leave the dead to me—I am
 Henceforth alone—we never must meet more.

Adah. Oh, part not with him thus, my father: do not
 Add thy deep curse to Eve's upon his head!

Adam. I curse him not: his spirit be his curse.
 Come, Zillah!

Zillah. I must watch my husband's corse.

Adam. We will return again, when he is gone
 Who hath provided for us this dread office.
 Come, Zillah!

Zillah. Yet one kiss on yon pale clay,
 And those lips once so warm—my heart! my heart.

[Exit ADAM and ZILLAH, weeping.]

Adah. Cain! thou hast heard, we must go forth. I am
 ready,

So shall our children be. I will bear Enoch,
 And you his sister. Ere the sun declines

Let us depart, nor walk the wilderness
Under the cloud of night.—Nay, speak to me,
To me—*thine own*.

Cain.

Leave me!

Adah.

Why, all have left thee.

Cain. And wherefore lingerest thou? Dost thou not
fear

To dwell with one who hath done this?

Adah.

I fear

Nothing except to leave thee, much as I
Shrink from the deed which leaves thee brotherless.
I must not speak of this—it is between thee
And the great God.

A Voice from within exclaims, Cain! Cain!

Adah.

It soundeth like an angel's tone.

Enter the ANGEL of the Lord.

Angel. Where is thy brother Abel?

Cain.

Am I then

My brother's keeper?

Angel.

Cain! what hast thou done?

The voice of thy slain brother's blood cries out,
Ev'n from the ground, unto the Lord!—Now art thou
Cursed from the earth, which open'd late her mouth
To drink thy brother's blood from thy rash hand.
Henceforth, when thou shalt till the ground, it shall not
Yield thee her strength; a fugitive shalt thou
Be from this day, and vagabond on earth!

Adah. This punishment is more than he can bear.

Behold, thou drivest him from the face of earth,
And from the face of God shall he be hid.

A fugitive and vagabond on earth,
'Twill come to pass, that whoso findeth him
Shall slay him.

Cain. Would they could! but who are they
Shall slay me? Where are these on the lone earth
As yet unpeopled?

Angel.

Thou hast slain thy brother,
And who shall warrant thee against thy son?

Adah. Angel of Light! be merciful, nor say
That this poor aching breast now nourishes
A murderer in my boy, and of his father.

Angel. Then he would but be what his father is.
Did not the milk of Eve give nutriment
To him thou now see'st so besmear'd with blood?
The fratricide might well engender parricides.—
But it shall not be so—the Lord thy God
And mine commandeth me to set his seal
On Cain so that he may go forth in safety.

Who slayeth Cain, a sevenfold vengeance shall
Be taken on his head. Come hither!

Cain. What

Wouldst thou with me?

Angel. To mark upon thy brow
Exemption from such deeds as thou hast done.

Cain. No, let me die!

Angel. It must not be.

[*The ANGEL sets the mark on CAIN'S brow.*

Cain. It burns

My brow, but nought to that which is within it.

Is there more? let me meet it as I may.

Angel. Stern hast thou been and stubborn from the
womb,

As the ground thou must henceforth till; but he
Thou slew'st was gentle as the flocks he tended.

Cain. After the fall too soon was I begotten;
Ere yet my mother's mind subsided from
The serpent, and my sire still mourn'd for Eden.
That which I am, I am; I did not seek
For life, nor did I make myself; but could I
With my own death redeem him from the dust—
And why not so? let him return to day,
And I lie ghastly, so shall be restored
By God the life to him he loved? and taken
From me a being I ne'er loved to bear.

Angel. Who shall heal murder? what is done is done;
Go forth! fulfil thy days! and be thy deeds
Unlike the last!

[*The ANGEL disappears.*

Adah. He's gone, let us go forth;

I hear our little Enoch cry within
Our bower.

Cain. Ah! little knows he what he weeps for!
And I who have shed blood can not shed tears!
But the four rivers¹¹ would not cleanse my soul.
Think'st thou my boy will bear to look on me?

Adah. If I thought that he would not, I would—

Cain (*interrupting her*). No,

No more of threats: we have had too many of them:
Go to our children; I will follow thee.

Adah. I will not leave thee lonely with the dead;
Let us depart together.

Cain. Oh! thou dead

And everlasting witness! whose unsinking
Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou now art
I know not! but if *thou* seest what *I* am,
I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his God
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul.—Farewell!
I must not, dare not touch what I have made thee.

I, who sprung from the same womb with thee, drain'd
 The same breast, clasp'd thee often to my own,
 In fondness brotherly and boyish, I
 Can never meet thee more, nor even dare
 To do that for thee, which thou shouldst have done
 For me—compose thy limbs into their grave—
 The first grave yet dug for mortality.
 But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth! Oh, earth!
 For all the fruits thou hast render'd to me, I
 Give thee back this.—Now for the wilderness.

[*ADAH stoops down and kisses the body of ABEL.*

Adah. A dreary, and an early doom, my brother
 Has been thy lot! Of all who mourn for thee,
 I alone must not weep. My office is
 Henceforth to dry up tears, and not to shed them:
 But yet, of all who mourn, none mourn like me.
 Not only for thyself, but him who slew thee.
 Now, Cain! I will divide thy burden with thee.

Cain. Eastward from Eden will we take our way:
 'Tis the most desolate, and suits my steps.

Adah. Lead! thou shalt be my guide, and may our God
 Be thine! Now let us carry forth our children.

Cain. And *he* who lieth there was childless. I
 Have dried the fountain of a gentle race,
 Which might have graced his recent marriage couch,
 And might have temper'd this stern blood of mine,
 Uniting with our children Abel's offspring!

(*) Abel!*

Adah. Peace be with him!

Cain.

But with me!

[*Exeunt.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HOURS OF IDLENESS :

A SERIES OF POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

Virginibus puerisque canto,—HORACE, lib. iii. Ode 1.
He whistled as he went, for want of thought.—DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

In submitting to the public eye the following collection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that writers of verse generally encounter, but may incur the charge of presumption for obtruding myself on the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits: under the former influence, "CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS," in particular, were composed. This consideration, though it cannot excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure. A considerable portion of these poems has been privately printed, at the request and for the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial and frequently injudicious admiration of the social circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated, yet, "to do greatly;" we must "dare greatly," and I hazarded my reputation and feelings in publishing this volume. "I have passed the Rubicon," and must stand or fall by the "cast of the die." In the latter event, I shall submit without a murmur; for, though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable that I may have dared much and done little; for, in the words of Cowper, "it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biassed in our favour, and another to write what may please every body; because they who have no connexion, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can." To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe: on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed: their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour which has been de-

nised to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation: some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce anything entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me "to this sin:" little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others "virum volitare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write;"—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease," or the honour of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,"—a work to which the Peccage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement: I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor, even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the Poems of a noble relation of mine,¹ "That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged,"² can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.³

Oh, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
 What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
 What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
 Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course:
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
 Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
 If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
 Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
 But living statues there are seen to weep;
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
 Affliction's self deploras thy youthful doom.
 What though thy sire lament his failing line,
 A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
 Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
 Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
 But, who with me shall hold thy former place?
 Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
 Ah! none!—a father's tears will cease to flow,
 Time will assuage an infant brother's woe:
 To all, save one, is consolation known,
 While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice
 Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
 When, poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
 Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
 Oh! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
 To mark the spot where earth to earth returns!
 No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone:
 My epitaph shall be my name alone;⁴
 If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
 Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot;
 By *that* remember'd, or with *that* forgot.

1803.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.⁵

“Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest down from thy tower to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court.”—OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds
whistle;

Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,⁶
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath:
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan⁷ slumbers;
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy;⁸
For the safety of Edward and England they fell:
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;
How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell.

On Marston,⁹ with Rupert,¹⁰ 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field:
For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.¹¹

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown,
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish:
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own!

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN
DYING.¹²

[ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—
Greater than Jove he seems to me—
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms,
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly;
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears.
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night:
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL
AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

HE who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's¹³ unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

“Luctus de morte passeris.”

YE, Cupids, droop each little head,
 Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
 My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
 Whom dearer than her eyes she loved
 For he was gentle, and so true,
 Obedient to her call he flew,
 No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
 But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
 He never sought to cleave the air,
 But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,
 Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
 Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne
 From whence he never can return,
 His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
 Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
 Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
 From whom no earthly power can save
 For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
 From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
 Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
 Thou art the cause of all her woe,
 Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
 A million scarce would quench desire;
 Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
 And dwell an age on every kiss:
 Nor then my soul should sated be;
 Still would I kiss and cling to thee:
 Nought should my kiss from thine dissever;
 Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
 E'en though the numbers did exceed
 The yellow harvest's countless seed.
 To part would be a vain endeavour:
 Could I desist?—ah! never—never!

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

TO HIS LYRE.

I wish to tune my quivering lyre
 To deeds of fame and notes of fire ;
 To echo, from its rising swell,
 How heroes fought and nations fell,
 When Atreus' sons advance to war,
 Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar ;
 But still, to martial strains unknown,
 My lyre recurs to love alone :
 Fired with the hope of future fame,
 I seek some nobler hero's name ;
 The dying chords are strung anew,
 To war, to war, my harp is due :
 With glowing strings, the epic strain
 To Jove's great son I raise again ;
 Alcides and his glorious deeds,
 Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.
 All, all in vain ; my wayward lyre
 Wakes silver notes of soft desire,
 Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms !
 Adieu the clang of war's alarms !
 To other deeds my soul is strung ;
 And sweeter notes shall now be sung,
 My harp shall all its powers reveal,
 To tell the tale my heart must feel :
 Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
 In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

ODE III.

'Twas now the hour when Night had driven
 Her car half round yon sable heaven
 Boötes, only, seem'd to roll
 His arctic charge around the pole ;
 While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
 Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep :
 At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
 Descending from the worlds of joy
 Quick to my gate directs his course,
 And knocks with all his little force.
 My visions fled, alarm'd I rose—
 "What stranger breaks my blest repose?"
 "Alas!" replies the wily child,
 In faltering accents sweetly mild,
 "A hapless infant here I roam,
 Far from my dear maternal home.
 Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
 The nightly storm is pouring fast.

No prowling robber lingers here ;
 A wandering baby who can fear ?”
 I heard his seeming artless tale,
 I heard his sighs upon the gale :
 My breast was never pity's foe,
 But felt for all the baby's woe.
 I drew the bar, and by the light
 Young Love, the infant, met my sight ;
 His bow across his shoulders flung,
 And thence his fatal quiver hung
 (Ah ! little did I think the dart
 Would rankle soon within my heart),
 With care I tend my weary guest,
 His little fingers chill my breast ;
 His glossy curls, his azure wing ;
 Which droop with nightly showers, I wring ;
 His shivering limbs the embers warm ;
 And now reviving from the storm,
 Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
 Than swift he siezed his slender bow :—
 “ I fain would know, my gentle host,”
 He cried, “ if this its strength has lost ;
 I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
 The strings their former aid refuse.”
 With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
 Deep in my tortured heart it lies ;
 Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd :—
 “ My bow can still impel the shaft :
 'Tis firmly fix'd thy sighs reveal it ;
 Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it ?”

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF
ÆSCHYLUS.

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne
 Both gods and mortals homage pay,
 Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
 Thy dread behests ne'er disobey,
 Oft shall the sacred victim fall
 In sea-girt Occan's mossy hall ;
 My voice shall raise no impious strain
 'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

* * * *

How different now thy joyless fate,
 Since first Hesione thy bride,
 When placed aloft in godlike state,
 The blushing beauty by thy side.

Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
 And mirthful strains the hours beguiled,
 The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
 Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd.¹⁴
Harrow, Dec. 1, 1840.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS.¹⁵

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
 Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize,
 It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
 A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
 The old and disappointed maid;
 Or pupil of the prudish school,
 In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,
 For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;
 To thee in vain I shall not plead
 In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
 His was no faint fictitious flame:
 Like his, may love be thy reward,
 But not thy hapless fate the same.¹⁶

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance,
 Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
 Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
 Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhyimers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
 Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;
 From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
 Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
 Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
 Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
 And try the effect of the first kiss of love!

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art!
 Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
 I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
 Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks those fantastical themes,
 Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move:
 Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:
 What are visions like these to the first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
 From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove;
 Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
 And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past—
 For years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
 The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
 Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss of love.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.¹⁷

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
 Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
 Whom still affection taught me to defend,
 And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
 Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
 Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command;¹⁸
 Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
 The gift of riches, and pride of power;
 E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
 Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
 Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
 To shun fair science, or evade control,
 Though passive tutors,¹⁹ fearful to dispraise
 The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
 View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
 And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.
 When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
 To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—
 And even in spimple boyhood's opening dawn
 Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn,—
 When these declare, "that pomp alone should wait
 On one by birth predestined to be great;
 That books were only meant for drudging fools,
 That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"
 Believe them not;—they point the path to shame,
 And seek to blast the honours of thy name.
 Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
 Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
 Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
 None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
 Ask thine own heart: 'twill bid thee, boy, forbear;
 For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
 But now new scenes invite me far away;
 Yes! I have mark'd within that generous mind
 A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.
 Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
 Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;
 Though every error stamps me for her own,
 And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
 Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
 I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
 To glean the lambent meteor of an hour;
 To swell some peccage page in feeble pride,
 With long-drawn names that grace no page beside;
 Then share with titled crowds the common lot—
 In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;
 While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
 Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
 The mouldering 'sentecheon, or the herald's roll,
 That well emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
 Where lords, nohonour'd, in the tomb may find
 One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.
 There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
 That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,
 A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
 In records destined never to be read.
 Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,
 Exalted more among the good and wise,
 A glorious and a long career pursue,
 As first in rank, the first in talent too:
 Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun;
 Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day;
 Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.

One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
 And call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth²⁰
 Another view, not less renown'd for wit;
 Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
 Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine
 In every splendid part ordan'd to shine;
 Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
 The pride of princes, and the boast of song²¹
 Sue i were thy fathers; thus preserve their name;
 Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
 The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,
 To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
 Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
 Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship all were mine:
 Like the rainbow's hue,
 The moment's flew;

Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
 By dreams of ill to cloud some future day ;
 Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell ;
 Alas ; they love not long, who love so well
 To these adieu ! nor let me linger o'er
 Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
 Receding slowly through the dark-blue deep,
 Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

Dorset, farewell ! I will not ask one part
 Of sad remembrance in so young a heart ;
 The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
 Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
 And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
 Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,
 Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
 May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
 We hence may meet, and pass each other by,
 With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.
 For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
 A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,
 With thee no more again I hope to trace
 The recollection of our early race ;
 No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
 Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice :
 Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
 To veil those feelings which perchance it ought,
 If these—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,—
 Oh ! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
 The guardian seraph who directs thy fate
 Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.²²

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

Oh ! could Le Sage's²³ demon's gifts
 Be realized at my desire,
 This night my trembling form he'd lift
 To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
 Pedantic inmates full display ;
 Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,
 The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
 Petty and Palmerston survey ;
 Who canvass there with all their might,
 Against the next elective day.²⁴

Lo ! candidate and voters lie
 All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number :
 A race renown'd for piety,
 Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord H——,²⁵ indeed, may not demur ;
 Fellows are sage reflecting men :
 They know preferment can occur
 But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
 Some pretty livings in disposal :
 Each hopes that one may be his lot,
 And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene
 I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
 To view, unheeded and unseen,
 The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
 The candidate for college prizes
 Sits poring by the midnight lamp ;
 Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
 With all the honours of his college,
 Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge :

Who sacrifices hours of rest
 To scan precisely metres Attic ;
 Or agitates his anxious breast
 In solving problems mathematic ;

Who reads false quantities in Seale,²⁶
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle ;
 Deprived of many a wholesome meal ;
 In barbarous Latin²⁷ doom'd to wrangle.

Renouncing every pleasing page
 From authors of historic use ;
 Preferring to the letter'd sage,
 The square of the hypotenuse.²⁸

Still, harmless are these occupations,
 That hurt none but the hapless student,
 Compared with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent ;

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
 When vice and infamy combine,
 When drunkenness and dice invite,
 As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,
 Who plans of reformation lay :
 In humble attitude they sue,
 And for the sins of others pray :
 Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
 Their exultation in their trial,
 Detracts most largely from the merit
 Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn :—from these I turn my sight.
 What scene is this which meets the eye ?
 A numerous crowd, array'd in white,²⁹
 Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell ;
 'Tis hush'd : what sounds are these I hear ?
 The organ's soft celestial swell
 Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
 The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain ;
 Though he who hears the music long
 Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
 Even as a band of raw beginners ;
 All mercy now must be refused
 To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David when his toils were ended,
 Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
 To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—
 In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
 By some inhuman tyrant's order,
 Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
 On Babylonian river's border.

Oh ! had they sung in notes like these,
 Inspired by stratagen or fear,
 They might have set their hearts at ease,
 The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now.
 The deuce a soul will stay to read :
 My pen is blunt, my ink is low ;
 'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires !
 No more, like Cleofas, I fly ;
 No more thy theme my muse inspires :
 The reader's tired, and so am I.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND
SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

Oh ! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.—VIRGIL.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past ;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last :³⁰

Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied ;
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied !

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, the fields where we fought ;³¹
The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I lay ;³²
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga,³³ I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown ;
While to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded
I fancied that Mossop³⁴ himself was outshone.

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived ;
Till, fired by loud plaudits and self adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.³⁵

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you !
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast ;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you :
Your pleasure may still be in fancy possess.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll !
Since darkness o'er shadows the prospect before me
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
" Oh ! such were the days which my infancy knew !"

TO M——.

OH! did those eyes, instead of fire
 With bright but mild affection shine,
 Though they might kindle less desire,
 Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
 Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
 We must admire, but still despair;
 That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
 So much perfection in thee shone,
 She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
 The skies might claim thee for their own:

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
 Lest angels might dispute the prize,
 She bade a secret lightning lurk
 Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
 When gleaming with meridian blaze;
 Thy beauty must enrapture all;
 But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair
 In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
 But they would ne'er permit thee there,
 Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
 Thy sister lights would scarce appear:
 E'en suns, which systems now control,
 Would twinkle dimly through their sphere,

1806

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me
 That all must love thee who behold thee;
 Surely experience might have taught
 Thy firmest promises are nought:
 But, placed in all thy charms before me,
 All I forget, but to adore thee.
 Oh memory! thou choicest blessing
 When join'd with hope, when still possessing;
 But how much cursed by every lover
 When hope is fled and passion's over.
 Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
 How prompt are striplings to believe her!

How throbs the pulse when first we view
 The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
 Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
 A beam from under hazel brows !
 How quick we credit every oath,
 And hear her plight the willing troth !
 Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
 When lo ! she changes in a day.
 This record will for ever stand,
 " Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."³⁶

TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive ;
 Extend not your anger to sleep ;
 For in visions alone your affection can live,—
 I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus ! envelope my faculties fast,
 Shed o'er me your languor benign ;
 Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
 What rapture celestial is mine !

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,
 Mortality's emblem is given,
 To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
 If this be a foretaste of heaven !

Ah ! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
 Nor deem me too happy in this ;
 If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now.
 Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile
 Oh ! think not my penance deficient !
 When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
 To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.³⁷

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms
 Though strong as mortal art could give,
 My constant heart of fear disarms,
 Revives my hopes, and bids me live,

Here I can trace the locks of gold
 Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
 The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
 The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, no! that eye,
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue ;
But where's the beam so sweetly straying,
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing ?

Sweet copy ! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious that her image there
Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time, 'twill cheer ;
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise ;
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

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

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

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

Oh ! mark you yon pair : in the sunshine of youth
Love twined round their childhood his flowers as they
grew ;

They flourish awhile in the season of truth,
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DAMÆTAS.

IN law an infant,³⁸ and in years a boy,
 In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
 From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd;
 In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
 Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;
 Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
 Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;
 Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school:
 Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
 And found the goal when others just begin:
 Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
 And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
 But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
 And what was once his bliss appears his bane.

TO MARION.

MARION! why that pensive brow?
 What disgust to life hast thou?
 Change that discontented air;
 Frowns become not one so fair.
 'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
 Love's a stranger to thy breast;
 He in dimpling smiles appears,
 Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
 Or bends the languid eyelid down,
 But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
 Then resume thy former fire,
 Some will love, and all admire;
 White that icy aspect chill us,
 Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
 Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
 Smile at least, or seem to smile.
 Eyes like thine were never meant
 To hide their orbs in dark restraint;
 Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
 Still in truant beams they play.
 Thy lips—but here my modest Muse
 Her impulse chaste must needs refuse:
 She blushes, curt'sies, frowns—in short she
 Dreads lest the subject should transport me;
 And flying off in search of reason,
 Brings prudence back in proper season.
 All I shall therefore say (whate'er
 I think, is neither here nor there)
 Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
 Were form'd for better things than sneering;
 Of soothing compliments divested,
 Advice at least disinterested;
 Such is my artless song to thee,
 From all the flow of flattery free;
 Counsel like mine is as a brother's
 My heart is given to some others;
 That is to say, unskill'd by cozen,
 It shares itself among a dozen.
 Marion, adieu! oh, pry'thee slight not
 This warning though it may delight not;
 And, lest my precepts be displeasing
 To those who think remonstrance teasing,
 At once I'll tell thee our opinion
 Concerning woman's soft dominion:
 Howe'er we gaze with admiration
 On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
 Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
 Howe'er these beauties may distract us,

Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
 These cannot fix our souls to love :
 It is not too severe a stricture
 To say they form a pretty picture ;
 But would'st thou see the secret chain
 Which binds us in your humble train,
 To hail you queen of all creation,
 Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

OSCA OF ALVA.

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies
 The lamp of heaven on Lora's store ;
 Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
 And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has you rolling moon
 On Alva's casques of silver play'd ;
 And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
 Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd :

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
 Which scrawl o'er ocean's sullen flow
 Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
 She saw the gasping warrior low :

While many an eye which ne'er again
 Could mark the rising orb of day,
 Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
 Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
 They blest her dear propitious light ;
 But now she glimmer'd from above,
 A sad, funereal torch of night

Faded is Alva's noble race,
 And gray her towers are seen afar ;
 No more her heroes urge the chase,
 Or roll the crimson tide of war

But who was last of Alva's clan ?
 Why grows the moss on Alva's stone ?
 Her towers resound no steps of man,
 They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
 A sound is heard in yonder hall ;
 It rises hoarsely through the sky,
 And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the ebbing tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave ;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born ;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note :
To gladden more their highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float

And they who heard the war-notes wild,
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child,
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son ;
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war ;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair
Wildly it stream'd along the gale ;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth ;
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave : the Saxon spear
Was shiver' oft beneath their steel ;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel ;

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell .
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
 Arrived a young and noble dame ;
 With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
 Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came ;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
 And Angus on his Oscar smiled ;
 It soothed the father's feudal pride
 Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note !
 Hark to the swelling nuptial song !
 In joyous strains the voices float,
 And still the coral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
 Assembled wave in Alva's hall ;
 Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
 Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
 The pibroch plays the song of peace ;
 To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
 Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar ? sure 'tis late :
 Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame ?
 While thronging guests and ladies wait,
 Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride :
 " Why comes not Oscar," Angus said .
 " Is he not here ?" the youth replied ;
 " With me he roved not o'er the glade :

" Perchance forgetful of the day,
 'Tis his to chase the bounding roe ;
 Or ocean's waves prolong his stay ;
 Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

" Oh, no !" the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
 " Nor chase, nor wave my boy delay ;
 Would he to Mora seem unkind ;
 Would ought to her impede his way ?

" Oh, search, ye chiefs ! oh, search around ?
 Allan, with these through Alva fly ?
 Till Oscar, till my son is found,
 Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion—through the vale
 The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
 It rises on the murmuring gale,
 Till night expands her dusky wings :

It breaks the stillness of the night,
 But echoes through her shades in vain ;
 It sounds through morning's misty light,
 But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
 For Oscar search'd each mountain cave ;
 Then hope is lost ; in boundless grief,
 His locks in gray-torn ringlets wave.

“ Oscar ! my son !—thou God of Heaven
 Restore the prop of sinking age !
 Or if that hope no more is given,
 Yield his assassin to my rage.

“ Yes, on some desert rocky shore
 My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie ;
 Then grant, thou God ! I ask no more,
 With him his frantic sire may die !

“ Yet he may live,—away, despair !
 Be calm, my soul ! he yet may live ;
 T'arraign my fate, my voice forbear !
 O God ! my impious prayer forgive.

“ What, if he live for me no more,
 I sink forgotten in the dust,
 The hope of Alva's age is o'er ;
 Alas ! can pangs like these be just ?”

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
 Till Time, which soothes severest woe
 Had bade serenity return,
 And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
 That Oscar might once more appear ;
 His hope now droop'd and now revived,
 Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
 Again had run his destined race ;
 No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
 And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
 And now his father's only joy :
 And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
 For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
 And Allan's face was wondrous fair ;
 If Oscar lived, some other maid
 Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more
 In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
 His fondest scruples should be o'er,
 And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last
 Arrived the dearly destined morn;
 The year of anxious trembling past,
 What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn!

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
 Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
 In joyous strains the voices float,
 And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
 Throng through the gate of Alva's hall
 The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
 And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
 Grooms in the midst of general mirth?
 Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
 The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
 And tall his plume of gory red;
 His voice is like the rising storm,
 But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
 The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
 With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
 And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
 And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
 And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
 And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done;
 Thou saw'st 'twas duly drunk by me
 It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:
 Now will I claim a pledge from thee,

"While all around is mirth and joy,
 To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
 Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy?
 Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless sire replied,
 The big tear starting as he spoke,
 "When Oscar left my hall, or died,
 This aged heart was almost broke.

“Thrice has the earth revolved her course
 Since Oscar’s form has bless’d my sight;
 And Allan is my last resource,
 Since martial Oscar’s death or flight.”

“’Tis well,” replied the stranger stern,
 And fiercely flash’d his rolling eye:
 “Thy Oscar’s fate I fain would learn;
 Perhaps the hero did not die.

“Perchance, if those whom most he loved
 Would call, thy Oscar might return;
 Perchance the chief has only roved;
 For him thy beltane yet may burn.⁴⁰

‘Fill high the bowl the table round,
 We will not claim the pledge by stealth
 With wine let every cup be crowu’d;
 Pledge me departed Oscar’s health.”

“With all my soul,” old Angus said,
 And fill’d his goblet to the brim;
 “Here’s to my boy! alive or dead,
 I ne’er shall find a son like him.”

“Bravely, old man, this health has sped;
 But why does Allan trembling stand?
 Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
 And raise thy cup with firmer hand.”

The crimson glow of Allan’s face
 Was turn’d at once to ghastly hue;
 The drops of death each other chase
 Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
 And thrice his lips refused to taste;
 For thrice he caught the stranger’s eye
 On his with deadly fury placed.

“And is it thus a brother hails
 A brother’s fond remembrance here?
 If thus affection’s strength prevails,
 What might we not expect from fear?”

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
 “Would Oscar now could share our mirth!”
 Internal fear appall’d his soul;
 He said, and dash’d the cup to earth.

“’Tis he! I hear my murderer’s voice!”
 Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form,
 “A murderer’s voice!” the roof replies,
 And decply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
 The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
 A form was seen in tartan green,
 And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
 His plume of sable stream'd on high ;
 But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there
 And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
 On Angus bending low the knee ;
 And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the ground,
 Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
 The thunders through the welkin ring,
 And the gleaming form, through the mist of the storm,
 Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased,
 Who lies upon the stony floor ?
 Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
 At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

“ Away, away! let the leech essay
 To pour the light on Allan's eyes :”
 His sand is done,—his race is run ;
 Oh ! never more shall Allan rise

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
 His locks are lifted by the gale :
 And Allan's barbed arrow lay
 With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
 Or who, no mortal wight can tell ;
 But no one doubts the form of flame,
 For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
 Exulting demons wing'd his dart ;
 While Envy waved her burning brand,
 And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow ;
 Whose streaming life-blood stains his side
 Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
 The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
 She bade his wounded pride rebel ;
 Alas ! that eye which beam'd with love
 Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom:
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood

What minstrel grey, what hoary bard,
Shall Allen's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air:
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS,

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field:
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'Twas his, with beauty valour's gifts to share—
A soul heroic, as his form was fair:
These burn with one pure flame of generous love;
In peace, in war, united still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward;
And now combined they hold their nightly guard.

"What god," exclaim'd the first, "instils this fire?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest;

The love of fame with this can ill accord,
 Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
 Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
 Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
 Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
 And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
 Then hear my thought:—In deep and sullen grief
 Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief:
 Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine
 (The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),
 Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound,
 Methinks, an easy path perchance were found!
 Which past, I sped my way to Pallas' walls,
 And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
 His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy;—
 "These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
 Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?
 Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
 As one unfit to share the toils of war?
 Not thus his son the great Opheltès taugh't;
 Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought;
 Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
 I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate:
 Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
 And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
 Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
 And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.
 Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath:
 The price of honour is the sleep of death."

Then Nisus,—“Calm thy bosom's fond alarms,
 Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.
 More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
 I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
 So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
 And clasp again the comrade of my youth!
 But should I fall,—and he who dares advance
 Through hostile legions must abide by chance,—
 If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
 Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low,
 Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve.
 Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.
 When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
 Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;
 Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
 Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse;
 Or, if my destiny these last deny,
 If the in spoiler's power my ashes lie,

Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
 To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
 Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
 Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep?
 Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
 Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;
 Who braved what woman never braved before,
 And left her native for the Latian shore."
 "In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"
 Replied Euryalus; "it scorns control!
 Hence, let us haste!"—their brother guards arose
 Roused by their call, nor court again repose;
 The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
 Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
 And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
 Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
 Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
 On one great point the council are agreed,
 An instant message to their prince decreed;
 Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
 And poised with easy arm his ancient shield;
 When Nisus and his friend their leave request
 To offer something to their high behest.
 With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
 The faithful pair before the throne appear:
 Iulus greets them; at his kind command,
 The elder first address'd the hoary band.

"With patience" (thus Ilyrtacides began)
 "Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan.
 Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,
 Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
 Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
 Between the ocean and the portal placed,
 Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
 Whose shade securely our design will cloak!
 If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
 We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow
 Were Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
 Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night:
 Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
 While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn;
 And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
 Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.
 Such is our purpose, not unknown the way;
 Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
 Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
 The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
 Moved by the speech, *Alethes* here exclaim'd,—
 "Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of *Troy*,
 Still dwells the *Dardan* spirit in the boy;
 When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
 Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;
 In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
 And *Ilion's* wonted glories still survive."
 Then in his warm embrace the boys he press'd,
 And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast;
 With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
 And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd:
 "What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
 Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
 Our deities the first best boon have given—
 Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
 What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth
 Doubtless await such young, exalted worth.
Æneas and *Ascanius* shall combine
 To yield applause far, far surpassing mine."
Julus then:—"By all the powers above!
 By those *Penates* who my country love!
 By hoary *Vesta's* sacred fane, I swear,
 My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
 Restore my father to my grateful sight,
 And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
 Saved from *Arisha's* stately domes o'erthrown!
 My sire secured them on that fatal day,
 Nor left such howls an *Argive* robber's prey:
 Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine;
 Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine;
 An ancient cup, which *Tyrian Dido* gave,
 While yet our vessels press'd the *Punic* wave:
 But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
 When great *Æneas* wears *Hesperia's* crown,
 The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
 Which *Turnus* guides with more than mortal speed,
 Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
 I pledge my word, irrevocably past:
 Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,
 To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
 And all the realms which now the *Latins* sway
 The labours of to-night shall well repay.
 But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
 Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,
 Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
 Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one
 Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine;
 Without thy dear advice, no great design;

Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus:—" No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim.
Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main;
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.
Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave;
From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek:
By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow
Her parting tears would shake my purpose now:
Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
In thee her much-loved child may live again;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."
Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt.
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow;
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
" All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince replied.
" Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
Creusa's⁴¹ style but wanting to the dame.
Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
Now, by my life!—my sire's most sacred oath—
To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel:
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
Arm'd, thence they go, while all th'assembled train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain.

More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
 Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place:
 His prayers he sends; but what can prayers avail,
 Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale.

The trench is pass'd, and, favour'd by the night,
 Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.
 When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
 Alas! some slumber who shall wake no more!
 Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms, are seen;
 And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between
 Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine;
 A mingled chaos this of war and wine,
 "Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,
 With me the conquest and the labour share:
 Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
 Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies
 I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
 And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
 His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
 And pierc'd proud Rhamnes through his panting breast:
 Stretch'd at his case, th' incautious king reposed;
 Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed;
 To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
 His omens more than augur's skill evince:
 But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
 Could not avert his own untimely fall.
 Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
 And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
 The charioteer along his courser's sides
 Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
 And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead:
 Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
 From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents pour;
 Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
 Young Lamyris and Lamus next expire,
 And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
 Half the long night in childish games was pass'd;
 Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:
 Ah! happier far had he the morn survey'd,
 And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd fold, the keepers lost in sleep,
 His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;
 'Mid the sad flock at dead of night he prowls,
 With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls:
 Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams;
 In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
 But falls on feeble crowds without a name;

His wound unconscious Fadius scarce can feel,
 Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel;
 His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
 And vainly in the weak defence confides:
 Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,
 The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
 Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
 One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
 Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,
 Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
 There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
 Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed:
 Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
 Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
 "Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd;
 Full foes enough to-night have breathed their last:
 Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn;
 Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising moru."

With silver arms, with various art emboss'd,
 What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,
 They leave regardless! yet one glittering prize
 Attracts the younger hero's wandring eyes
 The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
 The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt:
 This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
 Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
 Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
 Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears;
 Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
 To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
 To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course:
 While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
 The knights impatient, spur along the way:
 Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
 To Turnus with their master's promise sped:
 Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
 When, on the left, a light reflection falls;
 The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
 Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
 Volscens with question loud the pair alarms:—
 "Stand, stragglers! stand! why early thus in arms?
 From whence, to whom?"—He meets with no reply.
 Trusting the covert of the night, they fly:
 The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,
 While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
 Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene:

Euryatus his heavy spoils impede,
 The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead ;
 But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
 To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
 Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
 On every side they seek his absent friend.
 " O God ! my boy," he cries, " of me bereft,
 In what impending perils art thou left !"
 Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
 Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze ;
 The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
 Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
 Again he turns, of footsteps hear the noise ;
 The sound elates, the sight his hopes destroys ;
 The hapless boy a Russian train surround,
 While lengthening shades his weary way confound ;
 Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,
 Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
 What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare ?
 Ah ! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share ?
 What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
 Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey ?
 His life a votive ransom nobly give,
 Or die with him for whom he wished to live ?
 Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
 On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye :—
 " Goddess serene, transcending every star !
 Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar !
 By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
 When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove :
 If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
 Thine altars with the produce of the chase,
 Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
 To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
 Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung ;
 Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung ;
 The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
 Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd his on the clay :
 He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
 Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze.
 While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,
 A second shaft with equal force is driven.
 Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes
 Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
 Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall :
 " Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for all !"
 Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
 And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
 Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
 Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals ;

Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
 And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
 "Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me alone:
 Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
 Ye starry spheres! thou conscious Heaven! attest!
 He could not—durst not—lo! the guile confest!
 Ah, ah! was mine,—his early fate suspend;
 He only loved too well his hapless friend:
 Spare, spare, ye chiefs! from him your rage remove
 His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
 He pray'd in vain; the dark assassin's sword
 Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored;
 Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
 And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast:
 As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
 Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
 Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
 Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
 Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
 And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
 Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;
 Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
 Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;
 Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe;
 Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every blow;
 In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
 Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds;
 In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,
 Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies;
 Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
 The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
 Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved—
 Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;
 Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,
 And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace.

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
 Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame!
 Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
 No future day shall see your names expire,
 While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
 And vanquish'd millions hail their empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge
 The breast where love was wont to glow,
 What mind can stem the stormy surge
 Which rolls the tide of human woe?

The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
 Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
 The wild desire, the guilty flame,
 Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
 The soul by purer dreams possess,
 The pleasing balm of mortal ills
 In love can soothe the aching breast:
 If thus thou comest in disguise,
 Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
 What heart unfeeling would despise
 The sweetest boon the gods have given!

But never from thy golden bow
 May I beneath the shaft expire!
 Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
 Awakes an all-consuming fire:
 Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
 With others wage internal war;
 Repentance, source of future tears,
 From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy
 The holy calm of sacred love!
 May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
 Which hover faithful hearts above!
 Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine
 May I with some fond lover sigh,
 Whose heart will mingle pure with mine—
 With me to live, with me to die.

My native soil; beloved before,
 Now dearer as my peaceful home,
 Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
 A hapless banish'd wretch to roam!
 This very day, this very hour,
 May I resign this fleeting breath!
 Nor quit my silent humble bower;
 A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,
 And seen the exile's silent tear,
 Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
 A pensive weary wanderer here?
 Ah! hapless dame! no sire bewails,
 No friend thy wretched fate deplores.
 No kindred voice with rapture hails
 Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
 To fair affection's truth unknown,
 Bids her he fondly loves depart,
 Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
 Who ne'er unlocks with silver key⁴³
 The milder treasures of his soul,—
 May such a friend be far from me,
 And ocean's storms between us roll!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE
 EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
 MAGNUS⁴⁴ his ample front sublime uprears:
 Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
 While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
 As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
 His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
 Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
 Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
 Though little versed in any art beside;
 Who scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
 Scans Attic metres with a critics ken.
 What though he knows not how his fathers bled,
 When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
 When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
 Or Henry trampled on the crest of France:
 Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
 Yet will he recollects the laws of Sparta;
 Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
 While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
 Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
 Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
 Class honours, medals, fellowships, await:
 Or e'en perhaps the declamation prize,
 If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes,
 But lo! no common orator can hope
 The envied silver cup within his scope.
 Not that our heads much eloquence require,
 Th' ATHENIAN'S⁴⁵ glowing style, or Tully's ore,
 A manner clear or warm is useless since
 We do not try by speaking to convince.
 Be other orators of pleasing proud:
 We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:

Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
 A proper mixture of the squeak and groan :
 No borrow'd grace of action must be seen,
 The slightest motion would displease the Dean ;⁴⁶
 Whilst every staring graduate would prate
 Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes to obtain the promised cup
 Must in one posture stand, and de'er look up
 Nor stop, but rattle over every word—
 No matter what, so he can *not* be heard.
 Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest :
 Who speaks the fastest sure to speak the best ;
 Who utters most within the shortest space
 May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
 Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade ;
 Where on Cam's sedgy bank supine they lie
 Unknown, unhonor'd live, unwept for die ;
 Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
 They think all learning fix'd within their walls,
 In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
 All modern arts affecting to despise ;
 Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's note,
 More than the verse on which the critics wrote :
 Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
 Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale ;
 To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
 When self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
 With eager haste they count the lord of power,
 Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour ;
 To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
 While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
 Such are the men who learning's treasures guard !
 Such as their practice, such is their reward !
 This much, at least, we may presume to say—
 The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl! though only once we met,
 That meeting I shall ne'er forget ;
 And though we ne'er may meet again,
 Remembrance will thy form retain.
 I would not say, " I love," but still
 My senses struggle with my will:

In vain to drive thee from my breast,
 My thoughts are more and more repress;
 In vain I check the rising sighs,
 Another to the last replies:
 Perhaps this is not love, but yet
 Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
 Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
 The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
 And tells a tale it never feels:
 Deceit the guilty lips impart,
 And hush the mandates of the heart;
 But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
 Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
 As thus our glances oft conversed,
 And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
 No spirit, from within, reproved us,
 Say rather, "'twas the spirit moved us."
 Though what they utter'd I repress,
 Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess;
 For as on thee my memory ponders,
 Perchance to me thine also wanders.
 This for myself, at least, I'll say,
 Thy form appears through night, through day;
 Awake, with it my fancy teems,
 In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams:
 The vision charms the hours away,
 And bids me curse Aurora's ray,
 For breaking slumbers of delight,
 Which makes me wish for endless night.
 Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
 Shall joy or woe my steps await,
 Tempted by love, by storms beset,
 Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again no more we meet,
 No more our former looks repeat;
 Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
 The dictate of my bosom's care:
 "May heaven so guard my lovely quaker,
 That anguish never can o'ertake her;
 That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
 But bliss be aye her heart's partaker!
 Oh! may the happy mortal, fated
 To be, by dearest ties, related,
 For her each hour new joys discover,
 And lose the husband in the lover!
 May that fair bosom never know
 What 'tis to feel the restless woe,
 Which stings the soul with vain regret,
 Of him who never can forget!"

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE WHEEL
OF FORTUNE" AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.⁴⁷

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame,
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect:
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night you throng to witness the *début*
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new:
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try;
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly;
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise;
But all our dramatis personæ wait
In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward:
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.
Surely the last will some protection find;
None to the softer sex can prove unkind:
While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

My ^vTHE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES SENT THE FOLLOW-
ING REPLY.

OH factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;
What though our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great,
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?
When PITT expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits "war not with the dead;"
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state:
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appear'd,
Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd:
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast-reviving hopes have died;
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.
"These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
To give the palm where Justice points its due;"
Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep;
For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own;
Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign;
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.⁴⁸

THE TEAR.

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui seentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."—Gray.

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
 Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
 Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
 And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
 Through billows Atlantie to steer,
 As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
 The green sparkles bright with a Tear

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
 In Glory's romantic career;
 But he raises the foe when in battle laid low.
 And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his bride,
 Renouncing the gore-erimson'd spear,
 All his toils are repaid when embracing the maid,
 From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth!¹⁹ seat of Friendship and Truth,
 Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,
 Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last look I turn'd,
 But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,
 My Mary to Love once so dear;
 In the shade of her bower I remember the hour
 She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possesst, may she live ever blest?
 Her name still my heart must revere;
 With a sigh I resign what I once thought was mine,
 And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,
 This hope to my breast is most near;
 If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
 May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
 And my corse shall recline on its bier,
 As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
 Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe,
 Which the children of vanity rear;
 No fiction of fame shall blazon my name;
 All I ask—all I wish is a Tear.

LACHIN Y GAIR.⁵⁰

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !
 In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love ;
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements war ;
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.⁵¹

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd ;
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;⁵¹
 O'er the steins long perish'd my memory ponder'd
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?"
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
 Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car :
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers ;
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd,⁵² though brave, did no vision's foreboding
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?"
 Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden,⁵³
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause :
 Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar ;⁵⁴
 The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again :
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
 England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar :
 Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic !
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance !
 Auspicious queen of childish joys,
 Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
 Thy votive train of girls and boys ;

At length, in spells no longer bound,
 I break the fetters of my youth;
 No more I tread thy mystic round,
 But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams
 Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,
 Where every nymph a goddess seems,
 Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
 While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
 And all assume a varied hue;
 When virgins seem no longer vain,
 And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
 And from thy hall of clouds descend?
 Nor find a sylph in every dame,
 A Pylades⁵⁵ in every friend?
 But leave at once thy realms of air
 To mingling bands of fairy elves;
 Confess that woman's false as fair,
 And friends have feeling for—themselves!

With shame I own I've felt thy sway:
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er,
 No more thy precepts I obey,
 No more on fancied pinions soar.
 Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
 And think that eye to truth was dear
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
 Far from thy motly court I fly
 Where Affectation holds her seat,
 And sickly Sensibility;
 Whose silly tears can never flow
 For any pangs excepting thine;
 Who turns aside from real woe,
 To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
 With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
 Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
 Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
 And call thy sylvan female choir,
 To mourn a swain for ever gone,
 Who once could glow with equal fire,
 But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
 On all occasions swiftly flow ;
 Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
 With fancied flames and phrensy glow
 Say, will you mourn my absent name,
 Apostate from your gentle train ?
 An infant bard at least may claim
 From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race ! a long adieu !
 The hour of fate is hovering nigh ;
 E'en now the gulf appears in view,
 Where unlamented you must lie :
 Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
 Convulsed by gales you cannot weather
 Where you and eke your gentle queen,
 Alas ! must perish altogether.

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES

SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE
 OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

“ But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
 Should condemn me for printing a second edition ;
 If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
 May I venture to give her a smack of my muse !

New Bath Guide.

CANDOUR compels me, BECHER !⁵⁶ to commend
 The verse which blends the censor with the friend.
 Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause
 From me, the heedless and imprudent cause.
 For this wild error which pervades my strain,
 I sue for pardon,—must I sue in vain ?
 The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways depart :
 Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart ?
 Precèpts of prudence curb, but can't control,
 The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
 When Love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,
 Limping Decorum lingers far behind :
 Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
 Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chase.
 The young, the old, have worn the chains of love
 Let those they ne'er confined my lay reprove :
 Let those whose souls contemn the pleasing power,
 Their censures on the hapless victim shower.
 Oh ! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
 The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
 Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,
 To paint a pang the author ne'er can know !

The artless Helicon I boast is youth ;—
 My lyre, the heart ; my muse, the simple truth.
 Far be't from me the " virgin's mind " to " taint :"
 Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint.
 The maid whose virgin breast is void of guile,
 Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,
 Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
 Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe—
 She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine,
 Will ne'er be " tainted " by a strain of mine.
 But for the nymph whose premature desires
 Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
 No net to snare her willing heart is spread ;
 She would have fallen, though she ne'er had read.
 For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
 Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,
 Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy
 The light effusions of a heedless boy.
 I seek not glory from the senseless crowd ;
 Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud :
 Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize,
 Their sneers or censures I alike despise.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.⁵⁷

" It is the voice of years that are gone ! they roll before me, with all their deeds."—*Ossian*.

NEWSTEAD ! fast-falling, once-resplendent dome !
 Religion's shrine ! repentant HENRY'S⁵⁸ pride !
 Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
 Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

Hail to thy pile ! more honour'd in thy fall
 Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state :
 Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
 Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,
 In grim array the crimson cross⁵⁹ demand ;
 Or gay assemble round the festive board ;
 Their chief's retainers, an immortal band :

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
 Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
 Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die.
 A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
 His feudal realm in other regions lay:
 In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
 Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
 The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view,
 Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
 Or innocence from stern oppression flew

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
 Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl;
 And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
 Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
 The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
 In sainted fame the sacred father's grew,
 Nor raised their pious but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend
 Soon as the gloaming⁶⁰ spreads her waning shade,
 The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
 Or matin orisons⁶¹ to Mary paid.

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;
 Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed;
 Religion's charter their protecting shield,
 Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the Gothic walls,
 And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
 Another HENRY⁶² the kind gift recalls,
 And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;
 He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
 To roam a dreary world in deep despair—
 No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
 Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
 The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
 High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
 The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
 The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
 Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress⁶³ now,
 Encircled by insulting rebel powers,
 War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
 And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
 Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
 His thronging toes oppress the faithful liege,
 Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
 The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
 Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields,
 And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wished to strew
 Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;
 But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
 The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

Trembling, she snatch'd him⁶⁴ from th' unequal strife,
 In other fields the torrent to repel;
 For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
 To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND⁶⁵ fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
 While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
 Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
 Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
 Noisome and ghastr, defiles thy sacred sod;
 O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
 Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
 Ran ack'd, resign perforce their mortal mould:
 From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
 Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
 The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;
 No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
 Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
 Retire; the clamour of the fight is o'er;
 Silence again resumes her awful sway,
 And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court:
 What satellites declare her dismal reign!
 Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort,
 To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
 The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies
 The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
 And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans ;
 Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath,
 Earth shudders as her cave receives his bones,
 Loathing⁶⁶ the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler⁶⁷ now resumes the helm,
 He guides through gentle seas the prow of state ;
 Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
 And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead ! of thy cells,
 Howling, resign their violated nest ;
 Again the master on his tenure dwells,
 Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
 Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return ;
 Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
 And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
 Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees ;
 And hark ! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
 The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake :
 What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase !
 The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake ;⁶⁸
 Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah happy days ! too happy to endure !
 Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew :
 No splendid vices glitter'd to allure :
 Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed :
 Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart ?
 Another chief impels the foaming steed,
 Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead ! what saddening change of scene is thine !
 Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay !
 The last and youngest of a noble line
 Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers ;
 Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep :
 Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers ;
 These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet arc his tears no emblem of regret :
 Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.
 Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,
 But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
 Of gewgaw grottoes of the vainly great
 Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
 Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
 Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;
 Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
 And bless thy future as thy former day.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
 And were most dear to me." MACRETE.

WHEN slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
 Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins;
 When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
 And flies with every changing gale of spring;
 Not to the aching frame alone confin'd,
 Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind:
 What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
 Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
 With Resignation wage relentless strife,
 While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life.
 Yet less the pang when, through the tedious hour
 Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
 Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
 When love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our heaven,
 Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
 Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
 As when through clouds that pour the summer storm
 The orb of day unveils his distant form
 Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of rain,
 And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;
 Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
 The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams,
 Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
 To scenes far distant points his paler rays;
 Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
 The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
 Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought;
 My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
 And roams romantic o'er her airy fields:
 Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
 To which I long have bade a last adieu
 Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;
 Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams;

Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
 Whose forms I now remember but to weep;
 Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
 Of early science, future fame the source
 Who, still contending in the studious race,
 In quick rotation fill the senior place.
 These with a thousand visions now unite,
 To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight.
 IDA! blest spot, where Science holds her reign
 How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!
 Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
 Again I mingle with thy playful quire;
 Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,
 Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same;
 Through winding paths along the glade, I trace
 The social smile of every welcome face;
 My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy or woe,
 Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe.
 Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship past:—
 I bless the former, and forgive the last.
 Hours of my youth! when, nurtured in my breast,
 To love a stranger, friendship made me blest;—
 Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
 When every artless bosom throbs with truth;
 Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
 And check each impulse with prudential rein;
 When all we feel our honest souls disclose—
 In love to friends, in open hate to foes;
 No varnish'd tale the lips of youth repeat,
 No dear-bought knowledge purchased by deceit.
 Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
 Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.
 When now the boy is ripen'd into man,
 His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan;
 Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,
 Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;
 Still to assent, and never to deny—
 A patron's praise can well reward the lie:
 And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
 Would lose his opening prospects for a word?
 Although against that word his heart rebel,
 And truth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this! not mine the task
 From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask;
 Let keener bards delight in satire's sting;
 My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing:
 Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow
 To hurl defiance on a secret foe;
 But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
 The cause unknown, yet still to me the same

Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retired,
 With this submission all her rage expired.
 From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
 She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave;
 Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
 POMPOSUS' virtues are but known to few:
 I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,
 And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod.
 If since on Granta's failings, known to all
 Who share the converse of a college hall,
 She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
 'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again;
 Soon must her early song for ever cease,
 And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
 Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command;
 Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—
 Their first adviser, and their last resort;
 Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
 Or all the sable glories of his gown;
 Who, thus transplanted from his father's school—
 Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—
 Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
 The dear preceptor of my early days;
 PROBUS,⁹⁹ the pride of science, and the boast,
 To IDA now, alas! for ever lost.
 With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,
 And fear'd the master, though we loved the sage:
 Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat,
 From learning's labour is the blest retreat.
 POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair;
 POMPOSUS governs,—but, my muse, forbear:
 Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot;
 His name and precepts be alike forgot!
 No more his mention shall my verse degrade,—
 To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd,
 Fair IDA's bower adorns the landscape round
 There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
 The vale where rural Nature claims her praise;
 To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
 Who move in joy, and dance along the plain
 In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue;
 Repeat old pastimes, and discover new;
 Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
 In rival bands, between the wickets run,
 Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
 Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.

But these with slower steps direct their way,
 Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray;
 While yonder few search out some green retreat,
 And arbours shade them from the summer heat:
 Others again, a pert and lively crew,
 Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
 With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
 And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes;
 Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
 Tradition treasures for a future day:
 " 'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
 And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought;
 Here have we fled before superior might,
 And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
 While thus our souls with early passions swell,
 In lingering tones resounds the distant bell;
 Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
 And Learning beckons from her temple's door.
 No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
 But ruder records fill the dusky wall;
 There, deeply carved, behold! each tyro's name
 Secures its owner's academic fame;
 Here mingling view the names of sire and son—
 The one long grav'd, the other just begun:
 These shall survive alike when son and sire
 Beneath one common stroke of fate expire:⁷
 Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
 Denied in death a monumental stone,
 Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
 The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
 And here my name, and many an early friend's,
 Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
 Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
 Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
 Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
 Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law,
 And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
 To rule, the little tyrants of an hour;—
 Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
 They pass the dreary winter's eve away—
 " And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
 And thus they dealt the combat side by side;
 Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,
 Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd;⁷¹
 Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,
 And here he falter'd forth his last farewell;
 And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
 While bold POMPOSUS bravely stay'd at home;"—
 While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
 When names of these, like ours, alone survive:

Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race! though now we meet no more,
One last long look on what we were before—
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu—
Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
Vain wish! if chance some well-remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advanced to claim his friend with honest *Ja*y,
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were quite forgotten when my friend was found:
The smiles of beauty,—(for, alas! I've known
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty throne)—
The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near:
My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of *IDA* danced before my eyes;
I saw the sprightly wand'ers pour along,
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;
Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love.⁷³

Yet, why should I alone with such delight,
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?
Is there no cause beyond the common claim
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear,
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home.
Those hearts, dear *IDA*, have I found in thee—
A home, a world, a paradise to me.
Stern death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's care.
Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?
For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?⁷³
What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?
For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!
Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;

While still the visions to my heart are prest,
 The voice of love will murmur in my rest :
 I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice ;
 I hear again,—but ah ! no brother's voice.
 A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray
 Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way,
 While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
 I cannot call one single blossom mine :
 What then remains ? in solitude to groan,
 To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.
 Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
 And none more dear than IDA's social band,

Alonzo!⁷⁴ best and dearest of my friends,
 Thy name ennobles him who thus commends :
 From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise ;
 The praise is his who now that tribute pays.
 Oh ! in the promise of thy early youth,
 If hope anticipate the words of truth,
 Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
 To build his own upon thy deathless fame.
 Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
 Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,
 Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore ;
 Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
 Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
 Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one :
 Together we impell'd the flying ball ;
 Together waited in our tutor's hall ;
 Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
 Or shared the produce of the river's spoil ;
 Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
 Our plaint limbs the bouyant billows bore ;
 In every element, unchanged, the same,
 All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy !
 DAVUS,⁷⁵ the harbinger of childish joy ;
 For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
 The laughing herald of the harmless pun ;
 Yet with a breast of such materials made—
 Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid ;
 Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
 In danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
 Still I remember, in the factious strife,
 The rustic's musket aim'd against my life.⁷⁶
 High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
 A cry of horror burst from every tongue ;
 Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
 Fought on unconscious of th' impending blow ;

Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
 Forward you sprung, insensible to fear ;
 Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
 The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand :
 An act like this, can simple thanks repay ?
 Or all the labours of a grateful lay ?
 Oh no ! whene'er my breast forgets the deed.
 That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS !⁷⁷ on me thy claims are justly great :
 Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,
 To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong
 The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.
 Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
 A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit :
 Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,
 LYCUS ! thy father's fame will soon be thine.
 Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
 What may we hope from genius thus refined !
 When time at length matures thy growing years,
 How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers !
 Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
 With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair EURYALUS⁷⁸ pass by unsung ?
 From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung :
 What though one sad dissension bade us part,
 That name is yet embalm'd within my heart ;
 Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
 And palpitate, responsive to the sound.
 Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will :
 We once were friends,—I'll think we are so still.
 A form unmatch'd in nature's partial mould,
 A heart untainted, we in thee behold :
 Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
 Nor seek for glory in the tented field ;
 To minds of ruder texture these be given—
 Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
 Happly, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
 But that thy tongue could never forge deceit :
 The courtier's supple bow and sneering smile,
 The flow of compliment, the slippery wile.
 Would make that breast with indignation burn,
 And all the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.
 Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate ;
 Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate ;
 The world admire thee, and thy friends adore :—
 Ambition's slave alone would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest of the social band,
 See honest, open, generous CLON⁷⁹ stand !

With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
 No vice degrades that purest soul serene,
 On the same day our studious race begun,
 On the same day our studious race was run ;
 Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,
 Thus side by side we strove for many a year ;
 At last concluded our scholastic life,
 We neither conquer'd in the classic strife :
 As speakers⁸⁰ each supports an equal name,
 And crowds allow to both a partial fame :
 To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,
 Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide,
 Yet candour's self compels me now to own,
 Justice awards it to my friend alone.

Oh ! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
 Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear !
 Drooping she bends o'er pensive Fane's urn,
 To trace the hours which never can return ;
 Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,
 And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell !
 Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
 As infant laurels round my head were twined,
 When PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song,⁸¹
 Or placed me higher in the studious throng ;
 Or when my first harangue received applause,
 His sage instruction the primeval cause,
 What gratitude to him my soul possesseth,
 While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast !
 For all my humble fame, to him alone
 The praise is due, who made that fame my own.
 Oh ! could I soar above these feeble lays,
 These young effusions of my early days,
 To him my muse her noblest strain would give :
 The song might perish, but the theme might live.
 Yet why for him the needless verse essay ?
 His honour'd name requires no vain display :
 By every son of grateful IDA blest,
 It finds an echo in each youthful breast ;
 A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
 Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA ! not yet exhausted is the theme,
 Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.
 How many a friend deserves the grateful strain !
 What scenes of childhood still unsung remain !
 Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
 This parting song, the dearest and the last ;
 And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,
 To me a silent and a sweet employ,

While future hope and fear alike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone
Yes, to the last alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what one was mine.

IDA ! still o'er thy hills in joy subside
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide ;
Still may thy blooming sons thy name rever,
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear ;—
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow,
O'er their last scene of happiness below.
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble veterans of some former throng,
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
Are swept for ever from this busy world ;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth,
Say if remembrance days like these endears
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years ?
Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe ?
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,
Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys
(For glittering baubles are not left to boys)
Recall one scene so much beloved to view,
As those where Youth her garland twined for you ?
Ah, no ! amidst the gloomy calm of age
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page ;
Peruse the record of your days on earth,
Unsullied only where it marks your birth ;
Still lingering pause above each chequer'd leaf,
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief ;
Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu ;
But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
Traced by the rosy finger of the morn ;
When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of truth,
And Love, without his pinion,⁸⁹ smiled on youth.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.⁸³

DEAR are the days of youth ! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers !" Past is the race of heroes ! But their

fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind; they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests; he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks: they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was though of his soul: his thoughts were given to friendship;—to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle: but fierce was the pride of Orla.—gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded over the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might, Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies! but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Grey were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers, "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar,"—"And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar. "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why

should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. 'Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?' said fair haired Calmar; "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Conna calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy; but Lochlin crowns around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises; his weapon glitters on the head of Orla; but a spear pierced

his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Pingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, son of Mora: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero. "What were the chase to me alone? Who should share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar.

When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven:—the bards raised the song.

"What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatch'd in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora

Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and sin
through the tears of the storm."

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.³⁴

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—HOR.

DEAR LONG, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours have been
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye;
Thus if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme.
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;
Nor through the groves of Ida chase
Our raptur'd visions, as before;
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion—
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring:
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;
Oh may my bosom never learn
To soothe its wonted heedless flow
Still, still despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's woe.

Yes, as you knew me in the days
 O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
 Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
 And ev'n in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
 To you my soul is still the same,
 Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
 And all my former joys are tame.
 But, hence! ye hours of sable hue!
 Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er;
 By every bliss my childhood knew,
 I'll think upon your shade no more.
 Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
 And caves their sullen roar enclose
 We heed no more the wintry blast,
 When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
 Attuned to love her languid lyre;
 But now without a theme to choose,
 The strains in stolen sighs expire.
 My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;
 E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
 And Carolina sighs alone,
 And Mary's given to another;
 And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,
 Can now no more my love recall:
 In truth, dear LONG, 'twas time to flee;
 For Cora's eye will shine on all.
 And though the sun, with genial rays,
 His beams alike to all displays,
 And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
 These last should be confined to one.
 The soul's meridian don't become her,
 Whose sun displays a general *summer*!
 Thus faint is every former flame,
 And passion's self is now a name.
 As, when the ebbing flames are low,
 The aid which once improved their light,
 And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
 Now quenches all their sparks in night;
 Thus has it been with passion's fires,
 As many a boy and girl remembers,
 While all the force of love expires,
 Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear LONG, 'tis midnight's noon,
 And clouds obscure the watery moon,
 Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
 Described in every stripling's verse;

For why should I the path go o'er,
 Which every bard has trod before?
 Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
 Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
 Has thrice retraced her path of light,
 And chased away the gloom profound,
 I trust that we, my gentle friend,
 Shall see her rolling orbit wend
 Above the dear-loved peaceful seat
 Which once contain'd our youth's retreat;
 And then with those our childhood knew
 We'll mingle in the festive crew;
 While many a tale of former day
 Shall wing the laughing hours away
 And all the flow of souls shall pour
 The sacred intellectual shower,
 Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
 Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

 TO A LADY.⁸⁵

O! had my fate been join'd with thine,
 As once this pledge appear'd a token,
 These follies had not then been mine,
 For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,
 To thee, the wise and old reproving:
 They know my sins, but do not know
 'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
 And all its rising fires could smother;
 But now thy vows no more endure,
 Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
 And spoil the blisses that await him;
 Yet let my rival smile in joy,
 For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
 My heart no more can rest with any;
 But what it sought in thee alone,
 Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!
 'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
 Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
 But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
 This tiresome round of palling pleasures
 These varied loves, these matron's fears,
 These thoughtless strains to passion's measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd :—
 This cheek, now pale from early riot,
 With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
 But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
 For Nature seem'd to smile before thee ;
 And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,—
 For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys :
 To think would drive my soul to madness ;
 In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
 I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, ev'n in these a thought will steal,
 In spite of every vain endeavour,—
 And fiends might pity what I feel,—
 To know that thou art lost for ever.

STANZAS.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my highland cave,
 Or roaming through the dusky wild,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave ;
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon⁸⁶ pride
 Accords not with the freeborn soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune I take back these cultured lands,
 Take back this name of splendid sound !
 I hate the touch of servile hands,
 I hate the slaves that cringe around.
 Place me along the rocks I love,
 Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar ;
 I ask but this—again to rove
 Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
 The world was ne'er design'd for me :
 Ah ! why do dark'ning shades conceal
 The hour when man must cease to be ?

Once I beheld a splendid dream
 A visionary scene of bliss:
 Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
 Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
 Had friends—my early friends are fled;
 How cheerless feels the heart alone
 When all its former hopes are dead!
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those
 Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power
 Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
 Associates of the festive hour.
 Give me again a faithful few,
 In years and feelings still the same,
 And I will fly the midnight crew,
 Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,
 My hope, my comforter, my all!
 How cold must be my bosom now,
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
 Without a sigh would I resign
 This busy scene of splendid woe,
 To make that calm contentment mine,
 Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind,
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
 Oh! that to me the wings were given
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
 To flee away, and be at rest.

SONG.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
 And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven of snow!¹⁰⁰
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below,⁸⁵
 Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
 And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you?⁹⁰

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,—
 What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
 But still I perceive an emotion the same
 As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild :
 One image alone in my bosom impress'd,
 I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new ;
 And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd ;
 And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I rose with the dawn ; with my dog as my guide,
 From mountain to mountain I bounded along ;
 I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
 And heard at a distance the Highlander's song :
 At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view ;
 And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
 For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone ;
 The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more ;
 As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
 And delight but in days I have witness'd before :
 Ah ! splendour has raised, but embitter'd, my lot ;
 More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew :
 Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot ;
 Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
 I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen ;⁹
 When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
 I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene ;
 When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
 That faintly resembled my Mary's in hue,
 I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
 The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
 Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow .
 But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
 Will Mary be there to receive me ?—ah no !
 Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred !
 Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu !
 No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—
 Ah ! Mary, what home could be mine but with you ?

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

OH ! yes, I will own we were dear to each other ;
 The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true ;
 The love which you felt was the love of a brother,
 Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion ;
 The attachment of years in a moment expires :
 Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
 But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
 And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow :
 In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather !
 But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
 The wonted delight of our childhood retrace :
 When pride steals the bosom, the heart is unbending,
 And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However, dear George, for I still must esteem you—
 The few whom I love I can never upbraid—
 The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,
 Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
 With me no corroding resentment shall live :
 My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
 That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
 If danger demanded, were wholly your own !
 You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
 Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection !
 The bond of affection no longer endures ;
 Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
 And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present we part,—I will hope not for ever ;
 For time and regret will restore you at last :
 To forget our dissention we both should endeavour
 I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

“ Tu semper amoris
 Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago.” VAL. FLAC.

FRIEND of my youth ! when young we roved,
 Like striflings, mutually beloved,
 With friendship's purest glow,
 The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
 Was such as pleasure seldom showers
 On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone
 Dearer than all the joys I've known,
 When distant far from you :
 Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
 To trace those days and hours again,
 And sigh again, adieu !

My pensive memory lingers o'er
 Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
 Those scenes regretted ever
 The measure of our youth is full,
 Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
 And we may meet—ah ! never !

As when one parent spring supplies
 Two streams from which one fountain rise
 Together join'd in vain ;
 How soon, diverging from their source,
 Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
 Till mingled in the main !

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
 Though near, alas ! distinctly flow,
 Nor mingle as before :
 Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
 Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,
 And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend ! which once supplied
 One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
 Now flow in different channels :
 Disdaining humbler rural sports,
 'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
 And shine in fashion's annals ;

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
 Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
 Without the aid of reason ;
 For sense and reason (critics know it)
 Have quitted every amorous poet,
 Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor LITTLE ! sweet, melodius bard !
 Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard
 That he, who sang before all,—
 He who the lore of love expanded,—
 By dire reviewers should be branded,
 As void of wit and moral.⁹²

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
 Harmonious favourite of the Nine !
 Repine not at thy lot ;

Thy soothing lays may still be read
 When Persecution's arm is dead,
 And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
 Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them
 And though myself may be the next,
 By critic sarcasm to be vex't,
 I really will not fight them.⁹³

Perhaps they would do quite as well
 To break the rudely sounding shell
 Of such a young beginner.
 He who offends at pert nineteen,
 Ere thirty may become, I ween,
 A very harden'd sinner.

Now, Clare, I must return to you;
 And, sure, apologies are due:
 Accept, then, my concession.
 In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight
 I soar along from left to right!
 My muse admires digression.

I think I said 'twould be your fate
 To add one star to royal state;—
 May regal smiles attend you!
 And should a noble monarch reign,
 You will not seek his smiles in vain,
 If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
 Where specious rivals glitter round,
 From snares may saints preserve you
 And grant your love or friendship ne'er
 From any claim a kindred care,
 But those who best deserve you!

Not for a moment may you stray
 From truth's secure, unerring way!
 May no delights decoy!
 O'er roses may your footsteps move,
 Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
 Your tears be tears of joy!

Oh! if you wish that happiness
 Your coming days and years may bless,
 And virtues crown your brow;
 Be still as you were wont to be
 Spotless as you've been known to me,—
 Be still as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,
 To cheer my last declining days,
 To me were doubly dear ;
 Whilst blessing your beloved name .
 I'd waive at once a *poet's* fame,
 To prove a *prophet* here.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE
 CHURCHYARD OF HARROW ON THE HILL.⁹⁴

SPOT of my youth ! whose hoary branches sigh,
 Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky ;
 Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
 With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod ;
 With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
 Like me, the happy scenes they knew before :
 Oh ! as I trace again thy winding hill,
 Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
 Thou drooping Elm ! beneath whose boughs I lay,
 And frequent mused the twilight hours away ;
 Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
 But, ah ! without the thoughts which then were mine ;
 How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
 Invite the bosom to recall the past,
 And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
 " Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell ! "

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd breast,
 And calm its cares and passions into rest,
 Oft have I thought, 'twould soothe my dying hour,—
 If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,—
 To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
 Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell :
 With this fond dream, methinks, 'twere sweet to die—
 And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie ;
 Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
 Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose ;
 For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
 Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd ;
 Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
 Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved ;
 Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
 Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here ;
 Deplored by those in early days allied,
 And unremember'd by the world beside.

ENGLISH BARDS
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS:
A SATIRE.

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."
SHAKESPEARE.

"Such suameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandoned critics too."
POPE.

PREFACE.

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine,¹ who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition, they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production, which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has its separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration.

But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered: as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require a Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

STILL must I hear?²—shall hoarse Fitzgerald³ bawl,
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,⁴
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-quill
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men;
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace, and the author's pride:
What wits! what poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,
Our task complete, like Hamet's⁵ shall be free;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:
Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
No Eastern vision, no distemper'd dream
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
And men, through life her willing slaves, obey;
When folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time;

When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
 When Justice halts and right begins to fail;
 E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
 Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
 More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe
 And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit ! but not belong
 To me the arrows of satiric song ;
 The royal vices of our age demand
 A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
 Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
 And yield at least amusement in the race :
 Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame ;
 The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
 Speed, Pegasus !—ye strains of great and small,
 Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all !
 I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
 I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
 A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame ;
 I printed—older children do the same.
 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in't,
 Not that a title's sounding charm can save
 Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave :
 This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
 Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame.
 No matter, George continues still to write,
 Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
 Moved by the great example, I pursue
 The self-same road, but make my own review :
 Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet, like him, will be
 Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade
 Save censure—critics all are ready made.
 Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote ;
 A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault ;
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt ;
 To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet :
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit ;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit ;
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
 And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment ? no—**AS SOON**
 Seek roses in December—ice in June ;

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
 Believe a woman or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in critics, who themselves are sore;
 Or yield one single thought to be misled
 By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bæotian head.
 To these young tyrants,⁶ by themselves misplaced,
 Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
 To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
 And hail their voice as truth, their word as law—
 While these are censors 'twould be sin to spare;
 While such are critics, why should I forbear?
 But yet so near all modern worthies run
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
 Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me,⁷ why I venture o'er
 The path which Pope and Gifford trod before;
 If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:
 Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
 Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
 When sense and wit with poesy allied,
 No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;
 From the same fount their inspiration drew,
 And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
 Then in this happy isle, a Pope's⁸ pure strain
 Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor-sought in vain;
 A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
 And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
 Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
 In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
 Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt—
 For nature then an English audience felt.
 But why these names, or great still, retrace,
 When all to feeble bards resign their place?
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
 When taste and reason with those times are past.
 Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
 Survey the precious works that please the age;
 This truth at least let satire's self allow,
 No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now.
 The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
 And printers' devils shake their weary bones;
 While SoutRey's epics cram the creaking shelves,
 And Little's lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.
 Thus saith the preacher, "Nought beneath the sun
 Is new;" yet still from change to change we run:

What varied wonders tempt us as they pass !
 The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
 In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
 Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air !
 Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,
 Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize :
 O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail ;
 Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
 And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
 Erects a shrine and idol of its own :
 Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
 From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.⁹

Behold ! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
 For notice eager, pass in long review :
 Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
 And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race ;
 Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode ;
 And tales of terror jostle on the road ;
 Immeasurable measures move along ;
 For simpering folly loves a varied song,
 To strange mysterious dulness still the friend,
 Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
 Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the last !—
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast.
 While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
 That dames may listen to the sound at nights ;
 And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,
 Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
 And skip at every step, Lord knows high,
 And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why ;
 While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
 Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
 Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
 And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
 The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
 Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
 Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
 The gibbet or the field prepared to grace ;
 A mighty mixture of the great and base.
 And think'st thou, Scott !¹⁰ by vain conceit perchance,
 On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
 Though Murray with his Miller may combine
 To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line !
 No ! when the sons of song descend to trade,
 Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
 Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
 Who rack their brains for lucre,¹¹ not for fame :

Low may they sink to merited contempt,
 And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!
 Such be their meed, such still the just reward
 Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
 For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
 And bid a long "good night to Marmion."

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
 These are the bards to whom the muse must bow;
 While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
 Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
 When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
 An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
 While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name!
 The work of each immortal bard appears
 The single wonder of a thousand years.
 Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
 Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
 Without the glory such a strain can give,
 As ev'n in ruin bids the language live.
 Not so with us, though minor bards content,
 On one great work a life of labour spent:
 With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
 Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!
 To him him let Camoëns, Milton, Tasso yield,
 Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
 First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
 The scourge of England and the boast of France
 Though burnt by wicked Bedford, for a witch,
 Behold her statue placed in glory's niche;
 Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
 A virgin phœnix from her ashes risen.
 Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,¹²
 Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son;
 Domnaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
 Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
 For ever reign the rival of Tom Thumb!
 Since startled metre fled before thy face,
 Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
 Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
 Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales:
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
 Oh, Southey! Southey!¹³ cease thy varied song!
 A bard may chant too often and too long!

As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare !
 A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear.
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way ;
 If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,¹⁴
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :
 " God help thee," Southey,¹⁵ and thy readers too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule,
 The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
 As soft as evening in his favourite May ;
 Who warns his friend " to shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books, for fear of growing double ;"
 Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose ;
 Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
 Contain the essence of the true sublime.
 Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of " an idiot boy ;"
 A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day :¹⁶
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the " idiot in his glory,"
 Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
 To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear ?
 Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
 Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
 If Inspiration should her aid refuse
 To him who takes a pixy for a muse,¹⁷
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
 The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
 How well the subject suits his noble mind
 He brays¹⁸ the laureat of the long-ear'd kind.

Oh ! wonder-working Lewis !¹⁹ monk, or bard,
 Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-yard !
 Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
 Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou !
 Whether on ancient tombs thou taks't thy stand,
 By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band ;
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
 To please the females of our modest age ;
 All hail, M.P.²⁰ from whose infernal brair
 Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;

At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
 With "small grey men," "wild yagers," and what not,
 To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott;
 Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
 St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease:
 Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
 And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who, in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
 Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
 With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
 Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd?
 'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
 As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!
 Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be just,
 Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
 Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
 From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
 Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
 She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no more,"

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
 To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
 Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue,²¹
 And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,
 Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
 And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
 Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
 Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
 Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
 By dressing Camoëns²² in a suit of lace?
 Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
 Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:
 Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
 Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

In many marble-cover'd volumes view
 Hayley, in vain attempting something new:
 Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
 Or scrawl, as Wood and Barclay walk, 'gainst time,
 His style in youth or age is still the same,
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.
 Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
 At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
 Of "Music's Triumphs," all who read may swear,
 That luckless music never triumph'd there.²³

Moravians rise! bestow some sweet reward
 On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,

Sepulchral Grahame,²⁴ pours his notes sublime
 In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme;
 Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
 And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
 And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
 Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
 A thousand visions of a thousand things,
 And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
 The maudlin prince of mournful sonneters.
 And are thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles!
 Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
 Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
 Or consolation in a yellow leaf;
 Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
 What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,²⁵
 Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
 In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
 Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
 If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!
 Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest,
 All love thy strain, but children like it best.
 'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
 To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
 With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
 Ere miss as yet completes her infant years:
 But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
 She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.
 Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
 The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;
 "Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"
 Such as none heard before, or will again!
 Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
 Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
 By more or less, are sung in every book,
 From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
 Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,
 The hard sighs forth a gentle episode;²⁶
 And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous miss!—
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
 Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
 Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.²⁷
 But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
 If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
 Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
 If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
 Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
 Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan;
 The first of poets was, alas! but man.

Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
 Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curl;²⁸
 Let all the scandals of a former age
 Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page ;
 Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
 Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal ;
 Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
 And do for hate what Mallet²⁹ did for hire.
 Oh ! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
 To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme ;³⁰
 Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
 Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead ;
 A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
 And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.

Another epic ! Who inflicts again
 More books of blank upon the sons of men ?
 Bæotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
 Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
 And sends his goods to market—all alive !
 Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five !
 Fresh fish from Helicon !³¹ who'll buy ! who'll buy ?
 The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.
 Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
 Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night ;
 If commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
 And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
 In him an author's luckless lot behold,
 Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.
 Oh, Amos Cottle !—Phœbus ! what a name,
 To fill the speaking trump of future fame !—
 Oh, Amos Cottle ! for a moment think
 What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !
 When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
 Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?
 Oh pen perverted ! paper misapplied
 Had Cottle³² still adorn'd the counter's side,
 Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
 Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
 Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limbs,
 He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
 Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may sleep,
 So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond ! heaves
 Dull Maurice³³ all his granite weight of leaves :
 Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain !
 The petrifications of a plodding brain,
 That ere they reach the top, fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,
 Lo! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale;
 Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
 His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast:
 Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
 His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
 O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep;
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!¹³⁴

Yet say! why should the bard at once resign
 His claim to favour from the sacred Nine?
 For ever startled by the mingled howl
 Of northern wolves, that still the darkness prowls;
 A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
 By hellish instinct, all that cross their way;
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,
 No mercy find—these harpies³⁵ must be fed.
 Why do the injured unresisting yield
 The calm possession of their native field?
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
 Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's Seat?³⁶

Health to immortal Jeffrey!³⁷ once, in name,
 England could boast a judge almost the same;
 In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
 Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
 And given the spirit to the world again,
 To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
 With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
 With voice as willing to decree the rack;
 Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
 As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw;
 Since well instructed in the patriot school
 To rail at party, though a party tool,
 Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
 Back to the sway they forfeited before.
 His scribbling toils some recompence may meet,
 And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat?
 Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,
 And greeting thus, present him with a rope:
 "Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
 Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
 This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,
 To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life
 To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
 And guard it sacred in its future wars,
 Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
 Can none remember that eventful day,
 That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,

When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
 And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?³⁸
 Oh, day disastrous! on her firm-set rock,
 Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
 Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
 Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;³⁹
 Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
 The other half pursued its calm career;³⁹
 Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
 The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms,
 If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:
 Nay last, not least, on that portentous morn,
 The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
 His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
 And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:
 Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
 Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;
 This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
 That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;
 And all with justice deem'd the two combined
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
 But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er-
 The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;
 From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
 And straight restored it to her favourite's head;
 That head, with greater than magnetic power,
 Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
 Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
 "My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
 Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;
 O'er politics and poesy preside,
 Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
 For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
 Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
 So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
 Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
 Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
 And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
 First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen
 The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen.⁴⁰
 Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer,⁴¹ and sometimes,
 In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes,
 Smug Sydney⁴² too thy bitter page shall seek,
 And classic Hallam,⁴³ much renown'd for Greek;
 Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
 And paltry Pillans⁴⁴ shall traduce his friend;

While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,⁴⁵
 Damn'd like the devil, devil-like will damn.
 Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
 Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay;
 While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
 To Holland's hirelings and to learning's foes.
 Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
 Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
 Beware lest blundering Brougham destroy the sale,⁴⁶
 Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."
 Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.

Then prosper Jeffrey! pertest of the train
 Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain
 Whatever blessings waits a genuine Scot,
 In double portion swells thy glorious lot;
 For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,
 And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,
 Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere—
 This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.⁴⁷
 Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd grown,
 Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone:
 And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
 Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen!
 Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
 His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot!
 Holland, with Henry Petty⁴⁸ at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
 See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
 And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
 Declare his landlord can at least translate!⁴⁹
 Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
 They write for food—and feed because they write:
 And least, when heated with the unusual grape,
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skims the cream of each critique;
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole.⁵⁰

Now to the Drama turn—Oh! motley sight
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
 Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,⁵¹
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content

Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,
 And full-grown actors are endured once more;
 Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
 While British critics suffer scenes like these?
 While Reynolds vents his "dammes!" "poohs!" and
 "zounds!"⁵²

And common-place and common sense confounds?
 While Kenny's⁵³ "World," just suffered to proceed,
 Proclaims the audience very kind indeed;
 And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
 A tragedy complete in all but words?⁵⁴
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage
 The degradation of our vaunted stage!
 Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone!
 Have we no living bard of merit?—none?
 Awake, George Colman!⁵⁵ Cumberland,⁵⁶ awake!
 Ring the alarm bell! let folly quake.
 Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
 Let Comedy resume her throne again;
 Abjure the mummery of German schools;
 Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
 Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
 One classic drama, and reform the stage.
 Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
 Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread.
 On those shall Farce display Buffoon'ry's mask
 And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
 Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
 From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?
 While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
 On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
 Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
 The rival candidates for Attic fame!
 In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
 Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.⁵
 And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praises,
 For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
 Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
 Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;⁵⁸
 Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on,⁵⁹
 While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
 Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah! wherefore should we turn
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
 Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame?

Well may the nobles of our present race
 Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face ;
 Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
 And worship Catalani's pantaloons,⁶⁰
 Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
 Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art
 To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
 Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
 To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down :
 Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
 And bless the promise which his form displays ;
 While Gayton bounds before the enraptured looks
 Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes :
 Let high-born lechers eye the lively Prêse
 Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless veil ;
 Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
 Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe ;
 Colliui thrill her love-inspiring song,
 Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening throng ;
 Raise not your scythe, suppressors of our vice !
 Reforming saints ! too delicately nice ;
 By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
 No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave ;
 And beer undrawn, and beards unmown, display
 Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile
 Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle !⁶¹
 Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd fane,
 Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
 Behold the new Petronius⁶² of the day,
 The arbiter of pleasure and of play !
 There the hired eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
 The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
 The song from Italy, the step from France,
 The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
 The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
 For fops, fools, gamblers, knaves and lords combine •
 Each to his humour—Comus all allows ;
 Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
 Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade
 Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made ;
 In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
 Nor think of poverty, except " en masque,"
 When for the night some lately tilted ass
 Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
 The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,
 The audience take their turn upon the floor ;

Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
 Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap;
 The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,
 The last display the free unfetter'd limb!
 Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
 With art the charms which nature could not spare;
 These after husbands wing their eager flight,
 Not leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,
 Where all forgotten but the power to please,
 Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
 Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:
 There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,
 Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
 The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick,
 Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!
 If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
 And all your hope or wish is to expire,
 Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,
 And, kinder still, two Pagets for your wife,
 Fit consummation of an earthly race,
 Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;
 While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
 Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath;
 Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
 The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
 To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall.

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand,
 To drive this pestilence from out the land.
 E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
 Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,
 Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
 To fight my course through passion's countless host,
 Whom every path of pleasure's flow'ry way
 Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
 E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
 Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal;
 Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
 "What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?"
 And every brother rake will smile to see
 That miracle, a moralist in me.
 No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,
 Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening song,
 Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
 Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice;
 Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
 May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
 From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles,

Why should we call them from their dark abode,
 In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham-road?
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
 Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
 What harm? In spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
 Mues Andrews⁶³ still his strength in couplets try,
 And live in prologues, though his dramas die.
 Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
 And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
 Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
 Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?
 Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head;
 No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
 The paralytic puling of Carlisle.
 The puny school-boy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away:
 But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
 What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maître, pamphleteer!⁶⁴
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
 But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"
 Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff,
 Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf:
 Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,
 And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines.
 With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
 With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
 Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
 On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;
 Want your defence, let pity be your screen.
 Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
 And Melville's Mantle⁶⁵ prove a blanket too!
 One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
 And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
 Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,
 With names of greater note in blest repose.
 Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
 The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,
 Whose strains the faithful echoes of her mind,
 Leave wondering comprehension far behind.⁶⁶

Though Crusca's bards no more our journals fill,
 Some stragglers skirmish round their columns still;
 Last of the howling host, which once was Bell's,
 Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;
 And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
 Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.⁶⁷

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,⁶⁸
 Employs a pen less pointless than his awl,
 Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his stores of shoes,
 St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
 Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
 How ladies read, and literati laud!⁶⁹
 If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
 'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best?
 Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
 And Capel Lofft⁷⁰ declares 'tis quite sublime.
 Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
 Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
 Lo! Burns and Bloomfield,⁷¹ nay, a greater far,
 Gifford was born beneath an adverse star.
 Forsook the labours of a servile state,
 Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate
 Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,
 Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?
 Him too the mania, not the muse has seized;
 Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:
 And now no boor can seek his last abode.
 No common be enclosed without an ode.
 Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
 On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
 Let poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
 Alike the rustic and mechanic soul!
 Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
 Compose at once a slipper and a song;
 So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
 Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
 May Moorland weavers⁷² boast Pindaric skill,
 And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
 While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
 Neglected genius! let me turn to you.
 Come forth, oh Campbell!⁷³ give thy talents scope;
 Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
 And thou, melodious Rogers; rise at last,
 Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
 Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
 And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre;

Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
 Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
 What ! must deserted Poesy still weep
 Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep ?
 Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
 To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns !
 No ! though contempt hath mark'd the spacious brood,
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
 Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast,
 Who, least affecting, still affect the most :
 Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
 Bear witness Gifford,⁷⁴ Sotheby,⁷⁵ Macneil.⁷⁶

“ Why slumbers Gifford ? ” once was ask'd in vain ;
 Why slumbers Gifford ? let us ask again.
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge ?⁷⁷
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge ?
 Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet ?
 Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street ?
 Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
 And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath ?
 Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
 Eternal beacons of consummate crime ?
 Arouse thee, Gifford ! be thy promise claim'd,
 Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White !⁷⁸ while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoilers came, and all the promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
 Oh ; what a noble heart was there undone,
 When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son !
 Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
 She sow'd thy seeds, but death hath reap'd the fruit.
 'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low :
 So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart :
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
 He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel ;
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days,
 That splendid lies are all the poet's praise ;
 That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
 Alone impels the modern bard to sing :
 'Tis true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who write,
 Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite ;

Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires :
 This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest ;
 Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

And here let Shee⁹⁷ and Genius find a place,
 Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace ;
 To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
 And trace the poet's or the painter's line ;
 Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
 Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow ;
 While honours, doubly merited, attend
 The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower
 Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour ;
 Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,
 The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
 The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
 Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.
 But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
 With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands :
 Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
 And view'd their remnants with a poet's eye !
 Wright²⁸⁰ 'twas thy happy lot at once to view !
 Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ;
 And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
 To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards,⁸¹ who snatch'd to light
 Those gems too long withheld from modern sight ;
 Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
 Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe
 And all their renovated fragrance flung,
 To grace the beauties of your native tongue ;
 Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse
 The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,
 Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone :
 Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
 Restore the muse's violated laws ;
 But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
 That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
 Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
 The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear ;
 In show the symple lyre could once surpass,
 But now, worn down, appear in native brass :
 While all his train of hovering sylphs around
 Evaporate in smiles and sound.

Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die :
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd;⁸²
Let them—but hold, my muse, none dare to teach
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach :
The native genius with their feeling given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou too, Scott ! resign to minstrels rude
The wilder slogan of a border feud :
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire ;
Enough for genius, if itself expire !
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse
Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse ;
Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost ;
Let Moore be lewd ; let Strangford steal from Moore
And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of yore ;
Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,
And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave ;
Let someteering Bowles his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line ;
Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,
Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain,
Or Common Sense assert her rights again.
But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays :
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,
Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.
Say ! will not Caledonia's annals yield
The glorious record of some nobler field,
Than the vile foray of a plundering plan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man ?
Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
For outlaw'd Sherwood's tales of Robin Hood ?
Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward !
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give ;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before ;
To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
 To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
 New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
 And other victors fill the applauding skies;
 A few brief generations fleet along,
 Whose sons forget the poet and his song:
 E'en now, what once loved minstrels scarce may claim
 The transient mention of a dubious name!
 When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
 Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
 And glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
 Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
 Expert in science, more expert at puns?
 Shall these approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,
 And even spurns the great Seatonian prize,
 Though printers condescend the press to soil
 With rhyme by Hoare,⁸³ and epic blank by Hoyle:⁸⁴
 Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist
 Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.⁸⁵
 Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,
 Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
 A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
 Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to please,"
 Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
 A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
 A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
 Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
 And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
 Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
 Himself a living libel on mankind.

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!⁸⁶
 At once the boast of learning, and disgrace;
 So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's⁸⁷ verse
 Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's⁸⁸ worse.
 But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
 The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
 On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,
 To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;
 Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
 And modern Britons glory in their sires.⁸⁹

For me, who, thus unask'd, have dared to tell
 My country, what her sons should know too well,
 Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
 The host of idiots that infest her age;

No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
 As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
 Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
 And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
 What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
 What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
 'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have been—
 Earth's chief dietatress, ocean's lovely queen:
 But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
 And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;
 Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,
 And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
 But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
 With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
 To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
 And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,
 The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
 Still hear thy motley orators dispense
 The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
 While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
 And old dame Portland⁹⁰ fills the place of Pitt.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
 That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
 And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse height,
 And Stamboul's minarets must greet my sight:
 Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime,⁹¹
 Where Kaff is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows
 sublime.

But should I back return, no letter'd rage
 Shall drag my common-place hock on the stage.
 Let vain Valentin rival luckless Carr,⁹²
 And equal him whose work he sought to mar.
 Let Aberdeen and Elgin⁹³ still pursue
 The shade of fame through regions of virtù;
 Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
 Misshapen monuments and main'd antiques;
 And make their grand saloons a general mart
 For all the mutilated blocks of art.
 Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
 I leave topography to rapid⁹⁴ Gell;⁹⁵
 And, quite content, no more shall interpose
 To stun the public ear—at least with prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
 Prepared for raucour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear.
 This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,
 My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
 My page, though nameless, never disavow'd;

And now at once I tear the veil away :
Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,
Unscar'd by all the din of Melbourne house,
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they too are "penetrable stuff."
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
The time hath been when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall ;
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes ;
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth ;
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me ;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss :
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a poetaster down ;
And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to Southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared to do : how far my lay
Hath wronged these righteous times let others say
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.⁵⁶

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

—“ Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.”
Æneid, lib. xii.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light ;
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows ;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven :
Till darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens ! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's² latest day !
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still ;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes ;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before ;
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled ;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign ;³
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.

With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,
 And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret :
 The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
 Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,⁴
 And sad and sombre mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm ;
 All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
 Lull's his chafed breast from elemental war ;
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold
 Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
 Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
 That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
 I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
 Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
 Whose arts and arms but live in poet's lore ;
 Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
 Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
 The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
 And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece !

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
 Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky ;
 And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
 O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god :
 But chiefly, Pallas ! thine ; when Hecate's glare,
 Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
 O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
 Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.
 Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
 The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
 When, lo ! a giant form before me strode,
 And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode !

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self ; but, ah ! how changed
 Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged
 Not such as erst, by her divine command,
 Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand :
 Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
 Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now ;
 Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance
 Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance ;
 The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
 Shrank from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp ;

And, ah though still the brightest of the sky,
 Celestial tears beclimm'd her large blue eye;
 Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow
 And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe!

"Mortal!"—'twas thus she spake—"that blush of shame
 Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name;
 First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
 Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me.
 Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found,
 Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look around.
 Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
 I saw successive tyrannies expire.
 'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,⁵
 Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.
 Survey this vacant violated fane;
 Recount the relics torn that yet remain:
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd,⁶
That Adrian rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd.
 What more I owe let gratitude attest—
 Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
 That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,
 The insulted wall sustains his hated name:
 For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
 Below, his name—above, behold his deeds!
 Be ever hail'd with equal honour here
 The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:
 Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
 But basely stole what less barbarians won.
 So when the lion quits his fell repast.
 Next prowls the wolf, the fithy jackal last:
 Flesh, limbs, and blood the former made their own
 The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
 Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are cross'd:
 See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!
 Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:
 Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine;
 Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
 When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."⁷

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
 To soothe the vengeance kindled in her eye:
 "Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
 A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
 Frown not on England; England owns him not:
 Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.
 Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's towers
 survey Bœotia;—Caledonia's ours.
 And well I know within that bastard land⁸
 Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command;

A barren soil, where Nature's germs confined
 To stern sterility, can stint the mind ;
 Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
 Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth ;
 Each genial influence nurtured to resist ;
 A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
 Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
 Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
 Till burst at length, each watery head o'erflows,
 Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.
 Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
 Despatch her scheming children far and wide :
 Some east, some west, some every where but north,
 In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
 And thus—accursed be the day and year ;—
 She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
 Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
 As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth ;
 So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
 Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,
 Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
 And shine like children of a happier strand ;
 As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
 Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

" Mortal !" the blue-eyed maid resumed, " once more
 Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
 Though fallen, alas ! this vengeance yet is mine,
 To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
 Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest ;
 Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

" First on the head of him who did this deed
 My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed:
 Without one spark of intellectual fire,
 Be all the sons as senseless as the sire
 If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
 Believe him bastard of a brighter race :
 Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
 And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate ;
 Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
 Whose noblest, *native* gusto is to sell ;
 To sell, and make—may Shame record the day!—
 The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey.⁹
 Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West,
 Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,
 With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
 And own himself an infant of fourscore.¹⁰
 Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles
 That art and nature may compare their styles :

While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
 And marvel at his Lordship's 'stone shop'¹¹ there.
 Round the throug'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep,
 To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep;
 While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
 On giant statues casts the curious eye;
 The room with transient glance appears to skim,
 Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;
 Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*;
 Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper men!'
 Draws sly comparisons of *these* with *those*,
 And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.
 When shall a modern maid have swains like *these*!
 Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
 And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
 Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
 In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.¹²
 Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,
 May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!
 Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian *dome*,
 Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,
 And Eratostratus and Elgin shine
 In many a branding page and burning line;
 Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,
 Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
 Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn;
 Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
 But sits thy country for her coming fate:
 Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
 To do what oft Britannia's self had done.
 Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,
 Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.¹³
 Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
 Or break the compact which herself had made;
 Far from such councils, from the faithless field
 She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield:
 A fatal gift, that turn'd your friends to stone,
 And left lost Albion bated and alone.

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
 Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base:
 Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
 And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
 Till Indus rolls a deep purpleal flood,
 And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
 So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave
 Your freeborn rights, forbade ye to enslave.

"Look on your Spain!—she clasps the hand she bates,
 But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.
 Bear witness, bright Barossa! thou canst tell
 Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.
 But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
 Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
 Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,
 The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
 But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
 Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

"Look last at home—ye love not to look there;
 On the grim smile of comfortless despair:
 Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,
 Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls.
 See all alike of more or less bereft;
 No misers tremble when there's nothing left.
 'Blest paper credit;¹⁴ who shall dare to sing?
 It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
 Yet Pallas pluck'd each Premier by the ear,
 Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
 But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
 On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas! too late:
 Then raves for **; to that Mentor bends,
 Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.
 Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
 Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
 So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
 Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log.'
 Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,
 As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

"Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
 Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
 Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
 Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
 Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
 And pirates barter all that's left behind.¹⁵
 No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
 Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war,
 The idle merchant on the useless quay
 Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
 Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
 Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:
 The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
 And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom.
 Then in the senate of your sinking state
 Show me the man whose counsels may have weight.
 Vain is each voice where tones could once command;
 E'en factions cease to charm a factious land;

Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

“ 'Tis done, 'tis past, since Pallas warns in vain ;
The Furies seize her abdicated reign :
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands,
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles ;
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come ;
The hero bounding at his country's call,
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought :
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
His day of mercy is the day of fight.
But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun :
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name ;
The slaughter'd peasant and ravish'd dame,
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.
Say with what eye along the distant down
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town ?
How view the column of ascending flames
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames ?
Nay, frown not, Albion ! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife.”

THE WALTZ:

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN.

“Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros.” VIRGIL.

“Such on Eurotas’ banks, or Cynthia’s height,
Diana seems: and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads.”
DRYDEN’S *Virgil*.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

SIR,

I AM a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament-man for a certain borough; having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812. But I was all for domestic happiness; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot,—of which, by the bye, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside—that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.’s dancing (she was famous for birthright minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess’s, expecting to see a country dance, or, at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round, and round, and round, to a d—d see-saw up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me of the “Black joke,” only more “*affetuoso*,” till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By-and by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down:—but no; with Mrs. H.’s hand on his shoulder, “*quam familiariter*” (as Terence said, when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cock-chafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our W helmina (a name I never heard but in the Vicar of Wakefield, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappen

bach," said, " Lord! Mr. Hornem, can't you see they are valtzing?" or waltzing, (I forgot which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq., and a few hints from Dr. Busby, (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful " Drury Lane Address"), I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public; whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

HORACE HORNEM.

MUSE of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms
 Are now extended up from legs to arms;
 Terpsichore!—too long misdeem'd a maid—
 Reproachful term—bestow'd but to upbraid—
 Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
 The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.
 Far be from thee and thine the name of prude;
 Mock'd, yet triumphant; sneer'd at, unsubdued;
 Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
 If but thy coats are reasonable high;
 Thy breast—so bare enough—requires no shield;
 Darest thou *sans armour* thou shalt take the field,
 And own—inpregnable to *most* assaults,
 Thy not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble nymph! to whom the young hussar,
 The whisker'd votary of waltz and war,
 His night devotes, despite of spur and boots;
 A sight unmatched since Orpheus and his brutes:
 Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz!—beneath whose banners
 A modern hero fought for modish manners;
 On Clonslow's heath to rival Wellesley's fame,
 Cock'd—fired—and miss'd his man—but gain'd his aim;
 Hail, moving Muse! to whom the fair one's breast
 Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.
 Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,
 The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
 To "energise the object I pursue,"
 And give both Belial and his dance their due!

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
 (Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
 Long be thine import from all duty free,
 And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee:

In some few qualities alike—for hock
 Improves our celler—*thou* our living stock.
 The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art
 Intoxicates alone the heedless heart :
 Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
 And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
 As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,
 Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,
 And only left us thy d—d debts and dances!
 Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
 We bless thee still—for George the Third is left!
 Of kings the best—and last, not least in worth,
 For graciously begetting George the Fourth.
 To Germany, and highnesses serene,
 Who owe us millions—don't we owe the queen?
 To Germany, what owe we not besides?
 So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides;
 Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,
 Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud:
 Who sent us—so be pardon'd all her faults—
 A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.

But peace to her—her emperor and diet,
 Though now transferr'd to Buonaparte's "fiat!"
 Back to my theme—O Muse of motion I say,
 How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way?

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,
 From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had *mails*),
 Ere yet unlucky Fame—compell'd to creep
 To snowy Gottenburg—was chill'd to sleep;
 Or, starting from her slumbers, deign'd arise,
 Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;
 While unburnt Moscow yet had news to send,
 Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,
 She came—Waltz came—and with her certain sets
 Of true despatches, and as true gazettes:
 Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest despatch,
 Which *Montieur* nor *Morning Post* can match;
 And—almost crush'd beneath the glorious news—
 Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's;
 One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,
 And loads from Frankfort and from Leipsic fairs;
Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,
 Like Lapland witches to insure a wind;
 Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and to back it,
 Of *Heyné*, such as should not sink the packet.

Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest freight,
 Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate

The welcome vessel reach'd the genial strand,
 And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.
 Not decent David, when, before the ark,
 His grand pas-seul excited some remark ;
 Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought
 The knight's fandango friskier than it ought ;
 Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
 Her nimble feet danced off another's head ;
 Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
 Display'd so much of *leg*, or more of *neck*,
 Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
 Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune !

To you, ye husbands of ten years ! whose brows
 Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse ;
 To you of nine years less, who only bear
 The budding sprouts of those that you *shall wear*,
 With added ornaments around them roll'd
 Of native brass, or law-awarded gold ;
 To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch
 To mar a son's, or make a daughter's match ;
 To you, ye children of—whom chance accords—
Always the ladies, and *sometimes* their lords ;
 To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek
 Torments for life, or pleasures for a week :
 As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
 To gain your own, or snatch another's bride ;—
 To one and all the lovely stranger came,
 And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz ! to thy more melting tune
 Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoun.
 Scotch reels, avaunt ! and country-dance, forego
 Your future claims to each fantastic toe !
 Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms demands,
 Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands ;
 Hands which may freely range in public sight
 Where ne'er before—but—pray "put out the light."
 Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
 Shines much too far—or I am much too near ;
 And true, though strange—Waltz whispers this remark,
 " My slippery steps are safest in the dark !"
 But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
 And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time !
 Ye quartos published upon every clime !
 Oh say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
 Fandango's wriggle, or Balero's bound ;
 Can Egypt's Almas—tantalizing group—
 Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop—

Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
 With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne?
 Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,
 Each tourist pens a paragraph for "Waltz."

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yore,
 With George the Third's—and ended long before!—
 Though in your daughters' daughters yet you thrive,
 Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!
 Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host:
 Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.
 No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;
 No starch'd stays make meddling fingers ache;
 (Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape
 Goats in their visage, women in their shape;)
 No damsel faints when rather closely press'd,
 But more caressing seems when most caress'd
 Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,
 Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial "Waltz."

"Seductive Waltz!—though on my native shore
 Ev'n Werter's self proclaim'd thee half a whore;
 Werter—to decent vice though much inclined,
 Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not blind—
 Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Stael
 Would ev'n proscribe thee from a Paris ball;
 The fashion hails—from countesses to queens,
 And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes;
 Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,
 And turns—if nothing else—at least our heads;
 With thee ev'n clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
 And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.
 Gods! now the glorious theme my strain exalts,
 And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of "Waltz!"

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her *début*;
 The court, the Regent, like herself, were new;
 New face for friends, for foes some new rewards;
 New ornaments for black and royal guards;
 New laws to hang the rogues that roar'd for bread;
 New coins (most new) to follow those that fled;
 New victories—nor can we prize them less,
 Though Jenky wonders at his own success;
 New wars, because the old succeed so well,
 That most survivors envy those who fell?
 New mistresses—no, old—and yet 'tis true,
 Though they be *old*, the *thing* is something new;
 Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks),
 New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all new sticks
 With vests or ribands—deck'd allike in true,
 New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue;

So saith the muse: my——, what say you?
 Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain
 Her new preferments in this novel reign;
 Such was the time, nor ever yet was such;
 Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much*;
 Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,
 And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.
 The ball begins—the honours of the house
 First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
 Some potentate—or royal or serene—
 With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,
 Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush
 Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
 From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
 That spot where hearts were once supposed to be;
 Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
 The strangest hand may wander undisplaced;
 The lady's in return may grasp as much
 As princely paunches offer to her touch.
 Pleased round the chalky floor how well they trip,
 One hand reposing on the royal hip;
 The other to the shoulder no less royal
 Ascending with affection truly loyal!
 Thus front to front the partners move or stand,
 The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand;
 And all in turn may follow in their rank,
 The Earl of—Asterisk—and Lady—Blank;
 Sir—Such-a-one—with those of fashion's host,
 For whose blest surnames—vide "Morning Post"
 (Or if for that impartial print too late,
 Search Doctors' Commons six months from my date)—
 Thus all and each, in movement swift and slow,
 The genial contact gently undergo;
 Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,
 If "nothing follows all this palming work?"
 True, honest Mirza;—you may trust my rhyme—
 Something does follow at a fitter time;
 The breast thus publicly resign'd to man,
 In private may resist him—if it can.

O ye who loved our grandmothers of yore,
 Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, and many more!
 And thou, my Prince! whose sovereign taste and will
 It is to love the lovely beldames still!
 Thou ghost of Queensbury! whose judging sprite
 Satan may spare to peep a single night,
 Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss
 Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this?
 To teach the young ideas how to rise,
 Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes;

Rush to the heart, and lighten through the frame,
 With half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame:
 For prurient nature still will storm the breast—
Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest?

But ye—who never felt a single thought
 For what our morals are to be, or ought;
 Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
 Say—would you make those beauties quite so cheap?
 Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
 Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side,
 Where were the rapture then to clasp the form,
 From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm?
 At once love's most endearing thought resign,
 To press the hand so press'd by none but thine;
 To gaze upon that eye which never met
 Another's ardent look without regret;
 Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
 Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint;
 If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
 Or give—like her—caresses to a score;
 Her mind with these is gone, and with it go,
 The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus blaspheme?
 Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.
 Terpsichore, forgive!—at every ball
 My wife *now* waltzes—and my daughters *shall*;
 My son—(or stop—'tis needless to inquire—
 These little accidents should ne'er transpire;
 Some ages hence our genealogic tree
 Will wear as green a bough for him as me)—
 Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amend,
 Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

“Expense Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?” JUVENAL, Sat. x.

“The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government, announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

* * * * *

By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till——.”
GIBBON'S, *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 220.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more,
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay

The triumph, and the vanity,
 The rapture of the strife²—
 The earthquake voice of Victory,
 To thee the breath of life ;
 The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
 Which man seem'd made but to obey,
 Wherewith renown was rife—
 All quell'd—Dark Spirit ! what must be
 The madness of thy memory !

The Desolator desolate !
 The Victor overthrown
 The Arbiter of others' fate
 A Suppliant for his own !
 Is it some yet imperial hope,
 That with such change can calmly cope
 Or dread of death alone ?
 To die a prince—or live a slave—
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak,
 Dream'd not of the rebound ;
 Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
 Alone—how look'd he round ?
 Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
 An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found :
 He fell, the forest prowlers' prey ;
 But thou must eat thy heart away !

The Roman,³ when his burning heart
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
 Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
 In savage grandeur, home—
 He dared depart in utter scorn
 Of men that such a yoke had borne,
 Yet left him such a doom !
 His only glory was that hour
 Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell,
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,
 An empire for a cell ;
 A strict accountant of his beads,
 A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well :
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung :
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung ;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean ;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own !
 And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
 And thank'd him for a throne !
 Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear,
 When thus their mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind !

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain—
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain :
 If thou hadst died as honour dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again—
 But who would soar the solar height,
 To set in such a starless night ?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay ;
 Thy scales, Mortality ! are just
 To all that pass away ;
 But yet methought the living great
 Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay :
 Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride ;
 How bears her breast the torturing hour ?
 Still clings she to thy side ?
 Must she too bend, must she too share
 Thy late repentance, long despair,
 Thou throneless Homicide ?
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem
 'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem !

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue⁵ hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,⁷
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock
Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst
The very Fiend's arch mock;⁸
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly *died*!

HEBREW MELODIES.¹

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies,² and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan. *January, 1814.*

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.³

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

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

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne

It told the triumphs of our King,
 It wafted glory to our God ;
 It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod ;
 Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode !
 Since then, though heard on earth no more,
 Devotion and her daughter Love,
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar
 To sounds that seem as from above,
 In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world, which lies beyond
 Our own, surviving Love endears ;
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
 The eye the same, except in tears—
 How welcome those untrodden spheres !
 How sweet this very hour to die !
 To soar from earth, and find all fears
 Lost in thy light—Eternity !

It must be so: 'tis not for self
 That we so tremble on the brink ;
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.
 Oh ! in that future let us think
 To hold each heart the heart that shares,
 With them the immortal waters drink,
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !

THE WILD GAZELLE.

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

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

More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel's scatter'd race;
 For, taking root, it there remains
 In solitary grace:
 It cannot quit its place of birth,
 It will not live in other earth.

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

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

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

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

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

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

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

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

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

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

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

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

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

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

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

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd thee dead

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
 The harp I yet can brook to hear;
 And let thy gentle fingers fling
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
 If in this heart a hope be dear,
 That sound shall charm it forth again:
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
 Or else this heavy heart will burst;
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
 And ached in sleepless silence long;
 And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
 And break at once—or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue;
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceased to shine:
 It could not match the living rays
 That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
 Thy country's strains record
 The triumphs of her chosen Son,
 The slaughters of his sword!
 The deeds he did, the fields he won,
 The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
 Thou shalt not taste of death!
 The generous blood that flow'd from thee
 Disdain'd to sink beneath:
 Within our veins its currents be,
 Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
 Shall be the battle-word!
 Thy fall, the theme of choral song
 From virgin voices pour'd!
 To weep would do thy glory wrong;
 Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
 Or kingly the death which awaits us to-day!

SAUL.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
 Bid the prophet's form appear.
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head!
 King, behold the phantom seer!"

Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
 Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
 Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

" Why is my sleep disquieted ?
 Who is he that calls the dead ?
 Is it thou, O King ? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold :
 Such are mine ; and such shall be
 Thine to-morrow, when with me :
 Ere the coming day is done,
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 Fare thee well, but for a day,
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow ;
 And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide :
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
 Son and sire, the house of Saul ! "

“ ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER.”

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
 And health and youth possess'd me ;
 My goblets blush'd from every vine,
 And lovely forms caress'd me ;
 I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
 And felt my soul grow tender ;
 All earth can give, or mortal prize,
 Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
 Remembrance can discover,
 Which all that life or earth displays
 Would lure me to live over.
 There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
 Of pleasure unembitter'd ;
 And not a trapping deck'd my power
 That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
 And spells, is won from harming,
 But that which coils around the heart,
 Oh ! who hath power of charming ?
 It will not list to wisdom's lore,
 Nor music's voice can lure it ;
 But there it stings for evermore
 The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE King was on his throne,
 The Satraps throng'd the hall;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deem'd divine—
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand :
 The fingers of a man ;—
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice ;
 All bloodless wax'd his look,
 And tremulous his voice.
 " Let the men of lore appear.
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill ;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore ;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view ;
 He read it on that night,—
 The morrow proved it true.

" Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom pass'd away.
 He, in the balance weigh'd,
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud, his robe of state,
 His canopy the stone :
 The Mede is at his gate !
 The Persian on his throne !"

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
 That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
 How like art thou to joy remember'd well!
 So gleams the past, the light of other days,
 Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays
 A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
 Distinct, but distant—clear—but oh, how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST
IT TO BE.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
 I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;
 It was but abjuring my creed to efface
 The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race:

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
 If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
 If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
 Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
 As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
 In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
 The land and the life which for him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.⁴

OH, Mariamne! now for thee
 The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
 Revenge is lost in agony,
 And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
 Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
 Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading.
 Ah! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
 Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
 Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
 My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
 The sword that smote her's o'er me waving.—
 But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
 And this dark heart is vainly craving
 For her who soars alone above,
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem ;
 She sunk, with her my joys entombing ;
 I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
 Whose leaves for me alone were blooming ;
 And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
 This bosom's desolation dooming ;
 And I have earn'd those tortures well,
 Which unconsumed are still consuming !

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

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

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

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

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

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

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN
AND WEPT.

WE sate down and wept by the waters
 Of Babel, and thought of the day
 When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
 Made Salem's high places his prey ;
 And ye, oh her desolate daughters !
 Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which roll'd on in freedom below,

They demanded the song ; but, oh never
 That triumph the stranger shall know !
 May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe !

On the willow that harp is suspended,
 Oh Salem ! its sound should be free ;
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee ;
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
 With the voice of the spoiler by me !

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But though it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmoted by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me : I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake :

“ Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
Than he who deems ev'n Seraphs insecure ?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust !
The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light !”

DOMESTIC PIECES.

FARE THEE WELL!

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain:

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, and scars remaining,
Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which a ace hath been."

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE the well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well*:
Ev'n though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain.
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Ev'n its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not ;
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own life retaineth—
 Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;
 And the undying thought which paineth
 Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead ;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"
 Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is press'd,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless *thee*,
 Think of him thy love had bless'd !

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
 All my madness none can know ;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Ev'n my soul forsakes me now :

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still ;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.—

Fare the well !—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die.

A SKETCH.³

"Honest—honest Iago!
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."

SHAKSPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair,
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.
Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor example spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below:
Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme:—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circles which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her quake;
If daughters dread her for the mothers' sake;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—

Have given her power too deeply to instil
 The angry essence of her deadly will;
 If like a snake she steal within your walls,
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
 If like a viper to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find;
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
 Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,
 While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
 A thread of condour with a web of wiles;
 A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
 A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal;
 And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
 With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
 A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
 Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
 Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
 Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
 Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
 (For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
 Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
 Look on her features! and behold her mind
 As in a mirror of itself defined:
 Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharg'd—
 There is no trait which might not be enlarg'd:
 Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
 This monster when their mistress left off trade—
 This female dog-star of her little sky,
 Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
 The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
 Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
 Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
 May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
 Back on thy nosom with reflected blight!
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
 Till all thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
 The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
 Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer
 Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!

Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
 Ev'n worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
 Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—
 And festering in the infamy of years.

March 30, 1816.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.³

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
 And reason half withheld her ray—
 And hope but shed a dying spark
 Which more misled my lonely way;

In that deep midnight of the mind,
 And that internal strife of heart,
 When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
 The weak despair—the cold depart

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
 And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
 Thou wert the solitary star,
 Which rose, and set not to the last.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
 That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
 And stood between me and the night,
 For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
 Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
 Then purer spread its gentle flame,
 And dash'd the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
 And teach it what to brave or brook—
 There's more in one soft word of thine
 Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
 That still unbroke, though gently bent,
 Still waves with fond fidelity
 Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour
 But there thou wert—and still wouldst be
 Devoted in the stormiest hour
 To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
 Whatever fate on me may fall ;
 For heaven in sunshine will requite
 The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love
 Be broken—thine will never break ;
 Thy heart can feel—but will not move ;
 Thy soul, though soft, will never shake

And these, when all was lost beside,
 Were found and still are fixed in thee ;—
 And bearing still a breast so tried,
 Earth is no desert—ev'n to me

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.⁴

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
 And the star of my fate hath declined
 Thy soft heart refused to discover
 The faults which so many could find ;
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted
 It shrunk not to share it with me,
 And the love which my spirit hath painted
 It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling
 The last smile which answers to mine,
 I do not believe it beguiling,
 Because it reminds me of thine ;
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,
 As the breasts I believed in with me,
 If their billows excite an emotion,
 It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
 Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.
 There is many a pang to pursue me :
 They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
 'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
 Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,—

Though trusted thou didst not disclaim me,
 Though parted, it was not to fly,
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
 Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it.
 Nor the war of the many with one—
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun :
 And if dearly that error has cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee.
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
 Thus much I at least may recall,
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
 Deserved to be dearest of all ;
 In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wild waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

MY sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine,
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine :
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—
 A world to roam through, and a home with *thee*.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness ;
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress ;
 Reversed for him our grandsire's^s fate of yore,—
 He hath no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
 The fault was mine ; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox :

I have been cunning in mine overthrow
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outhved, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;

There may be others which I less may show ;—
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
 And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,⁶
 By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
 Leman's is fair ; but think not I forsake
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore :
 Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;
 Though, like all things which I have loved, they *are*
 Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me ; I but ask
 Of Nature that with which she will comply—
 It is but with her summer's sun to bask,
 To mingle in the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend, and now shall be
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one ;
 And that I would not ;—for at length I see
 Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
 The earliest—even the only paths for me—
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
 I had been better than I now can be ;
 The passions which have torn me would have slept
 I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do ?
 Little with Love, and least of all with Fame :
 And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
 And made me all which they can make—a name,
 Yet this was not the end I did pursue ;
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
 But all is over—I am one the more
 To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
 From me demand but little of my care ;
 I have outlived myself by many a day :
 Having survived so many things that were ;
 My years have been no slumber, but the prey
 Of ceaseless vigils ; for I had the share
 Of life which might have fill'd a century
 Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content! and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
 And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine :
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign ;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
 The tie which bound the first endures the last!

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep
A holy concord—and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe.
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Ev'n as the tenderness that hour instils
When Summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame;
The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,
The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,
Set with their Sun—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind:
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,

Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,
 To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal,
 From the charm'd council to the festive board,
 Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;
 In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
 The praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride,
 When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
 Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
 His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
 The wrath—the delegated voice of God !
 Which shook the nations through his lips—and biased
 Tild vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised.

And here, oh ! here, where yet all young and warm
 The gay creations of his spirit charm.
 The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
 Which knew not what it was to intermit ;
 The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
 Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring ;
 These wondrous beings of his Fancy wrought
 To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
 Here in their first abode you still may meet,
 Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat ;
 A halo of the light of other days,
 Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
 Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
 Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
 Jar in the music which was born their own
 Still let them pause—ah ! little do they know
 That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Woe.
 Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
 Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise ;
 Repose denies her requiem to his name,
 And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame,
 The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
 Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
 The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
 The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
 Behold the host ! delighting to deprave,
 Who tracks the steps of Glory to the grave,
 Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
 Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
 Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
 And pile the pyramid of Calumny !
 These are his portion—but if join'd to these
 Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
 If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
 And stoop to strive with Misery at the door

To soothe Indignity—and face to face
 Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with Disgrace,
 To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,
 The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness :—
 If such may be the ills which men assail,
 What marvel if at last the mightiest fail ?
 Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
 Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from Heaven,
 Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
 Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
 Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch—and
 burst.

But far from us and from our mimic scene
 Such things should be—if such have ever been
 Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
 To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add our mite
 Of praise in payment of a long delight.
 Ye Orators ! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field !
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three* !
 Whose words were sparks of Immortality !
 Ye Bards ! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
 He was your Master—emulate him *here* !
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence !
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence !
 While Powers of mind almost of boundiess range
 Complete in kind—as various in their charge,
 While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
 That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,
 Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
 Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.

THE DREAM.

I

OUR life is twofold : Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence : Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being ; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity ;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future ; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so ?
Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?
Creations of the mind ?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curls a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last,
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs ;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there

Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful:
 And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him; he had look'd
 Upon it till it could not pass away;
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers:
 She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words: she was his sight,
 For his eyes follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
 Which colour'd all his objects:—he had ceased
 To live within himself; she was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all: upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow.
 And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share:
 Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
 Ev'n as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
 Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
 Another; even *now* she loved another,
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 There was an ancient mansion, and before
 Its walls there was a steed comparision'd:
 Within an antique Oratory stood
 The Boy of whom I spake!—he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
 He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
 Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
 His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
 With a convulsion—then arose again,
 And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
 What he had written, but he shed no tears.
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow

Into a kind of quiet ; as he paused,
 The Lady of his love re-enter'd there ;
 She was serene and smiling then, and yet
 She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
 Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
 That he was wretched, but she saw not all.²
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
 He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
 He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
 Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
 For they did part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd
 From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
 And mounting on his steed he went his way ;
 And ne'er repass'd that noary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
 Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
 And his Soul drank their sunbeams : he was *girt*
 With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
 Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
 And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
 There was a mass of many images
 Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
 A part of all ; and in the last he lay
 Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
 Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
 Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
 Of those who rear'd them ; by his sleeping side
 Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
 Were fasten'd near a fountain ; and a man
 T'lad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
 While many of his tribe slumber'd around :
 And they were canopied by the blue sky,
 So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
 That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Lady of his love was wed with One
 Who did not love her better :—in her home,
 A thousand leagues from his,—her native *home*,
 She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
 Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold !
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife.

And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
 As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
 What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,
 And he who had so loved her was not there
 To trouble with had hopes, or evil wish,
 Or ill repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
 What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
 Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
 Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
 Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand
 Before an Altar—with a gentle bride ;
 Her face was fair, but was not that which made
 The Starlight of his Boyhood ;—as he stood
 Ev'n at the altar, o'er his brow there came
 The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
 That in the antique Oratory shook
 His bosom in its solitude ; and then—
 As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
 The tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
 And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
 The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
 And all things reel'd around him ; he could see
 Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
 But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
 And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
 The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
 All things pertaining to that place and hour,
 And her who was his destiny, came back
 And thrust themselves between him and the light :
 What business had they there at such a time ?³

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Lady of his love ;—Oh ! she was changed,
 As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
 Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes,
 They had not their own lustre, but the look
 Which is not of the earth ; she was become
 The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
 Were combinations of disjointed things ;
 And forms impalpable and unperceived
 Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
 And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise
 Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;

What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which str^{ips} the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of o'd days,⁴
He fed on poisons, and they had no power.
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues! and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so

IX.

My dream was past! it had no further change,
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

AT Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's Jerusalemme and of Guarini's Pastor Fido, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house, of the latter. But, as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed, and depopulated; the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.¹

I.

LONG years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear
And eagle-spirit of a child of Song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain,
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And here, at once, Captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave,
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave,²
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he has strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,

I have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears.
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled.
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how
I know not that—but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful: 'tis their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:³
With these and with their victims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd;
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close:
So let it be—for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet ;
 I had forgotten half I would forget,
 But it revives—Oh ! would it were my lot
 To be forgetful as I am forgot !—
 Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
 In this vast lazar-house of many woes ?
 Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
 Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind ;
 Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
 And each is tortured in his separate hell—
 For we are crowded in our solitudes—
 Many, but each divided by the wall,
 Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods ;—
 While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
 None ! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,⁴
 Who was not made to be the mate of these,
 Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
 Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here ?
 Who have debased me in the minds of men,
 Debarring me the usage of my own,
 Blighting my life in best of its career,
 Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear ?
 Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
 And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan ?
 The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
 Which undermines our Stoical success ?
 No !—still too proud to be vindictive—I
 Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
 Yes, Sister of my Sovereign ! for thy sake
 I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
 It hath no business where *thou* art a guest ;
 Thy brother hates—but I can not detest ;⁵
 Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,⁶
 But all unquench'd is still my better part,
 Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
 As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
 Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
 Till struck, forth flies the all-etherial dart
 And thus at the collision of thy name
 The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
 And for a moment all things as they were
 Flit by me ;—they are gone—I am the same.
 And yet my love without ambition grew ;
 I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
 A Princess was no love-mate for a bard ;
 I told it not, I breathed it not, it was

Sufficient to itself, its own reward!
 And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!
 Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
 And yet I did not venture to repine.
 Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
 Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around
 I hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
 Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
 Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd
 Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
 Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above!
 And in that sweet severity there was
 A something which all softness did surpass—
 I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—
 My star stood still before thee:—if it were
 Presumptuous thus to love without design,
 That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
 But thou art dearer still, and I should be
 Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee*.
 The very love which lock'd me to my chain
 Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
 Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
 And look to thee with undivided breast,
 And foil the ingenuity of Pain.⁷

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
 My soul was drunk with love,—which did pervade
 And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
 Of objects all inanimate I made
 Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
 And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
 Where I did lay me down within the shade
 Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
 Though I was chid for wandering; and the Wise
 Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
 Of such materials wretched men were made,
 And such a truant boy would end in woe,
 And that the only lesson was a blow;
 And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
 But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
 Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
 The visions which arise without a sleep.
 And with my years my soul began to pant
 With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
 And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
 But undefined and wandering, till the day,
 I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;
 And then I lost my being all to be
 Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—
 Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I loved all Solitude—but little thought
 To spend I know not what of life, remote
 From all communion with existence, save
 The maniac and his tyrant;—had I been
 Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
 My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,
 But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
 Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
 Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;
 The world is all before him—*mine is here*,
 Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
 What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye
 And with a dying glance upbraid the sky—
 I will not raise my own in such reproof,
 Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
 But with a sense of its decay:—I see
 Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
 And a strange demon, who is vexing me
 With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
 The feeling of the healthful and the free;
 But much to One, who long hath suffer'd so,
 Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
 And all that may be borne, or can debase.
 I thought mine enemies had been but Man,
 But Spirits may be leagued with them—all *Earth*
 Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth
 Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
 It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail
 Against the outworn creature they assail.
 Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
 Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
 Because I loved what not to love and see,
 Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—
 My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
 My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd
 In mockery through them;—if I bear and bore
 The much I have recounted, and the more
 Which hath no words,—'tis that I would not die
 And sanction with self-slaughter the dull
 Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
 Stamp Madness deep into my memory,
 And woo Compassion to a blighted name,
 Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
 No—it shall be immortal! and I make

A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy heartless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While stranger's wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!
And thou, Leonora!—thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
By grief, years—weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still;—and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!
But thou—when all that Birth and Beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shall have
One half the laurel which o'er shades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT,

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.¹

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR
OF "WAT TYLER."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

PREFACE.

It hath been wisely said, that, "One fool makes many;" and it hath been poetically observed,

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—POPE.

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegado intolerance and impious cant, of the poem by the author of "Wat Tyler," are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed "Satanic School," the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists any where, excepting in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have "talked of *him*; for they laughed consumedly."

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow creatures in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of "Wat Tyler?"

2dly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?²

3dly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament "a rancorous renegado?"³

4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the rascal staring him in the face?⁴

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with

What conscience dare he call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-jacobin" by his present patrons.⁵ Hence all this "skimble-scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—" *qualis ab inepto.*"

If there is anything obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written every thing else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonise a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new "Vision," his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them, than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgment in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P. S.—Is it possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this "Vision." But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding's "Journey from this World to the next," and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not "like a school divine," but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's Wife of Bath, Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, Swift's Tale of a Tub, and other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, &c. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.

Q. R.

. Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the mean time have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called; otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate Jacobins furnish rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously "one Mr. Landor," who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not

long ago, the poet laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called *Gebir* Who could suppose, that in this same Gebir the aforesaid Savage Landor⁶ (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the Third! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind— The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign:—

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view, and he exclaims to his ghostly guide)—

“Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?
Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung.
He too amongst my ancestors! I hate
The despot, but the dastard I despise.
Was he our countryman?”

“Alas, O king!

Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east.”
“He was a warrior then nor fear'd the gods?”
“Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,
Though them indeed his daily face ador'd;
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice—
Oh madness of mankind! address'd, adored!”

Gebir, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of “great moral lessons” are apt to be found in strange company.

I.

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate:

His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late;

Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era “eighty-eight”

The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And “a pull all together,” as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,

Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
 Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
 Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
 As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
 Finding their charges past all care below;
 Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
 Save the recording angel's black bureau;
 Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
 With such rapidity of vice and woe,
 That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
 And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV.

His business so augmented of late years,
 That he was forced, against his will no doubt,
 (Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers)
 For some resource to turn himself about,
 And claim the help of his celestial peers,
 To aid him ere he should be quite worn out,
 By the increased demand for his remarks;
 Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

V.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
 And yet they had even then enough to do,
 So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
 So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
 Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,
 Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
 They threw their pens down in divine disgust—
 The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust

VI.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
 What angels shrink from: even the very devil
 On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,
 So surfeited with the infernal revel:
 Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
 It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.
 (Here Sathan's sole good work deserves insertion—
 'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII.

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
 Which people earth no better, hell as wont,
 And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,
 With nothing but new names subscribed upon't:

'Twill one day finish : meantime they increase,
 " With seven heads and ten horns," and all in front,
 Like Saint John's foretold beasts ; but ours are born
 Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn⁷
 Died George the Third ; although no tyrant, one
 Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
 Left him nor mental nor external sun ;
 A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
 A worse king never felt a realm undone !
 He died—but left his subjects still behind,
 One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

IX.

He died !—his death made no great stir on earth ;
 His burial made some pomp ; there was profusion
 Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
 Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion,
 For these things may be bought at their true worth ;
 Of elegy there was the due infusion—
 Bought also ; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
 Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

X.

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
 The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
 Who cared about the corpse ? The funeral
 Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
 There throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall ;
 And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
 It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
 The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XI.

So mix his body with the dust ! It might
 Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
 The natural compound left alone to fight
 Its way back into earth, and fire, and air ;
 But the unnatural balsams merely blight
 What nature made him at his birth, as bare
 As the mere million's base un-mummied clay—
 Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII.

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done ;
 He's buried ; save the undertaker's bill,
 Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
 For him, unless he left a German will ;

But where's the proctor who will ask his son .

In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII.

"God save the king!" It is a large economy
In God to save the like; but if he will
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still:
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

know this is unpopular; I know
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
For hoping no one else may ere be so;
I know my catechism; I know we're cramm'd
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
I know that all save England's church have sham'd,
And that the other twice two hundred churches
And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

XV.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,
God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
And not a whit more difficult to damn,
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb!
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost every body born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,
Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim;
But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes—
t which Saint Peter yawn'd and rubb'd his nose:
"Saint porter, said the angel, prithee rise!"

Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows
 An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes
 To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the matter?
 Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

XVIII.

"No," quoth the cherub "George the Third is dead."
 "And who *is* George the Third?" replied the apostle:
 "What George? what Third?" "The king of England,"
 said

The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to jostle
 Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
 Because the last we saw here had a tustle,
 And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces.
 Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX.

"He was, if I remember, king of France;⁸
 That head of his, which could not keep a crown
 On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
 A claim to those of martyrs—like my own:
 If I had had my sword, as I had once
 When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
 But having but my *keys*, and not my brand
 I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

XX

"And then he set up such a headless howl,
 That all the saints came out and took him in;
 And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
 That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The skin
 Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
 In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin,
 So as to make a martyr, never sped
 Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI.

"But had it come up here upon its snoulders,
 There would have been a different tale to tell:
 The fellow-feeling in the saints beholders
 Seems to have acted on them like a spell;
 And so this very foolish head heaven solders
 Back on its trunk; it may be very well,
 And seems the custom here to overthrow
 Whatever has been wisely done below."

XXII.

The angel answer'd, "Peter! do not pout:
 The king who comes has head and all entire,
 And never knew much what it was about—
 He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,

And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt
 My business and your own is not to inquire
 Into such matters, but to mind our cue—
 Which is to act as we are bid to do."

XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
 Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
 Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
 Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Indê,
 Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an old man
 With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
 Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
 Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host
 A Spirit of a different aspect waved
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
 His brow was like the deep when tempest toss'd;
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
 And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
 Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,
 With such a glance of supernatural hate,
 As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
 He patter'd with his keys at a great rate,
 And sweated through his apostolic skin;
 Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
 Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled all together,
 Like birds when soars the falcon and they felt
 A tingling to the tip of every feather,
 And form'd a circle like Orion's belt
 Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew *whither*
 His guards had led him, though they gently dealt
 With royal manes (for by many stories,
 And true, we learn the angels are all Tories).

XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew,
 Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
 Flung over space an universal hue
 Of many colour'd flame, until its tinges

Reach'd ev'n our speck of earth, and made a new
 Aurora borealis spread its fringes
 O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound,
 By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's Sound."^s

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
 A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
 Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
 Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:
 My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
 With earthly likenesses, for here the night
 Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
 Johanna Southcote,¹⁰ or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

'Twas the archangel Michael: all men know
 The make of angels and archangels, since
 There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
 From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince,
 There also are some altar-pieces, though
 I really can't say that they much evince
 One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
 But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
 A goodly work of him from whom all glory
 And good arise; the portal past—he stood;
 Before him the young cherubs and saint hoary—
 (I say *young*, begging to be understood
 By looks, not years; and should be very sorry
 To state, they were not older than St. Peter,
 But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter).

XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
 That arch-angelic hierarch, the first
 Of essences angelical, who wore
 The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
 Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
 No thought, save for his Maker's service, durst
 Intrude, however glorified and high;
 He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met—
 They knew each other both for good and ill;
 Such was their power, that neither could forget
 His former friend and future foe; but still

There was a high, immortal, proud regret
 In either's eye, as if 't were less their will
 Than destiny to make the eternal years
 Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the spheres

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space: we know
 From Job, that Sathan hath the power to pay
 A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;
 And that "the sons of God," like those of clay,
 Must keep him company; and we might show
 From the same book, in how polite a way
 The dialogue is held between the Powers
 Of Good and Evil—but 't would take up hours.

XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,
 To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,
 If Job, be allegory or a fact,
 But a true narrative; and thus I pick
 From out the whole but such and such an act,
 As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.
 'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
 And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
 The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is
 The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,
 And souls despatch'd to that world or to this;
 And therefore Michael and the other wore
 A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,
 Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
 There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI.

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau,
 But with a graceful oriental bend,
 Pressing one radiant arm just where below
 The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
 He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,
 But kindly; Sathan met his ancient friend
 With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
 Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
 An instant; and then raising it, he stood
 In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
 Cause why King George by no means could or should

Make out a case to be exempt from woe
 Eternal, more than other kings, endured
 With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
 Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."":

XXXVIII.

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with this man,
 Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill
 Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
 That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy will,
 If it be just: if in this carthly span
 He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
 His duties as a king and mortal, say,
 And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

XXXIX.

"Michael," replied the Prince of Air, "even here,
 Before the Gate of him thou servest, must
 I claim my subject: and will make appear
 That as he was my worshipper in dust,
 So shall he be in spirit, although dear
 To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
 Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne
 He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL.

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*; it was
 Once, *more* thy master's: but I triumph not
 In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!
 Need he thou servest envy me my lot:
 With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
 In worship round him, he may have forgot
 You weak creation of such paltry things
 I think few worth damnation save their kings,—

XLI.

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
 Assert my right as lord; and even had
 I such an inclination, 'twere (as you
 Well know) superfluous; they are grown so bad,
 That hell has nothing better left to do
 Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad
 And evil by their own internal curse,
 Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII.

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
 When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm
 Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
 The world and he both wore a different form,

And much of earth and all the watery plain
 Of ocean call'd him king: through many a storm
 His isles had floated on the abyss of time;
 For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

XLIII.

" He came to his sceptre young; he leaves it old
 Look to the state in which he found his realm,
 And left it; and his annals too behold.
 How to a minion first he gave the helm:
 How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
 The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
 The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
 Thine eye along America and France.

XLIV.

" 'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last
 (I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
 So let him be consumed. From out the past
 Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
 Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
 Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsars' school,
 Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
 More drench'd with gore more cumber'd with the slain.

XLV.

" He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:
 Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
 So that they utter'd the word ' Liberty!'
 Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose
 History was ever stain'd as his will be
 With national and individual woes?
 I grant his household abstinence; I grant
 His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

XLVI.

" I know he was a constant consort; own
 He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
 All this is much, and most upon a throne;
 As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
 Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
 I grant him all the kindest can accord;
 And this was well for him, but not for those
 Millions who found him what oppression chose.

XLVII.

" The New World shok him off; the Old yet groans
 Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
 Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
 To all his vices, without what begot *

Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones
 Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
 A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
 Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

XLVIII.

“Five millions of the primitive, who hold
 The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored
 A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old,—
 Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,
 Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
 Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr’d
 The foe to Catholic participation
 In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX.

“True! he allowed them to pray God: but as
 A consequence of prayer, refused the law
 Which would have placed them upon the same *base*
 With those who did not hold the saints in awe.”
 But here Saint Peter started from his place,
 And cried, “You may the prisoner withdraw:
 Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,
 While I am guard, may I be damn’d myself!

L.

“Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
 My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
 Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
 The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!”
 “Saint!” replied Sathan, “you’d o well to avenge
 The wrongs he made your satellites endure;¹²
 And if to this exchange you should be given,
 I’ll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven.”

LI.

Here Michael interposed: “Good saint! and devil!
 Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.
 Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:
 Sathan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
 And condescension to the vulgar’s level.
 Ev’n saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
 Have you got more to say?”—“No.”—“If you please,
 I’ll trouble you to call your witnesses.”

LII.

Then Sathan turn’d and waved his swarthy hand,
 Which stirr’d with its electric qualities
 Clouds farther off than we can understand,
 Although we find him sometimes in our skies;

Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
 In all the planets, and hell's batteries
 Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
 As one of Sathan's most sublime inventions.

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
 As have the privilege of their damnation
 Extended far beyond the mere controls
 Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station
 's theirs particularly in the rolls
 Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination
 Or business carries them in search of game
 They may range freely—being damn'd the same.

LIV.

They're proud of this—as very well they may,
 It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
 Stuck in their loins; or like an "entré"¹³
 Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.
 I borrow my comparisons from clay,
 Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
 Offended with such base low likenesses;
 We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell—
 About ten million times the distance reckon'd
 From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
 How much time it takes up even to a second,
 For every ray that travels to dispel
 The fogs of London, through which, dimly beacon'd
 The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,
 If that the *summer* is not too severe:¹⁴—

LVI.

I say that I can tell—'twas half a minute:
 I know the solar beams take up more time
 Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it
 But then their telegraph is less sublime,
 And if they ran a race, they would not win it
 'Gainst Sathan's couriers bound for their own *clime*.
 The sun takes up some years for every ray
 To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
 Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd
 'Ve seen a something like it in the skies
 In Aërau, ere a squail); it near'd,

And, growing bigger, took another guise ;
 Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd,
 Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar
 Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer ;—

LVIII.

But take your choice); and then it grew a cloud ;
 And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.
 But such a cloud ! No land e'er saw a crowd
 Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these ;
 They shadow'd with their myriads space ; their load
 And varied cries were like those of wild geese
 (If nations may be liken'd to a goose),
 And realized the phrase of " hell broke loose."

LIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
 Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore :
 There Paddy brogued " By Jasus !"—" What's your will ?
 The temperate Scot exclaim'd ; the French ghost swore
 In certain terms I sha'n't translate in full,
 As the first coachman will ; and 'midst the war,
 The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
 " Our president is going to war, I guess."

LX.

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane ;
 In short, a universal shoal of shades,
 From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,
 Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
 Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
 Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades :
 All summon'd by this grand " subpœna," to
 Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me or you.

LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale
 As angels can ; next, like Italian twilight,
 He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail.
 Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
 In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
 Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
 Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
 Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Sathan : " Why—
 My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
 Our different parties make us fight so shy,
 I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe ;

Our difference is *political*, and I
 Trust that, whatever may occur below,
 You know my great respect for you: and **this**
 Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

LXIII.

“Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
 My call for witnesses? I did not mean
 That you should halt of earth and hell produce;
 'Tis ev'n superfluous, since two honest, clean,
 True testimonies are enough: we lose
 Our time, nay, our eternity, between
 The accusation and defence: if we
 Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality.”

LXIV.

Sathan replied, “To me the matter is
 Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
 I can have fifty better souls than this
 With far less trouble than we have gone through
 Already; and I merely argued his
 Late majesty of Britain's case with you
 Upon a point of form: you may dispose
 Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!”

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd “multifaced”
 By multo-scribbling Southey). “Then we'll call
 One or two persons of the myriads placed
 Around our congress, and dispense with all
 The rest,” quoth Michael: “Who may be so graced
 As to speak first? there's choice enough—who shall
 It be?” Then Sathan answer'd, “There are many;
 But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any.”

LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite
 Upon the instant started from the throng,
 Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite;
 For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
 By people in the next world; where unite
 All the costumes since Adam's right or wrong,
 From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
 Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

LXVII.

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds
 Assembled, and exclaim'd, “My friends of all
 The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds;
 So let's to business: why this general call?”

If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
 And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
 Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!
 Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?"

LXVIII.

"Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake; these things
 Are a former life, and what we do
 Above is more august; to judge of kings
 Is the tribunal met: so know you know."
 "Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,"
 Said Wilkes, "are cherubs; and that soul below
 Looks much like George the Third, but to my mind
 A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?"

LXIX.

"He is what you behold him, and his doom
 Depends upon his deeds," the Angel said.
 "If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb
 Gives license to the humblest beggar's head
 To lift itself against the loftiest."—"Some,"
 Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them laid in lead,
 For such a liberty—and I, for one,
 I have told them what I thought beneath the sun."

LXX.

"Above the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
 To urge against him," said the Archangel." "Why,"
 Replied the spirit, "since old scores are past,
 Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
 Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
 With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky
 I don't like ripping up old stories, since
 His conduct was but natural in a prince."

LXXI.

"Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
 A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
 But then I blame the man himself much less
 Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling
 To see him punish'd here for their excess,
 Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in
 The place below: for me, I have forgiven,
 And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven."

LXXIII.

"Wilkes," said the devil, "I understand all this;
 You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,¹⁵
 And seem to think it would not be amiss
 To grow a whole one on the other side

Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*
 Reign is concluded! whatsoe'er betide,
 He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your labour,
 For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

LXXIII.

"However, I knew what to think of it,
 When I beheld you in your jesting way,
 Flitting and whispering round about the spit
 Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
 With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
 His pupil; I knew what to think, I say
 That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;
 I'd have him *gagg'd*—'twas one of his own bills.

LXXIV.

"Call Junius!" From the crowd a shadow stalk'd,
 And at the name there was a general squeeze,
 So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
 In comfort, at their own aerial ease.
 But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,
 As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees,
 Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder,
 Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

LXXV.

The shadow came—a tall, thin, grey-hair'd figure,
 That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;
 Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
 But nought to mark it breeding or its birth:
 Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,
 With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;
 But as you gazed upon its features, they
 Changed every instant—to *what*, none could say.

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
 Could they distinguish whose the features were,
 The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;
 They varied like a dream—now here, now there
 And several people swore from out the press,
 They knew him perfectly; and one could swear
 He was his father: upon which another
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
 A nabob, a man-midwife:¹⁰ but the wight
 Mysterious changed his countenance at least

As oft as they their minds : though in full sight
 He stood, the puzzle only was increased :
 The man was a phantasmagoria in
 Himself—he was so volatile and thin.

LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him *one*,
 Presto! his face changed, and he was another ;
 And when that change was hardly well put on,
 It varied, till I don't think his own mother
 If that he had a mother) would her son
 Have known, he shifted so from one to t'other ;
 Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
 At this epistolatory "Iron Mask."¹⁷

LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—
 "Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely says
 Good Mrs. Malaprop) ; then you might deem
 That he was not even *one* ; now many rays
 Were flashing round him ; and now a thick steam
 Hid him from sight—like fogs on London days :
 Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people fancies,
 And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.¹⁸

LXXX.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own ;
 I never let it out till now, for fear
 Of doing people harm about the throne,
 And injuring some minister or peer,
 On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown :
 It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!
 'Tis that what Junius we are wont to call
 Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
 Written without hands, since we daily view
 Them written without heads ; and books, we see,
 Are fill'd as well without the latter too :
 And really till we fix on somebody
 For certain sure to claim them as his due,
 Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
 The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

LXXXII.

"And who and what art thou?" the Archangel said.
 "For *that* you may consult my title-page,"
 Replied this mighty shadow of a shade :
 "If I have kept my secret half an age.

I scarce shall tell it now."—"Canst thou upbraid,"
Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You had better
First ask him for *his* answer to my letter.

LXXXIII.

"My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past
Exaggeration? something which may doom
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast
Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom
Of passion?"—"Passion!" cried the phantom dim,
I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

"What I have written, I have written: let
The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
Old "Nominis Umbra¹⁹;" and while speaking yet,
Away he melted in celestial smoke.
Then Sathan said to Michael, "Don't forget
To call George Washington, and John Horne Tooke,
And Franklin;"—but at this time there was heard
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
"What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis not a
ghost?"
"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI

"Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think
Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.
But to the point; while hovering o'er the brink
Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),²⁰
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and
The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
Belongs to all of us, you understand.
I snatch'd him up just as you see him there.

And brought him off for sentence out of hand ;
 I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
 At least a quarter it can hardly be :
 I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

LXXXVIII.

Here Sathan said, " I know this man of old,
 And have expected him for some time here ;
 A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
 Or more conceited in his petty sphere :
 But surely it was not worth while to fold
 Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear :
 We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
 With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

" But since he's here, let's see what he has done."
 " Done !" cried Asmodeus, " he anticipates
 The very business you are now upon,
 And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
 Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
 When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates ?"
 " Let's hear," quoth Michael, " what he has to say ;
 You know we're bound to that in every way."

XC.

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
 By no means often was his case below,
 Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
 His voice into that awful note of woe
 To all unhappy hearers within reach
 Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow ;
 But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
 Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
 Into recitative, in great dismay,
 Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
 To murmur loudly through their long array ;
 And Michael rose ere he could get a word
 Cf all his founder'd verses under way,
 And cried, " For God's sake, stop my friend i 'twere best—
Non Di, non homines—you know the rest."²¹

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
 Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation ;
 The angels had of course enough of song
 When upon service ; and the generation

Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long enough
 Before, to profit by a new occasion ;
 The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, "What! what!¹²²
*Pye*²³ come again? No more—no more of that!"

XCII.

The tumult grew ; an universal cough
 Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
 When Castlereigh has been up long enough
 (Before he was first minister of state,
 I mean—the *slaves hear now*) : some cried "Off, off!"
 As at a farce ; till, grown quite desperate,
 The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
 (Himself an author) only for his prose

XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave ;
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,
 With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
 A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
 To his whole aspect, which though rather grave,
 Was by no means so ugly as his case ;
 But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
 Quite a poetic felony "*de se*."

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise
 With one still greater, as is yet the mode
 On earth besides ; except some grumbling voice,
 Which now and then will make a slight inroad
 Upon decorous silence, few will twice
 Lift up their lungs when fairly overerow'd ;
 And now the bard could plead his own bad cause.
 With all the attitudes of self-applause.

XCVI.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
 He meant no harm in scribbling ; 'twas his way
 Upon all topics ; 'twas, besides, his bread,
 Of which he butter'd both sides ; 'twould delay
 Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
 And take up rather more time than a day,
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—
 "Wat Tyler"—"Rhymes on Blenheim"—"Waterloo."

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide ;
 He had written praises of all kings whatever ;
 He had written for republics far and wide,
 And then against them bitterer than ever ;

For pantisocracy he once had cried
 Aloud, a scheme less mortal than 'twas clever;
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
 Had turn'd his coat—and would have tun'd his skin.

· XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again
 In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
 Reviewing²⁴ “the ungentle craft,” and then
 Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—
 Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
 By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:
 He had written much bleak verse, and blander prose,
 And more of both than any body knows.

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life:—here turning round
 To Sathan, “Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
 In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
 With notes and preface, all that most allures
 The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
 For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
 So let me have the proper documents,
 That I may add you to my other saints.”

C.

Sathan bow'd, and was silent. “Well, if you,
 With amiable modesty, decline
 My offer, what says Michael? There are few
 Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.
 Mine is a pen of all work: not so new
 As it was once, but I would make you shine
 Like your own tumpet. By the way, my own
 Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

CI.

‘ But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
 Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
 Judge with my judgment, and by my decision
 Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.
 I settle all these things by intuition,
 Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell and **all**,
 Like king Alfonzo.²⁵ When I thus see double,
 I save the Deity some worlds of trouble.”

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
 Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
 Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
 He read the first three lines of the contents;

But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
 Had vanish'd with variety of scents,
 Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
 Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang."²⁶

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell ;
 The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions ;
 The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell ;
 The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions—
 (For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
 And I leave every man to his opinions) ;
 Michael took refuge in his trumpet—but, lo !
 His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow !

CIV.

Saint Peter who has hitherto been known
 For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
 And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down,
 Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
 Into his lake, for there he did not drown ;
 A different web being by the Destinies
 Woven for the Lauroat's final wreath, whene'er
 Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

He first sunk to the bottom—like his works,
 But soon rose to the surface—like himself ;
 For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks,²⁷
 By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
 Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
 It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
 In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vision,
 As Welborn says—"the devil turn'd precisian."

CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
 Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
 Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
 And show'd me what I in my turn have shown ;
 All I saw further, in the last confusion,
 Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one ;
 And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
 I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit 't' an thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emerald be;
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss ;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow—
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame ;
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear ?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well.—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee !—
 With silence and tears.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

FEW years have pass'd since thou and I
 Were firmest friends, at least in name,
 And childhood's gay sincerity
 Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
 What trifles oft the heart recall ;
 And those who once have loved the most
 Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
 So frail is early friendship's reign,
 A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
 Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
 To mourn the loss of such a heart ;
 The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
 Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
 So human feelings ebb and flow ;
 And who would in a breast confide,
 Where stormy passions ever glow ?

It boots not that, together bred,
 Our childish days were days of joy :
 My spring of life has quickly fled ;
 Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
 Slaves to the specious world's control,
 We sigh a long farewell to truth ;
 That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season ! when the mind
 Dares all things boldly but to lie ;
 When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
 And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
 When Man himself is but a tool
 When interest sways our hopes and fears,
 And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
 We learn at length our faults to blend ;
 And those, and those alone, may claim
 The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man :
 Can we then 'scape from folly free
 Can we reverse the general plan,
 Nor be what all in turn must be ?

No ; for myself, so dark my fate
 Through every turn of life hath been ;
 Man and the world I so much hate,
 I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
 Wilt shine awhile, and pass away
 As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
 But dare not stand the test of day

Alas! whenever folly calls
 Where parasites and princes meet,
 (For cherish'd first in royal halls,
 The welcome vices kindly greet,)

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add
 One insect to the fluttering crowd
 And still thy trifling heart is glad
 To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
 Still simpering on with eager haste,
 As flies along the gay parterre,
 That taint the flowers they scarcely taste

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
 Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
 To flit along from dame to dame,
 An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
 Will deign to own a kindred care?
 Who will debase his manly mind,
 For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng
 No more so base a thing be seen;
 No more so idly pass along;
 Be something, any thing, but—mean.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM
 A SKULL.¹

START not—nor deem my spirit fled
 In me behold the only skull,
 From which, unlike a living head
 Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee:
 I died: let earth my bones resign:
 Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
 The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
 Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
 And circle in the goblet's shape
 The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
 In aid of others' let me shine:
 And when, alas! our brains are gone,
 What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst : another race,
 When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
 May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
 And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not—since through life's little day
 Our heads such sad effects produce?
 Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
 This chance is theirs, to be of use.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.?

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
 That I should thus be happy too;
 For still my heart regards thy weal
 Warmly, as it was wont to do,

Thy husbands's blest—and 'twill impart
 Some pangs to view his happier lot
 But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
 Would hate him, if he loved thee not

When late I saw thy favourite child,
 I thought my jealous heart would breed
 But when the unconscious infant smiled,
 I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs.
 Its father in its face to see;
 But then it had its mother's eyes,
 And they were all to love and die.

Mary, adieu! I must away :
 While thou art blest I'll not repine ;
 But near thee I can never stay ;
 My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame :
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm : I knew the time
 My breast would thrill before thy look
 But now to tremble were a crime—
 We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with no confusion there :
 One only feeling could'st thou trace :
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
 Remembrance never must awake:
 Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
 My foolish heart, be still, or break.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEW- FOUNDLAND DOG.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rests below;
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was, but what he should have been
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
 Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
 While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
 Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust!
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
 Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
 I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

THE FAREWELL.

TO A LADY.

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
 A moment linger'd near the gate,
 Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
 And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
 He learnt to bear his load of grief;
 Just gave a sigh to other times,
 And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! will it be with me,
 And I must view thy charms no more;
 For, whilst I linger near to thee,
 I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
 Escaping from temptation's snare;
 I cannot view my Paradise
 Without a wish of dwelling there.

A LOVE SONG.

REMI*ND* me not, remind me not,
 Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,
 When all my soul was given to thee;
 Hours that may never be forgot
 Till time unnerves our vital powers,
 And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget? canst thou forget?
 When playing with thy golden hair,
 How quick thy fluttering heart did *move*!
 Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,
 With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
 And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
 Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
 As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
 And still we near and nearer prest,
 And still our glowing lips would meet,
 As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
 And bid their lids each other seek,
 Veiling the azure orbs below;
 While their long lashes' darkne'd gloss
 Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
 Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,
 And, sooth to say, that every dream
 Was sweeter in its phantasy,
 Than if for other hearts I burn'd,
 For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
 In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
 Of hours which, though for ever gone,
 Can still a pleasing dream restore,
 Till thou and I shall be forgot,
 And senseless as the mouldering stone
 Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name,
 Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
 When all our feelings were the same
 As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
 Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
 Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
 Unknown and thus unfelt by thine :

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—
 To think how all that love hath flown ;
 Transient as every faithless kiss,
 But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
 When late I heard thy lips declare,
 In accents once imagined true,
 Remembrance of the days th t were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!
 Though thou wilt never love again,
 To me, 'tis doubly sweet to find
 Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
 Nor longer shall my soul repine,
 Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
 Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?
 Sweet lady! speak those words again :
 Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
 I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
 My blood runs coldly through my breast ;
 And when I perish, thou alone
 Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
 Doth through my cloud of anguish shine ;
 And for awhile my sorrows cease,
 To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear—
 It falls for one who cannot weep :
 Such precious drops are doubly dear
 To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
 With every feeling soft as thine ;
 But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
 A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low ?
 Sweet lady! speak those words again
 Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
 I would not give that bosom pain.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again? for I never before
 Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core ;
 Let us drink!—who would not?—since, through life'
 varied round,
 In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply ;
 I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye ;
 I have loved!—who has not?—but what heart can declare,
 That pleasure existed while passion was there ?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
 And dreams that affection can never take wing,
 I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will avow,
 That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou ?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
 Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never canst
 change:
 Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what
 appears,
 Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years ?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
 Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
 We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no such alloy ;
 For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
 For refuge we fly to the goblet at last ;
 There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul,
 That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
 And Misery's triumph comménced over Mirth,
 Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet we kiss,
 And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape ! for when summer is flown,
 The age of our nectar shall gladden our own :
 We must die—who shall not?—May our sins be forgiven
 And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY ON LEAVING ENGLAND

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale
 The bark unfurls her snowy sail ;
 And whistling o'er the bending mast,
 Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast ;
 And I must from this land begone,
 Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
 And could I see what I have seen—
 Could I repose upon the breast
 Which once my warmest wishes blest—
 I should not seek another zone
 Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
 Which gave me bliss or misery ;
 And I have striven, but in vain,
 Never to think of it again ;
 For though I fly from Albion,
 I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
 My weary heart is desolate ;
 I look around, and cannot trace
 One friendly smile or welcome face,
 And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
 Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
 And I will seek a foreign home ;
 Till I forget a false fair face,
 I ne'er shall find a resting-place
 My own dark thoughts I cannot shr
 I'll ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
 Shall find some hospitable hearth

Where friendship's or love's softer glow
 May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
 But friend or lover I have none,
 Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee,
 There's not an eye will weep for me ·
 There's not a kind congenial heart,
 Where I can claim the meanest part;
 Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
 Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
 Of what we are, and what we've been,
 Would overwhelm some softer hearts with woe—
 But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
 Yet still beats on as it began,
 And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
 Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
 And why that early love was crost,
 Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
 But few that dwell beneath the sun
 Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,
 With charms perchance as fair to view;
 And I would fain have loved as well,
 But some unconquerable spell
 Forbade my bleeding breast to own
 A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view
 And bless thee in my lost adieu;
 Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
 For him that wanders o'er the deep
 Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
 I love but thee, I love but one.

TO FLORENCE.

OH Lady! when I left the shore,
 The distant shore which gave me birth,
 I hardly thought to grieve once more,
 To quit another spot of earth

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
 When panting Nature droops the head,
 When only thou art seen to smile,
 I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
 Divided by the dark blue main;
 A few brief rolling seasons o'er,
 Perchance I view her cliffs again:

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
 Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
 Though Time restore me to my home,
 I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire
 All charms which heedless hearts can move,
 Whom but to see is to admire,
 And, oh! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
 With such a word can more offend;
 And since thy heart I cannot share,
 Believe me, what I am, thy friend

And who so cold as look on thee,
 Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
 Nor be, what man should ever be,
 The friend of Beauty in distress?

Al! who would think that form had past
 Through Danger's most destructive path,
 Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
 And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls
 Where free Byzantium once arose,
 And Stamboul's Oriental halls
 The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
 That glorious city still shall be;
 On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
 As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,
 When I behuld that wondrous scene,
 Where where thou art I may not dwell,
 'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been

STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER STORM.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
 Where Pindus' mountains rise,
 And angry clouds are pouring fast
 The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
 And lightnings, as they play
 But show where rocks our path have crost,
 Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
 When lightning broke the gloom—
 How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!
 'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

rough sounds of foaming waterfalls,
 I hear a voice exclaim—
 My way-worn countryman, who calls
 On distant England's name.

A shot is fred—by foe or friend?
 Another—'tis to tell
 The mountain-peasants to descend,
 And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
 To tempt the wilderness?
 And ne'er 'mid thunder peals can hear
 Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
 To try the dubious road?
 Nor rather deem from nightly cries
 That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
 More fiercely pours the storm!
 Yet here one thought has still the power
 To keep my bosom warm.

While wand'ring through each broken path,
 O'er brake and craggy brow;
 While elements exhaust their wrath,
 Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
 Thy bark hath long been gone:
 Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
 Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
 When last I press'd thy lip;
 And long ere now, with foaming shock,
 Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now art thou safe ; nay, long ere now
 Hast trod the shore of Spain ;
 'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou
 Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
 In darkness and in dread,
 As in those hours of revelry
 Which mirth and music sped ;

Do thou, amidst the fair white walls,
 If Cadiz yet be free,
 At times from out her latticed halls
 Look o'er the dark blue sea ;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
 Endear'd by days gone by ;
 To others give a thousand smiles,
 To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark
 The paleness of thy face,
 A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
 Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
 Some coxcomb's raillery ;
 Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
 Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
 When sever'd hearts repine,
 My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
 And mourns in search of thine.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF, NOV 14, 1809.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast ;
 And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
 The ancient word was won at last.

And now upon the scene I look,
 The azure grave of many a Roman !
 Where stern Ambition once forsook
 His wavering crown to follow woman,

Florence ! whom I will love as well
 As ever yet was said or sung,
 (Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
 Whilst thou art fair and I am young ;

Sweet Florence ! those were pleasant times,
 When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes :
 Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
 Thy charms might raised new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be
 Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd !
 I cannot lose a world for thee,
 But would not lose thee for a world.

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN !

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown !
 Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
 We madly smile when we should groan ;
 Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
 Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
 And he that acts as wise men ought,
 But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO
 ABYDOS, MAY, 9, 1810.

IF, in the month of dark December,
 Leander, who was slightly wont
 (What maid will not the tale remember ?)
 To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont !

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
 He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
 And thus of old thy current pour'd,
 Fair Venus ! how I pity both !

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
 Though in the genial month of *May*,
 My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
 And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside.
And swam for Love, as I for Glory ;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best :
Sad mortals ! thus the Gods still plague you !
He lost his labour, I my jest ;
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT
ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN :—

“ FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art :
Noble his object, glorious is his aim ;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name.”

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING :—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own ;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζῶη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

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

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

By that lip I long to taste ;
By that zone-encircled waist ;

By all the token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well!
 By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.
 Though I fly to Istambol,
 Athens holds my heart and soul:
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care!
 Though now of Love and thee bereft,
 To reconcile me with despair,
 Thine Image and my tears are left.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope;
 But this I feel can ne'er be true:
 For by the death-blow of my Hope
 My Memory immortal grew.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR
 SONG,

*“ Δεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.”*⁴

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
 The glorious hour's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke
 Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife!
 Hellenes of past ages.
 Oh, start again to life!

At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me!
 And the seven-hill^s city seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sons of Greeks, &c.⁶

Sparta, Sparta why in slumbers
 Le-hargic dost thou lie
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens, old ally
 Leonidas recalling,
 That chief of ancient song,
 Who saved ye once from falling,
 The terrible! the strong!
 Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylæ,
 And warring with the Persian
 To keep his country free;
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle, long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expired in seas of blood,

Sons of Greeks, &c.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG

"Μπενω μες 'τσ' περίβόλι
 'Ωραιότατη Χαηδέη," &c.⁷

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haidée,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee,
 Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung;
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When Love has abandon'd the bowers;
 Bring me henlock—since mine is ungrateful,
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
 The poison when pour'd from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl;
 But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.

Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from these horrors to save :
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
 Ah, tell me, my soul ! must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel ?
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
 For torture repay me too well ?
 Now sad is the garden of roses,
 Beloved but false Haidée !
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
 An equal love may see :
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
 In gazing when alone ;
 Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
 My pen were doubly weak :
 Oh ! what can idle words avail,
 Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent, ache for thee.

FAREWELL TO MALTA.

ADIEU, ye joys of La Valette !
 Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat !

Adieu, thou palace rarely enter'd !
 Adieu, ye mansions where—I've ventured !
 Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs !
 (How surely he who mounts you swears !)
 Adieu, ye merchants often failing !
 Adieu, thou mob for ever railing !
 Adieu, ye packets—without letters !
 Adieu, ye fools—who ape your betters !
 Adieu, thou damned'st quarantine,
 That gave me fever, and the spleen !
 Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, Sirs,
 Adieu his Excellency's dancers !
 Adieu to Peter—whom no fault's in,
 But could not teach a colonel waltzing ;
 Adieu, ye females fraught with graces !
 Adieu red coats, and redder faces !
 Adieu the supercilious air
 Of all that strut " en militaire !"
 I go—but God knows when, or why,
 To smoky towns and cloudy sky,
 To things (the honest truth to say)
 As bad—but in a different way.

Farewell to these, but not adieu,
 Triumphant sons of truest blue !
 While either Adriatic shore,
 And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more
 And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,
 Proclaim you war and women's winners.
 Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,
 And take my rhyme—because 'tis " gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,
 Perhaps you think I mean to praise her—
 And were I vain enough to think
 My praise was worth this drop of ink,
 A line—or two—were no hard matter,
 As here, indeed, I need not flatter :
 But she must be content to shine
 In better praises than in mine,
 With lively air, and open heart,
 And fashion's ease, without its art ;
 Her hours can gaily glide along.
 Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, O Malta ! since thou'st got us,
 Thou little military hothouse !
 I'll not offend with words, uncivil,
 And wish thee rudely at the Devil,
 But only stare from out my casement,
 And ask, for what is such a place meant ?

Then, in my solitary nook,
 Return to scribbling, or a book,
 Or take my physic while I'm able
 (Two spoonfuls hourly by the label),
 Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,
 And bless the gods—I've got a fever!

TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
 And say, what Truth might well have said,
 By all, save one, perchance forgot,
 Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea
 Divided, yet beloved in vain;
 The past the future fled to thee,
 To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look,
 That softly said, "We part in peace,"
 Had taught my bosom how to brook,
 With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
 Prepared a light and pangless dart,
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
 Who held and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
 Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
 In that dread hour ere death appear,
 When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past! But when no more
 'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
 Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
 In these, to me, deserted towers,
 Ere call'd but for a time away,
 Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
 The smile none else might understand;
 The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
 The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss so guiltless and refined,
 That Love each warmer wish forbore:
 Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
 Ev'n passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone that taught me to rejoice,
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
 The song celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
 But where is thine?—Ah! where art tho
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
 But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
 The cup of woe for me to drain.
 If rest alone be in the tomb,
 I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than **this**
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee!
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
 On earth thy love was such to me;
 It fain would form my hope in heaven!

AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE.

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
 Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
 Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!
 I dare not trust those sounds again.
 To me they speak of brighter days—
 But lull the chords, for now, alas!
 I must not think, I may not gaze,
 On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
 Is hush'd and all their charms are fled;
 And now their softest notes repeat
 A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
 Yes, Thyrsa! yes, they breathe of thee,
 Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
 And all that once was harmony
 Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all—but on my ear
 The well-remember'd echoes thrill;
 I hear a voice I would not hear,
 A voice that now might well be still:
 Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake;
 Ev'n slumber owns its gentle tone,
 Till consciousness will vainly wake
 To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
 Thou art but now a lovely dream;
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
 But he who through life's dreary way
 Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
 Will long lament the vanish'd ray
 That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.
 It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased before:
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more?
 Then bring me wine, the banquet bring
 Man was not form'd to live alone:
 I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
 It was not thus in days more dear,
 It never would have been, but thou
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
 Thou'rt nothing,—all are nothing now.
 In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear,
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill:
 Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart is lonely still!
 On many a lone and lovely night
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:

And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
 "Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon—"
 Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!
 When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrank my throbbing veins,
 "'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 "That Thyrsa cannot know my pains:"
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave
 A boon 'tis idle then to give,
 Relenting Nature vainly gave
 My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live!
 My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new!
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.
 Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!
 Still, still preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd!
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
 Oblivion! may thy languid wing
 Wave gently o'er my dying bed!
 No band of friends or heirs be there,
 To weep or wish the coming blow:
 No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
 To feel, or feign, decorous woe.
 But silent let me sink to earth,
 With no officious mourners near:
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,
 Nor startle friendship with a fear.
 Yet Love, if Love in such an hour,
 Could nobly check its useless sighs,
 Might then exert its latest power
 In her who lives and him who dies.

'T were sweet, my Psyche! to the last
 Thy features still serene to see:
 Forgetful of its struggles past,
 E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.
 But vain the wish—for Beauty still
 Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath,
 And woman's tears, produced at will,
 Deceive in life, unman in death,
 Then lonely be my latest hour,
 Without regret, without a groan;
 For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
 And pain been transient or unknown.
 "Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
 Where all have gone, and all must go!
 To be the nothing that I was,
 Ere born to life and living woe!
 Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
 Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
 And know, whatever thou hast been,
 'Tis something better not to be.

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AS FAIR.

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

AND thou art dead, as young and fair,
 As aught of mortal birth;
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,
 Too soon return'd to Earth!
 Though Earth received them in her bed,
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
 In carelessness or mirth,
 There is an eye which could not brook
 A moment on that grave to look.
 I will not ask where thou liest low,
 Nor gaze upon the spot;
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
 So I behold them not:
 It is enough for me to prove
 That what I loved, and long must love
 Like common earth can rot;
 To me there needs no stone to tell,
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.
 Yet did I love thee to the last
 As fervently as thou,
 Who didst not change through all the past,
 And canst not alter now.

The love where Death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow :
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
 The worst can be but mine :
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
 Shall never more be thine.
 The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep ;
 Nor need I to repine
 That all those charms have pass'd away ;
 I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
 Must fall the earliest prey :
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd.
 The leaves must drop away :
 And yet it were a greater grief
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
 Than see it pluck'd to-day ;
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear
 To trace the change to foul from

I know not if I could have borne
 To see thy beauties fade ;
 The night that follow'd such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade :
 Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
 And thou wert lovely to the last ;
 Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;
 As stars that shoot along the sky
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
 My tears might well be shed,
 To think I was not near to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed ;
 To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head ;
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain,
 Than thus remember thee !

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

The all of thine that cannot die
Though dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade :
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemn'd, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory ;
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine ;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
It is not drain'd to banish care ;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bow
That drown'd a single thought of thee

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn ?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandon'd Urn ?
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care of him, who now
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou :

And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
 A blessing never meant for me;
 Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
 For earthly Love to merit thee.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.

ILL-FATED Heart! and can it be,
 That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
 Have years of care for thine and thee
 Alike been all employ'd in vain?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
 And every fragment dearer grown,
 Since he who wears thee feels thou art
 A fitter emblem of *his own*.

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING.⁸

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
 A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
 Ah! happy if each tear of thine
 Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
 Auspicious to these suffering isles;
 And be each drop in future years
 Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

FROM THE TURKISH.

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
 The lute I added sweet in sound;
 The heart that offer'd both was true,
 And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,
 Thy truth in absence to divine;
 And they have done their duty well,—
 Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
 But not to bear a stranger's touch,
 That lute was sweet—till thou couldst think
 In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
 The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
 Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
 Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too
 The chain is broke, the music mute.
 'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
 False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
 My friend, what magic spells belong !
 As all can tell, who share, like me,
 In turn thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
 By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
 And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb
 Shall weep that aught of thee can die.

How fondly will she then repay
 Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
 And blend, while ages roll away,
 Her name immortally with *thine* !

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY,
 OCTOBER 10, 1812.⁹

IN one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
 Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
 In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
 Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh ! sigh admired and mourn'd,
 Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd !)
 Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
 Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven ;
 Saw the long column of revolving flames
 Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,¹⁰
 While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome
 Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
 As glared the volumed blaze, and glass ly shone
 The skies, with lightnings awful as their own.

Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
 Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
 Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
 Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
 Know the same favour which the former knew,
 A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and you?

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
 Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
 On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
 And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:
 This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
 Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
 Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
 Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
 Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
 On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
 O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart.
 On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
 Here your last tear retiring Roscius drew,
 Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu.
 But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
 That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
 Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
 With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
 Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
 Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
 Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*;
 While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
 And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
 Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
 Pause—e'er their feebler offspring you condemn,
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Plays
 Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 The boundless power to cherish or reject;
 If e'er trivoly has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste it dared not mend,
 All past reproach may present scenes refute,
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!

Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
 forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
 And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
 Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your *own*.
 The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
 Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
 Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside!

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!!

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!
 Till Lethe quench life's burning stream
 Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
 And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not,
 Thy husband too shall think of thee:
 By neither shalt thou be forgot,
 Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me!

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
 The varying hours must flag or fly,
 Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring
 But drag or drive us on to die—

Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
 Those boons to all that know thee known;
 Yet better I sustain thy load,
 For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share
 The bitter moments thou hast given;
 And pardon thee, since thou couldst spare
 All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me
 Thy future ills shall press in vain:
 I nothing owe but years to thee,
 A debt already paid in pain.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

Yet ev'n that pain was some relief ;
It felt, but still forgot thy power :
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow ;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could no add a night to woe ;

For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky ;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee—not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank ; a thing to count and curse,
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene ev'n thou canst not deform ;
The limit of thy sloth or speed,
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed :

And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

AH ! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows well I knew ;
Alas ! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set ;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring ;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
 Can neither feel nor pity pain,
 The cold repulse, the look askance,
 The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine ;
 Now hope, and he who hoped, decline ;
 Like melting wax, or withering flower,
 I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life ! ah, tell me why
 That pouting lip, and alter'd eye ?
 My bird of love ! my beauteous mate !
 And art thou changed, and canst thou hate ?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow ;
 What wretch with me would barter woe ?
 My bird ! relent : one note could give
 A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
 In silent anguish I sustain ;
 And still thy heart, without partaking
 One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison ; fear not thou !
 Thou canst not murder more than now :
 I've lived to curse my natal day,
 And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
 Can patience preach thee into rest ?
 Alas ! too late, I dearly know
 That joy is harbinger of woe.

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE.

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

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

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow,
 Is doom'd to all who love or live ;
 And if, when conscious on the morrow
 We scarce our fancy can forgive,
 That cheated us in slumber only,
 To leave the waking soul more lonely.

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

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN
 OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love !" — Ah, why
 That cruel question ask of me,
 When thou may'st read in many an eye
 He starts to life on seeing thee ?

And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know :
 My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
 He'll linger long in silent woe ;
 But live—until I cease to be.

REMEMBER HIM, WHOM PASSION'S POWER.

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
 Severely, deeply, vainly proved :
 Remember thou that dangerous hour
 When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
 Too much invited to be bless'd :
 That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
 The wilder wish reprov'd, repress'd.

Oh ! let me feel that all I lost
 But saved thee all that conscience fears ;
 And blush for every pang it cost
 To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this, when many a tongue,
 Whose busy accents whisper blame,
 Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
 And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
 Hast seen each selfish thought subdued :
 I bless thy purer soul ev'n now.
 Ev'n now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
 Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free •
 When thou hadst loved without a crime,
 And I been less unworthy thee !

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
 From this our gaudy world be past !
 And that too bitter moment o'er,
 Oh ! may such trial be thy last !

This heart, alas ! perverted long,
 Itself destroyed, might there destroy ;
 To meet thee in the glittering throng,
 Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
 Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
 That world resign—such scenes forego,
 Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
 Thy soul from long seclusion pure ;
 From what ev'n here hath pass'd, may guess
 What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh ! pardon that imploring tear,
 Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
 My frenzy drew from eyes so dear ;
 For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
 The thought that we no more may meet :
 Yet I deserve the stern decree,
 And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
 Had then less sacrificed to thine ;
 It felt not half so much to part,
 As if its guilt had made thee mine.

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
 Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
 And o'er the changing aspect flits,
 And clouds the brow, or fills the eye ;

Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink :
 My thoughts their dungeon know too well ;
 Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
 And droop within their silent cell.

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
 And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
 From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
 Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine ear,
 That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
 With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
 I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
 The Magdalene of Guido saw the morn—
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent !
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
 And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow :
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh !
 While gazing on them, sterner eyes will gush,
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
 Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
 For, though thy long dark lashes low depending,
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

In moments to delight devoted,
 " My life ! " with tenderest tone, you cry ;
 Dear words ! on which my heart had doted,
 If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death ev'n hours like these must roll,
 Ah! then repeat those accents never:
 Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"
 Which, like my love, exists for ever.

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffin of Henry VIII. and Charles I., in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
 By headless Charles see heartless licury lies;
 Between them stands another sceptred thing—
 It moves, it reigns—in all but name a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
 —In him the double tyrant starts to life:
 Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
 Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
 Ah, what can tombs avail!—since these disgorge
 The blood and dust of both to mould a George.

CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

TO SARAH COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S
 RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS. MEE.

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
 Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,
 Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
 That left a likeness of the brave or just;
 What most admired each scrutinizing eye
 Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?
 What spread from face to face that wondering air?
 The thought of Brutus—for his was not there!
 That absence proved his worth,—that absence fix'd
 His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd;
 And more decreed his glory to endure,
 Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
 Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
 Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
 Bright though they be, thine own had render'd less;
 If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
 Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,
 If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,
 Could with thy gentle image bear depart;

That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief.
Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?
A garden with all flowers—except the rose;—
A fount that only wants its living stream;
A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
Lost to our eyes the present form shall be,
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;
And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine;
The symmetry of youth—the grace of mien—
The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene;
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair!
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
A spell which will not let our looks repose,
But turn to gaze again, and find anew
Some charm that well rewards another view,
These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,
Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;
And those must wait till every charm is gone,
To please the paltry heart that pleases none:—
That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;
Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.¹³

THERE is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue:
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
 Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound;
 While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
 The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
 Lamented by admiring foes,
 Who would not share their glorious lot;
 Who would not die the death they chose

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
 And early valour, glowing, find
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bled with thee
 In woe, that glory cannot quell;
 And shuddering hear of victory,
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
 When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
 They cannot choose but weep the more;
 Deep for the dead the grief must be,
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacro
 Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
 Felix! in imo qui scatentem
 Pector te, pid Nympha, sensit."
 GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes
 away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dul'
 decay;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which
 fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be
 past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happi-
 ness
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:

The magic of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch
again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes
down ;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract
the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former
hope of rest ;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey
beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd
scene ;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though
they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow
to me.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chains o'er the deep ;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep :
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!
 Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
 There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
 Kissing from each gory trunk,
 Like the water-spout from ocean,
 With a strong and growing motion—
 It soars and mingles in the air,
 With that of the lost Labedoyère—
 With that of him whose honour'd grave
 Contains the "bravest of the brave."
 A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
 But shall return to whence it rose;
 When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
 Never yet was heard such thunder,
 As then shall shake the world with wonder—
 Never yet was seen such lightning
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!
 Like the Wormwood Star foretold
 By the sainted Seer of old,
 Show'ring down a fiery flood,
 Turning rivers into blood.¹³

II.

The chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo!
 When the soldier citizen
 Sway'd not o'er his follow-men—
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—
 Who, of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated,
 Till lone Tyranny commanded?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King?
 Then he fell:—so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthral!

III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!
 Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb;¹⁴
 Better hadst thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name;
 Such as he of Naples wears,
 Who thy blood-bought title bears,

Little didst thou deem, when dashing
 On thy war-horse through the ranks
 Like a stream which bursts its banks,
 While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing
 Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—
 Of the fate at last which found thee :
 Was that haughty plume laid low
 By a slave's dishonest blow ?
 Once—as the moon sways o'er the tide,
 It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide ;
 Through the smoke-created night
 Of the black and sulphurous fight,
 The soldier raised his seeking eye
 To catch the crest's ascendancy,—
 And as it onward rolling rose,
 So moved his heart upon our foes.
 There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
 Of the eagle's burning crest—
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wings arrest—
 Victory beaming from her breast ?)
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell or fled along the plain ;
 There he sure was Murat charging !
 There he ne'er shall charge again !

IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
 Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—
 But let Freedom rejoice,
 With her heart in her voice ;
 But, her hand on her sword,
 Doubly shall she be adored ;
 France hath twice too well been taught
 The " moral lesson " dearly bought—
 Her safety sits not on a throne,
 With Capet or Napoleon !
 But in equal rights and laws,
 Hearts and hands in one great cause—
 Freedom, such as God hath given
 Unto all beneath his heaven,
 With their breath, and from their birth,
 Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth ;
 With a fierce and lavish hand
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand,
 Pouring nations' blood like water,
 In imperial seas of slaughter :

V.

But the heart and the mind
 And the voice of mankind,
 Shall arise in communion—
 And who shall resist that proud union ?
 The time is past when swords subdued—
 Man may die—the soul's renew'd :
 Ev'n in this low world of care
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;
 Millions breathe but to inherit
 Her for ever bounding spirit—
 When once more her hosts assemble,
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
 Smile they at this idle threat ?
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Must thou go, my glorious Chief,¹⁵
 Sever'd from thy faithful few ?
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
 Maddening o'er that long adieu ?
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
 Dear as both have been to me—
 What are they to all I feel,
 With a soldier's faith for thee ?

Idol of the soldier's soul !
 First in fight but mightiest now
 Many could a world control ;
 Thee alone no doom can bow.
 By thy side for years I dared
 Death ; and envied those who fell,
 When their dying shout was heard,
 Blessing him they served so well.¹⁶

Would that I were cold with those,
 Since this hour I live to see ;
 When the doubts of coward foes
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
 Dreading each should set thee free !
 Oh ! although in dungeons pent,
 All their chains were light to me,
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
 Were his borrow'd glories dim,
 In his native darkness share ?

Were that world this hour his own,
 All thou calmly dost resign,
 Could he purchase with that throne
 Heart like those which still are thine.

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
 Never did I droop before;
 Never to my sovereign sue,
 As his foes I know implore:
 All I ask is to divide
 Every peril he must brave:
 Sharing by the hero's side
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

FROM THE FRENCH.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
 Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
 Thou radiant and adored deceit!
 Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—
 Wild meteor of immortal birth!
 Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
 Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
 The music of thy martial sphere
 Was fame on high and honour here
 And thy light broke on human eyes,
 Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
 And swept down empires with its flood;
 Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
 As thou didst lighten through all space,
 And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
 And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue
 Of three bright colours,¹⁷ each divine,
 And fit for that celestial sign;
 For Freedom's hand had blended them,
 Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
 One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;

One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
 Had robed in radiance of its light :
 The three so mingled did beseein
 The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,
 And darkness must again prevail !
 But, oh thou Rainbow of the free !
 Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
 When thy bright promise fades away,
 Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
 The silent cities of the dead ;
 For beautiful in death are they
 Who proudly fall in her array ;
 And soon, oh Goddess! may we be
 For evermore with them or thee !

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory
 Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
 She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
 I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far :
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
 The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France ! when thy diadem crown'd me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
 Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on Victory's sun !

Farewell to thee, France !—but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys ;
 Though wither'd, thy tears will unfold it again—
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that has
 bound us,
 Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
 Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light
 And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were hurnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's face;
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
 Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
 Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
 The brows of men by the despairing light
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
 The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world; and then again
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild bird shriek'd,
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground
 And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
 Came tame and tremulous; the vipers crawl'd
 And twined themselves among the multitude,
 Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:
 And War, which for a moment was no more,
 Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
 Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
 All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
 Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
 Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
 Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
 Ev'n dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept

The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
 Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
 Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
 The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
 Of an enormous city did survive,
 And they were enemies: they met beside
 The dying embers of an altar-place
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
 For an unholy usage; they raked up,
 And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame
 Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
 Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
 Ev'n of their mutual hideousness they died,
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
 Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
 The populous and the powerful was a lump,
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
 And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—
 The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
 The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
 And the clouds perish'd! Darkness had no need
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE,

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
 The comet of a season, and I saw
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
 With name no clearer than the names unknown,
 Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
 The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
 That for this plant strangers his memory task'd
 Through the thick deaths of half a century?

And thus answer'd—" Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
He died before my day of Sextonship,

And I had not the digging of this grave."
And is this all? I thought,—and do we rip

The veil of Immortality? and crave
I know not what of honour and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
So soon, and so successful? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread,
For earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,

Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers;—as he caught

As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he,—“ I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day,
And therefore travellers step from out their way
To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er

Your honour pleases,”—then most pleased I snatched
From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently:—Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame,—
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

PROMETHEUS.

TITAN I to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompence?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,

Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

Titan ! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the will,
 Which torture where they cannot kill
 And the inexorable Heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny or Fate,
 The ruling principle of Hate,
 Which for its pleasure doth create
 The things it may annihilate,
 Refused thee ev'n the boon to die :
 The wretched gift eternity
 Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
 All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
 Was but the menace which flung back
 On him the torments of thy rack ;
 The fate thou didst so well foresee,
 But would not to appease him tell ;
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled,
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen Man with his own mind ;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit :
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To Mortals of their fate and force ;
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure source ;
 And Man in portions can foresee
 His own funereal destiny ;
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence :
 To which his Spirit may oppose
 Itself—and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,
 Which ev'n in torture can descry
 Its own concentred recompence,
 Triumphant where it dares defy.
 And making Death a Victory.

SONNET.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon— and De Staël—
 Lemn!¹⁸ these names are worthy of thy shore,
 Thy shore of names like these! wert thou no more,
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall;
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by *thee*,
 How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

CHILDE HAROLD'S ADIEU TO ENGLAND.

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!

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.

Come hither, hither, my little page!
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billow's 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.

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind:
 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.

“ 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.

Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
 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 check.

“ 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.

For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour ?

Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o'er.

For pleasures past I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near ;

My greatest grief is that I leave
 No thing that claims a tear.

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,
 Till fed by stranger hands ;

But long ere I come back again
 He'd tear me where he stands.

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!

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?
 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.

 WAR SONG OF THE GREEKS.

1.

TAMBOURGI ! 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 !

2.

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese 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 unerring 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 soothe;
 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,
 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 Giaours view his horse-tail with dread;
 When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
 How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

11.

Selictar! unsheathe then our chiefs scimitar!
 Tambourgil! 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!

SONG.

1.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

2.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the blest."

3.

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free
 For standing on the Persiaus' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

4.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they?

5.

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

6.

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Ev'n as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

7.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers' blood
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ.

8.

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

9.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal

10.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heraclidan blood might own.

14.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native dwells;
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

15.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves

16.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

AN EPITAPH.

You that seek what life is in death,
 Now find it air that once was breath.
 New names unknown—old names gone :
 Till time end bodies, and souls none.
 Reader, use your time,—there be
 Few steps to your eternity.

LIFE.

AN life! sweet drop drowned in a sea of sours,
 A flying good, posting to doubtful end ;
 Still loving months and years, to gain new hours ;
 Fain time to have and spare, yet forced to spend ;
 The growth decrease a moment, all thou hast ;
 That gone, are known the rest to come, or past.

ATTRIBUTED POEMS.

THE following, though not included in the London editions, have been generally attributed to the pen of Lord Byron, and as such, have been appended to the Parisian collections; the present publisher has therefore thought fit to insert them here.

ODE.

OH, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee,
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be;
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of the sky;
And proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World.

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led?
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust.

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus all round to the pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul;
But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
The world cannot liken thee there;
Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name
Beyond the low reach of compare;
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
A proverb, a by-word, for treachery and crime.

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
 While yet in his prowess he stood,
 Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
 And welcomed the torrent of blood;
 Though tyranny sat on his crown,
 And wither'd the nations afar,
 Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
 Till Fortune deserted his car;
Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest away—
 The foremost to insult, the first to betray.

Forgot were the feats he had done,
 The toils he had borne in thy cause;
 Thou turned'st to worship a new rising sun,
 And waft other songs of applause:
 But the storm was beginning to lour,
 Adversity clouded his beam;
 And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
 And loyalty's self but a dream;
 To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restored;
 And the first that had scoff'd were the first that adored.

What tumult thus burthens the air?
 What throng thus encircles his throne?
 'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
 His sceptre shall rule them alone.
 Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
 Misfortune shall hallow his name,
 And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
 How quenchless the spirit and flame
 That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts are on fire,
 For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire.

Their Hero has rush'd to the field:
 His laurels are cover'd with shade,
 But where is the spirit that never should yield,
 The loyalty never to fade.
 In a moment desertion and guile
 Abandon'd him up to the foe;
 The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his smile,
 Forsook and renounced him in woe;
 And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
 Behold him a fugitive, captive, and slave.

The savage all wild in his glen
 Is nobler and better than thou;
 Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
 Such perfidy blackens thy brow.
 If thou wert the place of my birth,
 At once from thy arms would I sever;
 I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
 And quit thee for ever and ever;

A id thinking of thee in my long-after years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their praises
Their Madame de Staël, and their famed La Pinasso:
Like a meteor, at best, proud philosophy blazes,
And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass:
But cheering the beam, and unfading the splendour
Of thy torch, Wedded Love! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
Than it shed on the name of the fair Lavalette.

Then fill high the wine cup, e'en virtue shall bless it,
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;
The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,
And Hymen shall honour the pledge of her fame:
To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too
Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just debt;
And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,
The constant, the noble, the fair Lavalette.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom which all Europe abhors,
And turn from the slaves of the priest-haunted palace,
While those who replace them there blush for their cause.
But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory
Of Dukes and of Marshals in darkness hath set,
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story
Of the fond self-devotion of fair Lavalette.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Oh! land of my fathers and mine,
The noblest, the best, and the bravest;
Heart-broken, and lorn, I resign
The joys and the hopes which thou gavest!

Dear mother of Freedom! farewell!
 Ev'n Freedom is irksome to me;
 Be calm, throbbing heart, nor rebel,
 For reason approves the decree.

Did I love?—Be my witness high Heaven!
 That mark'd all my frailties and fears;
 I adored but the magic is riven
 Be the memory expunged by n.y tears!

The moment of rapture how bright!
 How dazzling, how transient its glare!
 A comet in splendour and flight,
 The herald of darkness and care.

Recollections of tenderness gone,
 Of pleasure no more to return;
 A wanderer, an outcast, alone,
 Oh! leave me, untortured, to mourn.

Where—where shall my heart find repose?
 A refuge from memory and grief?
 The gangrene, wherever it goes,
 Disdains a fictitious relief.

Could I trace out the fabulous stream,
 Which washes remembrance away,
 Again might the eye of Hope gleam
 The dawn of a happier day.

Hath wine no oblivious power?
 Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?
 The draught might beguile for an hour,
 But still leaves behind it the pain.

Can distance or time heal the heart
 That bleeds from the innermost pore?
 Or intemperance lessen its smart,
 Or a cerate apply to its sore?

If I rush to the ultimate pole,
 The form I adore will be there,
 A phantom to torture my soul,
 And mock at my bootless despair.

The zephyr of eve, as it flies,
 Will whisper her voice in mine ear,
 And, moist with her sorrows and sighs,
 Demand for Love's altar a tear.

And still in the dreams of the day,
 And still in the visions of night,
 Will fancy her beauties display,
 Disordering, deceiving the sight.

Hence, vain fleeting images, hence!
 Grim phantoms that 'wilder my brain,
 Mere frauds upon reason and sense,
 Engender'd by folly and pain

Did I swear on the altar of Heaven
 My fealty to her I adored?
 Did she give back the vows I had given,
 And plight back the plight of her lord?

If I err'd for a moment from love,
 The error I flew to retrieve;
 Kiss'd the heart I had wounded, and strove
 To soothe, ere it ventured to grieve.

Did I bend, who had ne'er bent before?
 Did I sue, who was used to command?
 Love forced me to weep and implore,
 And pride was too weak to withstand.

Then why should one frailty, like mine,
 Repented, and wash'd with my tears,
 Erase those impressions divine,
 The faith and affection of years?

Was it well between anger and love,
 That pride the stern umpire should be;
 And *that* heart should its flintiness prove
 On none, till it proved it on *me*?

And, ah! was it well, when I knelt
 Thy tenderness so to conceal,
 That witnessing all which I felt,
 Thy sternness forbad *thee* to feel?

Then, when the dear pledge of our love
 Look'd up to her mother and smiled,
 Say, was there no impulse that strove
 To back the appeal of the child?

That bosom so callous and chill,
 So treacherous to love and to me;
 Ah! felt it no heart-rending thrill,
 As it turn'd from the innocent's plea?

That ear, which was open to all,
 Was ruthlessly closed to its lord;
 Those accents, which fiends would enthrall,
 Refused a sweet peace-giving word.

And think'st thou, dear object—for still
 To my bosom thou only art life,
 And spite of my pride and my will,
 I bless thee, I woo thee, my wife!

Oh ! think'st thou that absence shall bring
 The balm which will give thee relief ?
 Or time, on its life-wasting wing,
 An antidote yield for thy grief ?

Thy hopes will be frail as the dream
 Which cheats the long moments of night,
 But melts in the glare of the beam
 Which breaks from the portal of light :

For when on thy babe's smiling face
 Thy features and mine intertwined
 The finger of Fancy shall trace,
 The spell shall resistlessly bind.

The dimple that dwells on her cheek,
 The glances that beam from her eye,
 The lisp as she struggles to speak,
 Shall dash every smile with a sigh.

Then I, though whole oceans between
 Their billowy barriers may rear,
 Shall triumph, though far and unseen,
 Unconscious, uncall'd, shall be there.

The cruelty sprang not from thee,
 'Twas foreign and foul to thy heart,
 That levell'd its arrow at me,
 And fix'd the incurable smart.

Ah, no ! 'twas another than thine
 The hand which assail'd my repose ;
 It struck—and too fatally—mine
 The wound, and its offspring of woes.

They hated us both who destroy'd
 The buds and the promise of Spring
 For who, to replenish the void,
 New ties, new affections can bring ?

Alas ! to the heart that is rent
 What nostrums can soundness restore ?
 Or what, to the bow over-bent,
 The spring which it carried before ?

The rent heart will fester and bleed,
 And fade like the leaf in the blast ;
 The crack'd yew no more will recede,
 Though vig'rous and tough to the last.

I wander—it matters not where !
 No clime can restore me my peace,
 Or snatch from the frown of despair,
 A cheering—a fleeting release !

How slowly the moments will move !
 How tedious the footsteps of years
 When valley and mountain and grove
 Shall change but the scene of my tears.

The classic memorials which nod,
 The spot dear to science and lore,
 Sarcophagus, temple, and sod,
 Excite me and ravish no more.

The stork on the perishing wall
 Is better and happier than I;
 Content in his ivy-built hall;
 He hangs out his home in the sky.

But houseless and heartless I rove,
 My bosom all bared to the wind,
 The victim of pride and of love,
 I seek—but, ah! where can I find?

I seek what no tribes can bestow—
 I ask what no clime can impart—
 A charm which can neutralize woe,
 And dry up the tears of the heart.

I ask it—I seek it—in vain—
 From Ind to the northernmost pole;
 Unheeded—unpitied—complain,
 And pour out the grief of my soul.

What bosom shall heave when I sigh?
 What tears shall respond when I weep?
 To my wailings what wail shall reply!
 What eye mark the vigils I keep?

Ev'n thou, as thou learnest to prate,
 Dear babe—while remotely I rove—
 Shall count it a duty to *hate*
 Where nature commands thee to *love*.

The foul tongue of malice shall peal
 My vices, my faults, in thine ear,
 And teach thee, with demon-like zeal,
 A father's affection to fear.

And oh! if in some distant day
 Thine ear may be struck with my lyre,
 And nature's true index may say,
 "It may be—it must be my sire!"

Perchance to thy prejudiced eye
 Obnoxious my form may appear,
 Ev'n nature be deaf to my sigh,
 And duty refuse me a tear.

Yet sure in this isle, where my songs
 Have echoed from mountain and dell,
 Some tongue the sad tale of my wrongs
 With grateful emotion may tell.

Some youth, who had valued my lay,
 And warm'd o'er the tale as it ran,
 To thee e'en may venture to say,
 "His frailties were those of a man."

They were; they were human, but swell'd
 By envy, and malice, and scorn,
 Each feeling of nature rebell'd,
 And hated the mask it hath worn.

Though human the fault—how severe,
 How harsh the stern sentence pronounced!
 F'en pride dropp'd a niggardly tear
 My love as it grimly denounced

'Tis past: the great struggle is o'er;
 The war of my bosom subsides;
 And passion's strong current no more
 Impels its impetuous tides.

'Tis past: my affections give way;
 The ties of my nature are broke;
 The summons of pride I obey,
 And break Love's degenerate yoke.

I fly, like a bird of the air,
 In search of a home and a rest;
 A balm for the sickness of care,
 A bliss for a bosom unblest.

And swift as the swallow that floats,
 And bold as the eagle that soars,
 Yet dull as the owlet, whose notes
 The dark fiend of midnight deplores!

Where gleam the gay splendours of East,
 The dance and the bountiful board,
 I'll bear me to Luxury's feast,
 To exile the form I adored.

In full brimming goblets I'll quaff
 The sweets of the Lethæan spring,
 And join in the Bacchanal's laugh,
 And trip in the fairy-form'd ring.

Where pleasure invites will I roam,
 To drown the dull memory of care,
 An exile from hope and from home,
 A fugitive chased by despair.

Farewell to thee, land of the brave !
 Farewell to thee, land of my birth !
 When tempests around thee shall rave,
 Still—still may they homage thy worth !

Wife, infant, and country, and friend,
 Ye wizard my fancy no more,
 I fly from your solace, and wend
 To weep on some kindlier shore.

The grim visaged fiend of the storm
 That raves in this agonized breast,
 Still raises his pestilent form,
 Till Death calm the tumult to rest.

ODE TO THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

PEACE to thee, isle of the ocean !
 Hail to thy breezes and billows !
 Where, rolling its tides, in perpetual devotion,
 The white wave its plummy surf pillows !
 Rich shall the chaplet be history shall weave thee ;
 Whose undying verdure shall bloom on thy brow,
 When nations that now in obscurity leave thee,
 To the wand of oblivion alternately bow !
 Unchanged in thy glory—unstain'd in thy fame,
 The homage of ages shall hallow thy name.

Hail to the Chief who reposes
 On thee the rich weight of his glory !
 When fill'd to its limit, life's chronicle closes,
 His deeds shall be sacred in story !
 His prowess shall rank with the first of all ages,
 And monarchs hereafter shall bow to his worth—
 The songs of the poets—the lessons of sages
 Shall hold him the wonder and grace of the earth.
 The meteors of history before thee shall fall,
 Eclipsed by the splendour, thou meteor of Gaul.

Hygeian breezes shall fan thee,
 Island of glory resplendent !
 Pilgrims from nations far distant shall man thee,
 Tribes, as thy waves, independent !
 On thy far-gleaming strand the wanderer shall stay him
 To snatch a brief glance at a spot so renown'd,
 Each turf, and each stone, and each cliff shall delay him,
 Where the step of thy Exile hath hallow'd thy ground !
 From him shalt thou borrow a lustre divine,
 The wane of his sun was the rising of thine.

Whose were the hands that enslaved him?
 Hands which had weakly withstood him—
 Nations which, while they had oftentimes braved him,
 Never till now had subdued him!
 Monarchs, who oft to his clemency stooping,
 Received back their crowns from the plunder of war—
 The vanquisher vanquish'd, the eagle now drooping,
 Would quench with their sternness the ray of his star!
 But clothed in new splendour the glory appears,
 And rules the ascendant, the planet of years.

Pure be the health of thy mountains!
 Rich be the green of thy pastures!
 Limpid and lasting the streams of thy fountains
 Thine annals unstain'd by disasters!
 Supreme in the ocean a rich altar swelling,
 Whose shrine shall be hail'd by the prayers of mankind—
 Thy rock-beach the rags of the tempest repelling—
 The wide-wasting contest of wave and of wind—
 Aloft on thy battlements long be unfurl'd
 The eagle that decks thee, the pride of the world.

Fade shall the lily, now blooming:
 Where is the hand which can nurse it
 Nations who rear'd it shall watch its consuming,
 Untimely mildews shall curse it.
 Then shall the violet that blooms in the valleys
 Impart to the gale its reviving perfume
 Then when the spirit of Liberty rallies,
 To chant forth its anthems on Tyranny's tomb,
 Wide Europe shall fear lest thy star should break forth,
 Eclipsing the pestilent orbs of the north.

TO THE LILY OF FRANCE.

ERE thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,
 False emblem of innocence, stay,
 And yield, as thou fad'st, for the use of mankind,
 The lesson that marks thy decay.

Thou wert fair as the beam of the morn,
 And rich as the pride of the mine:
 Thy charms are all faded, and hatred and scorn,
 The curses of freedom, are thine.

Thou wert gay in the smiles of the world,
 Thy shadow protection and power,
 But now thy bright blossom is shrivel'd and curl'd
 The grace of thy country no more.

For Corruption hath fed on thy leaf,
 And Bigotry weaken'd thy stem ;
 Now those who have fear'd thee shall smile at thy grief,
 And those who adored thee condemn.

The valley that gave thee thy birth,
 Shall weep for the hope of its soil ;
 The legions that fought for thy beauty and worth,
 Shall hasten to share in thy spoil.

As a by-word, thy blossom shall be
 A mock and a jest among men,
 The proverb of slaves, and the sneer of the free,
 In city, and mountain, and glen.

Oh! 'twas Tyranny's pestilent gale
 That scatter'd thy buds on the ground,
 That threw the blood-stain on thy virgin-white veil,
 And pierced thee with many a wound !

Then thy puny leaf shook to the wind
 Thy stem gave its strength to the blast,
 Thy full bursting blossoms its promise resign'd,
 And fell to the storm as it pass'd.

For no patriot vigour was there,
 No arm to support the weak flower,
 Destruction pursued its dark herald—Despair,
 And wither'd its grace in an hour.

Yet there were who pretended to grieve,
 There were who pretended to save,
 Mere shallow empyrics, who came to deceive,
 To revel and sport on its grave.

O thou land of the lily, in vain
 Thou strugglest to raise its pale head !
 The faded bud never shall blossom again,
 The violet will bloom in its stead.

As thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,
 False emblem of innocence, stay,
 And yield, as thou fad'st, for the use of mankind,
 This lesson to mark thy decay !

TO JESSY.

THE FOLLOWING STANZAS WERE ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON TO
 HIS LADY, A FEW MONTHS BEFORE THEIR SEPERATION.

THERE is a mystic thread of life
 So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
 That Destiny's relentless knife
 At once must sever *both or none*.

There is a *form* on which these eyes
 Have often gazed with fond delight
 By day that form their joys supplies,
 And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a *voice* whose tones inspire
 Such thrills of rapture through my breast;
 I would not hear a seraph choir,
 Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a *face* whose blushes tell
 Affection's tale upon the cheek
 But, pallid at one fond farewell,
 Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a *lip* which mine hath prest,
 And none had ever prest before,
 It vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
 And mine—mine only, press it more.

There is a *bosom*—all my own—
 Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
 A *mouth* which smiles on me alone,
 An *eye* whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two *hearts* whose movements thrill
 In unison so closely sweet!
 That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
 That both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two *souls* whose equal flow,
 In gentle streams so calmly run.
 That when they part—*they part!*—ah, no!
 They cannot part—*those souls are one.*

LINES

ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON TO MR. HOBHOUSE ON HIS ELECTION
 FOR WESTMINSTER.

“*Mors Janua vitæ.*”

Would you get to the house through the true gate,
 Much quicker than even Whig Charlev went,
 Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
 And Newgate will send you to—Parliament.

ENIGMA.

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
 And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell :
 On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd.
 'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
 Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
 'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
 Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death ;
 It presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth :
 Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd :
 'Twill not soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
 'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.
 But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower—
 Oh! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

FRAGMENTS OF AN INCOMPLETE POEM.

SHOULD'ST thou—and thou should'st know me—chance to
 read

A line or two that anguish wrecks hereon ;
 Thou may'st perceive one woe hath been thy deed.

And in those hours when joy is reeling on,
 And suffering is heard with little heed,

Should'st thou once chance to open and to con,
 The page that claims thy pity, thou might'st deem,
 My wrongs are not so paltry as they seem.

Wrongs which my persecutors would have writ
 In blood more pure than mine—so pure their own :
 Wrongs too, whose brand by thee had erst been lit,
 To be revived by any vulgar clown,
 Whose stupid grossness or whose barren wit
 Could count no breath but what himself had blown,
 So sweet, or pure, or hallow'd as his tongue,
 Or fit supply for his all-hallow'd lung.

And in those hours of grief, which God foretend,
 But which will happen to the happiest,
 Should'st thou thyself in passing chance to bend

A tearful glance of kindred interest—
 Whilst scalding tears, may be, like mine descend,
 To sear thy cheek, or sighs convulse thy rest ;
 Upon this sheet Oh! may'st thou not repent,
 That e'er another heart by thee was rent.

But will such thoughts not come? When far away,
 From whence the full forgiveness is unheard,
 Which love has daily breathed: when day by day,
 The wretched recollection has recurr'd,
 And none declare what one alone could say,
 May-be thine ears will yearn to hear that word.
 Look then but smilingly upon this lay;
 It breathes in candour all that one could say.

It has return'd his blessing for thy curse:
 It has retorted constant love for hate:
 It would then soothe thine anguish as a nurse.
 It would console thee when disconsolate:
 It would defend thee when thy foes asperse:
 It would protect thine unprotected state.
 Such is his vengeance, such his harsh return,
 For injury, contumely and spurn!—

'Twill be his joy to aid thee if he can:
 'Twill be his pride his solace should avail;
 'Twill be his glory to conduct the van
 Against thy foes, and fighting for the frail.
 'Twill be his boast to approve himself a man:
 The more thy banded enemies prevail,
 The worthier of him t'oppose the throng,
 And join the weaker to o'ercome the strong.—

This is my youth again, heroic age,
 Which some harsh converse in the track of man
 Had damp'd or curdled for this later stage.
 I had scarce thought it when my course began
 Nor dreamt to turn, or satirist, or sage:
 Or that one sorrow could one half, it can;
 But freshness comes with the recurring thought,
 Which cancels all the interval as nought.—

A freshness in the which my breath is free,
 My soul gains vigour, and my heart expands;
 As, in my sadder days of revelry,
 'Twas once my wont, with fever-trembling hands
 To meet the early morning's reveillée.
 The morning freshness of all climes and lands,
 Excepting London, where a ribald night,
 Is certainly not mended by the light.

That sort of misty, smoky, dirty dawn
 Should be excluded from all simile:
 Unfit, but to provoke a lazy yawn,
 E'en in the most accusom'd debauchee;
 Your Picadilly pavement for a lawn,
 And Crockford's looking dingy as my be,
 With a few loungers reeling home to bed,
 Or fancying the gutter in its stead.

Now, charming critics, I have done :—'Tis time
 To turn my independent thoughts to you,
 And though I don't submit a single rhyme,
 To your adjudication—we'll pursue
 A style of raving, tempting the sublime,
 And start at once into our story too,
 Merely because it suits my present whim,
 Aptly to use the pen I freshly trim.

'Twill be, unlike my labours heretofore,—
 Just written as a learned scribe dictated ;
 Although in reading some Romance of yore,
 An Amadis or something antiquated
 And stuff'd with chivairy—I slyly swore
 The worthy Doctor stole or had dilated,
 On some such tale he found in the collections,
 Just published with additions and corrections.

I cannot well be blamed upon this score:
 'Tis not my fault and that is much to say.
 Tales are not, either, now, as heretofore,
 Obligated to be original to pay ;
 And Publishers are pleased with any bore,
 And as contented quite as if a stray
 And lost Boceaccio sprung to modern light,
 Or if Cervantes left the tomb to write.

If "Peregrine" or "Tom" appear'd but now,
 Or "Joseph" was but recently produced,
 Your Fieldings would be forced to make their bow,
 And quit the literary stage, reduced
 To keep some poultry, or a breeding sow,
 And serve as instances to be adduced,
 To warn real wits that such a vein as theirs
 Would leave but little to their hapless heirs.

If Ariosto wrote—" *quis talia fando*
 Of all real poets, would refrain from tears"
 And Harrington translated the Orlando,
 They'd find but few to lend their modern ears.
 And yet what better can the ablest man do,
 'Mongst all the nineteenth century reveres ?
 Poor Southey looks astonishingly small,
 In point of Fame, if he be famed at all.

But as he writes to fill his precious pocket,
 'Tis not surprising that he writes so badly,
 And, for his style, so many strive to mock it,
 That none can wonder all should fail so sadly ;
 In truth he has nor style, nor wit to stock it,
 Although some girls devour his books so madly ;
 Poor Bob ! 'tis hard one cannot prophesy,
 A scrap of reputation when you die.

But, let me see, I had made up my mind
 To try a legend of the middle ages ;
 This vein has grown quite popular I find,
 Since Southey took to borrowing Scott's pages.
 There's one thing gain'd in stories of this kind,
 One is not hamper'd by the precious sages,
 Who prose about their classic balderdash,
 And damn all verse but overstudied trash.

The barbarism of Gothic ignorance
 Is illustrated in our every sound.
 When ruthless hardihood left lore to chance,
 And trampled ancient learning on the ground,
 We could not hope to wake, as from a trance,
 Endued with all the Isles of Greece had found
 Of beauty, symmetry, and eloquence,
 In nature, wrought by art the most intense.

So let us be contented if we can,
 With something more akin to Gothic rhyme.
 About the period when those wars began,
 Which were deem'd sacred for their very crime,
 There lived a disinherited old man
 Who had possess'd some treasure in his time,
 And whose domain had been as broad and fair
 As any we might meet with here or there.

The church had stripp'd him of his every acre :
 And most considerately so, I have no doubt
 That 't might be consecrated to the Maker ;
 Although some rumours which were spread about
 Were sadly detrimental to the taker ;
 And as the lives and claims had not died out ;
 'Twas not conceal'd, the lands might yet be wreste
 From those by whom they were erewhile infested.

The heir apparent's grave preceptor was
 A worthy father of the sable hood,
 Who suffer'd no occasion e'er to pass,
 For forwarding the prospects of his brood :
 And, as young Roderic was the last, alas !
 To represent the titles of his blood,
 The worthy friar seized the first occasion,
 To clear the coast by force or by persuasion.

He spoke of glory, or a holy grave,
 Of conquest's realms, and vast domains and fame ;
 He primed him up with many a martial stave,
 And sung of heroes, and a deathless name ;
 He named some soldier and his lovely slave,
 And fann'd the lover's with the hero's flame ;
 Till Roderic, who was young and therefore wild,
 Vow'd to depart—at which his Mentor smiled.

In vain two parents struggled to retain
 Th' adventurous little maniac from the field :
 A lovely sister held him back in vain,
 And kiss'd the hand by which she sadly kneel'd ;
 In vain she sprung upon his neck again,
 And wept until her senses reel'd,
 And kiss'd his cheeks, and prattled out her prayer,
 Whilst there were wealth and eminence to share.

For thus he fondly dreamt that it should be ;

He was in this, like other boys, and saw,
 Admired, and courted any vanity.

The veriest, paltry edifice of straw,
 Thus raised before him would have won his e'e,
 And struck him with the most respectful awe ;
 And all those splend'ed castles in the air,
 He daily saw, seem'd wonderfully fair.

So he departed with a martial throng
 Of knights and squires, and ragged vagabonds,
 And thieves and cut-throats, frail, and sick and strong :—
 Just as a young apprentice oft absconds
 With some young lady he had sigh'd for long :
 And when he'd loosed all patrimonial bonds,
 And found himself his own ungovern'd master
 Those dazzling dreams came crowding in the faster.

But truth, in blushing, is compell'd to own

That Roderic was early left behind ;
 His having join'd the army was not known
 For many days, before a man as blind
 As Love himself, and rough as any stone,—

An ill-condition'd wretch as you might find,
 Was brought before our hero by a crone,
 Quite old enough to play the *chaperon*.

He flatter'd, fawn'd, and bow'd to Roderic,
 And praised his valour, person, gait, address,
 And parentage—and all,—though Arabic,
 Or such outlandish dialect, was less
 Unknown to him, most likely : trick on trick
 Was plied, to make the silly youth confess ;
 The very knowledge that was used to prove
 His aged tempter's interest or love.

Of all the youths who emulate renown,

There's probably not one who can withstand
 The flattering notice, even of a clown ;

And Roderic was, therefore, quite unmann'd.
 He listen'd to advice without a frown,

And this is rare in boys, you understand,
 And at all times must be well larded over
 With flattery—that intellectual clover.

Thus, when you wish to conquer, you must yield,
 And feign respect, before you can obtain it;
 The better your advantage is conceal'd,
 The more assured you ever are to gain it.
 The human heart is, bit by bit, unseal'd,
 And seal'd again. 'Tis easy to retain it,
 When you have gently closed it o'er the tie
 That binds it to your subtle agency.

Flush'd by this seer with brighter dreams than ever,
 Roderic would now have follow'd any where
 His Mentor led; whilst he, too shrewd and clever,
 To close at once the promising affair,
 Excited his impatience to a fever,
 And dallied with him, bidding him prepare
 To undertake some daring enterprise,
 Whilst he went gathering soldiers and supplies.

Few days elapsed before the seer return'd,
 Having collected no such mean array:
 For somehow, all the ablest soldiers yearn'd
 For something more like battalous affray.
 The sort of riot rout was what they spurn'd,
 And they got sick of marching day on day:
 So that the very sound of feats of daring
 Set all your brave adventurers preparing.

They gather'd round the aged man to hear,
 And greedily devour his specious tale;
 He told them, love, and wealth, and fame were near,
 And show'd young Roderic as the chief to hail.
 They met their youthful leader with a cheer,
 Nor deem'd they that an enterprise could fail,
 Conducted by such age and youth, combined
 With more of wisdom than we mostly find.

The bearing of the youthful chieftain, too,—
 His noble carriage, and attractive mien
 Subdued the arrogant and haughty few,
 Who might disclaim a leader of sixteen,
 And won respect from those from whom 'twas due
 So that as nice a squad as e'er was seen
 Was very soon prepared to take a start,
 And leave the *corps d'armée* to do its part.

Suffice 't to say, our hero's little band,
 Abandon'd their original career,
 And, marching o'er a sterile plain of sand,
 Halted at noon before the rarest cheer,
 E'er conjured by some satanistic wand,
 At least, 'tis thus the fact will e'er appear
 For how the devil else the banquet came,
 Would puzzle them, or you, or me to name.

Howe'er this be, they fed, and laughed, and drank,
 And found the liquor so extremely good,
 That half of them too prematurely sank,
 And soon in sleeping dreamt of drink and food ;
 And very early the surrounding bank,

With nearly all the glorious troop was strew'd,
 Meanwhile—I can't tell how—the old man vanish'd
 And all the banquet was as quickly banish'd.

Young Roderic, and those who had withstood
 Too free indulgence in the strong potations,
 Were taken with a strange exploring mood,

And started straight on their perambulations,
 It seems to me, that could the scene be view'd,
 It would remind you of those sweet collations
 Of spiders and hard eggs, in private parks.
 Called pic-nic parties by your modern sparks.

They were attracted, in their lazy rambles,
 By peals of laughter from some neighbouring glade,
 For 'twas a forest. To defy the brambles,

And reach the scene where many a merry maid,
 And half-arm'd youth were playing off their gambols,

With somewhat less of decency display'd
 Than would have pleased our Southey's squacamish taste,
 Or any lady very prim and chaste.

I do love decency not affectation,

And had much rather see a silly girl
 Play her own part than ape an old relation ;

I'd rather see her unbound locks to curl
 All loosely round her neck, and dissipation .

Flash satire from her eye against the churl
 Or cynic Spinster that would play the prude,
 Than feign to be so eminently good.

If there were really magic in the case,

There can be very little doubt, I ween,
 But magic drew our hero to this place,

And wholly conjured this enchanting scene ;

Those sorcerers are a mighty cunning race,—
 And know how lads who ever have been green
 Are to be caught with pretty cheeks and dimples,
 And smiles and dances, and such other simples.

So when they want to catch a handsome boy,

They generally choose a pretty figure
 And dimpled cheek, to bait him with their toy :

Perhaps for Africans they'd have a nigger ;

But in the north a face as dark as soy,

And waist-band like a hoop, or somewhat bigger,

Would barely win a handsome errant knight

To play Medoro and forget to fight.

It was in somewhat a resembling way,
 That secret agent spoken of above
 Led Roderic and his party thus astray,
 Reducing them I scarce dare say to love,
 For such it seem'd in that eventful day,
 Was likely to detain them in the "grave."
 They wonder'd long at the unwonted scene,
 Imagining, perhaps, they were unseen;

But the dear creatures are not long to see
 When admiration turns the steady eye;
 There's nothing quicker than their vanity,
 And though they feign to blush and whisper "fie,"
 There's nothing pleases them like flattery.
 The dancing ladies though by far too sly
 To seem to notice their new stranger guests,
 Became more lavish of their charms and jests.

The interlopers step by step advanced,
 And more enchanting still the girls became
 And more voluptuous as they gaily danced,
 With much of grace, but very little shame;
 Till suddenly a youth of their band glanced [flame,--
 Towards where young Roderic—who was worse than
 Kept drawing closer to his favourite fair one,
 As if determined at the least to share one.

This was the signal for a rush to arms :—
 The ladies feigning, for the time, to fly,—
 Becoming somewhat less profuse of charms,
 And falling to the rear stood calmly by,
 Whilst Roderic bow'd to quiet their alarms,
 And, like a valiant knight of chivalry,
 Stood courteously aloof, to give his foes
 Full time to arm them, should they come to blows.

As if he had been fifty years a knight,
 He then demanded as the price of peace,
 The lady whom he pointed out to sight;
 She ogled Roderic to obtain release
 And feign'd to urge her champion to the fight,
 Although she heartily wish'd him deceased,
 Since handsome Roderic had so charm'd her sight,
 And had estranged her late affections quite.

This cool demand was valiantly declined,
 So that both parties sprung upon their steeds.
 We had not thought of horses, as I find,
 'Till now; so that the critic, as he reads,
 Will find this void exactly to his mind,
 And just the place to number my disdeeds,
 In loosely writing, with no thought or rule,
 And blacken me, to write himself a fool,

The truth is, had these horses been produced
 Upon the scene a little while before,
 They had been fodderlessly introduced.
 And you'd have deem'd them but a sorry score,
 And pictured them as piteously reduced,
 Like that of gallant Hudibras of yore;
 And epic grandeur would thus dwindle down
 To something meaner than a prince or crown.

'Tis ridicule we all the most abhor;
 A right good reason why a certain paper
 That moved my laughter, show'd itself so sore.
 Derision suffers nothing to escape her,
 That looks like overplentitude in lore,
 And smiles most keenly upon those who ape her;
 And when a falsehood strives to shelter folly,
 Her every gibe becomes a rod of holly.

Think'st thou not so, my able Public-thinker?
 Hath she not well-nigh tickled thee to death;
 My little lying patchwork Folly-tinker?
 For God's sake spare thy little brains and breath,
 For thou art too contemptible to sink her:—
 And, when thou feel'st the truth of what she saith,
 Strive to amend, but let not any see,
 Thou hast been nettled by her repartee.

This dread of the ridiculous withheld
 The earlier introduction of my horses,
 Which were as fine as ever you beheld.
 Nor were the worst part of our hero's forces;
 And Roderic thought so, for he justly held
 These horses 'mongst the best of his resources,
 Perhaps as much for fleetness as for mettle:
 For speed is sometimes the best means to settle.

And foes were marshall'd, valiant mortal foes,
 With shield opposed to shield, and spear to spear.
 And all the ardour of the brave arose,
 As that terrific struggle drew more near:
 And twenty crests to twenty proudly rose,
 Despising death and ridiculing fear,
 And calmly waving o'er the tranquil field,
 Where some should conquer and where some should yield.

They look'd like pennons streaming o'er the sea,
 That heaved beneath them with its silent threat,
 Spurning that threat with their serenity.
 Yet, when those bristling lances should have met
 And lie in splinters o'er mortality,
 Like these their useless wreck should pay the debt,
 That outraged powers demanded of their pride,
 To sport withal—neglect—despise—deride!

And then the charge came clashing from each side,
 And shivering lances flew, and riders fell,
 And horses reel'd a retrograding stride.—

The ring of shields had struck the mournful knell
 Of four on Roderic's side, who bled and died,

And one too brave and youthful damozel,
 Who proudly aim'd his emulative spear
 At Roderic's crest, despising humbler gear.

But Roderic's lance was shiver'd by the stroke :

And, now he was assail'd on either hand,
 The battle with the chief became no joke.

And as his horse could now but barely stand,
 And, as his treacherous sword moreover broke,

He seized the nearest of the adverse band—
 Having alighted—dragged him also down,
 And sprang upon his charger as his own.

He was but barely seated when a blow

Aim'd by no novice hand attain'd his crest,
 And forced it down upon his saddle bow ;

The ringing helmet yet withstood the test,
 And though he reel'd beneath the stroke, and though

His head awhile hung senseless on his breast,
 A friendly hand opposed the exulting foe,
 And saved a second, and more fatal blow.

Stung with discomfiture, and shame, and rage,

As soon as he recover'd from the stun,
 He spurr'd his steed and flew to re-engage ;

The battle-axe that glitter'd in the sun,
 Seem'd to flash fire, and willing flames to wage

The red destruction, as he fought and won :
 And every blow dealt senselessness or death,
 And rung victorious o'er the passing breath.

Now to the right he whirl'd the flashing steel ;

Now to the left opposed the faithful shield ;
 One moment saw a youthful warrior reel,

And fall extended on the blood-stain'd field ;
 Another saw our furious chieftain wheel,

And stretch some veteran yet loath to yield
 A lifeless corse beneath his charger's hoof,
 Or crush the coward that withdrew aloof.

The fearful odds were thus reduced to par

For, though, at first, his party sadly fail'd,
 Such is the strange and changing fate of war,

That now in numbers, even they prevail'd ;
 And in successful bravery by far ;

For every adversary fairly quail'd,
 Before young Roderic's axe, and feebly struck,
 As if he durst not trust his arm or luck.

And Fortune, who's a shameless sycophant,
 Had well-nigh thrown herself in Roderic's arms,
 To yield the prize her hands so often grant,
 And court the victor with her faithless charms;
 When—Bob can tell you how—I really can't—
 A band of stalwart giant men-at-arms,
 Who had been somehow conjured or conceal'd
 Appear'd to recontest the well-fought field.

Our fainting heroes sicken'd at the sight,
 Their still more fainting foes rejoiced to see,
 But Roderic was by far too proud for flight;
 And ladies held the palm of victory,—
 Which is no small incentive to a knight;
 And even they who would not blush to flee
 Before a man alone; when women judge
 The honour of the field, would scorn to budge.

The new assailants were the quaintest train,
 That ever figured in a strange romance—
 Their arms were rude, uncouth, grotesque and plain:
 Nor polish'd swords they bore, nor well-poised lance,
 But ponderous axes, foul with many a stain,
 And clubs too, such as you or I by chance
 Might move—but handling is another question
 Which might not suit our strength or our digestion.

Their height was, God Almighty knows how great,
 Their breadth was—oh, ah! somewhat like a stack;
 They strode along at such prodigious rate,
 Ye'd scarce have caught them with a stag-hound pack;
 To have engaged such monsters separate,
 It seem'd would need an army at one's back,
 But when they came down fifteen at a time,
 The fight became a mere affair of rhyme.

'Tis very easy to relate the tale,
 And no way more improbable than are
 One half of those our novelists retail,
 And tell as acts of an authentic war;
 And, though the story's "somewhat like a whale,"
 In prodigy 'twill not outdo by far
 The truth through microscopic Southey's medium:
 Nor, as I trust, oppress you with much tedium!

The first that came, as if he meant to show off,
 Began parading round his smaller foes;
 But Roderic flung his axe and cut his toes off,
 Whilst some one else deprived him of his nose:
 And as he could neither fight nor go off,
 They managed to dispatch him with few blows.
 And as his comrades came up rather late,
 Ere they arrived, his trunk had lost its pate

Exasperated at their comrade's fall,
 And little dreaming they would have to fight
 With such a lilliputian general,
 And fancying they'd vanquish him by fright,
 The giants warn'd the youthful mareschal
 With horrid oaths that if he ventured flight,
 They would annihilate his steed and all,
 And eat their flesh by way of funeral.

Now Roderic, who felt the fearful taunt
 And knew in truth how weak his party were,
 Natheless was not the boy a threat could daunt,
 And bade them capture and *then* eat their hare.
 That mode he said was taught him by his aunt,
 Who was an editress of dainty fare,
 And often with some wisdom had observed
 That plums are gather'd ere they are preserv'd.

There is no telling whence an able mind,
 Such as was Roderic's may gather knowledge,—
 And that too of a philosophic kind;—
 And every scholar surely will acknowledge
 That what is USEFUL of it to mankind,
 Is found in cookery as well as college:
 A hint worth knowing to that great Society,
 Who cram the young with wisdom to satiety.

Some men seek wisdom in a spider's thread,—
 And some have found it in this simple way,
 As all will fairly own, who e'er have read
 A certain story of a certain day;—
 Some find it in repentance, when they wed,
 And not uncommonly as many say,
 Roderic, you see, acquired it of his aunt,
 And none, my friend, will dare assert you can't.

The pert reply which Roderic had made,
 Was quite enough to aggravate a saint—
 And giants are not always of that trade,
 And therefore do not practice such restraint.
 To it they went with knotted club to blade,
 With much of power but with little feint,
 Despising all the tricks of practised swordsmen,
 Or vantage that the art of arms affords men.

The brave Ribaldo fell and mighty George
 Smash'd to a thousand atoms by Grimskalkin,
 Whilst Reginald made Pedagog disgorge
 Some precious feast indulged in with Grimalkin—
 A fellow labourer at the Cyclop forge
 With hoots he might have tepp'd from Brest to Balkh in,
 And body next to which St. Paul's would look
 Much like this volume next some graver book.

And Roderic all this while was twisting, leaping,
 Attacking pirouetting here or there,
 In fact was doing everything but sleeping,
 Evading every blow with wondrous care,
 And when he had the chance forever sleeping,
 His sword in some fresh wound:—nor did he spare
 His adversaries' legs, their bodies being,
 Within no reach for any thing but seeing.

The contest might have lasted out the day,
 But by some sad mischance a cruel blow
 Streach'd our young chieftain on a bed of clay.
 And all the rest made of their heel and toe
 The common use with people in dismay;—
 In fact, considering it time to go,
 I am ashamed to own they ran away,
 Leaving the giants with their helpless prey.

And after all they were not very base:—
 They fought with no such flimsy bravery
 Until they found their's was a desperate case,
 And that, unaided by his gallantry,
 Their only hope of safety was their pace;—
 To do them justice too they thought that he
 Was fairly kill'd, as any would have thought,
 Who saw with what an enemy he fought.

Nor can we blame them, for the giants too
 Were so assured that Roderic was dead,
 That they ne'er took the pains to go and view
 What kind of wound it was from which he bled.
 Nor had they time to think of those they slew
 Nor to pursue the recreant ones that fled,
 For they lamented many a lifeless friend,
 And had the wounded of their own to tend.

NOTES.

Notes to *The Giaour*.

NOTE 1, p. 1.—The material upon which the tale of the *Giaour* is founded, is more or less attributable to the adventure of Lord Byron's own servant; an adventure which directly implicated the noble author himself.

NOTE 2, p. 2.—A tomb, alleged to be the resting place of the great Themistocles.

NOTE 3, p. 2.—The Persians have a current and popular notion, that the nightingale has a peculiar partiality for the rose.

NOTE 4, p. 2.—Amongst the Greek sailors, the song and dance by night, accompanied by the tinkle of the guitar, form a favourite pastime.

NOTE 5, p. 3.—There is infinite beauty and effect, though of a painful and almost oppressive character, in this extraordinary passage; in which the author has illustrated the beautiful, but still and melancholy aspect of the once busy and glorious shores of Greece, by an image more true, more mournful, and more exquisitely finished, than any that we can recollect in the whole compass of poetry.—JEFFERY.

NOTE 6, p. 4.—At the period when this poem was written, Athens was in the hands of Kislár Aga, the eunuch-superintendent of the seraglio.

NOTE 7, p. 5.—The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat in the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem.—GEORGE ELLIS.

NOTE 8, p. 5.—The word *Giaour*, (or infidel), is thus spelt by the Italians and by the Christians of the Levant. The English pronunciation is hardly so soft, and were better rendered by *Djour*.

NOTE 9, p. 6.—A musket. The discharge of fire-arms is the signal which summons the faithful Mussulman to his duties.

NOTE 10, p. 6.—A species of javelin with a blunt point, which is hurled with unerring aim, from on horseback.

NOTE 11, p. 6.—Every gesture of the impetuous horseman is full of anxiety and passion. In the midst of his career, whilst

in full view of the astonished spectator, he suddenly checks his steed, and rising on his stirrups, surveys, with a look of agonising impatience, the distant city illuminated for the feast of Bairam; then pale with anger, raises his arm, as if in menace of an invisible enemy; but awakened from his trance of passion by the neighing of his charger, again hurries forward, and disappears.—GEORGE ELLIS.

NOTE 12, p. 7.—The wind peculiar to the deserts in tropical climates, and in the east, which is known to blight animals as well as vegetable productions.

NOTE 13, p. 8.—The fact of having eaten at a Mohammedan's table, especially the use of salt.

NOTE 14, p. 8.—The Mohammedans are proverbial for the exercise of charity and hospitality, which constitutes two cardinal virtues in their creed. Their proudest boast is to be distinguished for munificence; and second to that, they pride themselves on their bravery and skill in the field.

NOTE 15, p. 8.—This is a dagger of more than usual length, which is carried with the pistols in the metal belt peculiar to the costume of the Turks. The material of the belt distinguishes the rank of the wearer.

NOTE 16, p. 8.—All those who wear green in their costume, particularly in the cap or turban, are claimants to the honour of being descended from Mahomet himself.

NOTE 17, p. 9.—This is a courteous address offered to disciples of Mahomet alone.

NOTE 18, p. 9.—A butterfly with blue wings indigenous to Cashmere, and especially remarkable for its beauty, and the brilliancy of its hue.

NOTE 19, p. 10.—An allusion to the hypothesis that the scorpion destroys itself when it turns its sting towards its head.

NOTE 20, p. 10.—The salute at dusk closes at Rhamazan.

NOTE 21, p. 11.—The moon.

NOTE 22, p. 11.—The ruby of the Sultan Giamschid, of fabulous celebrity.

NOTE 23, p. 11.—Al-Sirat. This is the bridge over which the disciples of Mahomet are taught to believe that they must pass to secure access to beatitude.

NOTE 24, p. 11.—The houris, it is known, are the damsels whose charms are to illustrate the eternal happiness of the faithful. The fable is in every way consistent with the tastes, inclinations, and prepossessions of Oriental climates and customs.

NOTE 25, p. 11.—This is a mistake which has been commonly adopted by the Christians from want of a clear knowledge of the institution, or the creed expounded in the Koran. A fair portion of eternal bliss is assigned to the gentler sex.

NOTE 26, p. 11.—This is a metaphor peculiar to the east.

NOTE 27, p. 11.—The Oriental bards are not singular in this idea; it is constantly met with in the more ancient lore of Greece.

NOTE 28, p. 12.—Circassia.

NOTE 29, p. 13.—This word is to be construed "In the name of God." The expression is of almost constant recurrence in the Koran, and is ever repeated in all devotional passages.

NOTE 30, p. 13.—This is said to be more common with the Moslems in their wrath, than it would be believed to be in more sober Europe.

NOTE 31, p. 13.—The word signifies forgiveness, or mercy.

NOTE 32, p. 14.—This notion is prevalent wherever Islamism predominates.

NOTE 33, p. 15.—The Shawls or Wrappers embroidered with flowers, and distinctively worn by those of high rank.

NOTE 34, p. 16.—An allusion to the passage in Holy Writ, referring to the mother of Sisera.

NOTE 35, p. 16.—This is a skull-cap which forms the centre of the turban, and which protrudes above the wrapping.

NOTE 36, p. 16.—The sepulchre of the Osmanlies is invariably adorned with the special insignia of their calling, order, and creed.

NOTE 37, p. 16.—This is the summons uttered by the Muezzin to congregate the faithful at the hour of devotion. The Muezzin or Officer, upon whom this duty devolves, stations himself for this purpose upon the upper balcony surrounding the Minaret of the Mosque in which he officiates.

NOTE 38, p. 17.—The passage has a parallel in one of the Turkish war songs.

NOTE 39, p. 17.—To elucidate the allusion in this passage, it were as well to refer the reader to Sale's Koran. The supposititious duties of the officers of Eternal Justice according to the Moslem notions cannot be well understood, without some insight into the peculiar tenor of their Religious Ceremonial, and into the eccentricities of their creed.

NOTE 40, p. 17.—The Satan of the Mohammedans.

NOTE 41, p. 17.—Tournefort D'Herbelot, and others, should be consulted on the subject of many of the Oriental superstitions and prejudices. There are many anecdotes which will be found illustrative of this passage. In fact it is not so clear but that Lord Byron borrowed this suggestion for Tournefort, whom he has somewhere quoted as his authority. We have not been able to find any explanation of his own, however.

NOTE 42, p. 17.—An allusion to the received notion in the South-east of Europe, respecting the symptoms exhibited by those who have been attacked by the Vampire, amongst the peasantry of those regions, the belief in the habits of that indescribable animal, and in the effects of its strange morture.

NOTE 43, p. 21.—An allusion to the current fable concerning the Pelican.

NOTE 44, p. 24.—Lord Byron has afforded an interesting anecdote explanatory of the Oriental superstition of prophetic or second bearing. This tale is the more remarkable, that he was notoriously sceptical on these subjects.

NOTE 45, p. 28.—The Romaic word signifying "a Shroude" or "a Winding Sheet."

NOTE 45, p. 29.—The story of the Giaour is not, as we have already explained in the advertisement, without foundation in fact; for Lord Byron had founded the incidents of his poem upon a local tale, which was current in Turkey, and the substance of which was thoroughly within the recollection of many living persons.

Notes to The Bride of Abydos.

NOTE 1, p. 30.—The title of this poem appears to have afforded some material for cavil. The "Bride" is, in fact, a somewhat questionable denomination for the heroine. But the criticism is nevertheless, as unjust as the quibble is paltry; for, after all, the question resolves itself merely into one of words or interpretations. The meaning remains the same.

NOTE 2, p. 30.—This poem was first published at the close of the year 1813, after but a very short lapse of time employed in its composition. Lord Byron was proverbially rapid in his writing, and this remark is especially applicable to the pieces he wrote about this period. There appears to have been a dreary sense of a want of something to busy him, and prevent his mind from brooding over its sorrows, which gave birth to some of his most brilliant poems. On the other hand, it was in writing these works from time to time that he filled the void which seemed to hang about him. They were thus the effect and the solace of his desolate satiety. Once in the vein for writing, he appears to have rattled on, and completed whatever work or portion he had undertaken, whilst the humour lasted.

NOTE 3, p. 30.—The Romaic word signifying Rose, is "Gül."

NOTE 4, p. 31.—The Romeos and Juliets of romance are no such uncommon personages—Mejnoun and Leila, we are told, are those who represent Shakespere's hero and heroine, in the Levant. Sadi is the bard and sage, or moralist, of Persia.

NOTE 5, p. 32.—In Turkey, the three periods of the day, the rising, zenith, and the setting of the sun, are announced by the rolling of a drum bearing that designation.

NOTE 6, p. 33.—There is no love lost between the schismatical tribes of Arabia and the Mussulmans of Turkey. The enmity which exists between these branches of the followers of Mahomet is, in fact, more bitter than that which severs the Moslems from any other religious sect.

NOTE 7, p. 34.—An allusion to one of the principal feudai vassals of Turkey.

NOTE 8, p. 35.—The fatal warrant by which a subject of the Poete is condemned to death, by the prevailing instrument of strangulation, is not always obeyed without resistance; instances are not wanting in which the messenger who conveyed the order, or notice of condemnation, has been submitted to the punishment by the culprit. In other cases, however, the mandate is religiously obeyed.

NOTE 9, p. 35.—In Turkey the only method of calling attendants, is by clapping the hands or stamping with the foot.

NOTE 10, p. 35.—The prevalence of smoking has almost rendered it unnecessary to translate the word "Chibouque." The Turks, Arabs, Persians, and the people of the Levant, generally adopt this shape of pipe only. It consists of a small bowl generally of red clay; but in some cases of ivory, metal or other material adorned with jewels, and a long cherry tube, tipped with a round and attenuating piece of amber, which forms the mouth

piece. There is frequently a ring of gold, sometimes set with jewels round the joint, between the amber and the stem.

NOTE 11, p. 35.—The denomination by which the stipendiary troops in the Turkish service are distinguished.

NOTE 12, p. 35.—This term is applied to those to whom conduct of dangerous service is entrusted. They are generally engaged in the first charge, and are almost invariably placed at the head of bodies of cavalry.

NOTE 13, p. 35.—The Turks in sword practice protect themselves with a thick and tough covering, which is generally proof against any single blow.

NOTE 14, p. 35.—This is an ejaculation which is very prevalent amongst the Turks, when they are excited either by sport or action. At other times their taciturnity is as proverbial as their indolence, if indeed it be not a part of it.

NOTE 15, p. 36.—A scent in high favour in the Levant, and very generally used in Europe. Ottar of Roses was, however, far more in use formerly than it is now.

NOTE 16, p. 36.—The Mohammedans are particularly fond of decorating their walls and ceilings with dazzling views of Constantinople, in which the Chinese taste and judgment of art are most apparent.

NOTE 17, p. 37.—“Azrael,” amongst the Mohammedans is an impersonation of death.

NOTE 18, p. 38.—An allusion to the traditionary antiquities of the Sultans.

NOTE 19, p. 38.—The “musselim” is an officer of the government, whose station is second to that of a Pacha.

NOTE 20, p. 38.—The Turkish name for Negropont. The inhabitants of this province are despised like those of Athens.

NOTE 21, p. 38.—“Tchocadar,” an usher.

NOTE 22, p. 41.—An allusion to the well-known story of antiquity.

NOTE 23, p. 42.—Amber, like all resinous substances, may be quickened by friction: it is well known to be strongly charged with electricity by this operation, and emits a slight aroma. When burnt, the scent is very powerful and by no means disagreeable.

NOTE 24, p. 42.—Amulets are deeply revered by the Mohammedans, who have the greatest confidence in their efficacy. It is by no means uncommon to see a small piece of some venerated relic worn about the person, encased in gold and jewels. Extracts from their sacred writ are generally engraved on the case.

NOTE 25, p. 42.—An appendage which may be held to represent the Rosary of the Roman Catholics amongst the Mohammedans.

NOTE 26, p. 44.—The designation of a seaman amongst the Turks; by which also the person so called is distinguished from the Greek or other subject in the service. The description here given by Lord Byron is accurate enough. There are, however, a few little additions which are attributable to the particular costume of some individual who personally served as the model.

NOTE 27, p. 44.—The majority of the swords or scimitars used by Mohammedans bear some verse of the Koran as an inscription.

NOTE 28, p. 47.—The traditions of the Jews are far from being unknown amongst the Mohammedans. It is well known that Mahomet himself was careful in impugning the revelation of the Hebrew writ; and the same traditions therefore appear in Mussidman Saered History as in that of the Jews, with this difference only, that they are clothed in other language, and that the names are adapted to their own fancy or version. Zuleika is the name attributed to Potiphar's wife. The same incident as that related of her in the Old Testament has been reproduced with all the lustre of oriental imagery.

NOTE 29, p. 45.—An allusion to one of the insurgent vassals who defied the almost power of the government.

NOTE 30, p. 46.—This is the distinguishing pennon of a Pacha, whose rank and command are marked by this standard.

NOTE 31, p. 46.—An allusion to one of those crimes or romantic enterprises so common in the East. The victim in this instance was a Pacha of the name of Giaffir, of whom, as of the coincidence, Lord Byron has given a detailed account. He had occasion, at a latter period, to know more of the hero and perpetrator, who was no less a personage than Ali the Pacha of Albania.

NOTE 32, p. 48.—When a Turk speaks of *the Island* or *the Sea*, he must be understood to indicate the Archipelago, for beyond that, few amongst his nation have any idea of insular conformation.

NOTE 33, p. 49.—This passage alludes to one of the most remarkable leaders of the Greek revolts. Lord Byron, from the interest he took in the regeneration and independence of Greece, and from his active participation in the struggle, had become intimately acquainted with all the details of its history and had had occasion to meet with the principal personages who figured in the melancholy annals of the Morea before the battle of Navarino.

NOTE 34, p. 49.—Amongst the Turks, all those who are subject to the capitation tax, are distinguished by the denomination of "Rayahs."

NOTE 35, p. 49.—An allusion to the peculiar habits and prepossessions of Mohammedans.

NOTE 36, p. 49.—Lord Byron has unnecessarily apologized for the tenor of this passage. It is perfectly true, not only of the indigenous population or wandering tribes of the East, but also of Europeans, who are by accident or design, cast into a similar career, that the wild and uncontrolled freedom of the broad expanse of desert inspires them with a species of elevated spirit of independence. There is a pleasure in the impressions which crowd upon the mind in such a situation, which none can properly understand but those who have thoroughly entered into this peculiar mode of life.

NOTE 37, p. 49.—One of the terms signifying the place of eternal bliss.

NOTE 38, p. 54.—The following passage will be the most explanatory of the allusion and we therefore take the liberty to extract it as it stands. "While the Salsette lay off the Dardanelles Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream to and fro with the troubling of the water, which gave to its arms the effect of

scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour This incident has been strikingly depicted."—GALT.

NOTE 39, p. 54.—The burial-place of Mohammedan women is left without any distinctive mark: that of the men is adorned with a sculptured turban above the inscription (if there be any). The inscription generally consists of some of the most admired verses of the Koran.

NOTE 40, p. 54.—The funeral chant uttered by the women. The term "*silent slaves*" is applied to the male portion of such melancholy ceremonies, because it is one of the points of delicacy amongst the Mohammedans not to betray any emotion before strangers.

NOTE 41, p. 55.—This passage will be better understood by referring to a note on the subject attached to the "*Pleasures of Memory*."—It is an adaptation of a passage in oriental poetry.

NOTE 42, p. 56.—This notion is peculiarly prevalent in the East, but it should be added, that it is by no means confined to those regions. We are not in our own country without many remarkable instances of similar delusions. There are some anecdotes illustrative of this question to be found in the Correspondence of Horace Walpole, whose taste appears to have inclined him to seek out such, and similar fantasies.

Notes to the Corsair.

NOTE 1, p. 57.—This poem is another example of the facility and fertility of Lord Byron's genius. The beauty of his writing would almost appear to have been enhanced by rapidity; a phenomenon which is somewhat explained by the evidence borne by his poems themselves, that he wrote from impulse and not from reflection. "*The Corsair*" was begun and completed in the course of thirteen days, and at a period almost contemporary with the completion of the "*Bride of Abydos*."

NOTE 2, p. 58.—It may not be superfluous to remind the reader of "*The Corsair*," that the Islands selected as the scene of this little drama are all of them but a short distance from one another and from the main land. There is therefore no inaccuracy or anachronism in the quick succession of incidents as they are related:—far from it:—to those who are well acquainted with the locality and the impetuous temperament of the people, they will appear but the more probable and truthful.

NOTE 3, p. 62.—The author has been at some pains to excuse himself from having strained the privileges of poetry or fiction in drawing the character of Conrad in this poem. And there can be no harm in adding the citations adduced by him from history in support of the portraiture produced by his imagination. It would seem from the following quotation, that characters, no less strange to the everyday life ideas of a London reader, have actually figured in reality.

"Eccelin prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant; il fixoit sur la terre son regard feroce, et ne pouvoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes parts

pendant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes partes.

"Eccelin étoit d'une petite taille: mais tout l'aspect de sa personne tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat. Son langage étoit amer, son deportement superbe—et par son seul regard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis."—*Sismondi*, tome iii. p. 219.

NOTE 4, p. 69.—The phosphoric sparkling of the sea about the prow, sides, and wake of a boat or vessel, or at each dip of the oars, or break of the water, is perhaps far better known and more frequently observed in the Mediterranean and in more central latitudes than on our own coasts. It is, moreover, far more intense in brilliancy, owing to the dark and profound blue of the sky and water, upon which the flashing breaks like an aurora.

NOTE 5, p. 71.—Coffee.

NOTE 6, p. 71.—A Turkish pipe (see note *ante*).

NOTE 7, p. 71.—Dancing girls.

NOTE 8, p. 71.—There is an instance of a similar incident in history. It is recorded by Gibbon (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol vi, p. 180.)

NOTE 9, p. 73.—The Dervises are a class who resemble the monks of Roman Catholicism.

NOTE 10, p. 74.—Satan.

NOTE 11, p. 74.—A similar exhibition of wrath has more than once been historically recorded.

NOTE 12, p. 75.—A woman's name. Almost all female names, in particular amongst the people of the east, are words signifying birds, flowers, scents, or other ornaments or luxuries which abound in their hyperbolical poetry. *Gulnare*, means the blossom of the pomegranate.

NOTE 13, p. 80.—Lord Byron appears to have alluded to the case of Sir Thomas More and to that of Anna Boleyn. There are many other historical instances of similar buffoonery.

NOTE 14, p. 83.—It is well known that the disciples of Socrates were very urgent with their great master not to swallow the poison until after sunset. The philosopher, nevertheless, obeyed the mandate of his condemnation, and took the potion before the sun went down.

NOTE 15, p. 83.—The further we go towards the southward, the less the twilight, and the more equal the distribution of time between night and day so that the winter's day is longer than that in our latitude, and the summer's day is shorter. It is so in Greece (as a matter of course) where the scene is laid.

NOTE 16, p. 83.—The summer-houses of the Turks are called *Kiosks*.

NOTE 17, p. 86.—See note *ante*.

NOTE 18, p. 96.—It is the prevalent fashion in the East to adorn the bodies of the dead with flowers.

Note to Lara.

NOTE 1, p. 98.—There appears to have been no specific period or locality assigned to the incident related in the poem of Lara. Lord Byron at different times gave different accounts of his own arrangements of the scene, and contented himself with attributing entirely to fiction, to avoid the inconsistency of some of the personages with the country and customs.

Notes to the Siege of Corinth.

NOTE 1, p. 126.—It should be observed that since Tripolitza became the seat of the Pacha of the Province, Napoli di Romania ceased to be the chief town in the Morea. Lord Byron had at various times overrun the whole of the Grecian provinces, and was well acquainted with all the roads and by roads, as well as with the towns of the Morea, of Attica, Albania, &c. &c.

NOTE 2, p. 127.—An allusion to Dervioli, one of the Arnaouts, who had accompanied the author. He appears to have retired to the mountains, and to have raised the standard of revolt against the vice-royal government.

NOTE 3, p. 128.—See note *ante*.

NOTE 4, p. 128.—The Turcomans resemble the Bedouin Arabs in their method of living. They are an erratic people—who wander from place to place, pitching their tents at convenience, and removing them at pleasure.

NOTE 5, p. 129.—An allusion to Ali Coumourgi, who had driven the Venetians from the Morca, and who was afterwards killed at Peterwardcin.

NOTE 6, p. 136.—A description which has unfortunately but too much of reality. It is not at all uncommon for dead bodies to be observed floating on the Bosphorus. The following quotation from Hobhouse's Travels will serve to attest the truth of the picture;—"The sensations produced by the state of the weather, and leaving a comfortable cabin, were in unison with the impressions which we felt, when passing under the palace of the sultans and gazing at the gloomy cypresses which rise above the walls, we saw two dogs gnawing a dead body."—HOBHOUSE.

NOTE 7, p. 136.—The Mohanmedans entertain a superstitious belief with respect to the tuft of hair worn by them, to the effect that it will serve as a handle to the prophet wherewithal to hoist them into the region of the Houris.

NOTE 8, p. 139.—An allusion to the author's visits to Annesley when a boy.

NOTE 9, p. 143.—This passage refers to the occasion of an action by sea, which was fought at the mouth of the Dardanelles by the Turks against the Venetians.

NOTE 9, p. 149.—The jackal is not known, in Europe. In all parts of Asia Minor, however, that animal abounds. They

make an especial retreat of old ruins, and Lord Byron has adapted the creature to another soil, without much violation to its habits. The jackal is known to follow bodies of men as the sea-birds follow a ship, to secure whatever refuse may be cast out.

Notes to *Parasina*.

NOTE 1, p. 150.—The subject matter of this Poem was somewhat too voluptuous for the precise but maudlin modesty of Lord Byron's Critics. The ostentatious prudery of the nation almost set aside *Parasina*, and though far from an inferior work even for such an author, it has not been so generally known or noticed, as many of the others. Lord Byron's Critics were in general envious, malignant opponents, and they were very fond of twisting all his productions into immoral constructions: but the fact is, that the drift of the most condemned is quite the contrary. It were just as fair to condemn "Joseph Andrews," as immoral in its tendency, as "Don Juan," or any poem of Lord Byron's. The satire of vice can never be interpreted into its exaltation. Whether or not, "*Parasina*" is open to more equivocal translation is another question. But we are perfectly assured that the author never intended to celebrate and eulogise a crime.

NOTE 2, p. 150.—The word "haught" is very commonly used for "haughty," and more especially in the earlier writers of our language. It may be found in Spenser, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspeare, &c. &c.

Notes to the *Prisoner of Chillon*.

NOTE 1, p. 163.—The Castle of Chillon which juts out into the lake of Geneva, on the north shore, and at the eastern end, is celebrated as having been the prison of François de Bonnavard the hero of Genevan independence. It is known that until the year 1535, Geneva was a dependency of the Dukedom of Savoy; and as by its situation, and for other reasons, it was a place of no mean importance, it was very jealously retained by the Princes of that House. On the other hand the Genevese entertained an hereditary hatred for the Savoyards, and have continued since their emancipation to detest their former masters. The Genevese had made several efforts to liberate themselves from the yoke of the Duke of Savoy, and Bonnavard, who flourished just at the period that the struggle was assuming a decided aspect, warmly participated in the contest. He was not a Genevan, but became possessed of a wealthy benefice at that place in 1510. He was born in 1496, and had been educated in the capital of Piedmont itself. All his associations were more likely to have bound him to the interests of the Savoyards. But a lofty spirit:

of independence, the purest integrity and sense of justice, and an affectionate regard for the people with whom he had become incorporated, and whose character at that period was congenial to the enlightened and progressive intelligence of such a man, had completely enlisted him in the cause of the Genevese. In 1519 he became a prisoner on the occasion of the occupation of Geneva by the Duke of Savoy. He was closely confined for two years at Grolée, to which dungeon he had been despatched by the Duke. He afterwards contrived to effect his escape, but in 1530 was once more betrayed into the hands of his enemies, and was sent a close prisoner to the vaults of the Castle of Chillon, whence he was finally liberated in 1536, when the people of Berne occupied the Canton of Vaud. Bonnivard, whose name is still held in high veneration by the Genevese, was not left unrewarded by the grateful towns-people. Upon his final return, when Geneva had already adopted the motto of "*Post tenebras Lux*," the country of his adoption had become protestant and free. He was provided with a handsome residence and pension, and became a member of the Republican Government.

NOTE 2, p. 163.—An allusion to the effect which grief is reported to have had upon many eminent personages in history.

NOTE 3, p. 166.—The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent: below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet, French measure: within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or, rather, eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered: in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces. He was confined here several years. It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his *Héloïse*, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death. The château is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

NOTE 4, p. 170.—An allusion to a very small island which is situated near Villeneuve.

NOTE 5, p. 171.—“It has not been the purpose of Lord Byron to paint the peculiar character of Bonnivard. The object of the poem, like that of Sterne’s celebrated sketch of the prisoner, is to consider captivity in the abstract, and to mark its effects in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until the unfortunate victim becomes, as it were a part of his dungeon, and identified with his chains.

Notes to Manfred.

NOTE 1, p. 172.—Lord Byron, who treated Manfred somewhat coldly, gives a half-humorous sketch of it in one of his letters to Mr. Murray. The extract has been published, and might serve as a species of reference on the subject, but there is little information in it which may not be gathered from the work itself.

The following are two extracts from the criticism of contemporary writers on this strange but very beautiful production:—

“In Manfred we recognise at once the gloom and potency of that soul which burned and blasted and fed upon itself, in Harold, and Conrad, and Lara—and which comes again in this piece, more in sorrow than in anger—more proud, perhaps, and more awful than ever—but with the fiercer traits of its misanthropy subdued, as it were, and quenched in the gloom of a deeper despondency. This piece is properly entitled a dramatic poem—for it is merely poetical, and is not at all a drama or play in the modern acceptation of the term. It has no action, no plot, and no characters; Manfred merely muses and suffers from the beginning to the end. His distresses are the same at the opening of the scene and at its closing, and the temper in which they are borne is the same. A hunter and a priest, and some domestics, are indeed introduced, but they have no connection with the passions or sufferings on which the interest depends; and Manfred is substantially alone throughout the whole piece. He holds communion but with the memory of the Being he had loved; and the immortal Spirits whom he evokes to reproach with his misery, and their inability to relieve it. These unearthly beings approach nearer to the character of persons of the drama—but still they are but choral accompaniments to the performance; and Manfred is, in reality, the only actor and sufferer on the scene. To delineate his character indeed—to render conceivable his feelings—is plainly the whole scope and design of the poem: and the conception and execution are, in this respect, equally admirable. It is a grand and terrific vision of a being invested with superhuman attributes, in order that he may be capable of more than human sufferings, and be sustained under them by more than human force and pride.”—JEFFREY.

“In this very extraordinary poem, Lord Byron has pursued the same course as in the third Canto of *Childe Harold*, and put out his strength upon the same objects. The action is laid among the mountains of the Alps—the characters are all, more or less, formed and swayed by the operations by the magnificent scenery around them, and every page of the poems teems with imagery and passion, though, at the same time, the mind of the poet is often overborne, as it were, by the strength and novelty of its own conceptions. But there is a still more novel exhibition of Lord Byron's powers in this remarkable drama. He has here burst into the world of spirits; and, in the wild delight with which the elements of nature seem to have inspired him, he has endeavoured to embody and call up before him their ministering agents, and to employ these wild personifications, as he formerly

employed the feelings and passions of man."—PROFESSOR WILSON.

NOTE 2, p. 177.—The period at which these lines were written may explain the tenor of Lord Byron's thought in writing them, and the allusion which they contain. It was just about the time that the final endeavour to reconcile the dispositions of his family had proved abortive, that the author abandoned himself to the peculiarly beautiful view of despondency, which is distinguishable in the colouring of all his finest productions.

NOTE 3, p. 180.—See note *ante*. See also Clarendon's History of the Rebellion for an account of Charles the First's appearance at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, when the negotiation was commenced after his confinement in Carisbrooke Castle. Again, the memoir of "Marie Antoinette," &c. &c.

NOTE 4, p. 180.—A sight not uncommon in Switzerland.

NOTE 5, p. 180.—The mountains which Lord Byron ascended or visited in person. The allusion here, is specially directed to the Wengen, the Jungfrau, the Dent D'Argent, the Great and Little Giant, and the Wetterhorn. In this part of the mountains at particular seasons, the fall of Avalanches is of constant occurrence.

NOTE 6, p. 180.—A sight peculiar to very mountainous regions, but not to Switzerland alone. The same effects, with the additional splendour lent by a tropical sun, are observable in the Andes. But there is a peculiar appearance in the mist, as it rolls along the deep gulleys and ravines, and precipitate valleys of the Alps. Standing far above the cloud which mantles the plain below and yourself under the brightest and most spotless summer sky, you look down, not upon a varied expanse of landscape in panoramic view, but upon an impenetrable ocean of vapour. The sensation produced by this appearance is strange enough, you seem detached from the world, and planted alone upon your bright, but solitary elevation.

NOTE 7, p. 183.—This is perfectly true of the appearance of an Alpine water fall, on a bright sunny day. The Stanbach has a constant rainbow at its base. The fine spray fluttering about is tinted with all the glowing hues of the prism, and when you are actually in the midst of it, you still see it all around you.

NOTE 8, p. 183.—An allusion to the most striking objects about the Jungfrau.

NOTE 9, p. 185.—Lord Byron here refers to Jamblus the philosopher, and adopts the anecdote told of him by Eunapius.

NOTE 10, p. 187.—For the circumstances here alluded to, we must refer the reader to the following passage in Plutarch's Life of Cimon, (LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch*, vol. iii. p. 279,) in which the story of Pausanias and Cleonice is detailed.—"It is related, that when Pausanias was at Byzantium, he cast his eyes upon a young virgin named Cleonice, of a noble family there, and insisted on having her for a mistress. The parents intimidated by his power, were under the hard necessity of giving up their daughter. The young woman begged that the light might be taken out of his apartments, that she might go to his bed in secrecy and silence. When she entered he was asleep, and she unfortunately stumbled upon the candlestick and threw it down. The noise waked him suddenly, and he, in his confusion, thinking it was an enemy coming to assassinate him, unsheathed a dagger

that lay by him, and plunged it into the virgin's heart. After this he could never rest. Her image appeared to him every night, and with a menacing tone repeated this heroic verse,—

'Go to the fate which pride and lust prepare!'

The allies, highly incensed at this infamous action, joined Cimon to besiege him in Byzantium. But he found means to escape thence and as he was still haunted by the spectre, he is said to have applied to a temple at Heraclea, where the manes of the dead were consulted. There he invoked the spirit of Cleonice, and entreated her pardon. She appeared, and told him 'he would soon be delivered from all his troubles, after his return to Sparta: in which, it seems, his death was enigmatically foretold. These particulars we have from many historians.'

NOTE 11, p. 188.—An allusion to some incident which occurred to Lord Byron on his approach to the Grindewald.

NOTE 12, p. 191.—Over this fine drama, a moral feeling hangs like a sombrous thunder cloud. No other guilt but that so darkly shadowed out could have furnished so dreadful an illustration of the hideous aberrations of human nature, however noble and majestic, when left a prey to its desires, its passions, and its imagination. The beauty, at one time so innocently adored, is at last soiled, profaned, and violated. Affection, love, guilt, horror, remorse, and death, come in terrible succession, yet all darkly linked together. We think of Astarte as young, beautiful, innocent—guilty—lost—murdered—buried—judged—pardoned; but still, in her permitted visit to earth, speaking in a voice of sorrow, and with a countenance yet pale with mortal trouble. We had but a glimpse of her in her beauty and innocence; but, at last, she rises up before us in all the mortal silence of a ghost, with fixed, glazed, and passionless eyes, revealing death, judgment, and eternity. The moral breathes and burns in every word,—in sadness, misery, insanity, desolation, and death. The work is "instinct with spirit,"—and in the agony and distraction, and all its dimly imagined causes, we behold, though broken up, confused, and shattered, the elements of a purer existence.—
WILSON.

NOTE 13, p. 196.—An allusion to the suicide of Otho after his discomfiture at Brixellum. (See *Plutarch's Lives*.) Also the Elegy of Martial on this event.

NOTE 14, p. 197.—An expression and sentiment which abounds in the lighter or in the more serious writings of Lord Byron. That he was haunted by a dreary sense of desolation, is evident from some, even of the earliest fragments which he has left to the world. His kind of intellect was not easily satisfied—with ordinary society; there was nothing congenial in the every-day converse of the world, so that he was driven to brood within himself, and as he could find no real associate beyond the pale of his own imagination, it is not to be wondered at, if he gave evidence of a desolate species of being.

NOTE 15, p. 198.—Lord Byron has fairly acknowledged, that, although he began by being sceptical on the subject of the immortality of the soul, he was cured of that scepticism. There is therefore an inconsistency between some expressions in his earlier writings and this, but the inconsistency is one which is occasioned by an avowed change of opinion.

NOTE 16, p. 198.—There are three only, even among the great poets of modern times, who have chosen to depict, in their full shape and vigour, those agonies to which great and meditative intellects are, in the present progress of human history, exposed by the eternal recurrence of a deep and discontented scepticism. But there is only one who has dared to represent himself as the victim of those nameless and undefinable sufferings. Goethe chose for his doubts and his darkness the terrible disguise of the mysterious Faustus. Schiller with still greater boldness, planted the same anguish in the restless, haughty, and heroic bosom of Wallenstein. But Byron has sought no external symbol in which to embody the inquietudes of his soul. He takes the world, and all that it inherits, for his arena and his spectators; and he displays himself before their gaze, wrestling unceasingly and ineffectually with the demon that torments him. At times, there is something mournful and depressing in his scepticism; but oftener it is of a high and solemn character, approaching to the very verge of a confident faith. Whatever the poet may believe, we, his readers, always feel ourselves too much ennobled and elevated, even by his melancholy, not to be confirmed in our own belief by the very doubts so majestically conceived and uttered. His scepticism, if it ever approaches to a creed, carries with it its refutation in its grandeur. There is neither philosophy nor religion in those bitter and savage taunts which have been cruelly thrown out, from many quarters, against those moods of mind which are involuntary, and will not pass away; the shadows and spectres which still haunt his imagination *may once have disturbed our own*;—through his gloom there are frequent flashes of illumination;—and the sublime sadness which to him is breathed from the mysteries of mortal existence, is always joined with a longing after immortality, and expressed in language that is itself divine.—WILSON.

NOTE 17, p. 198.—An allusion to the matter of the second and fourth verses of the sixth chapter of Genesis.—“And it came to pass that the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, and they were fair.”—“There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the *Sons of God* came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown.”

NOTE 18, p. 201.—“But what can I say of the Coliseum? it must be *seen*: to describe it I should have thought impossible, if I had not read ‘Manfred.’ To see it aright, as the Poet of the North tells us of the fair Melrose, one ‘must see it by the pale moonlight.’ The stillness of night, the whispering, echoes, the moonlight shadows, and the awful grandeur of the impending ruins, form a scene of romantic sublimity, such as Byron alone could describe as it deserves. His description is the very thing itself.”—MATTHEWS'S *Diary of an Invalid*.

Notes to Cain

NOTE 1, p. 206.—That the Old Testament contains repeated passages, which directly allude to a future being, is incontestable and it is as certain also that the drift of the whole history of Abraham and his descendants bears a similar interpretation. So constant, in fact, and so often reiterated, are the positive indications of futurity, that it were quite supererogatory to cite any here.

NOTE 2, p. 207.—“Prayer,” said Lord Byron, at Cephalonia “does not consist in the act of kneeling, nor in repeating certain words in a solemn manner. Devotion is the affection of the heart, and this I feel; for when I view the wonders of creation, I bow to the majesty of heaven; and when I feel the enjoyment of life, health, and happiness, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed these upon me.”—KENNEDY'S *Conversations*, p. 135.

NOTE 3, p. 207.—This passage affords a key to the temper and frame of mind of Cain throughout the piece. He disdains the limited existence allotted to him; he has a rooted horror of death, attended with a vehement curiosity as to his nature; and he nourishes a sullen anger against his parents, to whose misconduct he ascribes his degraded state. Added to this, he has an insatiable thirst for knowledge beyond the bounds prescribed to mortality; and this part of the poem bears a strong resemblance to Manfred, whose counterpart, indeed, in the main points of character, Cain seems to be.—CAMPBELL.

NOTE 4, p. 207.—Cain's description of the approach of Lucifer would have shone in the “Paradise Lost.” There is something spiritually fine in this conception of the terror of presentiment of coming evil.—JEFFREY.

NOTE 5, p. 210.—“In this long dialogue, the tempter tells Cain (who is thus far supposed to be ignorant of the fact) that the soul is immortal, and that “souls who dare use their immortality” are condemned by God to be wretched everlastingly. This sentiment, which is the pervading *moral* (if we may call it so) of the play, is developed in the lines which follow.”—HEBER. The criticism is neither true nor just, and Lord Byron repudiates the *inuendo* with great reason. It were absurd to represent Cain and Satan like two archangels of light.

NOTE 6, p. 211.—The tree of life was doubtless a material tree, producing material fruit, proper as such for the nourishment of the body; but was it not also set apart to be partaken of as a symbol or sacrament of that celestial principle which nourishes the soul to immortality?—BISHOP HORNE.

NOTE 7, p. 213.—It may appear a very prosaic, but it is certainly obvious criticism on these passages, that the young family of mankind had, long ere this, been quite familiar with the *death of animals*—some of whom Abel was in the habit of offering up as sacrifices; so that it is not quite conceivable that they should be so much at a loss to conjecture what *death* was.—JEFFREY.

NOTE 8, p. 226.—It is not very easy to perceive what natural or rational object the Devil proposes to himself in carrying his disciple through the abyss of space to show him that repository

'of which we remember hearing something in our infant days "where the old moons are hung up to dry." To prove that there is a life beyond the grave, was surely no part of his business when he was engaged in fostering the indignation of one who repined at the necessity of dying. And, though it would seem, that entire Hades is, in Lord Byron's picture, a place of suffering, yet, when Lucifer himself had promised that these sufferings were the lot of those spirits who had sided with him against Jehovah, is it likely that a more accurate knowledge of them would increase Cain's eagerness for the alliance, or that he would not rather have inquired whether a better fortune did not await the adherents of the triumphant side? At all events, the spectacle of many ruined worlds was more likely to awe a mortal into submission, than to rouse him to hopeless resistance; and, even if it made him a hater of God, had no natural tendency to render him furious against a brother who was to be his fellow-sufferer.—HEBER.

NOTE 9, p. 227.—"Death, the last and most dreadful of all evils, is so far from being one, that it is the infallible cure for all others—

'To die, is landing on some silent shore
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

But was it an evil ever so great, it could not be remedied but by one much greater, which is, by living for ever; by which means our wickedness, unrestrained by the prospect of a future state, would grow so insupportable, our sufferings so intolerable by perseverance, and our pleasures so tiresome by repetition, that no being in the universe could be so completely miserable as a species of immortal men. We have no reason, therefore, to look upon death as an evil, or to fear it as a punishment, even without any supposition of a future life: but if we consider it as a passage to a more perfect state, or a remove only in an eternal succession of still improving states (for which we have the strongest reasons), it will then appear a new favour from the divine munificence; and a man must be as absurd to repine at dying, as a traveller would be who proposed to himself a delightful tour through various unknown countries, to lament that he cannot take up his residence at the first dirty inn which he baits at on the road. The instability of human life, or of the changes of its successive periods, of which we so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary progress of it to this necessary conclusion: and are so far from being evils deserving these complaints, that they are the source of our greatest pleasures, as they are the source of all novelty, from which our greatest pleasures are ever derived. The continual successions of seasons in the human life, by daily presenting to us new scenes, render it agreeable, and, like those of the year, afford us delights by their change, which the choicest of them could not give us by their continuance. In the spring of life, the gilding of the sunshine, the verdure of the fields, and the variegated paintings of the sky, are so exquisite in the eyes of infants at their first looking abroad into a new world, as nothing perhaps afterwards can equal. The heat and vigour of the succeeding summer of youth ripen for us new pleasures,—the blooming maid, the nightly revel, and the jovial chase: the serene autumn of complete manhood feasts us with the golden harvest

of our worldly pursuits ; nor is the hoary winter of old age destitute of its peculiar comforts and enjoyments, of which the recollection and relation of those past are perhaps none of the least ; and at last death opens to us a new prospect, from whence we shall probably look back upon the diversions and occupations of this world with the same contempt we do now on our tops and hobby-horses, and with the same surprise that they could ever so much entertain or engage us."—JENYNS.—"These," says Dr. Johnson, "are sentiments which, though not new, may be read with pleasure and profit, in the thousandth repetition."

NOTE 10, p. 228.—A speculation of Lord Byron's, which is not without much of reason, although it might be sneered at by the over accurate men of science on the one hand, as by the straight-laced minions of orthodoxy on the other. There is at least this comfort in admitting the origin of mankind as it is recorded in Genesis, that it saves one the trouble of an endless and profitless research. And, after all, the matter is not of the remotest consequence to mankind. One hypothesis is just as good as another. The only difference is, that some are more consoling and satisfactory than others. The whole matter, after all, resolves itself into the idea which has always prevailed, and which alone is accommodated to the intelligence of man, that the world (our world), in its present construction, had a beginning ; and that the simplest way of accounting for its origin (apart from any imperative dogma or revelation,) is to attribute it at once to the master hand of a Creator.

NOTE 11, p. 230.—Hades is a place, in Lord Byron's description, very different from all that we had anticipated. He supposes that the world which we now inhabit had been preceded by many successive worlds, which had each, in turn, been created and ruined ; and the inhabitants of which he describes, on grounds sufficiently probable for poetry, as proportioned, in bodily and intellectual strength, to those gigantic specimens of animal existence whose remains still perplex the naturalist. But he not only places the pre-Adamite giants in Hades, but the ghosts of the Mammoth and Megatherian, their contemporaries, and, above all, the phantoms of the worlds themselves which these beings inhabited, with their mountains, oceans, and forests, all gloomy and sad together, and, (we suppose he means) in a state of eternal suffering. We really think that this belongs to that species of sublime, which is considerably less than a single step removed from the ridiculous.—HEBER.

NOTE 12, p. 137.—"It would be to no purpose to suppose two such opposite principles. For, admit that a being infinitely mischievous were infinitely cunning, and infinitely powerful, yet it could do no evil, because the opposite principle, of infinite goodness, being also infinitely wise and powerful, they would tie up one another's hands : so that upon this supposition, the notion of a deity would signify just nothing ; and, by virtue of eternal opposition and equality of these principles, they would keep one another at perpetual bay ; and, being an equal match for one another, instead of being two deities, they would be two idols, able to do neither good nor evil."—FILLOTSON.

NOTE 13, p. 238.—"Whatever we enjoy is purely a free gift from our Creator ; but that we enjoy no more, can never, sure, be deemed an injury, or a just reason to question his infinite be

evolence. All our happiness is owing to his goodness; but that it is no greater, is owing only to ourselves; that is, to our not having any inherent right to any happiness, or even to any existence at all."—JENYNS.

NOTE 14, p. 251.—The names of the rivers which enclosed the "gion of man's first purity and happiness.

Notes to the Hours of Idleness.

NOTE 1, p. 254.—The Earl of Carlisle is here indicated.

NOTE 2, p. 254.—See BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*, vol. viii., p. 91. London: 1835.

NOTE 3, p. 255.—This piece is addressed to Lord Delawarr.

NOTE 4, p. 255.—Lord Byron had a peculiar antipathy to elaborate inscriptions and pompous sepulchres, from his earliest years. He always indicated his wish that whoever performed the last duties for himself would be as brief and simple as possible in marking his final resting-place. He left directions of the same kind in a will.

NOTE 5, p. 256.—The antiquity of Newstead Abbey is undoubted. It dates back to the latter end of the twelfth century, and passed from its monastic possessions into the hands of Lord Byron's ancestors at the period when all establishments of the kind were wrested from ecclesiastical corporations.

NOTE 6, p. 256.—The part taken in the Holy Wars by the ancestors of Lord Byron is more than problematical—if indeed it be more than a piece of family tradition: they, at least, attained no historical celebrity, and the name does not appear very prominently until much later in the records of this country itself. Mr. Moore has endeavoured to account for it, by explaining some piece of decorations in Newstead Abbey. But it must be borne in mind either that this symbol is of modern construction, or that it had no connection whatever with the family of the author, who did not become possessors of the Abbey until the reign of Henry VIII., if not later.

NOTE 7, p. 256.—“In the park of Horseley, there was a castle, some of the ruins of which are yet visible, called Horistan Castle, which was the chief mansion of Ralph de Burun's successors.”—THOROTON.

NOTE 8, p. 256.—Some of the ancestors of Lord Byron are recorded to have served at the seige of Calais, *temp.* Edward III. as well as at Cressy.

NOTE 9 p. 256.—The field of Marston Moor, so fatal to the royalists in the civil wars.

NOTE 10, p. 256.—See CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion*.

NOTE 11, p. 256.—See the same; in which Sir Nicholas Byron is frequently mentioned with honour amongst the most zealous partizans of Charles I.

NOTE 12. p. 257.—This piece as well as some others which

are inserted here, appears to have been written during Lord Byron's pupilage, at Harrow; but whether as a portion of his class-work or not, is not apparent.

NOTE 13, p. 257.—An allusion to the seeming inequality in the fate of individuals.

NOTE 14, p. 261.—Lord Byron somewhere relates that some of his earliest effusions in the shape of school exercises, were not by any means flatteringly received by Dr. Drury, then head master at Harrow. The reason it would seem was, that most of these written against the inclination and as tasks, and it must be admitted, that it was not until the publication of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" that he had signalised his pre-eminent talents. No one dreamt of his becoming an illustrious Poet during his school career.

NOTE 15, p. 261.—Lord Byron took great delight in the translations of the minor works of Camoëns published by Lord Strangford about this period.

NOTE 16, p. 261.—"The latter years of Camoëns present a mournful picture, not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years had been devoted to the service of his country, he who had taught her literary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusian heroism, was compelled to wander through the streets, a wretched dependent on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonia, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoëns to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. But his friendship was employed in vain. Camoëns sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house early in the year 1597."—STRANGFORD.

NOTE 17, p. 262.—The Duke of Dorset, who was killed whilst hunting in Ireland. He was thrown from his horse and did not long survive the accident.

NOTE 18, p. 262.—An allusion to the fagging system at public schools.

NOTE 19, p. 262.—It does not appear that the remark is levelled at any person in particular.

NOTE 20, p. 263.—"Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, was born in 1527. While a student of the Inner Temple, he wrote his tragedy of 'Gorboduc,' which was played before the Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall in 1561. His tragedy, and his contribution of the Induction and Legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' comprise the poetical history of Sackville. The rest of it was poetical. In 1604, he was created Earl of Dorset by James I. He died suddenly at the council table, in consequence of a dropsy on the brain."—CAMPBELL.

NOTE 21, p. 263.—Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, who flourished *temp.* Charles II. and William III. and who was as remarkable for his valour, as for his talent, taste, and patronage of literature. See the casual poems of Dryden, Prior, Pope, Congreve, and others of that period.

NOTE 22, p. 264.—Suggested by the receipt of intelligence reporting the death of the young Duke of Dorset, who had been one of Lord Byron's most constant and attached associates.

NOTE 23, p. 264.—An allusion to the "Devil on two Sticks,"—the "Diable Boiteux," one of the clever satires of Le Sage.

NOTE 24, p. 264.—Referring to the candidates who appeared to contest the election for the University of Cambridge after the death of Pitt. Lord Henry Petty, and Lord Palmerston were the persons.

NOTE 25, p. 265.—Edward Harvey, third Lord Hawke.

NOTE 26, p. 265.—Alluding to the criticism on Greek metres, by Seale.

NOTE 27, p. 265.—A very fair satire on the spurious Latin of schoolmen.

NOTE 28, p. 265.—The discovery of the fact illustrated by the forty-seventh Proposition of the first book of Euclid, which has been attributed to Pythagoras.

NOTE 29, p. 266.—Alluding to the chapel-gown worn by the boys on saints'-days.

NOTE 30, p. 267.—Lord Byron's character was as fervid and impetuous in his boyhood as it ever was—a thing which is well illustrated by the warmth and brevity of his school associations. He generally spoke of them afterwards to this effect.

NOTE 31, p. 267.—Referring to his pugilistic success at Harrow.

NOTE 32, p. 267.—To this day, one of the tombs in the churchyard at Harrow is pointed out, as having been Lord Byron's favourite retreat. Here, with the beautiful view to the south-westward, and with Windsor in the distance before him would he sit for hours indulging the meditative inclinations.

NOTE 33, p. 267.—He was remarkably fond of selecting pieces of passionate vehemence for declamation on the Speech Days.

NOTE 34, p. 267.—The person indicated, is Mossop, who was contemporary on the stage with Garrick.

NOTE 35, p. 267.—Dr. Drury appears to have had more idea of Lord Byron's declamatory powers than of his literary abilities. Lord Byron himself mentions the fact with something approaching to a gentle sarcasm on Dr. Drury's lack of judgment.

NOTE 36, p. 269.—There is a proverb in Spanish, of which this is an accurate paraphrase or rather translation.

NOTE 37, p. 269.—Lord Byron refers to one of those casual and equivocal attachments, of which there were many in his youth. It has not been transpired who the heroine was, but enough has been gathered to determine that her station and circumstances subjected her to some scandal in her intercourse with a young peer.

NOTE 38, p. 271.—The legal denomination of a person under age—a minor.

NOTE 39, p. 274.—The *piibroch* is not the instrument, as here indicated, but the air which is such a favourite amongst the bagpipe players of Scotland.

NOTE 40, p. 278.—An allusion to a fête amongst the Highlanders.

NOTE 41, p. 284.—Creusa, who perished in the conflagration of Troy.

NOTE 42, p. 289.—The fable of Medea and Jason is far too well known to need animadversion here. This is a translation of one of the Choruses in a celebrated play of Euripides; and although it be correct as a paraphrase, it is rather that than a translation.

NOTE 43, p. 290.—Refer to the passage in the original.

NOTE 44, p. 290.—The intention of this piece is not to censure the person, but the office.

NOTE 45, p. 290.—Alluding to Demosthenes.

NOTE 46, p. 291.—An allusion to the denomination of the *gentarics*, who act as supervisors of the Chapels at the University.

NOTE 47, p. 293.—An allusion to his participation in several private Theatrical performances, which he has recorded as so many boyish triumphs.

NOTE 48, p. 294.—The fragment to which Lord Byron replied through the medium of the *Morning Chronicle*, had been published in the columns of the *Morning Post*.

NOTE 49, p. 295.—Narrow.

NOTE 50, p. 296.—One of the most lofty and strikingly beautiful of the mountains of Scotland. Lord Byron's residence in the neighbourhood during his childhood had furnished him with some pleasing and wild recollections on the subject.

NOTE 51, p. 296.—The Scotch are not so fond of perverting the pronunciation of their words as the English; the word in Scotch is pronounced as it is spelt.

NOTE 52, p. 296.—It is well known that Lord Byron was descended, through his mother's family, from the branch of the house of Gordon, which by marriage had become connected with the royal race of Stuart. The Gordons were, many of them, amongst the most zealous adherents of that ill-fated family after its final expulsion from Great Britain, and were involved in the luckless campaign of 1745.

NOTE 54, p. 296.—It is merely by conjecture, or by poetical analogy, that Lord Byron attributes to some of his forefathers a grave on Culloden Muir.

NOTE 54, p. 296.—A part of the highlands of Scotland.

NOTE 55, p. 297.—An allusion to the fabulous friendship of antiquity.

NOTE 56, p. 298.—Alluding to Mr. Becher, who signalised himself by several projects for the improvement of the condition of the working classes.

NOTE 57, p. 299.—This is the second piece on the same subject.

NOTE 58, p. 299.—An allusion to the foundation of the Priory of Newstead by Henry II., which was one of his acts of amends for the assassination of Thomas à Becket, according to the tradition. It is, at all events, ascertained that this institution took its rise very shortly after the above related event.

NOTE 59, p. 299.—The Badge of the Crusaders.

NOTE 60, p. 300.—The Scotch term for twilight.

NOTE 61, p. 300.—The religious establishment of Newstead Abbey was consecrated to the Holy Virgin.

NOTE 62, p. 300.—(See note *ante*.)

NOTE 63, p. 300.—An allusion to a siege, of which Newstead became the scene, during the civil wars.

NOTE 64, p. 301.—See CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion*, and other contemporary royalist accounts, for the services rendered by the members of the family of Byron to the royal cause.

NOTE 65, p. 301.—An allusion to the fate of Lord Falkland, who was killed at one of the battles of Newbury and who was at that time accompanying the regiment raised and commanded by one of the Byrons.

NOTE 66, p. 302.—It is recorded amongst the old wives' tales of that period that a portentous storm accompanied the passing breath of the Great Protector. Such was the superstition of either party that the fact (which is probable enough in itself) was converted into an omen of vast consequence to the fate of the realm and the people. It was conveniently interpreted by the one party, and fearfully understood by the other.

NOTE 67, p. 302.—Charles II.

NOTE 68, p. 302.—An allusion to the discovery of a brass eagle in the water which adorns the grounds at Newstead, which was reported to have belonged to the ecclesiastical occupants of the domain in olden time.

NOTE 69, p. 304.—Dr. Drury, (see note *ante*.)

NOTE 70, p. 306.—This passage refers to the method adopted by Lord Byron to preserve the school-room at Harrow during the "barring out," which occurred in his pupilage at that college.

NOTE 71, p. 306.—We need not search the records of the school, or seek for information from other sources than from Lord Byron's own writings (from his Diary, Correspondence, &c.) to gather an idea of his course of life whilst at Harrow. He must certainly have been as troublesome and mischievous a pupil as ever wearied a master.

NOTE 72, p. 307.—Lord Byron was deeply and acutely sensitive. The recurrence of some old association to his mind; the sudden and unexpected meeting with some former companion, ever occasioned uncontrollable emotion with him. We have very many remarkable anecdotes illustrative of this trait of tenderness in his character.

NOTE 73, p. 307.—It has been reserved for our time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description: afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling, which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. His own tale is partly told in two lines of *Ida*:

"Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself—that heritage of woe!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOTE 74, p. 308.—The Honourable John Wingfield, an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and brother to Lord Powerscourt.

NOTE 75, p. 308.—Mr. Cecil Tattersall

NOTE 76, p. 308.—Alluding to an incident which had well-nigh cost Lord Byron his life.

NOTE 77, p. 109.—The nobleman referred to, is the second Earl of Clare, who was a schoolfellow of Lord Byron's, at Harrow.

NOTE 78, p. 309.—The fifth Earl of Delawarr, who was also an associate of the author's.

NOTE 79, p. 309.—Mr. Edward Long.

NOTE 80, p. 310.—The speeches at Harrow.

NOTE 81, p. 310.—Alluding to some complimentary expressions elicited from Dr. Drury by Lord Byron's first recital.

NOTE 82, p. 311.—There is a French proverb to the following effect:—

"L'amitié c'est l'amour sans ailes."

NOTE 83, p. 311.—An adaptation of Virgil's beautiful episode of which Nisus and Euryalus are the heroes.

NOTE 84, p. 315.—Mr. Long, who was a companion of Lord Byron's at Harrow, and also a fellow-student with him at Cambridge.

NOTE 85, p. 317.—Miss Chaworth, or, as she then had become, Mrs. Musters.

NOTE 86, p. 318.—A term synonymous with Saxon, and applied by the highlanders to the people of the lowlands, or of England.

NOTE 87, p. 319.—The passage of the Psalm lv. 6, "And I said, Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest," is readily suggested to the reader.

NOTE 88, p. 319.—Morven, a mountain in the county of Aberdeen, in Scotland. It is of very considerable elevation. The expression here applied to it is of frequent use in the poems of Ossian.

NOTE 89, p. 319.—A phenomenon which has already been spoken of in the notes to "Manfred," (which see.)

NOTE 90, p. 319.—Miss Duff—since Mrs. Cockburn.

NOTE 91, p. 320.—Colbleen; the name of a mountain in Scotland.

NOTE 92, p. 322.—Alluding to the criticism which appeared upon an Edition of the "British Anacreon."

NOTE 93, p. 323.—Alluding to a threatened hostile meeting between a certain author and his critic.

NOTE 94, p. 324.—Allegra, the illegitimate daughter of Lord Byron, was buried in the church at Harrow, according to his special request

Notes to English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

NOTE 1, p. 325.—Hobhouse is here referred to.

NOTE 2, p. 326.—See the passage in Juvenal, Sat. 1.

"Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam
Vexatus toties raucl' Theside Codri?"

NOTE 3, p. 326.—The epithet is peculiarly illustrative of Fitzgerald's caste of literary productions: but it was really more than that worthy deserved, to be even thus severely noticed.

NOTE 4, p. 326.—A further allusion to the nature of Fitzgerald's celebrity.

NOTE 5, p. 328.—See the concluding chapter of *Don Quixote*.

NOTE 6, p. 328.—See *Juvenal*, Sat. i., for the parallel passage:—

“*Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
—— occurras perituræ parcere chartæ.*”

NOTE 7, p. 328.—See the same:—

“*Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo
Per quem magnos equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:
Si vavat, et placidi rationem admittitis, sedam.*”

NOTE 8, p. 328.—It was whilst Lord Byron was engaged in the composition of this incomparable satire that he turned his attention especially to the works of Pope, the most polished writer of the English Augustan age; and hence our author's subsequent admiration for this, his tacit master.

NOTE 9, p. 329.—An allusion to one Stott, of *Morning Post* celebrity. His literary designation, however, was generally known as that of Hafiz.

NOTE 10, p. 329.—“When Lord Byron wrote his famous satire, I had my share of flagellation among my betters. My crime was having written a poem for a thousand pounds: which was no otherwise true than that I sold the copyright for that sum.”—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOTE 11, p. 329.—It is well known that Lord Byron had a delicate and scrupulous objection to realise money by his works. Notwithstanding the original scantiness of his fortune, which had, moreover, been very materially lessened by the want of providence, which was by no means extraordinary in a person of his inclinations and habits, and by the wanton extravagance which attended one portion of his career, and which was more especially attributable to Lady Byron, he long sternly refused the handsome remittances of Mr. Murray; and it was not without great difficulty that he was induced to accept the sum of one thousand guineas awarded as the price of the “*Siege of Corinth*.” Circumstances afterwards compelled him to accept various sums from his publisher, which, great as they may appear, have left an ample margin to Mr. Murray; and although the gross amount paid by the latter was no less than £23,500, there can be no doubt but that he had very liberally rewarded his own share in the production of these works.

NOTE 12, p. 330.—The poem, entitled “*Thalaba*,” by Southey, is certainly of an exceptionable character. Lord Byron, who can never be said to have been too severe toward his contemporary, considering the gratuitous and unmeasured manner in which Southey assailed him, has withered this production.

NOTE 13, p. 330.—There is a slight incongruity here, (see Southey's preface.)

NOTE 14, p. 331.—An allusion to a ballad of Southey's, bearing the facetious title of “*The Old Woman of Berkeley*,” which is

remarkable for some of that author's quaint but meagre conception.

NOTE 15, p. 331.—An allusion to Gifford's parody on "SOUTHEY'S *Dactyls*," which appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*, especially referring to the expression "God help thee."—

"Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling-book;
Dilworth and Dyehe are both mad at thy quantities—
Dactyls, call'st thou 'em?—'God help thee,' silly one."

NOTE 16, p. 331.—An allusion to the tenor of the preface to the works of that writer.

NOTE 17, p. 331.—An allusion to some poems by Coleridge.

NOTE 18, p. 331.—This line originally stood thus:—

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

NOTE 19, p. 331.—Mr. Matthew Lewis, who was a member of the House of Commons at the time.

NOTE 20, p. 331.—This contains an allusion to a passage in a piece, which appeared in "The Statesman," and which is attributed to Jekyll. It was addressed to Mr. Lewis.

NOTE 21, p. 332.—See LORD STRANFORD'S *Translation of CAMOËNS* at page 127, and note; also the criticism on this work, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* at the time of its publication.

NOTE 22, p. 332.—An allusion to the quantities of spurious poems, which have been thrust by his translators and commentators upon the shoulders of Camoëns, and of which he was purely guiltless.

NOTE 23, p. 332.—"The Triumph of Temper," and "The Triumph of Music," are amongst the poetical productions of Hayley.

NOTE 24, p. 333.—An allusion to Grahame, the author of a wretched production entitled "Sabbath Walks," "Biblical Pictures," and of other similar stuff. Lord Byron had dignified him by the censure. His poems are far beneath it, and would probably have never been dreamt of but for the satire. At all events this precious writer richly deserved the lash.

NOTE 25, p. 333.—Alluding in particular to two productions of Mr. Bowles, the "Sonnet to Oxford," and the "Stanzas on hearing the bells of Ostend." The last is truly a poetical subject.

NOTE 26, p. 333.—An allusion to a precious amatory episode.

NOTE 27, p. 333.—Lord Byron latterly severely regretted the publication of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, in which he was conscious that he had abandoned himself to the utmost acrimony awakened by his censors, but it does not appear that he ever regretted the figure which Bowles was made to cut in that satire.

NOTE 28, p. 334.—See POPE'S *Dunciad*. Curll was a Bookseller. The sobriquet of Lord Fanny will be in like manner explained.

NOTE 29, p. 334.—An allusion to the employment of Mallet by Lord Bolingbroke, in the exemplary service of aspersing against the memory of Pope

NOTE 30, p. 334.—Dennis and Ralph, who figure in the "Dunciad" of Pope:—

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous; answer him, ye owls!"

NOTE 31, p. 334.—An error, see the "Antiquities of Greece" or "Lemprière's Classical Dictionary," under the head of Helicon.

NOTE 32, p. 334.—An allusion to Messieurs Cottle, of whom Lord Byron says, that they were "once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell." They signalized themselves by the production of two Epic poems, as they were pleased to call them.

NOTE 33, p. 334.—An allusion to the author of a species of didactic, respecting "Richmond Hill," "Westminster Abbey," and other poems, and who crowned all by one of the most self-sufficient autobiographies that ever stamped a man for conceit.

NOTE 34, p. 335.—An allusion to the manner in which the poems of Montgomery were received in England and in Scotland, in each of which he was very differently handled. Lord Byron does not treat him very harshly.

NOTE 35, p. 335.—Mr. Crowe's Criticism on the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was so just, as far as literary acumen was concerned, that it induced Lord Byron to alter many words in the original text, particularly referred to by the Critic.

NOTE 36, p. 335.—The elevation which overlooks the Capital of Scotland.

NOTE 37, p. 335.—Sydney Smith only retained the conduct of the Edinburgh Review for a few numbers. It was subsequently edited by Jeffrey, who has since been Lord Advocate of Scotland, and a Lord of the Session.

NOTE 38, p. 336.—An allusion to the hostile meeting between Jeffrey and Moore, and to the tattle which became current respecting it in the papers concerning the interference of the authorities, and the harmless manner in which the arms were found to have been loaded.

NOTE 39, p. 336.—A bantering sally, involving the question of national rivalry.

NOTE 40, p. 336.—The sarcasm is too local to be of much interest now. Yet it is certainly well pointed at the *virtuoso* and antiquarian affectation of that nobleman, and was well understood by himself and by those who were acquainted with his pretensions and pursuits.

NOTE 41, p. 336.—A writer who was occupied especially with the study and translation of the literature of Iceland and Norway.

NOTE 42, p. 336.—Sydney Smith.

NOTE 43, p. 336.—An allusion to one of Hallam's criticisms.

NOTE 44, p. 336.—A tutor at Eton.

NOTE 45, p. 337.—An allusion to critical and dramatical works by that author.

NOTE 46, p. 337.—Referring to the consequences of some of Brougham's articles in the Edinburgh Review.

NOTE 47, p. 337.—Refers to the cover of that periodical.

NOTE 48, p. 337.—Lord Henry Petty, one of the great wits of his day, since better known as Marquis of Lansdowne.

NOTE 49, p. 337.—Alluding to some translations by Lord Holland.

NOTE 50, p. 337.—A remark touching her critical supremacy.

NOTE 51, p. 337.—See the play of Tekeli.

NOTE 52, p. 338.—Adapting that author's prevailing phrases.

NOTE 53, p. 338.—Kenny, whose dramatical productions had secured him so high a reputation, and who it will be remembered died very suddenly on the eve of a benefit which had been very liberally got up in his behalf in the course of the present summer (of 1849.)

NOTE 54, p. 338.—Alluding to some tricks played by that gentleman during his management of Drury Lane.

NOTE 55, p. 338.—The exceeding hilarity and joyous wit of Colman rendered him very eminent as a boon companion.

NOTE 56, p. 338.—Cumberland, whose works were so popular in their day.

NOTE 57, p. 338.—Alluding to the success of a pantomime, by Dibdin.

NOTE 58, p. 338.—The occupation of that person about Drury Lane Theatre.

NOTE 59, p. 338.—An allusion to Skeffington's dramatical works.

NOTE 60, p. 339.—Both well known upon the boards.

NOTE 61, p. 339.—The place and not the person.

NOTE 62, p. 339.—The relations of Petronius with the Emperor Nero are well known.

NOTE 63, p. 341.—Mr. Andrews, a powder manufacturer and small writer in his way.

NOTE 64, p. 341.—An allusion to a pamphlet by the Earl of Carlisle on the condition of the English drama.

NOTE 65, p. 341.—A parody ridiculing a poem entitled "Elijah's Mantle."

NOTE 66, p. 341.—An allusion to some trifling works.

NOTE 67, p. 342.—Assumed names currently known at the time as attached to the fragmentary poetry of the papers.

NOTE 68, p. 342.—The same to whom Lord Byron has addressed a small piece. (See Occasional Pieces.) Joseph Blackett was a shoemaker.

NOTE 69, p. 342.—Indicating the same.

NOTE 70, p. 342.—A sarcasm on the ostentatious patronage of Mr. Loft.

NOTE 71, p. 342.—Alluding to a piece by Bloomfield.

NOTE 72, p. 342.—Refer to the "Recollections of a Weaver."

NOTE 72, p. 342.—Thomas Campbell and Samuel Rogers, whose reputation was long since established by the "Pleasures of Hope" of the one, and the "Pleasures of Memory" of the other.

NOTE 74, p. 343.—Gifford, well known as the author of the *David and Mary*.

NOTE 75, p. 343.—The author of some translations and original works. The name of Sotheby is so little heard of now, that the satirical censure of Lord Byron seems to have been confirmed by public opinion.

NOTE 76, p. 343.—Macneil's poems had an astonishing run in their turn.

NOTE 77, p. 343.—An allusion to an announcement of Gifford's

NOTE 78, p. 343.—The melancholy death and the merits of Kirke White are well known.

NOTE 79, p. 344.—Shee, who from his little productions of that period, has since attained great eminence.

NOTE 80, p. 344.—Mr. Wright, whose poem entitled "Horse Ionice" is certainly distinguished by great merit.

NOTE 81, p. 344.—Bland and Merivale.

NOTE 82, p. 345.—Lamb and Lloyd.

NOTE 83, p. 345.—Alluding to "the Shipwreck of St. Paul," by Hæzar.

NOTE 84, p. 346.—Alluding to "Exodus," by Hoyle.

NOTE 85, p. 346.—See the preface to "Exodus," (note 84.) The Book of Play by another Hoyle is of more established reputation.

NOTE 86, p. 346.—A sarcastic adaptation of the passage in GIBBON'S "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. ii. p. 83. "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."

NOTE 87, p. 346.—A writer whose first production, a translation, was worthy of the admiration which it met.

NOTE 88, p. 346.—Thus written.

NOTE 89, p. 346.—A poem entitled the "Aboriginal Britons."

NOTE 90, p. 347.—Alluding to a caustic remark respecting the Duke of Portland.

NOTE 91, p. 347.—Georgia.

NOTE 92, p. 347.—Sir John Carr was notorious for his love of gossip.

NOTE 93, p. 347.—A sarcasm on the eagerness of Lord Elgin to attribute all his pilfered marbles to the hand of Phidias.

NOTE 94, p. 347.—"Classic" was the term used in the original text; it was not until several editions had been printed, that the word "*rapid*" was substituted.

NOTE 95, p. 347.—An allusion to Gell's researches on the site of ancient Troy, and to his work on the subject.

NOTE 96, p. 348.—In after years, Lord Byron felt and expressed considerable regret that this poem should ever have seen the day.

Notes to The Curse of Minerva.

NOTE 1, p. 349.—This satire was too severely personal for even Lord Byron to suffer its full dissemination at the period when it was written. The apologists of Lord Elgin, however, sadly fail in making out their case when they urge in his defence that the collection of Athenian marbles "has been of the most essential advantage to the fine arts of our own country."

NOTE 2, p. 349.—See note *ante*; and an account of the death of Socrates.

NOTE 3, p. 349.—See note *ante* (to the "Giaour.")

NOTE 4, p. 350.—See note *ante* (to the word "kiosk.")

NOTE 5, p. 351.—On the plaster wall, on the west side of the chapel, these words have been very deeply cut:—

QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI,
HOC FECERUNT SCOTI.

The mortar wall, yet fresh when we saw it, supplying the place of the statue now in Lord Elgin's collection, serves as a comment on this text. This eulogy of the Goths alludes to an unfounded story of a Greek historian, who relates that Alaric, either terrified by two phantoms, one of Minerva herself, the other of Achilles, terrible as when he strode towards the walls of Troy to his friends, or struck with a reverential respect, had spared the treasures, ornaments, and people of the venerable city.—HOBHOUSE.

NOTE 6, p. 351.—Alluding to Athens generally.

NOTE 7, p. 351.—Alluding to the notices of that nobleman which have been questionably carved in the Parthenon, &c.

NOTE 8, p. 351.—A citation. The term is merely adopted.

NOTE 9, p. 352.—The grant of £35,000, for the purchase of Lord Elgin's collection.

NOTE 10, p. 353.—Alluding to a remark of West's on the subject.

NOTE 11, p. 353.—A term aptly applied to the residence of Lord Elgin.

NOTE 12, p. 353.—That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty is the study of nature.—H. W. WILLIAMS.

NOTE 13, p. 353.—An allusion to Copenhagen.

NOTE 14, p. 353.—See the lines of Pope:—

“Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.”

NOTE 15, p. 354.—An allusion to the trade in bullion and coin, so actively carried on from the south-eastern ports during the war.

Notes to Ode to Napoleon.

NOTE 1, p. 363.—

“Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains:
AND IS THIS ALL?”

I know not that this was ever done in the Old World; at least, with regard to Hannibal: but, in the statistical account of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and weigh, the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles; which he was happily enabled to do with great facility, as “the inside of the coffin was smooth, and the whole body visible.”

Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL? Alas! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration.—GIFFORD.

NOTE 2, p. 364.—See Cassiodorus respecting the great battle fought by Attila, on the Catalaunean plain.

NOTE 3, p. 364.—Sylla.

NOTE 4, p. 364.—Count Neipperg, who afterwards married Maria Louisa.

NOTE 5 p. 365.—The well-known anecdote of Dionysius the younger.

NOTE 6, p. 366.—Allusion to the Iron Cage, in which Bajazet II. was paraded about by Timour the Tartar.

NOTE 7, p. 366.—Prometheus, (see *Lemprière's Class. Dict.*)

NOTE 8, p. 366.—A story of this kind is told of Napoleon: the lines were perhaps suggested by those of Shakspeare:—

—“The very fiend’s arch mock,—
To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste.”

Notes to Hebrew Melodies.

NOTE 1, p. 367.—The author was never overproud of these productions.

NOTE 2, p. 367.—The measures of Jewish Minstrelsy was always arbitrary.

NOTE 3, p. 367.—Lines suggested by the dress of a lady, who was present at an entertainment in which Lord Byron took part.

NOTE 4, p. 376.—Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death, by his order. She was a woman of unrivalled beauty, and a haughty spirit: unhappy in being the object of passionate attachment which bordered on frenzy, to a man who had more or less concern in the murder of her grandfather, father, brother, and uncle, and who had twice commanded her death, in case of his own. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body which led to temporary derangement.—MILMAN.

Notes to Domestic Pieces.

NOTE 1, p. 380.—See Moore’s account of these pieces.

NOTE 2, p. 382.—Suggested by actual incidents.

NOTE 3, p. 383.—Written just before his last departure from England, his sister having been attending upon him.

NOTE 4, p. 385.—There is a life in the lines which bespeaks the uneasy state of Lord Byron whilst at the Piedati (Coligny.)

NOTE 5, p. 386.—An allusion to the remarkable casualties which always befell Admiral Byron.

NOTE 6, p. 386.—The water which adorns the grounds at Newstead.

NOTE 7, p. 387.—See note *ante*.

Notes to *The Dream*.

NOTE 1, p. 393.—This most melancholy but beautiful poem in which the most cankering sorrow of Lord Byron is imbosomed was first entitled "The Destiny."

NOTE 2, p. 395.—An attachment which Lord Byron concealed.

NOTE 3, p. 396.—A very true and painful representation of the actual celebration of his own marriage. It agrees, in many circumstances, with Lord Byron's prose account of the wedding in his Memoranda.

NOTE 4, p. 397.—Mithridates of Pontus.

Notes to *The Lament of Tasso*.

NOTE 1, p. 398.—This poem was suggested by a very brief visit to the place of confinement of the greatest of Italian poets at Ferrara.

NOTE 2, p. 398.—In the Hospital of St. Anna, at Ferrara, they show a cell, over the door of which is the following inscription:—"Rispettate, O posteri, la celebrità di questa stanza, dove Torquato Tasso, infermo più di tristezza che delirio, ritenuto dimorò anni vii. mesi ii., scrisse verse e prose, e fù rimesso in libertà ad istanza della città di Bergamo, nel giorno vi Luglio, 1586."—The dungeon is below the ground floor of the hospital, and the light penetrates through its grated window from a small yard, which seems to have been common to other cells. It is nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high. The bedstead, so they tell, has been carried off piecemeal, and the door half cut away, by the devotion of those whom "the verse and the prose" of the prisoner have brought to Ferrara. The poet was confined in this room from the middle of March, 1579, to December, 1580, when he was removed to a contiguous apartment much larger, in which, to use his own expressions, he could "philosophise and walk about."—HOBHOUSE.

NOTE 3, p. 399.—For nearly the first year of his confinement Tasso endured all the horrors of a solitary cell, and was under the care of a gaoler, whose chief virtue, although he was a poet and a man of letters, was a cruel obedience to the commands of his prince.

His name was Agostino Mosti. Tasso says of him, in a letter to his sister, "ed usa meco ogni sorte di rigore ed inumanità."—HOBHOUSE.

NOTE 4, p. 400.—This fearful picture is finely contrasted with that which Tasso draws of himself in youth, when nature and meditation were forming his wild, romantic, and impassioned genius. Indeed, the great excellence of the "Lament" consists in the ebbing and flowing of the noble prisoner's soul;—his feelings often come suddenly from afar off,—sometimes gentle airs are breathing, and then all at once arise the storms and tempests,—the gloom, though black as night while it endures, gives way to frequent bursts of radiance,—and when the wild strain is closed, our pity and commiseration are blended with a sustaining and elevating sense of the grandeur and majesty of his character.—WILSON.

NOTE 5, p. 400.—Not long after his imprisonment, Tasso appealed to the mercy of Alfonso, in a canzone of great beauty, couched in terms so respectful and pathetic, as must have moved, it might be thought, the severest bosom to relent. The heart of Alfonso was, however, impregnable to the appeal; and Tasso, in another ode to the princesses, whose pity he invoked in the name of their own mother, who had herself known, if not horrors, the like solitude of imprisonment, and bitterness of soul, made a similar appeal.—*Life of Tasso*, vol. ii. p. 408.

NOTE 6, p. 400.—The historical allusion itself is open to question.

NOTE 7, p. 401.—Tasso's profound and unconquerable love for Leonora, sustaining itself without hope throughout years of darkness and solitude, breathes a moral dignity over all his sentiments, and we feel the strength and power of his noble spirit in the unupbraiding devotedness of his passion.—WILSON.

Notes to the Vision of Judgment.

NOTE 1, p. 404.—A very severe satire on the poem under the same title by Southey.

NOTE 2, p. 404.—Alluding to the refusal of an injunction to protect the copyright of "Wat Tyler."

NOTE 3, p. 404.—See Parliamentary Debates, March 14th, 1817, Southey's Reply.

NOTE 4, p. 404.—The well-known inscription by Southey, in which he celebrates the aspirations of Martin the regicide, who was imprisoned for thirty years in Chepstow Castle.

NOTE 5, p. 405.—An imitation of the lines published in the "*Anti-Jacobin*."

NOTE 6, p. 406.—Mr. Walter Savage Landor, well known in the literary world for his classical and critical acumen, was amongst the earlier acquaintances of Southey.

NOTE 7, p. 408.—The period of the death of George III. was marked by the general revolts in the southern part of Europe.

NOTE 8, p. 410.—An allusion to the fate of Louis XVI.

NOTE 9, p. 412.—Suggested by the description of the remarkable *Aurora Borealis*, witnessed by Captain Parry in his voyage, (1819-20.)

NOTE 10, p. 412.—For a notice of Johanna Southcote, see the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxiv. p. 496.

NOTE 11, p. 414.—“No saint in the course of his religious warfare was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Dr. Johnson: he said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, ‘Sir, hell is paved with good intentions.’”—BOSWELL, vol. i. p. 305, ed. 1835.

NOTE 12, p. 416.—Alluding to the obstinate opposition offered to all conciliatory measures towards the Roman Catholics, by George III.

NOTE 13, p. 417.—The Lord Chamberlain’s Badge.

NOTE 14, p. 417.—Alluding to an expression used by Horace Walpole.

NOTE 15, p. 420.—Mr. Wilkes made himself sufficiently notorious in his own time.

NOTE 16, p. 421.—The supposititious authors of the letters of Junius.

NOTE 17, p. 422.—Alluding to a work professedly elucidating the great mystery of the reign of Louis XIV., “the man with the Iron Mask;” and to another work on the same subject by Lord Dover. It should be remarked that these elucidations do not seem to have done much towards settling the question at rest. It is as much a matter of doubt now as ever.

NOTE 18, p. 422.—That the work entitled “The identity of Junius with a distinguished Living Character established” proves Sir Philip Francis to be Junius, we will not affirm; but this we can safely assert, that it accumulates such a mass of circumstantial evidence as renders it extremely difficult to believe he is not, and that, if so many coincidences shall be found to have misled us in this case, our faith in all conclusions drawn from proofs of a similar kind may henceforth be shaken.—MACKINTOSH.

NOTE 19, p. 423.—The motto of Junius.

NOTE 20, p. 424.—The retreat of Southey in the North of England

NOTE 21, p. 425.—See the lines of Horace:—

—“Mediocribus esse poetis

Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ.”

NOTE 22, p. 425.—The well-known habit of George III. of repeating his words, which has been admirably caricatured by Pindar.

NOTE 23, p. 425.—Pye was the Laureate whom Southey succeeded.

NOTE 24, p. 426.—Refer to the life of Kirke White, attached to his poems.

NOTE 25, p. 427.—Alluding to a shrewd remark on the absurdities of the Ptolemean system.

NOTE 26, p. 427.—See the *Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 225.

NOTE 27, p. 427.—It is known that a dead body floats at its decomposition.

Notes to Occasional Pieces.

NOTE 1, p. 431.—The skull of which this drinking cup was made had been dug up in the grounds at Newstead.

NOTE 2, p. 432.—Suggested by the first sight of the child of Mrs. Musters.

NOTE 3, p. 439.—In Albania.

NOTE 4, p. 444.—This is a very accurate translation of the fine song of Riga, one of the heroes of Grecian independence.

NOTE 5, p. 445.—Constantinople.

NOTE 6, p. 445.—Refer to an account of the career of Riga. He was a native of Thessaly.

NOTE 7, p. 445.—Adopted from a popular song amongst the Greek women.

NOTE 8, p. 455.—An allusion to an anecdote concerning the Princess Charlotte.

NOTE 9, p. 456.—For the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre.

NOTE 10, p. 456.—An allusion to the aspect of the fire, from Westminster Bridge.

NOTE 11, p. 458.—The sequel of a temporary *liaison*, formed by Lord Byron during his gay but brief career in London, occasioned the composition of this Impromptu. On the cessation of the connection, the fair one, actuated by jealousy, called one morning at her quondam lover's apartments. His lordship was from home; but finding "*Vathek*" on the table, the lady wrote in the first page of the volume the words "Remember me!" Byron immediately wrote under the ominous warning these two stanzas.—MEDWIN.

NOTE 12, p. 465.—He was killed in America in 1814.

NOTE 13, p. 468.—See Rev. vii. 6, 10, 11.

NOTE 14, p. 468.—An allusion to the reported desecration of the body of Murat after its interment.

NOTE 15, p. 470.—The scene which accompanied the last sentence (for such it was) in Napoleon.

NOTE 16, p. 470.—Instances of extraordinary heroism related of the contending armies in the Netherlands.

NOTE 17, p. 471.—The French national colours.

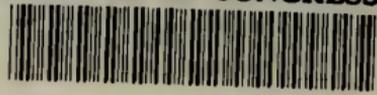
NOTE 18, p. 477.—Geneva, Ferney, Copet, Lausanne.

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